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Story and Dialog by Walter Weems

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and hear the wonder girl of the screen in an all-talking picture
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know a picture is Paramount before you go. Ask your Theatre
Manager when he is going to
show the "Wild Party" and
such other great Paramount
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Looking Them Over

A Fan's-Eye View of Coming Films

By Evelyn Ballarine

It looks as if Broadway will be 'just another street' soon what with all the stage players deserting the bright lights for Hollywood.

The latest batch of stage players who have migrated to Hollywood are Peggy Wood, Roland Young, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Pennington, and Eleanor Painter. Clarence Brown was searching for a woman to play the feminine lead in his production of "Wonders of Women" adapted from Herman Sudermann's novel, "The Wife of Stephen Trombold." When Mr. Brown was in New York he met Peggy Wood and made a screen test of her. As far as he was concerned the search was ended; she was 'just the type.' But Miss Wood had a contract to open in a Broadway play and so had to turn down the movie offer, much to their mutual disappointment. But there's always a way out in the movies! Peggy managed to leave Broadway and the play and is now at work in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Wonders of women!

Roland Young has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to play the lead in "The Green Ghost." He was expected to play opposite Norma Shearer in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney" but he played in the original stage production; but Metro-Goldwyn had other plans for him. John Loder, who did so well in "The Doctor's Secret," is also in "The Green Ghost." He will have the role of a British officer, which means he will be himself—Mr. Loder is really Captain John Loder.

"The Gold Diggers" is going to be made over again, this time as a talkie, of course. Remember Hope Hampton was starred in the silent film? Warner Brothers are making an up-to-date version with Ann Pennington, of the dimpled knees, as the heroine.

Eleanor Painter with her beautiful voice is going the way of all stage players—the talkie way. Warner Brothers are preparing a pretentious program for Miss Painter. This will be her first appearance in films.

Barbara Stanwyck, who made a spectacular success in the stage play, "Burlesque," has been signed by United Artists. Incidentally Paramount is making "Burlesque" with our own Nancy Carroll in the lead; and Hal Skelly, who was in the stage play, is also in the talkie. But getting back to pretty Barbara and let's hurry back—"The Locked Door," a modern version of "The Sign on the Door," is to be her first talkie. I don't know whether "The Broadway Melody" started it or not but most of the movie companies are going in for musical comedies in a big way.

Fox Films are planning to make the "Fox Movietone Follies" a yearly offering.
THE SWEETEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD

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DOLORES COSTELLO
in...
NOAH'S ARK
WITH GEORGE ÓBRIEN

Here is romance that transports you into realms of blissful emotion. Drama with a world-sweep, colossal and sublime. Thrills that grip every fibre of your being!

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THE PRIMA DONNA, Eleanor Painter, will
soon make her Vitaphone debut.

Roland Young is a Broadway attraction
cast to the screen to play in "The
Green Ghost." Of course, it's a talkie!

many others will be in the first edition.
RKO have purchased "Rio Rita" and
"Hit the Deck" which makes a hit with us.
Warner Brothers have "The Desert
Song."

Paramount is making "The Cocoaanuts."
Metro is making a musical comedy called
"Mariana" with Marion Davies as the star
and Oscar Shaw as the male lead.

First National is going to make George
M. Cohan's musical comedy, "Little Johnny
Jones." No cast has been selected as yet.
Universal has "Broadway." This is not
exactly a musical comedy but the action
takes place in a night club. Glenn Tryon
plays a hooper and Evelyn Brent and Myrna
Kennedy are chorus girls.

Leatrice Joy has signed a contract with
First National. She had been free-lancing
for the past few years. Did you know that
Leatrice studied voice culture for four
years and that she has operatic aspirations?
Well, she did and she has!

We all know of Ramon Novarro's
operatic ambitions but have never heard
him sing. Our big moment has arrived,
for in "The Pagan" we will hear his tenor
voice. He sings native love songs which
are part of his role in the picture. Little
Dorothy Janis is the lucky girl he sings
them to in the picture.

Bessie Love got her voice training in
vaudeville.

Carmel Myers has a coloratura soprano
voice and has been studying vocal culture
for three years. She had been preparing
for the concert stage but the talkies have
changed her mind for her.

Dolores Del Rio is another silent star
who has had voice training.

Durned clever these movie stars!

Here is something that might prove inter-
esting. Two movie companies are making
Tolstoy's "Redemption." Metro-Goldwyn
and Columbia Pictures. The reason being
that Tolstoy gave the rights of his story
to all mankind, so there are no screen or
stage rights, and any company is entitled
to adapt his works.

In the Metro-Goldwyn "Redemption,"
John Gilbert has the lead and Rene
Adoree and Eleanor Boardman are featured.

Fred Niblo is directing.

The Columbia cast has not been selected.
Frank Capra is going to direct.

And now Laura La Plante is in "Scand-
al." Hold everything—it's only the title
of her next picture!

Warner Baxter proved to be such a
bowing success in "Old Arizona" that Fox
Films are making a sequel and are calling
it "The Cisco Kid."

The talkies are certainly revolutionizing
things—the stage players go into the movies
and the movie players go into vaudeville.
And all for the sake of Art. Who is he,
anyway? Sally O'Neil, Molly O'Day,
Irene Rich, Leatrice Joy, Harry Langdon,
Virginia Valli, Lena Kasquite, Mae Murray,
Greta Nissen, and Gilda Gray may be
seen in vaudeville now. This vaudeville
business has an advantage over the talkies
—you not only see and hear your favorites
but you can wait at the stage door and
watch them come out, and, as you know,
the talkies haven't reached that stage yet.

How does this strike you? Phyllis Haver
and Lon Chaney will probably make 'boom
boom' in "Thunder." With sound and
with Lon Chaney we'd call it an "easy" or
should we say eerie picture?

Dorothy Mackall will make as her next
talkie, "Clamshell." Yes, it's the same pic-
ture that Corinne Griffith made so success-
fully a few years ago.

Colleen Moore is going to sing in her
next picture, "When Irish Eyes Are
Smiling."
We told you to prepare for the best and
NOW it is!
A film whose greatness has taken Los Angeles by storm at its brilliant World Premiere. It will come to your city soon!

Corinne Griffith in *The Divine Lady*

"A superfilm ranking with the red-letter products of the industry!"

Read!
Read!
Read!

"All Los Angeles flanked the scene with popping eyes. The most ambitious effort of Frank Lloyd since his memorable "The Sea Hawk." Excels that picture in spectacular elements. One of the best examples of the new art of synchronization."—Los Angeles Evening Press.

"One of the most picturesque films of the year. No set has been more artistically designed or photographed. Miss Griffith sings several songs and very prettily."—Los Angeles Evening Herald.

"If Lady Hamilton were half as lovely as Corinne Griffith you couldn't blame Lord Nelson for being willing to sacrifice fame, wife and all else for her."—Los Angeles Examiner.

"Lovely beyond comparison in its embellishments of setting and costume."—Los Angeles Times.

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Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone? The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really beautifies—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely cleanse. It gives your hairs "tiny-tint"—a well-like-it—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance; that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admires! Millions use regularly! You'll like it! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample.

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Confessions of the Fans

Here's the Fans'-For-'Em—or Forum, as you prefer! It is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the movies. Send your photograph with your letter so that the other readers may get a glimpse of you. The most entertaining letters will be printed. Address The Fans' Department, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Editor.

Her First Fan Letter

DEAR SCREENLAND:

Being the kind of person that could take ninety-nine chances on a hundred chance punch board—and lose, it is absurd for me to try for this.

Like Nazimova, (laugh that off!) I never try for the lucky breaks because disappointment simply slays me—I mean it actually does!

I have always felt the personality of the staff of SCREENLAND. It is that kind of a magazine. I wasn’t surprised when Delight Evans was made Editor—she had to be. I never write fan letters because I feel who cares? I knew John Gilbert could act, though, long before he was made a star. There were some scenes in "The Merry Widow" that have never been equaled as far as acting is concerned.

I think the most sublime and devastating experience would be to work in a Von Stroheim picture. I know he could make even me act.

Now I feel better!

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Evelyn Fitch
Oakwood Court
Lynchburg, Virginia.

A Bouquet or Two

Dear Editor:

If you could only realize how much I have enjoyed reading "Hot from Hollywood" you would have a slight idea of just how much I enjoy this magazine.

Another department which is very good is "Pre-Showings of Coming Films." You can not imagine how much money I have saved through this department. No—I am not Scotch, but by reading the previews and seeing the pictures I have an idea of just what the story is going to be like.

Speaking about realism in the films—well, I just don’t like it. We see a great deal of unhappiness around us so why go to the movies for more? We go to laugh and forget our sorrows for the time being and pretend we are the one portraying the role. (At least I do) If we do go to see a sad picture, it is from mere curiosity. However, there are some pictures like "The Singing Fool" that would move a stone, and still make it enjoyable. (The picture, I mean).

About the talkies! Say, aren’t they great! Now we can not only see our favorites but we are allowed the privilege of hearing them speak. Naturally, there are going to be many disappointments but I am sure the other good voices will make up for this. Of course, talkies are not so good now—but neither was the telephone, the radio, and the first moving picture. To use slang, we must keep our shirts on for a while and then the thrills will come.

Just imagine—if first movies, then talkies and next we will have an entire color film. Won’t that be great! We can then see what color our favorite’s hair really is and what color eyes she or he has.

I would not be human if I did not have a complaint to register. No, it is not for SCREENLAND Magazine, but for the stars—or directors—whoever is responsible. Why, oh why, do the directors insist on making an infant play opposite the older stars? Pola and Ben Lyon. Molly O’Day and Millicent Sills. Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford, etc. It is beyond me to understand this. Most of the fans know the ages of the stars and I am sure keep that in mind during the picture. Still, it is being done.

Last but not least, allow me again to "sing my praise" for the most delightful and entertaining magazine—the SCREENLAND. It gave me a lift! The pictures are exquisite and the contents just too entertaining for words. This is always one magazine where I am sure of getting my money’s worth. You can’t go wrong when you buy it.

Delight Evans deserves a big, big hand
"Don't spoil the party!"

... someone called when I sat down at the piano

—a moment later they got the surprise of their lives!

I was just about to enter the room when the sound of my name caught my attention.

"It'll seem like old times to have Dan with us again!" I was saying about me. "Maybe it'll seem too much like old times!" came the laughing rejoinder. "You'd better lock the piano!"

"Nonsense! He won't have the nerve to play after what happened the last time!"

"That was a shabby trick. I almost wish we hadn't pulled it."

How well I knew what they were talking about! Yes, it was a shabby trick they had played on me. But, looking back, I really couldn't blame them.

Let me tell you about that last party. Jolly, informal—all the guests old friends of mine. I had sat down at the piano and in my usual "chop-stick" fashion started playing some popular ragtime.

But before I had played more than two or three pieces I noticed an unusual stillness. I stopped playing, turned around, and saw—the room was empty! Instead of entertaining the party, as I had fondly imagined, my halting, stumbling performance had been a nuisance.

Burning with shame and indignation I determined to have nothing more to do with the "friends" who had let me make a fool of myself—when suddenly it occurred to me that there was a way in which I could turn the tables.

Carefully avoiding the "crowd's" parties, I had battled my way until I had absolutely certain that I could put on a show. At last, tonight, the moment had come.

Calmly walking into the room I pretended not to notice the guilty expression on Bill's face as he watched me. Every one seemed overjoyed to see me again—obviously glad that I had evidently forgiven and forgotten last year's trick.

Suddenly I turned to Bill and said, "Hope you've had the piano tuned, old boy. I feel just in the mood."

Instantly the friendly atmosphere changed. It was amusing to see the look that spread from face to face. For a moment no one spoke. Then, just as I was sitting down at the piano, someone called:

"For heaven's sake, get away from that piano! Don't spoil the party!"

That was my cue. Instead of replying I struck the first bars of "Sundown." And how easily, smoothly, with all the grace and expression I had always longed for. Gone was the nervous, nerve-racking hesitation that had formerly marred my playing a fortune times. I wonder the guests gaped with amazement. Fanciful, scarcely believing their ears they drew nearer. When I finished they loudly clamored for more. Time and again, when I would have stopped, they eagerly insisted on "Just one more, please!"

How I taught myself to play without a teacher

When they finally allowed me to leave the piano I turned around and said:

"Just a moment, folks! I want to thank you for what you did for me last year!

The eager, laughing faces turned red with embarrassment. One or two of the boys murmur an apology. Seeing their confusion, I continued:

"I mean it! If you hadn't opened my eyes, I'd still be a mistake at the piano."

I went home that night, I'll admit. But it taught me a lesson. And believe me, folks, when I think of the real pleasure I get out of playing now, I only wish you didn't pull that trick sooner!

Before letting me go home that night, Bill cornered me and said, "Listen, Dan, I want an explanation! How did you do it?"

I laughed. "Why, I just took advantage of a new way to learn music, that's all!"

"What? Did you mean 'new way'? Didn't you take lessons from a teacher?"

"No, I taught myself!"

"What?"

"Absolutely! You've heard of the U. S. School of Music, haven't you?"

"That's a correspondence school, isn't it?"

"Yes. When that trick showed up last year, I took their free demonstration lessons. Well, it proved to be so much easier than I had hoped for. I'm mighty glad I did! There wasn't any expense, either. And since the lessons came by mail, I didn't have to set aside valuable hours to study. I gained only in my spare time, a few minutes a day, and the course is thorough! Why, almost before I knew it, I could play anything—bellows, clarinets, violins, jazz!"

You needn't know a thing about music to take this pleasant, rapid course.

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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 and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost. The booklets will also tell you all about the amazing new Automatic Finger Control. Remember—it is too late to become a capable musician. If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain new happiness and increase your popularity—send off for three copies of this "talking" lesson. Read the list of instruments in the left, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. At the average cost of only a few a year! Ask NOW! Chip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3225 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Instr.

[Blank space for name]

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for her splendid effort to make it 100% better. She certainly has succeeded and may she keep up the good work and enjoy every bit of it. Most sincerely yours, Carmelitta Ludovici, 877 Tibert St., San Francisco, Calif.

She Drove 87 Miles for a Talkie!

DEAR EDITOR:

I read, in your March SCREENLAND, that Richard Dix had been thinking of leaving pictures when the talkies came along and made him change his mind. Does he really think we could have given him up? He's a universal favorite. If he had really left the screen I would have been terribly disappointed. That calls for three lusty cheers for the talkies! They are sure to go over big if they helped us to keep our Richard Dix.

However, that isn't the only reason I like talkies. I get a grand and glorious thrill every time I hear my favorite speak. I have always wanted to see them personally and now I can hear them speak. It's almost as good, but not quite. I shall never give up hope that some day I shall really get to see some of my favorites, especially Sue Carol, Bebe Daniels, Olara Bow, Janet Ganyor, Neil Hamilton, Clive Brook, Gary Cooper, Richard Dix and Richard Arlen. They will always be my favorites. Also Carroll Nye—he has promise, so let's all help him along.

In the small town where I live our only theatre isn't wired for sound. We have to drive eighty-seven miles to see a talkie but it's worth it. My first talkie was "The Singing Fool." I think I cried quarts—just a woman's way of enjoying herself!

Sincerely,

HELEN REED
404 Front Street, Seaford, Delaware.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have just read "Confessions of the Fans" in the March issue of SCREENLAND. And as the saying goes, "Confession is good for the soul"—so here goes.

First—just a word for SCREENLAND which I like very much. In fact, I haven't missed an issue in two years. I am a great movie fan. I go just as often as I can which is about three times a week.

I live in a small town of about 1,000 population. We have one small theatre which is closed at the present time. But just seven miles away we have four theatres and I certainly look forward to the nights which are spent there.

The talkies are wonderful. I must admit some actors are not so good in them. But take Conrad Nagel, Al Jolson and Doris Kenyon—could anyone do better than they? I hardly think so! William Collier, Jr. is also a sure bet. And what's become of Raymond Keane? He has talent. I should like to see him get ahead.

Long live SCREENLAND and the talkies!

Sincerely,

ROSETTA E. TAYLOR
Elightville, Indiana.

DEAR EDITOR:

May I give you my opinion and those of my friends regarding the talkies? What a pity they came in at all. They rob the old soft and sentimental moments of their sweetness completely. They jar upon the ear and leave you nothing to take home with you but a blur—where formerly the soft strains, which enhanced the high moments of a beautiful story being shown, would go home with you and live in your memory long afterwards.

I am hoping the talkies will not be a success and will have to be withdrawn. I want the real music returned—leaving the crude, jarring, rasping tones which are now spoiling some lovely pictures. It's a pity they came in at all.

Why can't some of the theatres make themselves doubly popular by bringing back to their music-loving patrons the music they enjoy?

Think this over. After all you are endeavoring to please your public. I only wish you might hear those who are of the same opinion as I. It is well worth your looking into. I love the movies with real music, but not talkies!

Very honestly yours,

MRS. M. VANDERBECK
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Mrs. W. E. Shaw, Bellefontaine, Miss.

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If you are truly worried about certain parts that are spoiling your whole figure, or about general overweight, let Miss Kellermann tell you how to regain bodily beauty—through a method that is free from drugs, "starvation diets," and all drudgery.


ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Suite 245
225 West 59th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann: Kindly send me entirely without cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in Weight Reducing.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

DEAR EDITOR:

"On Trial" is a great picture, but I saw it in Philadelphia and most of the interesting dialogue was censored, leaving the audience to imagine the worst. Isn't little Lois Wilson a surprise! One couldn't help but expect wonderful performances from such sterling stars as Bert Lytell and Pauline Frederick. I trudged with Mr. Lytell to the Orpheum Circuit two seasons ago and what a prince of a fellow—he justly deserves the success that is his.

Two of my old favorites—Barbara Trent and Marguerita Fisher—appear in films lately doing small bits. It is good to see them after so many years of absence. Don't forget Lionel Barrymore in "Alias Jimmy Valentine"—what an actor, and so very natural!

Good luck to Josephine Dunn—I had a screen test with her during the Paramount try-outs and am glad she is playing some very fine parts. Dick Arlen, Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll—well, I never tire of them. And don't forget Clyde Cook—great comic but looks like he is doomed to play stokers for the rest of his life.

I enjoy Screenland—keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

CLU WHEELER
390 Riverside Drive
New York City, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR:

Marceline Day is my idea of a typical and ideal actress for bigger and better pictures. Comedies do not agree with a girl of her type, as she revealed in the picture she played with Buster Keaton in, "The Camera Man." The movie world has overlooked her personality and should look once again. I have followed her pictures and can safely come to the conclusion that I must tell the fans about it.

Al Jolson is my best bet for the talkies and as I caddied for him about 2½ years ago at the country club where I was, I find him to be a man of the highest type.

Success to you and Screenland.

Sincerely,

EDWARD HALABRIN
5001 Lawrence Avenue
Chicago, Illinois.

DEAR EDITOR:

I just want to say a few words. I read "Confessions of the Fans" always—but this is my first attempt at writing.

I would like to ask, through this column, Mr. Charles Mank, Jr., just how he gets personal replies from his favorites? Only once have I heard from a player—Richard Dix—and that was long before he became a star. I still prize it. I have written to many but so far have not been able to reach them. I have come to the conclusion that my letters are lacking in interest or that those who really hear from the stars have personal addresses. Which? At any rate, Mr. Charles, kindly pass the secret along as I do enjoy the movies and the movie players.

I must not forget to mention the great pleasure I derive from Screenland. It is most entertaining from the first to the last page.

Wishing Miss Evans, as Editor, every success,

Most sincerely,

KAY McMorris
41-a Brent Street
Boston, Massachusetts.
They Gave Me the "Razzberry" for a Month
But Now I Am the Best Speaker of Them All!

Felt like a missionary about to be fed to a tribe of cannibals as I dumped down in my chair. Once more I'd been called on for "a few words" in club meeting, and once more I'd gasped and sputtered a few commonplace and dodged down into the comfortable obscurity of my seat. Every time I tried to make a talk before the bunch I merely furnished material for some more jokes among the members. They were a natural-born gang of kid- ders and jokers. I could see a wicked grin on Jim Courtney's face as he thought up some new wisecrack at my expense.

I went Jim on the way out of the meeting. "Sam, old topper," he greeted, "you ought to be in vaudeville. Never heard a better stammering act in all my life!" "Yeah!" said Lew Thorne. "That part was good, but I like the imitation of a ventriloquist better. Listen, Sam! Next time you're called on for a speech why don't you whistle it?"

That was only a sample of what I heard every meeting night for the next few weeks. "Trying to make a speech, Sam!" was a phrase that was always good for a laugh. That was bad enough by itself; but it hurt worse when, one night, I overheard Wally Schultz defending me. "Lay off Sam," he was saying, "It's too much like cruelty to animals. Sam can't talk to this bunch anyway, and you birds only make it worse. He's a fellow, and he'll never amount to anything in the Club, but there's no need to make him quit. And he'll do it, too, if he's razed too much."

So that was the reputation my embarrassment and shyness were making for me. "A timid sort of fellow!" "A quitter!" Couldn't stand razzing! I knew Wally meant to be kind when he spoke to the crowd like that, but that didn't make me feel better. I was almost ready to do what Wally had said I'd do—quit the Club and everything else that meant social activity, and resign myself to a sour, more or less friendless life.

And then—almost by magic, I discovered the solution to my worry. A few friendly words from an older man in the office told me about a wonder-working little free booklet called "How to Work Wonders With Words." In twenty minutes, study at home every day I became, in a surprisingly short time, a different man. So simple, so easy, I could hardly believe it, this book showed me the short cut to the command of effective speech I had always wished for... the gift which seven out of every nine men possess according to authorities.

Today I can hardly believe that the old timid Sam Howland ever existed. In the last year I have had three substantial promotions in business. The razzing at the club ended the night I got up unexpectedly and, with a speech that swept all before it, made the club accept enthusiastically a new idea for its charity work. Instead of being ridiculous at parties as I used to, I can furnish more than my share of the fun and the conversation. It's almost unbelievable—but there is the fact, and I know exactly what made the difference.

There is no magic—no mystery—no "special talent" required in becoming an effective speaker. Promotion in business and social popularity ARE the rewards to the man who can dominate audiences through the power of convincing speech. It is this power which makes a clerk jump to the management of a department, or a member of the staff send in his resignation. The most important organizations take the posts of leadership and influence. Any man can now conquer timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness and become a magnetic, dominating speaker and fluent conversationalist. This has been made possible through the perfection of an amazingly simple home training developed by the North American Institute. Twenty minutes a day in the privacy of your own home will bring the desired results—or the training costs you nothing.

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent free to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called "How to Work Wonders With Words." In it you are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack," which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power, and REAL SUCCESS. You can obtain your copy absolutely FREE, by sending the coupon now.

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Dept. 1-D, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I read and enjoy every one of the letters. I saw "The Awakening" and I want to put in a word for Violet Banks. She is very beautiful and, I think, one of our best actresses. I think "The Wedding March" is the same type of picture and yet "The Awakening" was more beautiful, in my estimation. The theme song 'Marie' was soulful and seemed to fit in the picture. Are there readers who agree with me?

When I feel blue I go to the movies and believe me it is my greatest pleasure. Carmel Myers is so attractive! Why don't they put her in more pictures?

Here's to SCREENLAND! I buy it every month and can't wait for each new issue.

Sincerely,

FRANCES ACKNER
804 Fairmount Place,
Bronx, New York.

A Special
for Nancy
Carroll

Dear Editor:

I read in the "Confessions of the Fans" department the opinions of the movie fans and they interested me very much and gave me enthusiasm to write my opinion. I like the movies very much... When I was a small boy I had a great desire to see Harry Carey, Jack Hoxie, and Tom Mix. These actors were cowboys and I enjoyed the wild-west pictures, but now that I'm older I can't give me anything but love pictures. My favorite actors are Nancy Carroll, Sue Carol, Clara Bow, Richard Dix, Richard Barthelmess, Ralph Forbes and Gary Cooper. My favorite pictures are "Showdown Angeles," starring Nancy Carroll and Gary Cooper and "Wings" with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers. I congratulate them for these pictures and wish them success, especially Nancy Carroll.

I'd like to be a movie actor, too.

Sincerely,

ANTON KENSKY
169 Hall Avenue, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

Imagine!

Dear Editor:

The movies are the best source of entertainment. I like the movies; I like all the stars, and SCREENLAND helps me to like them still more. I have no favorite type of picture—they are all my favorites. I was thrilled by "Our Dancing Daughters"; I cried over "The Singing Fool"; I laughed at "Show People," and I liked the moral of "Sins of the Fathers." I could never tell anyone who my favor-

For
Billie
Dove

Dear Editor:

I am one of the millions of people who admire gorgeous Billie Dove. I would love to hear her voice. I am on pins and needles until I hear her call. We want more Billie Dove and Gilbert Roland.

Two other favorites I adore are Charles 'Buddy' Rogers and Mary Brian. They are young and people and believe me they are popular with the young folks. They are grand actors!

The talking pictures make very good impressions on the actresses and actors. Too I can usually judge people by their voices. Let's hope they never fade out!

Sincerely,

ROSEMARIE D'ESPOSITO
17 Post Avenue,
Inwood, N. Y.

A Boost
for Gary
Cooper

Dear Editor:

I am a real movie fan, yes, sir! Now I will actually let you in on a secret: you know I have almost seen every movie that has come to Montana. That is, maybe, I haven't seen every picture, but I have seen at least 60% of them.

My real favorite is Gary Cooper, the idol of Montana. Gary was born in Helena, Montana, not very far from me. I would like to say 'Hello' to Gary just once. I want with all anxiety to see a picture of him. Buddy Rogers and Clara Bow are my other favorites, especially Buddy. I sure would like to be another Montana boy acting in the movies, say 'Hello' to Gary for me if you see him.

Sincerely,

JOSEPH CRISTIC
2200 Wellow Street,
Butte, Montana.

Billie and
Carmel,
Take Your
Bows!

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I have ever written to any magazine but I just couldn't help writing to SCREENLAND. I find it very, very interesting. I have been a reader for ever so long. One of the departments I enjoy reading is "Confessions of the Fans."
“If only I could speak plainly to my women customers”

Says the head saleslady in a smart shop about this phase of feminine hygiene

Embarrassing to tell them—but women should know that this sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability, now deodorizes completely.

When shopping, in business, socially—wherever women meet the world—there is an important question of personal hygiene that can mar their happiness. They offend others at times. And this new treatment which deodorizes every Kotex pad positively prevents such offense. Kotex scientists have discovered (and patented) a safe way to banish all odor.

That other fear—the feeling of being conspicuous—is now eliminated. Corners of the Kotex pad are scientifically rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection.

Yet every advantage remains

You can so easily adjust Kotex to your individual needs. Cellulocotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture; it is 5 times more absorbent than cotton, itself. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier, than you thought possible.

Improved Kotex is 45c for a box of twelve, at any drug, dry goods or department store.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,387.)

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use plus the greater protection which comes with extra layers of Cellulocotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way, Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Added layers of filler mean added comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes
Fairbanes, we salute you! You have not forgotten how to be gay. In "The Iron Mask" you revive the good old days when men were men and movies were movies. We need stars like you on the screen and romantic pictures like "The Three Musketeers" and its sequel, to keep us in good humor and make us forget the relentless tread of time. You are blind to all save youth and beauty and glamor and gaiety. You are deaf to the clamor of whoopee and boom-boom. May you never awake to realism!

Doug's skillful sword-play comes as a welcome change from the gun-play of our recent crime pictures.
HONOR PAGE

To Our Doug!

"What a dashing figure Doug cuts as the D'Artagnan of the second half of 'The Iron Mask'! A D'Artagnan grown older, but as handsome, brave, and all-conquering as the hero of 'The Three Musketeers.'"

"The Iron Mask" Makes Romance Live Again. Mr. Fairbanks, We Thank You!

Ho-La, Doug!
Hail and Farewell, D'Artagnan!
All Movie Fans the World Over Owe a Debt of Gratitude to the Noblest Romanticist of them all!
HAVE you heard the new theme song?

"Dear Little Merger o' Mine." Or maybe it's "Mighty Lak' a Merger."

Anyway, merger will out. And as I write this, all anyone in the picture business talks about is that great, big, gigantic, colossal, amazing, massive, immense, tremendous, etc., deal by which Fox gains control of Loew's, Inc.—in other words, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. What does this mean? Well, it means that Mr. Fox, a smart man, with assets of over $200,000,000, now controls 800 or so theatres; a formidable array of acting, directorial, executive, and technical talent; and a great deal of awe and respect in the movie industry. He would be The Man of the Hour on Hollywood Blvd. if he ever went on Hollywood Blvd., which he doesn't, being too busy in New York. The only thing that directly concerns the motion picture public about this deal, of course, is just how it will effect the production output. Fox produced "Seventh Heaven," "Sunrise," "Street Angel," "Four Devils." Fox owns the screen services of Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Mary Duncan, Charles Morton, Barry Norton, Lois Moran, Victor McLaglen, June Collyer, and other stars; and Murnau, Frank Borzage, and William K. Howard, to mention directors. And to this interesting list you may now add the names of such M-G-M luminaries as Lon Chaney, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, William Haines, Anita Page, Phyllis Haver; such directors as Niblo, Vidor, Beaumont, Brown, and Browning. You know what to expect in the way of entertainment from these people. It is possible for you to expect, and receive, even more. For imagine the thrill of watching John Gilbert in a big emotional scene with Janet Gaynor; Greta Garbo vamping the shy Charles Farrell; Victor McLaglen scowling in the same scenes with Lon Chaney. I hope it happens!

When his publishers urged Thomas Hardy, the late and great English author, to hire a press-agent, Hardy firmly refused, saying, "No, no. Eggs sell according to their excellence, and not according to the amount of cackling that was done when they were laid."

Hardy never knew Hollywood. Out there cackling counts. Especially in the reign of the talkies. Apparently all the people in the world who can speak above a whisper have descended upon the studios, claiming to be able to put more sound appeal in pictures. Just give them a chance, is all they ask. And in return they will give you expert imitations of everything from a steam whistle to the mating-call of the Australian wombat. Gentlemen whose talents include startling mimicry of the cock's crow, the snake's rattle, the lion's roar and the mosquito's whine press their services upon the poor casting directors. Consider the case of Eddie Nugent. It was recently discovered that, in addition to his comedy talents, he possesses a positively uncanny genius for artistic sneezing. In the future, then, watch, in the screen credits, following "Gowns by Adrian," for "Sneezes by Nugent."
It Must Seem Sometimes to the Little Red-Head from Brooklyn That Life in the Movies is Just One Bathing Suit After Another. And After All—Why Not?

Yes, the demure child on the spring-board in the modest bathing suit is Clara Bow—six years ago when she was a Preferred Pictures player. Clara is now a star—but still wearing a bathing suit, and still preferred.

We don't want to be morbid or anything like that, and perhaps this is hardly the time or the place, but may we remind her vast public that little Miss Bow is, in addition to grand summer scenery, a really very fine actress!

The Career of Clara Bow

The new Clara—1929 edition; the most popular movie star, they say, in the world—in her very latest swimming suit, all dotted and, if she only says the word, all dated up.
Just Good Hollywood

Maybe one reason Greta Garbo consistently refuses to acquire a husband is because she has a perfectly good ukulele to pick on.

Everybody has a racket these days. Here is John Gilbert with his, preparing to participate in a love set with Greta Garbo.

Though a newcomer, it looks very much as if Dorothy Janis were nevertheless on the home stretch.

Ruth Elder's good sportsmanship was established some time ago in a certain Atlantic flight. Now she does her high flying for the films.

Now that Spring is here, you can look around these pages and find some hints as to the most sporting thing to do on your vacation.
Anita Page is sporting enough to let us in on the secret of where she keeps her powder puff.

Above: two babes in a wood—Sue Carol and Nick Stuart.

The trio below are Bill Haines, Marion Davies, and George K. Arthur—three of Hollywood’s best sports.

Mary Brian puts on the gloves and shows excellent form. Who’s the lucky opponent?
Have you ever longed to be in Hollywood? To walk down the Boulevard and see Billie Dove dash out of her favorite hat shop; to see Claire Windsor driving down the street, and catch a glimpse of cute little Pauline Garon, all excited because she had just cast her first American vote—when around the corner whizzes Buddy Rogers in his new roadster?

Well, it isn't any different from your own Main Street when you come right down to it!

In Hollywood, as on Main Street, there are certain definite types. For instance, every Main Street has its Mrs. J. Samuel-Smythe, who always entertains the distinguished visitors in her big house on the hill. Everything is perfectly correct and very dignified, and everyone feels honored when included in the guest list. In Hollywood, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks are Mr. and Mrs. J. Samuel-Smythe. If foreign ambassadors come to town, they are guests at 'Pickfair.' Prince George might have got a great kick out of speeding to the beach with Hollywood's tomboy, but 'Pickfair' was one place that had to be visited, and 'Pickfair' is always in character. There, the butler and footman are not out of place. They melt into the surroundings—they belong. The place is like an English country estate, with broad lawns, old-fashioned flower gardens, and winding paths that lead to sheltered nooks. The house is rambling and large with plenty of space, and large windows that overlook the lovely rolling country of Beverly toward the sea. The entertainment is just what you might expect—good music, beautifully executed. No jazz goes on at 'Pickfair.'
women and telling them so.

As an instance, she and another girl were powdering their noses one evening at a party, and Lupe noticed that her companion's eyes were very lovely and that they had long, dark lashes which she had not made up. "You no make up your eyes. Why you no do that? You have beautiful lashes, much nicer than mine. You come my house, I show you how to make them up. You do plenty with your eyes in Hollywood then." To another she said, "You have beautiful hands," and holding one of them, patted it between her two little paws in almost childish admiration. And Lupe is loyal and has the courage (Cont. on page 110)
Giving the Children

Madeline Brandeis has won Fame and Fortune Producing Pictures Starring — Just Kids!

People have climbed to fame on many strange ladders, but it remained for Madeline Brandeis to reach the rarer air by rungs made of children.

And now small human rungs have led right into the heart of the League of Nations, which body has just recognized the woman author, director and producer as an important contributor to world peace.

At a special session of the League, Mrs. Brandeis’ films of “Children of All Lands” are to be exhibited as a vital factor in the world friendship among children.

But let’s begin at the beginning.

Madeline Brandeis, a Californian exile in Chicago due to her marriage, was a homesick young bride with nothing to occupy her mind or hands. She loved children and in her idle hours she wrote a fairy tale for them called “Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.” It occurred to her that this story would be more amusing if told in pictures, and having all the time in the world and an anniversary present in the shape of a fair-sized check, she decided to produce it herself.

Knowing nothing at all about pictures, she approached her venture blithely, hiring the Emerald Studios, a decrepit old place, and putting an advertisement in a newspaper for children to work in a film.

“Every mother and child in Chicago, it seemed...
to me, answered that appeal,” smiled Mrs. Brandeis. “All varieties of infants were urged upon me. Strident mothers and shy mothers, stolid babies and vivacious ones—I was almost mobbed! But at length I selected a hundred youngsters, imported Universal’s child star, Zoe Ray, and made my picture.

“I made the film simply as a pastime, thinking it would be a souvenir for my grandchildren, if I ever had any, so I was pleasantly surprised when a Chicago company bought my picture. It is still being shown in schools and churches.”

Even after that, the idea of becoming a professional didn’t enter her head. Her own baby, Marie Madeline, arriving a few years later, occupied her so fully that it was not until the child was three years old and the Brandeises had come to the parting of the ways that she made another picture.

This time it was “Not One to Spare,” a two-reel picture from the famous poem in an old Fourth Reader. Renaud Hoffman, whom Mrs. Brandeis met at a social affair after she had come to Hollywood, suggested the story and directed it.

That was the taste that calls for more. “The Shining Adventure,” directed by Hugo Ballin, was a Brandeis production with two child actors, Mary Jane Irving and Ben Alexander, which grew from two to five reels under her enthusiastic eyes.

Christmas, 1927, was celebrated by the woman producer with “Young Hollywood.”

“It seemed to me a great idea to use the children of stars in a film,” she explained. “I knew that it would be impossible to get them through casting directors, but I knew their parents, so I suggested that it might be fun to have them work during the holidays. Then they needn’t miss school and they’d have the experience.

“My cast consisted of D’Arcy, son of Tim McCoy, Mary Jo, daughter (Cont. on page 98)
WHAT MAKES A STAR?

Q Is It Publicity, Pull, Pulchritude—or All Three? Read the Answer.

By Rob Wagner

In the early days of motion pictures very few of the girl stars won their stardom. On the contrary most of the pasty-faced, brainless little baby-dolls of that grand old pioneer period were sweeties of the pioneers. Pictures were a novelty then and the fans would take most anything that was handed to them. They had to. And so the picture-maker of those days naturally put over their pets. How many of those early morning stars are still shining? Four or five. And they had something besides pull.

Those grand old sultanic days, however, are gone beyond recall. Any boss who now tries to put over a dimple or a bunch of curls is flouting with disaster. Nor do directors have the least authority in such matters. A director may get his pet into the casting office, but the fish-eyed monster in charge will not recommend Pet for anything but bits until she has proven her worth, and that often takes a long, long time. The truth is that screen successes are now determined by audiences rather than by individual boosting on the part of producers. All the king’s horses and all the king’s men can’t put Pet over if the fans don’t like her.

So exacting have film audiences become in these matters that even the most promising youngsters are put on long probation, during which time they are given every opportunity to develop and provided with assistance in their work; yet very, very few of them ever reach actual stardom.

The truth of this statement is best evidenced in the fate of the "Baby Stars." Every studio has a score or more of youngsters in training, and each year The Wampas—The Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers—chooses from among them thirteen whom they consider the most promising star material. The selection is in secret and the winners announced at a great ball given in honor of the young queens. Naturally Young Hollywood is stirred to its fluttering center. "Bettie Brighteyes has been chosen a Baby Star! Isn’t it wonderful?" "And what do you think!—Susie Sweetheart missed!"

With all the training, with all the opportunities, and with all the publicity that naturally follow a girl’s elevation to stardom, (for it must be remembered the judgment...
Corinne Griffith's latest picture is "Saturday's Children," in which she plays a working girl. It's a new part for Corinne, who usually plays, as you know, aristocrats like "The Divine Lady"; but one of the most interesting characters, says Corinne, that she has ever played in her entire career. And this role suggested to her an interesting question to ask Screenland's readers in this month's prize contest: "Should a girl give up her economic independence if she marries a poor man?"

Suppose you are a girl earning a good salary. You fall in love and marry a boy who is making only a moderate wage. He wants you to give up your position and be—just a wife. You hesitate. You want to please him, yet your common sense tells you that two can't live as cheaply as one, no matter how the saying goes. And so—what do you do?

It's up to you to answer Corinne's question. Decide for yourself. It's a modern problem in which everyone, man or woman, is intensely interested. Write the best—that is, the cleverest and most concise and clear letter answering the question according to your viewpoint, and you will win the beautiful bracelet.

Corinne Griffith feels that her fans are her friends. It is characteristic of her that when she heard about Screenland's gift contests she said: "Oh—do let me give something, too!" And what do you think she selected? The most exquisite bracelet you ever saw! From Cartier's, the last word in smart jewelers. It is in three colors of solid gold—white, bright, and antique gold. And Miss Griffith was so much interested that she autographed the box the bracelet comes in. Write the best letter answering her question and win the prize. Address:

CORINNE GRIFFITH
Screenland Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes May 10, 1929

Offers a Gift to a Fan

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Screenland Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes May 10, 1929
Put On Your Party Clothes!

And Come Along to Hollywood’s Smartest Soirees,
Where You’ll Meet Your Favorite Movie Stars.

By Grace Kingsley

Well, if Lady Hamilton looked anything like Corinne Griffith, I don’t blame Lord Nelson for hanging around,” remarked Patsy, as we made our way to Corinne’s house, where she was holding a party following the opening of “The Divine Lady” at the Carthay Circle, where just everybody in the film world had been present.

Corinne’s house is in Beverly Hills—a beautiful Spanish town-house. The interior, however, she has changed into French and Italian, both as regards furnishings and architecture.

“Oh, Corinne’s been collecting doors!” exclaimed Patsy, as we entered the drawing room from the vestibule, and noted the big, heavy gray-blue-and-gold portals. “Those are Venetian, I know.”

Sure enough, we found that when Miss Griffith and her husband, Walter Morosco, were abroad a year or so ago, they brought home a lot of beautiful things, including these doors which had once decorated a Doge’s palace.

“I’ll bet the Doge would be tickled to death to know that Corinne had his old doors,” Patsy commented.

“At any rate,” I answered hurriedly, as we saw our hostess coming to greet us, “the Doge never saw a lovelier sight than Corinne is as she comes to meet us from that graceful vista.”

Walter Morosco hastened forward to say hello, too, and we found a crowd already assembled, principally in the pretty card room and in the comfortable den, a few steps down from the card room, with its big comfortable sofas, its easy chairs, its fireplace, and its odd collection of dwarf pictures. We supposed that the dwarf portraits, of which there were something like half a dozen, of all styles, had been bought in Italy, the Italians and all the ancients for that matter having at one time had a fine taste in dwarfs.

Colleen Moore was resting on a sofa, saying that she had had to work all day and was very tired. But she had had a wonderful time up in the Yosemite when she and her husband, John McCormick, and her company were snowbound. She said she was just mastering the art of ski-ing when she had to come home.
should have a new set of teeth as good as the old.

Walter Morosco began kidding about the trip abroad which he and Corinne are going to take shortly, and he pretended an aesthetic love for English crocuses, and that that was the reason he wanted to go—an attitude most amusing in that big husky.

"Are you sure," inquired Enid's mother, "that you'd know a crocus if you saw one?"

"Well, why," inquired Walter, "should I annoy a little flower asking it what it is?"

Fred Niblo said that he knew what a crocus was—it was a noise that a frog made!

Diana Kane and her husband, George Fitzmaurice, were there. Diana inquiring of Enid confidentially about Enid's nurse and doctor who looked after her when the latest Niblo heir was born, as Diana herself is expecting a visit of the stork very soon.

A number of unassorted husbands and wives were there, due to the fact that their mates were working. Mrs. Conrad Nagel, for instance, came alone, because Conrad was working in a picture that night. William Seiter came looking very lonely without Laura LaPlante, his wife, who was making some scenes for "Show Boat." Sidney Franklin brought Mrs. Franklin, and there were many others besides, including Harry Crocker, who told us that Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady, is going to be a hit in the picture. Harry is working with Charlie, you know, in the comedian's new picture, and says that Charlie really is getting down to work early every day and working late at night.

A buffet supper was served in the dining-room, and Corinne flitted about among her guests, but finally alighted at our side, where she told us how keen she is to make a picture showing the life of Marie Antoinette, and how she means to make a study of the ill-fated French Queen's belongings and former environment when she reaches Paris.

Beulah Livingston, who was among the guests, kindly showed us through Corinne's house before we left, and we found Corinne's bathroom of especial interest, since all its fittings are of gold! A huge crystal perfume cabinet is a feature of her dressing room. The cabinet holds hundreds of bottles of wonderful perfume, of which Miss Griffith is very fond, although she seldom uses any.

"I do love Corinne!" exclaimed Patsy, as we drove away. "She is always so (Cont. on. page 102)

The Swan" with Edward Everett Horton.

"With the swan on my neck and the flu on my chest, I am unable to be with you in person tonight," the wire read, "but with love to you and hopes for a tremendous success for the Divine Lady, I am devotedly yours, Marie Dresser."

A number of the players were there, including Ian Keith. Ian told us a funny little story about something which had happened during the making of the picture, which illustrates Corinne's thoughtful generosity. He said that two extra men were fighting each other in the battle scenes, when the director told one of them to hit the other hard. He did so, and his antagonist's teeth fell out.

"Oh," he wailed, "I've lost my uppers and they cost fifty dollars, and I only get seven-fifty a day!"

Miss Griffith, who was on the set, at once consoled the man by assuring him that he
THE WINNER!

C Margaret Viola Davie, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, Wins The $500.00 Prize in the SCREENLAND Masked Cover Contest. Yes—The Girl on the Cover was Irene Rich!

There is a happy girl in Cleveland Heights, Ohio—at 5130 East Overlook Road, to be exact. A girl who has just been handed a check for $500.00—and, incidentally, the biggest thrill of her young life!

Margaret Viola Davie of Ohio is the one winner in all the thousands of contestants who submitted answers to the SCREENLAND Masked Cover Contest announced in the February, 1929, issue of SCREENLAND Magazine. The task of Georgia Warren, our cover artist, was not easy. She had to read and judge the thousands of answers submitted, and then make one final choice. She was game! She read, and read. But she always came back to Miss Davie’s contribution—a very beautiful big satin star in the very center of which was a most artistic water-color of the Masked Cover Star—Irene Rich. Miss Davie’s letter, in which she identified Miss Rich, was in verse, and cleverly contrived. Although there were so many others to choose from, Miss Warren finally decided that Miss Davie deserved the award.

How does the winner feel? Well, how would you feel if your work had won you a prize of $500.00? And particularly if that prize went a long way towards making it possible to pursue your ambition? Margaret Davie is already an artist, though not professionally. She has always loved to draw and to paint; and it has been her dream to be able to take a course at art school. Now, thanks to SCREENLAND’s contest and her own cleverness, she can realize her ambition. SCREENLAND is just as happy as Miss Davie, to have been the means of furthering a real career!

SCREENLAND’s only regret is that there was only one prize to offer. So many of the thousands of answers submitted were unique, original and beautiful. Following is a list of contestants whose efforts merit honorable mention:

- Miss Deuse D. Bragg, 1285 - 8th Avenue, San Francisco, California.
- Miss Mabel Millspaugh, 120 West Fourth Street, Anderson, Indiana.
- Mr. Allen Erwin, Box 157, Pauls Valley, Oklahoma.
- Mr. Robert Emerson Robischon, 156 North Fulton Avenue, Mount Vernon, New York.
- Miss Ela Martens, 116 Centre Street, Dallas Texas.
- Mrs. Mattie L. Lamb, 2104 East Glisan Street, Portland, Oregon.

[C Above: Margaret Viola Davie, winner of SCREENLAND’s $500.00 Masked Cover Contest. Margaret will use the prize money as the first step towards her goal, an art education.]

[C Irene Rich, the screen star who posed for Georgia Warren’s Masked Cover portrait on the February SCREENLAND Magazine, is seen here in two photographs—with and without the mask. Two-thirds of the letters submitted in the contest named Miss Rich correctly, much to the gratification of the star, and also of the cover artist whose task was to conceal and yet reveal!]

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The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
KING VIDOR'S "Hallelujah."
Her Art Doesn't Depend Upon Clothes—But in Private Life She is One of our Smartest Stars

That the evening mode still glitters is attested by this evening gown created by Lucien Lelong in Paris for Gilda Gray. The bodice is a intricate design in pink beads; the skirt is composed of layers of black chiffon. The shoes, of black chiffon trimmed in silver, are from Julienne. To the right: a sports costume from Worth of Paris, featuring a Hodier sweater in red, white, and blue wool, worn with a skirt of blue jersey. The belt is of red, blue, white.
GRAY'S Clothes

This very smart hat from Reboux is developed in wine-colored felt.

Above: a striking evening dress of black chiffon velvet by Worth of Paris has novel notes in the silver underskirt and the large velvet bow. Brightening this otherwise almost sombre gown are the large crystal pins at the shoulder straps, with gay tassels of crystal. To the left: Gilda Gray's favorite sports ensemble—also from Worth. The white piqué dress is trimmed in red, white, and blue, with the monogram, 'G.G.', in the same patriotic colors. Note the ring holding the scarf in place—Gilda's idea, and any ring will answer the purpose.

Her blue beret is of wool.
DOROTHY MACKAILL is a vital young person. No matter what part she is called upon to play, she invests it with sincerity.
CHARLES KING, song-and-dance man of many Broadway productions, is now doing his stuff for the movie musical comedies.
MARY NOLAN, once known as a mere beauty, has become an actress. And we're happy to report she's prettier than ever.
INTRODUCING a new girl to love—Helen Twelvetrees from Broadway, who is creating a fresh and lovable ingenue on the screen.
EXTRA—Extra! Society girl succeeds on the screen! June Collyer gets a new long-term contract for being such a good little actress.
The Rich Little Working Girl

June Collyer Only Works Because She Wants To.

By Sydney Valentine

She doesn't have to work!

"Lucky girl!" said Hollywood, when beautiful June Collyer first came out there two years ago.

"She can take a part, or she can leave it. She can do as she pleases. She doesn't have to work if she doesn't want to!"

And Hollywood proceeded to sit back and smile and wonder just how soon the lovely Miss Collyer from New York would give up and go back to being a lady of leisure. Hollywood met June's father—a very delightful, dignified, and prosperous legal gentleman from Manhattan, who made it very plain that June was the apple of his eye and that she could have anything she wanted, anywhere, any time; and June's charming mother, and June's brother, a boy in college, Hollywood sniffed: "Society!" and waited. It wouldn't be long, now! What—this fragile, pampered girl stand up under long hours and rehearsals, stunts and re-takes? Not very likely!

But Hollywood is still waiting. Or rather, Hollywood has admitted it was wrong. Because June Collyer is still there—and working harder than ever. Incidentally, her charm and her beauty, her tact and gracious manner have ingratiated her with the best people of the picture colony; Prince George of England singled her out for special attention during his stolen trip to Hollywood; and certain of the most eligible bachelors have fallen at her feet—but only incidentally. The really important thing is that June has stuck—and become a good trouper.

She doesn't have to work—but she wants to! She isn't dependent upon her picture earnings for her bread, butter, jam and mink coats. She only works because she likes it. And now Hollywood has to admit that a girl like June is quite as unique as the poor princess of the Hollywood fairy tales who only works because she has to.

It must have been a temptation once or twice in the beginning for June to go rushing home to dad and mother. Because she had a pretty hard initiation into studio routine. One of her first pictures required fog scenes, and the fake fog is produced by some kind of gas, which makes it practically no fun at all for the players. June almost passed out, but she kept on going. Then in another picture she was given a role she loved—in the script. But when it came time to shoot the scenes she discovered that the director had an entirely different conception of the character than she had. It was the part of a lady—a thoroughbred, an aristocrat. The director's idea of a lady was a cold and barely animated statue, moving stiff and stately through the scenes but never, by any chance, being human. June, being a lady, couldn't very well contradict her director. She played the part as he commanded; and her reward was a handful of press clippings in which critics hinted that she was stiff, cold, and uninspired! But a little thing like that can't stop June Collyer.

Her latest two pictures have been more stimulating than her past assignments. "Red Wine" gives her a real chance to discard the cold conventions of the motion picture 'lady' and emerge as a flesh-and-blood girl, which June most assuredly is. "Not Quite Decent" is the working title of the picture she is doing right now—and that, too, sounds promising!
On Location—-with Sound!

Visit the African Jungle—on the Paramount Sound Stage.

By Helen Ludlam

The location this month in Africa—via the Paramount sound stage in Hollywood. A whole stage has been converted into a bit of the jungle with ponds and brooks, mango and banana trees, hanging moss and orchids, ferns and other tropical growth. The whole set occupies a space of about one hundred and fifty square feet and the action of the entire picture takes place upon it. The "one-set" picture is a new thing and will be very popular with sound pictures because of the difficulties still to be met in open air shooting.

The title of this picture will, I am sure, find an echo of sympathy in a good many masculine hearts! It is "The Woman Who Needed Killing." Madame Baclanova, the Russian actress who is so fine an artist, is the heroine of our tale. Her husband is a worthy histrionic mate—Clive Brook; and the boys she ruins are legion, but two of them are Leslie Fenton and Neil Hamilton, who plays Clive's brother. Because the atmosphere of this picture is so novel, and because of the fact that it is being...
taken entirely on one stage, with no exterior shots, I chose it for my location. Work is done at night only. The company assembles around seven o'clock and begins work about eight.

Approaching a sound stage is rather an impressive thing at first. You see a man standing in the studio street waving a red flag and you wonder whether dynamite is being played with. Half a block down you notice a red light. The red flag is waved until the red light goes out. But it isn’t dynamite. It is just that the sound picture is being shot at last and while it is going on, for a block on all four sides of the stage, there can be no traffic, not even foot passengers. When the red light goes out, you are permitted to pass and through the stage door.

We were greeted with the warm, sweet smell peculiar to the tropics. It must be the scent of the wet ferns and trees and earth that creates the illusion. Certainly you feel as though you were in a jungle. The scene was where Leslie Fenton, having been mocked by Baclanova, the dangerous attractive wife of his chief, had decided to call it a day and shot himself through the head. Just as I entered they were rehearsing the scene and I saw Leslie dash head foremost through the window and fall on the earth. There wasn’t any sound—not even the dull sickening thud one expects under such circumstances. I found out afterwards the reason for this: that, on the spot where he was to fall, had been placed, beneath the surface of the earth, two spring mattresses and shock absorbers. In sound pictures if this had not been prepared for, the noise of his body falling, even on soft earth, would have been deafening.

Clive Brook then rushed into the scene, as well as a dozen or so natives, chattering in their native tongue, which is Swahili. Clive answered them in kind. The language has been taught the players by Gerald Grove, technical man for the unit, who spent nearly eight years in Africa. He also taught the musicians the native tunes from memory. The mating dance, which is such a feature of this picture, is performed to the melody of the marimba, the African xylophone. It is made of gourds, beginning with small ones and running into larger ones about (Cont. on page 104)
HE will always attract women.

Even when his more-than-six-feet of manliness is bent with age, women will pamper him.

There is little doubt that in a beribboned baby carriage twenty-six years ago, the fair sex offered him sugared inducements to coo and smile for them.

Gary Cooper is just the sort of a man who arouses admiration in all who meet him.

Without the usual accouterments of male lure, i.e., patent-leather hair, smouldering eyes, cynical smile or impeccable attire, his following increases with every production.

His chivalry is irreproachable. It is a gallantry bred by open ranges and camp fires.

Erroneously, Gary has been called a cowboy. This romantic bit of misinformation is almost true, but not quite. He is the only son of Judge and Mrs. Charles H. Cooper of Helena, Montana.

Gary spent his winters in the western city attend-
ing school and his summers on a large cattle ranch owned by his father. During prep-school years he was sent to England for two years of intensive schooling. When he returned, minus a British accent, he entered Iowa College.

His father and mother are white-haired aristocrats. His mental and physical surroundings have been far above the average.

According to his mother, his first and, as far as she knows, only crush on the opposite sex came at a tender (Cont. on page 100)
ROXY!

The Story of the Man--The Theatre--and The Gang!

By Rosa Reilly

The interior of the largest theatre in the world is black except for the red exit lights which dot the darkness like sinister eyes. The seven endless tiers of dull-red velvet seats are empty. The wide-sweeping loge and lowering balcony stretch off into loneliness. The gold and white organ, with its three consoles, rests hushed and buried beneath the stage, on the movable platform which also raises and lowers the orchestra pit.

The vast, gold-crowned coliseum of amusement, with its marble columns, its gilt-flanked walls, its winding stairways, lies silent except for one brief spot near the entrance. Here, squatted under the brightness of several strong electric lamps, six middle-aged women kneel gossiping, as they repair the strain on the crimson pile carpet. Eighteen thousand pairs of feet pass over that carpet every day. For the theatre fills and empties itself of six thousand people at least three times every twelve hours.

It is ten o'clock, Thursday morning. A whirling snow storm beats around the huge city block at Fiftieth Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, where the world's largest theatre is situated. A rehearsal of the coming week's stage show has been called a day early since Friday will be a holiday. And on holidays there are four performances instead of the usual three, leaving little time and less energy for rehearsals.

As the heavy green velvet curtain parts, we catch a glimpse of the stage, bare of all settings.

Behind the footlights, well down-stage, on a camp stool, sits a blue-eyed, gray-haired man, forty-five years old. There is power in his eyes and strength to his mouth. He is dressed well but conservatively in a dark blue suit, black shoes, a gray shirt with a stiff collar, and a dark tie. His cheeks are tanned, as if he spent a good deal of his time out of doors. His hands are brown and spatulate.

He is Samuel Lionel Rothafel—known to millions as Roxy of the Radio. Known to hundreds of thousands as President of the Roxy Theatres Corporation, and personal director of the Roxy Moving Picture Theatre—the largest playhouse in the world.

Behind Roxy, in the orchestra pit which has been elevated to the level of the stage in the last few seconds, is a grand piano, with a spectacled pianist sitting before it. Grouped around the pit are thirty-two girls, the Roxyettes, awaiting their cues. Some of them, wearied with constant performances and steady rehearsals, sleep.

Back-stage, in a circle, the forty-odd members of the ballet stand like high-strung race horses. They are dressed in every sort of practice costume—from checked
that would dwarf Miss Pringle. Where striking costumes would have that effect on the personalities of less clearly cut individuals, they merely accent Miss Pringle's.

The Pringle type should not adopt the same general motif for all her costumes. Some women can, you know. They find a basic style that is becoming, that is a perfect frame, and they build a wardrobe for all occasions upon that one fundamental style. But not the Pringle type. Here is a many-faced personality, kaleidoscopic in its changing impressions; and her clothing should be as varied. For instance, one costume as austere as a nunnery, the next as gay, as flashing as the Fountains of Versailles. But all must be extreme.

It's fatal, also, for this type to attempt to adapt one costume to more than one occasion. I mean, by that, that the addition of a flower or a satin blouse does not suitably convert a sports suit into an afternoon outfit, and the removal of chiffon sleeves from an afternoon gown and the addition of a cocktail jacket fails to make it an appropriate evening frock for a Pringle.

Just because of these things, it is a delight to design clothes for this particular type. The designer may let his fancy run wild and be assured it will never run out of bounds. It would be a crime to say that the fortunate members of this type were made for clothes. That would belittle their other striking qualities, but

(Continued on page 107)
LIKE most spirited women Carmel Myers likes men who are masterful—but she hates to be crossed. Though she swears she could never fall in love with an actor, she likes men who are vain. Men, to interest her, must be as interested in their clothes as in their work. That is just the way she puts it. A touch of green in a man's clothes will always catch her eye. She prefers a tobacco brown in her own tweeds. She has no patience with a man who can't dance well. A man who too quickly falls in love, or says he does, never gets far with her. Flattery has bored her ever since a year spent in Italy and France. She adores men with a superior air. Carl Van Vechten spends much time with her during his Hollywood visits—and thought well enough of her to keep her out of "Spider Boy." A moody man irritates her. But when she is blue she demands much attention. Little thoughtful deeds impress her much more than grand gestures. A man who whistles is crossed off her list at once. Once she went driving at night with a man who, until the day before, had only known her as she is seen on the screen. They came back in twenty minutes. Rudolph Valentino was once her devoted admirer. This when she was far better known than he. Strong silent men never make her heart flutter a beat faster. Hers must be one of scores of names in the little black book, with all the rest crossed out. She is immune to compliments on her beauty but purrs with delight over every remark on her taste in clothes. For eight or nine months of the year she lives with her brother, a director, and his wife. Under the guidance of her mother, with whom she lived until her death two years ago, she accumulated a sizeable estate. But she lives in a modest apartment during the winter and in the smaller of her two beach houses the rest of the year. She has five strings of jade and innumerable brooches, hat-pins, slipper buckles and rings of the same green stone. French hosiery is her greatest extravagance; shoes her pet economy. Only about once a year can she drag herself to a bootery, and then she buys dozens of pairs of footwear.

(Continued on page 109)
NORMA TALMADGE returned from Europe to begin her first talking picture. Gilbert Roland will be her leading man.
WELCOME back, Tommy Meighan! Make your first talkie the best picture you ever starred in. Go to it—we're with you.
OH, what's the use? We tried to think up a caption worthy of Lily Damita but nobody will read it, anyway, with her to look at!
ONE of the reigning red-heads of Hollywood, Margaret Livingston will conquer the movie public as well in the right part.
A CHARMING girl, a good actress, and a great scout—Anna Q. Nilsson. In case you are puzzled—that 'Q' stands for 'Querencia.'
MARY BRIAN is no longer known as 'that little girl who played in "Peter Pan."' She's grown up into a versatile trouper.
AND a producer once told him he didn't have enough sex appeal to be a movie actor. Bill Haines is a star and still laughing.
Now she's a hit in "Where East is East."

UNWORTHY roles can never obscure a gorgeous personality like Estelle Taylor. Now she's a hit in "Where East is East."
Harmony Kid!

By John Engstead

When he leaves at eleven-thirty, after the second show, people wait outside to see him. Some little boy and girl once stood for five hours to get his signature. "More than worth it!" they said.

Sometimes Buddy takes a crowd of boys and girls to their homes.

As soon as Gus Eyssell, the manager of the Paramount studios in Hollywood have just made "Close Harmony," in which the youthful college boy from Kansas City plays all his instruments and sings as leader of a jazz band.

On the set the other day, Buddy told how he happened to play all these instruments.

Mr. Bert H. Rogers, the owner of the Olathe, Kansas, Mirror, one Saturday night took his family in to Kansas City — Mrs. Rogers, Jerry, and Buddy. One man in the theatre where they went, played every instrument in the orchestra. From that moment the playing of every instrument was Buddy's ambition.

He began on a baritone horn when he was eight years old. D. R. Ott, a friend of Buddy's father, started a band with boys ten years and under. Rogers bought the horn and little Buddy played in the band. After three years of Thursday night concerts with the youngsters, the Rogers boy gained the recognition of being the only boy promoted to the men's band.

When he went to high school, he worked in his father's newspaper office and played in a high school jazz band. He saved his money and bought a set of drums which he learned to play by lining up the drums in front of the Victrola, turning on a record and for hours each night accompanying the hottest drummers.

At the University of Kansas, Buddy joined a jazz orchestra the first year. One week-end when he was home, he borrowed the trombone which his little brother never used. He practised the new instrument all week with the orchestra and then dug down in his savings and bought himself his famous trombone.

One of Buddy's fraternity brothers had a saxophone, and Buddy learned to play it well enough to alternate in the band.

During his first (Cont. on page 109)
A DAY with a

Stick Around Nancy Carroll While Between the Life of Reilly and

C. Six o'clock! Get up, you sleepy head!

C. Eighty-thirty — and Nancy is making up. Movie stars, you know, must make up before they kiss.

C. Eighty-thirty — and Nancy is making up. Movie stars, you know, must make up before they kiss.

C. The Paramount studio gate-keeper opens the iron door for Nancy Carroll every morning at eight. Who wouldn't?

C. Above: a love scene before ten in the morning! That's what Director Richard Wallace requires of Nancy and Robert Castle.

C. Lunch! Twelve o'clock finds our star in the studio restaurant with Lane Chandler and a healthy appetite.
She demonstrates the difference the life of a movie actress.

Thank you, Nancy Carroll, for posing for us so prettily!

After a nap and a light supper, Nancy prepares for the theatre—yes, where she’s scheduled to make a personal appearance.

Four-thirty is tea-time on the set if the day’s work has progressed smoothly. Two lumps, please, Miss Carroll.

The first work for the afternoon is a fast-stepping scene on the studio lawn for “Close Harmony,” a new talkie-singie-dance.

Six bells—and the day’s work is done! Nancy’s car is waiting.

All dressed up and ready to go! Nancy Carroll calls it a day and greets the evening.
In New

In 4

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Whoopee—here's Lupe! In town for personal appearances with "Lady of the Pavements." Next, Doris Kenyon; and third, Lya de Putti, who said goodbye to Broadway for picture-making in England.

The Stars from Hollywood Outshine the Broadway Bright Lights

Two Hollywood red-heads in town at the same time! And, as if they weren't enough to make up gasp, who should arrive but Lupe Velez. Well, it was hectic. It's still hectic. One of the two red-heads is in Palm Beach right now, but she'll be back; and the other red-head will still be here, and Lupe—

I'm out of breath trying to keep up with them. But let's begin with the red-heads, shall we? They are Clara Bow and Margaret Livingston. Clara, on her first visit east in ever so long. And Margaret, whom Manhattan always welcomes with open arms when she arrives for her annual visit; because Margaret is, in addition to being a ravishing beauty, one of the nicest girls who ever came out of Hollywood. I suppose it would be only polite to consider Clara first, though, wouldn't it—because she's a sort of native daughter of New York—well, almost; born in Brooklyn. And New York is only too glad to claim her.

Clara has travelled some since she left here, let me tell you! She has been a beauty contest winner—no, not a winner, but a runner-up; director Elmer Clifton had recognized her possibilities, and given her a chance in "Down to the Sea in Ships." Clara, a somewhat scared little thing then, made good in her first picture, and the producer, B. P. Schulberg, signed her, and she made some films for Preferred, since passed out of the picture. I remember Clara when she was working in an uptown studio. She was a strange little thing. She didn't have much to say, and I confess that I never would have picked her to be the most popular girl in pictures; but then, Elinor Glyn had not yet discovered "It." And besides, Clara was only a kid. There was a story told at the time about her that I always liked because it shows what a naive, unspoiled child she was. Her manager had loaned her for the picture she was making in New York. One
day she failed to show up at the studio. A representative hurried to her hotel to find out what was the matter. He found Clara calmly sitting and determined not to come to the studio. He asked why. She said she had had a wire from her manager telling her not to go. Asked to produce it, she handed over a wire which read something like this: "How are you getting along with picture regards." Clara had taken that 'stop' quite seriously!

She has changed—of course. She's a celebrity now. But she doesn't act the part. She has steadfastly refused to be lionised since she has been here on her vacation, even registering at a hotel under the name of 'Stella Ames,' which is the name of the character she plays in her latest picture, "The Wild Party." Mrs. Clarence Badger, wife of the director is with her. But Broadway knows Clara Bow is in town. She's been to the theatres and the smarter night clubs, having a good time and apparently quite oblivious to the excited attention she creates. There's something reassuring and casual about her unconcern. And—she hasn't forgotten Brooklyn! The only personal appearance she consented to make was at a Brooklyn theatre.

* * *

This Livingston girl is one of the real personalities of pictures. She is picturesque, exotic, flashing, and very, very beautiful. What a pity the camera can't reproduce her amazing red hair, her strange hazel eyes, and her grand complexion—Margaret has probably the prettiest skin of any picture girl I've ever seen. Usually make-up does something or other to the finest complexions; but Margaret's has remained immune. It's as pink and white and glowing as a baby's. Yes, Miss Livingston is a real beauty. And a great scout!

She is a philosopher in her dainty feminine fashion. "I know I've never made

(Continued on page 100)
Noisy Neighbors

Again Eddie Quillan knocks a home run! In this talking film he and the rest of his vaudeville family are left a fine southern estate. Quitting the stage forever, they set up their lares in the southland only to find themselves involved in an inherited blood feud with their next door neighbors. Meantime, of course, Eddie has already fallen in love with the grand-daughter of the enemy. Alberta Vaughn plays the heroine and Theodore Roberts, the sire of the other faction. Eddie contributes a clean-cut, amusing performance. The late Theodore Roberts is great, particularly in the spoken sequences. Miss Vaughn makes a charming appearance and the supporting cast are good trouper.

Strange Cargo

A somewhat de-luxe mystery murder talkie, staged on board a yacht. While action is sacrificed to the all-talking sequences you'll enjoy it because there are several good comedy situations and much excellent character acting. All the large cast gave capable performances but Otto Matiessen, as the mysterious yogi, stood out.

Ask Dad

A gem of a talkie that hits you between the eyes. Edward Everett Horton and his son, played by Winston Miller, are both in love with the former secretary, Ruth Renick. Miller is excellent. He portrays exactly a youngster overcome by calf love. Horton is splendid, of course, and Miss Renick a sympathetic heroine. As funny as they come!

The Spieler

Sensational film! Revealing inside story of carnival racketeers! Renee Adoree, owner, tries to run a carnival honestly. Unsuccessful until Alan Hale falls for her and goes straight. This excites murderous mob healed by Fred Kohler resulting in tremendous midway battle where Hale staves off sinister gang with tent stake. Admirable performances by Clyde Cook, Adoree, Hale and Kohler.

The Old Barn

Don't miss this one! It's a grand, spooky, talking comedy: Johnny Burke, the hotel clerk; Daphne Pollard, general slavey; Andy Clyde, Thelma Hill, Vernon Dent and others, contrive to work out the funniest and eeriest situations you ever saw in an old country barn behind the hotel where they're in search of an escaped madman.
Revuettes Are Here To Aid and Abet You in Your Search and Be Guided to the Right Pictures.

Captain Lash

This movie proves Victor McLaglen to be the hushest actor in Hollywood! McLaglen has the role of head stoker on a steamer. When he's in port, he drinks liquor with his pal Clyde Cook and flies around with a winsome lass of the hot polloi, until Claire Windsor edges into his horizon. As a passenger on the liner, she comes below to watch the stoking. Here McLaglen cuts a grand bronze figure when a stoker goes mad and turns on a steam-cock, exposing Claire to a painful death. But McLaglen rescues her and falls for what he thinks is a lily-pure lady. How he gets back to his own lusty level is worth paying to see. All the cast, including Jane Winton, are corking.

At the South Pole

This—the actual record of gallant Captain Scott's tragic dash for the South Pole—should not be overlooked because it covers almost the identical ground Byrd is traversing today. You see the great ice barrier, unimaginably lovely frozen islands, and those amusing comedians—the penguins, en famille. An inspiring record of a courageous gentleman.

The Man Who Cheated Life

Tut, tut, tut, Mr. Conrad Veidt! Why don't you stand up for yourself and refuse to play in such films as this Mephistophelian story of a man who sells his soul for a million gold pieces? Your acting was sincere and moving. But the story was unthinkable. Only recommended as a paradise for pessimists.

Whirls and Girls

This talking film brings Sennett comedy back to the screen. Harry Gribbon and Andy Clyde play around with a lot of pretty girls. Starting out with the crack: "Henry Peck was known as Henry the Eighth. His wife was the other seven-eighths," the picture carries on to a knock-out climax. One of the funniest comedies I ever saw.
Great preparations are going forward at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the taking of "Trader Horn" in Africa. Twenty-five tons of sound equipment are boxed and waiting on one of the stages for the Government man to appear and affix the Governmental bond and seal. There are about fifty more tons to go. When it arrives in Africa it will be carried six hundred miles into the jungle, probably on elephants. The picture will take about six months to make, they feel—that is, if they have a lucky break in weather. Camilla Horn was the star elected to play the heroine, but Metro was not prepared to pay the salary United Artists demanded for Miss Horn and Camilla herself was not willing to take less, in which decision she was backed by United Artists. It would take her away from Hollywood at least eight months and completely out of the picture world. It is a terrific journey. She was to be the only woman in the troupe, with the exception of a companion who would act as her hairdresser. So with mingled feelings of regret and relief, Camilla vetoed the offer of a smaller salary. It looks now as if an extra girl, Edwina Booth, would be chosen.

Carroll Nye is the lucky young man of Hollywood this month, and deservedly so. It just shows that good work will be appreciated, if you don't get tired doing it. Carroll has been a pretty fine trouper for several years and although he has had steady work and good parts, his name didn't spell money at the box office. Now he will have his chance. Someone had the good sense to cast him in "The Squall," directed by Alexander Corda, in which Myrna Loy, Loretta Young, Alice Joyce and Zasu Pitts...
also appear. Zasu Pitts, Carroll told me, supplied the comedy relief both on and off the set. In fact, Mr. Corda said he didn’t know how could he have got through the picture without her. The assistant director would say to him, “You won’t need Miss Pitts tomorrow, will you?” And he would say, “Oh, call her any way. Let’s have a laugh!” On the days she didn’t work she would often appear with a basket of homemade cookies which she would offer to the grateful members of the cast.

The scene was a barnyard and hills in the distance and picturesque Hungarian peasant costumes flitting about. Mr. Corda had a fine time directing the animals. “Bring on the geese and the sheepes,” he would call when it was time for their act. It was his first sound picture. Sandwiched between “The Squall” and his next first National picture, Carroll tripped over to the M. G. M. lot to round out an interesting cast directed by Lionel Barrymore, the picture being “Madame X,” with Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes.

Ronald Colman, as everybody knows, is doing his first talkie and will present it to a waiting world in “Bull Dog Drummond.” It is going to be a swell show, too—full of thrills and horrors and fun—not at all like any Ronny Colman picture that you have ever seen before. SCREENLAND’s correspondent strolled onto the Sam Goldwyn sound stage at about four o’clock in the afternoon and not a crank had been turned up to that time.

“Won’t you sit down,” said Hank Arnold, climbing out of a wheel chair used in the scene. “And you are just in time for tea,” said Lilyan Tashman, looking very grand in a white satin evening dress, decorated with rhinestones. “What!—you haven’t come to that!” said SCREENLAND’s correspondent. “Oh, yes—tea every afternoon at four for the entire outfit. That is so we won’t mind working at night and it certainly does pep one up.”

Lily Damita was also visiting the set, looking very stunning in a black tailor-made suit and tight-fitting little felt hat with a pompon on the side. For some reason or other, Lily Damita’s face always reminds me of a violet sprinkled with dew. I don’t know why, except that her eyes look that way. She has just returned from her hurried transcontinental trip which she said she hoped she would never have to duplicate. She had to make three personal appearances a day and remained but one day in each town. Lily had no opportunity to enjoy the cities that she visited, which upset her not a little.

Property men gave us tea and cakes. Lilyan Tashman had a special blend which they served in a little bag and poured the hot water over it. “Makes me look as though I were running a laundry,” said Lilyan, indicating the little string and tag hanging from the cup.

After tea they did a bit of action where Ronny kills Lawrence Grant, who plays Lakington, the villain, by choking him. “Stop,” cries Lawrence, “You are killing me.” “Yes,” replied Ronny, in his well-modulated voice, and with a smile planted his thumbs more firmly on the victim’s windpipe, “but I am doing it as painlessly as possible!”

Little Joan Bennett was nursing a headache, in the bottle-green flat crepe dress she wears. “The action of the picture takes place in twenty-four hours,” said Joan, “and I only have an opportunity of wearing one dress. I am getting very tired of it. The last time I saw Joan she was toddling about as Peas Blossom in an outdoor performance of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” given at her mother’s country estate in New York, in which her sister Barbara played Titania and I have forgotten what Constance played. It was startling to see this little Peas Blossom grown to be a beautiful young lady with the poise of a woman twice
Lon figures that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy and that you can't do good work if you get stale on things. Somebody remarked that it was all very well for Lon Chaney, who is a big star and a big money-maker, to refuse to conform to night and Sunday work. Whereupon he replied, “Well, I stopped before I was in the big money.”

There was a scene that called for a fight in a picture he was doing. The director wanted a real one; Lon wanted to fake it because he couldn't see the sense of having himself and the other man bruised up. When the director insisted, Lon said there wouldn't be any fight at all under those circumstances. Lon won. So they prepared to fake it. The fight was to be taken on a Sunday morning. The first man they put up against him went pretty well until Lon said, “Now let me have it on the shoulder.” The man struck out, hit Lon a smashing blow and broke two bones in his hand. “It didn’t hurt me,” said Lon, because I knew how to take it. The second man they put up against me, strained the ligaments in his leg. The third sprained his ankle and the fourth broke his collar bone, and that is the last Sunday work I have ever done. If that could happen with a false fight, I would just like to know what it would have been like if we had been going at it in earnest!

Lon is all against an actor allowing himself to be worked after he is tired. “He doesn’t photograph his best and after a picture or two like that, he is given the gate because he doesn’t measure up to the required standards. I won’t do it,” he said, “and God knows I don’t have to look after my beauty. If I let myself do what I know is beyond my strength, to accommodate some whim of the front office, there isn’t anybody going to hand me out a picture to do when I have lost my grip, just out of friendship. So I look after me and I figure that is the best way of looking out for the companies’ box-office, too!”

Patsy Ruth Miller will be kept busy running from the First National lot in Burbank, to Warner Brothers in Hollywood. Upon completion of “The Sap,” she will play the part created by Madge Kennedy on the stage in “Twin Beds,” the Margaret Mayo farce.

Lon Chaney seems to be one man who possesses moral courage. All this business of being worked on a trip with the twenty-eight hats he considers essential to the well-dressed man’s wardrobe. Ten hat boxes are required to hold the head-piece.

her years.

Lon Chaney is still in the heart of the boss. He is not the star, but he is the man who makes a picture.
Edna May Cooper is the latest victim of the aviation craze. When she heard that Art Goebel was going to make a world flight, she was wild to go with him. She didn’t know Art, but she had friends who did and she wrote asking him whether, if she were able to master radio by June, he would permit her to go as radio operator. On his arrival in Hollywood he had a talk with her and she made one or two flights with him. If she can pass the physical endurance tests, she stands a very good chance of being selected. So far Ruth Elder is her only rival. Hollywood has learned to love Ruth, but Edna May is a favorite, too. She has made an offer of $10,000 as a gesture toward paying her own expenses and has begun her studies of aviation, navigation, meteorology and radio at the Western College of Aeronautics. The flight will hardly be made in June, however, as Colonel Goebel’s operation during the winter left him with a very painful aftermath and it might be a year before he is well enough to make such a taxing flight.

At Colleen Moore’s home the other night was given a buffet supper in honor of Mrs. John Colville, née Helen Hamilton, who has been Colleen’s personal secretary for six years. The occasion was held on the eve of Mrs. Colville’s departure for Tocopilla, Chile, where her husband, Capt. John Colville, is affiliated with a nitrate company as a mining engineer. They were married in August just before he left for Tocopilla but his wife remained here to wind up her affairs and prepare for her new life. At Colleen’s party some old films were shown, one of which, “The New York Hat,” was produced in 1912 with Mary Pickford as the star. It measured up pretty well with a few present-day offerings, too. And then there were a fortune teller, games and other amusements. Colleen didn’t have her palm read and when they asked her why, she said, “Oh, I know my fate. He’s Irish and six feet two,” — meaning John McCormick, her husband!

Camilla Horn is finding time hanging heavily on her hands since the departure of her husband, whose business called him to Germany. She had expected to meet him in England on her way to Africa, if she did “Trader Horn,” but now that she is not going to do the picture, she is wondering how she can wangle a trip abroad for a brief visit. As a parting gift, Claus Geerz, her husband, presented her with two fox scarfs and an ermine coat, which isn’t a bad going-away gift at all. Herr Geerz is a merchant, an importer and exporter, so perhaps the furs weren’t as hard on him as they might have been on other husbands. His name, you may have noticed, is rather suggestive of December twenty-fifth, so it was perfectly appropriate for him to land in Hollywood on Christmas Eve, last. Camilla, although in America little more than a year, has now a fine command of English. She speaks with a charming accent, but makes herself easily understood. The other day at a tea given for a few friends at her beach house, she sat on the floor and offered her little wire-haired terrier some candy. She was wearing a perfectly adorable cream cashmere frock, with scarlet cross-stitch on the sleeves and border—the bodice was tight and the skirt very full and rather long. “Come on my lap,” she said,
but the little dog hesitated. “He is afraid,” said Camilla, naively, “because he know he cannot climb on this good dress.”

You have to be prepared for anything in the movies! Santa Cruz Island, although one of the most beautiful spots here, is about as popular as a rattlesnake in a boudoir for a location, because of the difficulties to be met in reaching it. During the filming of “The Rescue” the Herbert Brennon Company, with Ronald Colman and Lily Damita, felt the pangs of hunger more than once. Two of the supply ships were unable to reach the island on account of rough weather and had to turn back, so rations were rather slim on the location, and finally, until the ship was able to make the rough waters, the actors took to eating the ‘props,’ which drove the property man almost frantic. Coconuts, bananas and other tropical fruits, which should have been used in the picture, disappeared before his eyes, like frost before a noon-day sun!

Twenty-five young girls and twenty-five newspaper women had a trip recently that they will probably never forget. All because Mary Pickford felt like throwing a party for a few girls from twenty-five cities of the United States, in honor of the Pickford picture, “Coquette.” Some of the girls have only themselves to support, but got this coat the day before I left home to come out here and now look at it! I wonder if they will take it back?” Somebody made the remark that perhaps a wealthy and eager one in her town would pay her double what she paid for it when they knew that the coat had rubbed elbows with Doug and Mary, Doug, Jr. and Joan, Norma Talmadge, Lilian Gish, Nils Asther, and John Gilbert. The girls went through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, and attended a tea given in their honor at the Hollywood Athletic Club, where most of Hollywood’s

one is supporting eight on her earnings. Some of them had never been out of their home-towns. Some are stenographers; a few are bookkeepers and some had started little shops of their own. You can imagine how thrilling this sudden and unexpected precipitation into Hollywood was for them, and right to the fireside of the “best families.” They were welcomed at the City Hall upon their arrival in Los Angeles, by Mayor George Cryer and his staff. Then they motored to the Roosevelt, Hollywood’s newest hotel, which was their home during their stay. They visited every inch of the United Artists’ Studios, they attended the United Artists Theatre. Their time was filled with teas and luncheons and dinners, which followed with such rapidity that some of the girls were dizzy with excitement. As one of them said, “Saturday night we had off and we all got into the cars kept for our use and went to Venice and did all the stunts down there—hot dogs and everything, and had the best time!”

One girl was very much upset because the fur on her coat was not wearing well. “I don’t know what I’m going to do,” she said, “I
bachelors live. They went to the famous Breakfast Club where all the celebrities make a bow at least once during their visit here. They hit all the high spots—the Chamber of Commerce, the Cocoanut Grove, Catalina Island, the glass-bottomed boat and the sky line drive, the Carthay Circle Theatre where they saw Corinne Griffith in "The Divine Lady," the Paramount Studio—and a dip in the Ambassador Hotel plunge, which is Hollywood’s social rendezvous. They had tea at "Pickfair," where they were photographed individually and collectively with Mary Pickford, both with a still and motion picture camera. One of the girls said, "Oh, I'd give anything if I could see young Doug and Joan!" Just at that moment she looked up, and, standing in a window, ten feet away, were the objects of her wish. That is how soon dreams come true in Hollywood—sometimes!

Well, Lupe got off for Chicago, New York and points East. Somebody said they'd give a thousand dollars if they could see Lupe when her eyes first rested upon Broadway at night. "I'd give another thousand," said somebody else, "If I could see Broadway's expression when it first sights Lupe!" Lupe was thrilled to death about the trip. Even her anguish at parting from Gary Cooper was not strong enough to drown her eagerness for a sight of the tall buildings in little old New York.

Mary, Joan, Doug and everybody were congratulating Edna May Cooper on her contemplated flight around the world with Colonel Goebel. "Aren't you afraid to fly?" said Joan. "Oh, no," said Edna, "I love being up in the air." A dreamy look came into Joan's eyes, "Well, I'm always in the air," she said. "And not by means of an airplane," someone remarked. "No," she said, her face lighting up, "he only has to come into the room!" "He" being Doug, Jr., of course. Which just goes to show how grand love is.

There is just no use planning in this world. Robert Ellis and Vera Reynolds, his wife, had just about decided to kiss Hollywood goodbye. Pictures were rather dull pickings for them and they had put away a tidy fortune and had always wanted to travel. They sold their house, disposed of everything they owned here and had even settled on their sailing date for China, when Universal tapped Bobby on the shoulder and said, "Young man, you are wanted for 'Broadway.'" So they decided to stay and have this last fling at a profession they have loved and enjoyed. It never rains but it pours, and since Bobby has made such a hit with the executives in "Broadway," he is apt to be kept pretty busy for awhile. Vera too is trying to decide between three offers, so they will probably have to buy a house all over again and settle down once more.

Cecil DeMille is himself again. Right back into the old bath tub scenes that did such a lot for him in days gone by. This time the tub is a glass one and just to show the latest in bath-room furniture, his is upholstered in ermine!
Dynamo

Here is Eugene O'Neill at his most literary, which is to say O'Neill at his worst. Now just a moment. Eugene O'Neill at his worst is still better than ever so many others at their best. And yet we wonder whether we would hurry to qualify our statement, if somebody other than O'Neill had written "Dynamo."

The plain fact of the matter is that O'Neill's position is such today that it is a little hard for us to appraise him apart from his reputation. When he wanders from the path of human understanding, our temptation is doubtless to follow him as far as our limited understanding of the Einstein theory lets us, rather than dismiss him abruptly.

The plain fact of the matter, further, is that had anybody but O'Neill written the play, the Theatre Guild would not have put it on. Nor, conceivably, would any other manager of merit. Yet we would not be the last one to say that O'Neill hasn't earned the privilege of a hearing even when he hasn't much to say. When a man has done "The Emperor Jones," and "The Hairy Ape," and "Strange Interlude," we think he has earned the right to cry 'Wolf!' even though all he has heard is the stir made by the shadow of an idea.

And this time O'Neill has only shadows. He argues that the god of Genesis has given way to the Goddess of Electricity. (In "Strange Interlude," too, you remember he be presented God as female.) But the new Goddess, too, he resents as not satisfying man's primitive, undying need of spirituality. What the solution is he does not say. He hints that in two other plays, of which "Dynamo" is but the first, he will expand his theme. Indeed, in his written comments he begins to take on something of an aura. Amazingly enough, this young genius who came from nowhere to shay the sanctity of the gods that were begins to speak ex cathedra. His inventive changes to fiats, the heretic begins to excommunicate, and his stories of sailor men and their doings are changed to papal bulls.

He grows, one suspects, a little dotty. He is dissatisfied with life as it is; he will create a new world. But just as Jurgen sat on the Throne for a moment and had power to do what he wanted, O'Neill sits and doesn't know. He is confused and so is his writing. His style is thick, like Dreiser's; but Dreiser for all his elephantine grace with words gives you an impression of going somewhere.

The Guild has mounted the play handsomely and has done much to make it interesting. In addition, it is well cast, with Claudette Colbert doing a superb piece of work in the one role of the play that is written with clearness. Catherine Calhoun Doucet is excellent, and Helen Westley and Dudley Digges contribute their usual good performances. Indeed, one wishes that O'Neill had done as much for his play as the Guild.

Harlem

Here is, in a mighty good though hardly perfect show, a dramatization of life in New
York's Black Belt. If your concept of the modern negro is not limited to the amusing caricatures of Octavus Roy Cohen, if you have found to your liking O'Neill's play "The Emperor Jones" or Vachel Lindsay's poem "The Congo," or Carl Van Vechten's novel, "Nigger Heaven," or that much more stirring tale by a black, "Home to Harlem," this play should be put on your list.

It has, with the exception of one white man, an all-negro cast of sixty or odd. And in the main a cast that is exceedingly capable. These denizens of Harlem need no patronizing from anybody on account of their color when it comes to acting. They can give cards—oh, very well—and spades to a lot of Equity members.

The story is a little bit like "Broadway," with the necessary substitutions made inevitable by the characters. The bootlegging war this time becomes a war of the policy gamblers. Ninety per cent of Harlem, it has been said, plays the game of numbers. The other ten per cent, it further has been said, (and thank goodness we don't have to prove either of these statements), lives on the same lottery.

We find a colored family from the Carolinas a little unable to adapt themselves to Harlem. The father wants to go back, and, in order to raise the fare, runs so-called 'rent-parties,' where the neighborhood, for a fee, drops in for dancing, boozing and necking. The religious mother objects. But Cordelia, the daughter, likes the parties. Cordelia is the young flapper who wants to live freely and does. It is around and about her that the melodrama of murder, gin, love, passion and what-not revolves. And the faster it spins, the better she likes it. Isabelle Washington plays the role and does very well by it.

Yes, the story could very well have been about white people. And the thing that may strike you, as you ponder it, is that the next time you wonder about the inscrutable ways of the blacks, you may realize that they got all those ways from the white man's civilization. Which is nothing, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling should be told, to lighten the white man's burden.

Blackbirds

The interest aroused in us by "Harlem" led us to seeing an all-colored revue that has been flourishing in New York—and on the road—for a long time: "Blackbirds." It used to be called "Blackbirds of 1928," but it has run so long that the name has wisely been shortened.

It's a good evening, being a typical colored show. It is a little top-heavy in dancing specialties, and you wonder why anybody tries to follow Bill Robinson. Aida Ward and Adelaide Hall do their numbers effectively, and Miss Hall is peculiarly graceful for so tall a girl. And yet neither of them can make you forget the immortal Florence Mills.

Of comedy there is so great a lack that only the speed of the revue saves it. There is far too little of the type of thing that made "Shuffle Along" so great a favorite. Indeed, except for one thing, you might well wonder why the show kept running so long.

That one thing is the first act finale, an inspired and thrilling number based on the Theatre Guild's "Porgy." It has more kick in it than any finale we ever saw. And that goes for Messrs. Ziegfeld, White, et al.
ASK ME

By Miss Vee Dee

SCREENLAND'S Questions and Answers Department is a special service for our readers, conducted by Miss Vee Dee, who will gladly answer your questions about pictures and picture players. If you wish a reply in the Magazine please be patient and await your turn. If you prefer a personal letter from Miss Vee Dee, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

ASKER from Sussexiana, N. J. I've been answering questions for quite some time but I can't remember when the Big Dipper was just a drinking cup. Cornelius Keeffe is causing a stir in my mail box this month. Come on, Connie, and give us a lot of information about yourself. Your friends want to write and tell you how crazy they are—about you. We know you played in "Hearts of Men" and played Johnny Grahame in "Hook and Ladder No. 9"; but let us in on the ground floor with a personal story.

Just Betty from Spartenburg, S. C. May I wish you all kinds of good luck in the writing game? We girls must stick together, for there's much work to be done at the cross-roads. You can reach Charles Rogers at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Buddy is not engaged to Claire Windsor. Where have you been? Buddy has been reported engaged to several other girls since then—notably Mary Brian. Remember I said reported engaged.

Margaret of Harrisburg, Pa. Here is an S. O. S. for a 'French girl by the name of Cecil DeMille)—now, girls, your identification cards; line forms to the right and don't block traffic. I know of but one Cecil DeMille, the famous producer and discoverer of stars. Mr. DeMille has a daughter, Miss Cecelia, but she is not in pictures regularly. She had a 'bit' in her father's picture, "The Godless Girl."

Catherine of Youngstown, O. How am I feeling? Swell—simply swell. (That's slang.) Richard Barthelmess was born 33 years ago in New York City. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 138 pounds. His new picture is "Weary River." William Boyd is 30 years old. Ramon Novarro is 29. He is not engaged to any one as far as I know.

Florence M. of Chicago. You'd like a picture of Carroll Nye, Bobby Gordon and Rin-Tin-Tin, especially Rinny—because they are all so nice. If you write to Rinny's owner, Lee Duncan, Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., and thank him for a picture of his famous dog, I believe you'll get what you want. Carroll Nye played with Irene Rich, Virginia Bradford and Warner Baxter in "Craig's Wife." Young Carroll Nye seems to be coming along these days. The March SCREENLAND had a story about Carroll Nye. Did you see it?

Newton from Pembroke, Ontario. Am I Delight Evans going under another name? If I had a name like hers I wouldn't be going under. Buddy Rogers' newest picture is "Someone to Love" and Mary Brian is The Girl. Mary Nolan plays with Lon Chaney, Lionel Barrymore and Warner Baxter in "West of Zanzibar" produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Dagmar Godowsky has not made a picture for a long time.

M. C. of Dodge City, Kans. My idea of a panic is a day without a question, so come on with all your fast ones. Barbara Kent was a 1927 Wampas Baby Star. She was born Dec. 18, 1908, in Gadsby, Alberta, Canada. Her eyes are violet blueable and her red hair is not bobbed—she is one of the few Hollywood girls with long tresses. She is about 5 feet tall and weighs 105 pounds. Ethynne Clair was born in Alabama 18 years ago. Her hair and eyes are brown. Mary Philbin was born in Chicago on July 14, 1904. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 96 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Another Universal girl going up to the top, Barbara Kent and Ethynne Clair can be reached at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on Jan. 6, 1911.

I. N. S. of Denholms, Sask. You think my page beats Andy Gump and Jiggs do you? Sweeter words, I've never heard. Now I'm going in the funny papers! Sorry to disappoint you about Billie Dove but she has been married to Irvin Willat, the director, since Oct. 27, 1923. Billie has been in pictures about 8 years. Lilian Gish is not married but her sister Dorothy is the wife of James Rennie, the well-known stage star.

Miss Jay Ess. Did you give me a couple of wrong numbers? I'm not surprised for I'm always giving someone away. Step lively, it's your turn. Joan Crawford's hair was brown but can't a girl change her hair as well as her mind if she wants to? Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Virginia and not in St. Paul, Minn. Josephine Dunn was cast for the role of Florine in "The Heart of a Folies Girl" but has withdrawn from the cast, and Mildred Harris played the part. Josephine has had some fine roles since then—two opposite Billy Haines, in "Excess Baggage" and "A Man's Man."

Beau of Texas. You want to know every little thing about Greta Garbo and Miss Vee Dee that the public is allowed to know. That's mighty sweet of you and for such a swell letter, you'll get the truth if I have to make it up as I go along. Greta was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her hair is golden and her eyes are blue with long dark lashes. Her latest picture is "Wild Orchids." As for this ingenious writer, my unique personality puts someone in the unspeakable class—now, don't get me wrong. Lack of space prevents a more glowing account of myself.

Egg of Dickson, Tenn. Good or bad, but the sunny side up, and no wise cracks on that shell. Clara Bow played in "Keeper of the Bees" produced by FBO. 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. This film was released in Aug., 1935. Some of Clara's earlier films were "Wine," "The Lawful Cheater," "Black Oxen," "My Lady of Whims," "The Scarlet West," and many others that I haven't space for.

(C) Charles 'Buddy' Rogers was so elated when we told him he was the most popular man of the month with the 'Ask Me' fans that he had his morning work out in the afternoon.

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Barry Norton Fan from California. Who put the ring around rose or how long has Buddy Rogers had the ring on his left hand on the little finger? And—who put it there? Ah, there, Buddy! Barry Norton and Charles Morton are not brothers. Barry is 22 years old. Address him at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. He is in “Sins of the Fathers” with Emil Jannings, and Ruth Chatterton. William Collier, Jr., is 26 years old, and has black hair and brown eyes.

Tillie from Baltimore. Step up, fans, and get the latest heights of your favorite stars with sound accompaniment. Betty Bronson is 5 feet tall. May McAvoy is 4 feet 11 inches. Mary Astor is 5 feet 4 inches. Sally O’Neil is 5 feet 2 inches. Molly O’Day is 5 feet 2 1/2 inches tall. May Pickford is 5 feet tall. Lilian Gish, 5 feet 4 inches. Clara Bow is 5 feet 2 inches. Louise Brooks, 5 feet 2 inches. Madge Bellamy, 5 feet 4 inches. Barbara Kent, 5 feet tall. Evelyn Brent is 5 feet 4 inches. Renee Adoree is 5 feet 3 inches; Greta Garbo, 5 feet 6 inches. Louise Brooks, 5 feet 2 inches. Madge Bellamy, 5 feet 4 inches. I’m glad that’s off my feet!

Billee from Maine. To tell you how the stars keep thin, is too weighty a problem for me. Yes, it’s true that your favorites, Dolores Costello and John Barrymore, are married. John was born in Philadelphia on February 15, 1882. Dolores Costello was born in New York City in 1906. She has blue eyes and blonde hair, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds.

Big Sister from New York City. You have a baby brother that the directors and producers have overlooked. Now how do you suppose that happened? Although the field is filled with overfilling with child actors and near-actors, there is always a chance that a beautiful boy or girl may get a break. Line forms to the left this time but don’t shove or become unduly excited. Elsewhere in this department you’ll find addresses of film studios, where you can send a photograph of your baby brother, and hope for the best.

Charles Rogers Fan, N. Y. City. You take SCREENLAND every month, read it and can recommend it to anyone, as it’s the best movie magazine published. Isn’t that swell? Thanks for the comment, richly deserved! Buddy Rogers was born August 13, 1905 in Olathe, Kansas. He is a real honest-to-goodness American boy who has worked his way to the top of the movie ladder. Buddy has black hair and brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. He was a graduate of Paramount Picture School and had the leading role in the school’s graduation film, “Fascinating Youth.” His first big chance came in “Wings”; then Mary Pickford chose him as her leading man in “My Best Girl.” He plays with Mary Brian in “Someone to Love.”

Else of St. Louis. Are you going to let your height keep you out of the movie game? Jump in with all 5 feet 6 1/2 inches and drive those St. Louis blues away. Why, look at Nita Naldi who is 5 feet 8 inches tall and Jetta Goudal with her 5 feet 7 inches to register. I could mention a whole stack of stars who are proud of their height. I’ll probably get sued for this or that. The lovely Claire Windsor is 5 feet 6 1/2 inches tall. Mrs. Wallace Reid, Anna Q. Nilsson, Gwen Lee, Alice Joyce, Hedda Hopper, Carol Dempster, Louise Dresser, Betty Blythe and Helen Chadwick are all 5 feet 7 inches tall.

Florence of N. Y. No trouble at all to give you the information you crave. I’m Nature’s Own Gift to all inquiring fans. You can write to Nancy Carroll and Ruth Taylor at Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Don Alvarado is a featured player for United Artists, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Lilian Gish is to make a feature film for United Artists, with the famous German stage producer, Max Reinhardt, as her director, unless present plans go awry. I hope they don’t, for if there is anything I hate it’s to see plans go awry.

M. C. of Morris Cove, Conn. Have you been reading that you haven’t followed Ben Lyon’s movie career? I’ve talked a lot about Ben in this department. I hear that Ben just recently shipped a big piece of ice on the third finger of Bebe Daniels’ left hand. Ben was born February 6, 1901, in Atlanta, Ga. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has dark brown hair and deep blue eyes. His latest film is “Air Legion” with Martha Sleeper and Antonio Moreno. You can address Ben at 1040 No. Las Palmas, Hollywood, Cal. (Continued on page 112)
Why, Janet!
And we always thought you were so shy!
But there, there—just you go right ahead and step out like all the other girls!

The quaintest and most wistful wisp on the screen, Janet Gaynor, symbol of the spirituelle, turns out to be a very human and believable bit of femininity in her latest picture, "The Lucky Star," in which she is artistically reunited with Charles Farrell, her popular partner in "Seventh Heaven."

The Little Angel from "Seventh Heaven" Comes Down to Earth and Stages a Film Follies All Her Own.
Like the Screen Stars...

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For the stars of Hollywood, Max Factor, Filmland's Make-Up genius, created a new kind of make-up for every day and evening use. A make-up ensemble...powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials...blended in color harmony. Cosmetics in a varied and perfect range of lifelike color tones to harmonize with every variation of complexion coloring in blonde, brunette and redhead.

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So this principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor applied to make-up for day and evening use. Revolutionary...Max Factor's Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Leading stars...May McAvoy, Marion Davies, Betty Compson, Joan Crawford and practically all the beauties of the motion picture colony adopted it.

And now you may learn this priceless beauty secret. Max Factor will analyze your complexion and send you your make-up color harmony chart...free. How wonderful...to secure personally from Max Factor this invaluable beauty advice. And you'll discover, whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead, whatever your type...the one make-up color harmony to actually double your beauty; the one way to really reveal, in the magic setting of beauty, the alluring, fascinating charm of your personality. Fill in coupon, tear out, mail today and you'll also receive a complimentary copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

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Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

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Special Offer 1 oz. bottle only $1.80 for large jar of Miracle Cream. Offer limited. Nancy Lee, Dept. S-2, 848 Broadway, New York City.

Roxy! — continued from page 47

woman, and M. Vodnoy, who give remarkably clear-cut impersonations every week.

Roxy rises and stands in the midst of his three hundred and fifty performers and technicians. "Silence, please," his pleasant voice sounds, "the rehearsal is about to begin."

Twenty years ago Rothafel was a waiter, carrying seeds of beer to dirty miners in a little saloon in Forest City, Pennsylvania. Today he is the foremost moving picture exhibitor in the world. He doesn't know one note from another. He can't sing a bar. He never had a dancing lesson. But Roxy stands ready and able to take the baton to direct the largest and ten-piece symphony orchestra, to guide the large choir, or to instruct the ballet girls and the Royalets in their intricate routine.

With no knowledge of technique he is an artist. With no knowledge of music, he is a musician. He has risen from a waiter in a saloon to the foremost moving picture exhibitor in the world in twenty years because he takes art and humanizes it so that the man in the street and his wife can see the invisible. Thus:

"We shall begin with the ballet," Roxy announces. "At that cue, Lilian La Tonge, one of the ballet girls, and Leonid Massene, ballet master, dance upon the stage, followed by the ballet corps who form a picturesque background. They are accompanied by the piano alone. The orchestra is not required at this first rehearsal for the pianist plays with a beauty and a precision rarely heard outside of concert programs."

Florence Rogge, the red-haired ballet mistress, stands by her eyes anxiously following every step of the girls she and Massene have trained so painstakingly.

Massene guides the pretty, finely sculptured La Tonge through the intricacies of Le Ballet des Nuits.

"Wait," Roxy barks, "that cadence is not right. Girls, he shouts to the ballet, "you don't keep in rhythm with the music!"

"But Mr. Rothafel," the ballet mistress interposes, "they only received their routine last night. On account of the rehearsal's being a day early, they've had no time to practice.

"Oh, all right! But be sure you get it, kids. We only have one more rehearsal—on Saturday morning. Do you think you can get it?"

"Sure we can," they chorus.

"All right. Go on with the number."

At that moment, Patricia Bowman, the lovely red-haired ballerina who has taken Gamby's place, makes her entrance upon the stage.

"No, no, no, Pat, that entrance won't do!" Roxy exclaims. "Come on like a breeze. In a leap. With your arms wide open as if you loved the world! Try again."

Patricia makes another entrance which still doesn't suit Roxy. "Listen, Pat," he walks over to her gravely, "Dance with your head," he taps his forehead, "not with your feet alone. Here, this way."

The middle-aged man who has never had a dancing lesson in his life, leaps through the clustered ballet corps, flings his arms wide open and whips swiftly in a pirouette—"there, that's the way!" And being accustomed to the paradox that is Roxy no one thinks it strange that an ex-waiter knows perfectly how to coach a ballerina. Again Patricia tries. "Yump, yump, yump. One, two, three. Yump, yump, yump. One, two, three."

Roxy who doesn't know a note of music pounds a perfect rhythm for the little, leaping ballerina. The orchestra is so earless, that as you watch her, the tears come to your eyes.

Faster and faster the music flows! Closer and closer to the instrument the pianist bends. Perspiration starts from his forehead. Patricia's breath comes in gasps. Faster, faster, faster . . . And then, in a wild crescendo, in one unbroken leap she falls to her knees, Le Ballet des Nuits is ended.

"Fine, kiddies, fine!" Roxy goes up and puts his arm around Patricia's shoulders. "You're all right. Pat!" And Patricia, still but a child, smiles up at him with a sweetness far removed from any Broadway sophistication.

"Roxyettes! Stand by!" comes the call.

The thirty-two girls dash to their places, their arms around others' shoulders, in a long chain of interlaced youth. Blonde, brunette, red-haired, olive-skinned—thirty-two entities ready to work out an intricate tap and step as the pianist plays "Just a Glad Rag Doll," and for two and a half flashing moments, the Roxyettes continue. But suddenly, at a change in the music, they stir and stand.

Russell Markert, their director, steps forward.

"What's the matter?" they don't answer. Only smile pleadingly.

"Forgotten your routine?"

They nod. Roxy breaks in. "They'll get it all right. They've still got until Saturday."

"They'll get it all right today when I get them back in the rehearsal room!" Markert says.

"All right with the chorus," Roxy shouts. "Spread out, there! Don't all you sopranos and tenors stick so close together."

"But Mr. Rothafel," Max Herzberg, the choir master, explains. "This Massenet number is difficult. They may have to go over it better when they are near each other."

"I realize that. But this is a cathedral scene. Not a mob setting. Now spread out there, he calls to the choir. Altos, baritones and basses to the right. Sopranos and tenors on the left. Now girls, get your di-c tion right. Clear, like a bell. Remember this is a cathedral scene and you must cross yourselves reverently and slowly during the first four bars of the music and then begin."

The pianist starts the notes of Massenet's "Angelic," and slowly the sixty men and women on the stage cross themselves and commence to sing.

Sixty alien people are — strangers from Hungary, from Jugoslavia, from far Russia and Poland, from Germany and Italy and Czecho-Slovakia; sixty people singing as one voice, with sixty different memories of childhood prayers offered before the varied altars of Budapest, Belgrade, St. Petersburg, and Cracow: of Berlin and Rome and Prague.

The music creates the illusion of bells. The singers follow the four short beats—"Ding, Dong, Ding Dong . . . ."

"Wait, wait!" Roxy interrupts. "You make those notes too short. To staccato. Bells don't have damps on them. They resound, vibrate. Pitch it up behind your noses—so!" and the man who can't sing a
WANT HAIR? SAY WHERE!

If I Can’t Give It to You....
I don’t want your money

By Alois Merke
To Those Afflicted with Thinning Hair, Dandruff, Itchy Scalp

YOU want HAIR...plus quick relief from scalp troubles! And in seeking both these things, you demand:

Reasonable assurance that you won’t be fooled out of your money or take chances on injury to your scalp!

Oh, I know what you’re up against. For years I’ve been in touch with thousands of scalp patients. They all said the same thing: “We don’t want rosy promises; all we ask is reasonable assurance of scalp safety and new hair.”

Now, follow me closely! I give you infinitely more than reasonable assurance. I give you this iron-bound guarantee:

New Hair On Your Head in 30 Days...or You Keep Your Money

And I give you this guarantee in writing! Besides, I positively assure safety to your scalp.

I leave it to your good judgment. You’re familiarized. Think for a moment: How could I make such a guarantee if I didn’t have absolute confidence in my treatment? Why, I’d be out of business in a week! I’d lose my reputation. I’d run the professional standing of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, a scalp research bureau established 13 years ago and known from Coast to Coast.

But I can safely guarantee new hair...or no cost. For patient research showed me what others either purposely ignore or just don’t know:

Failing hair cannot be stopped by ordinary surface treatments!

Leading dermatologists agree with me on that. Years of investigation taught us all that scalp troubles originate below the scalp!

Simple as A...B...C

Here’s what happens. Modern habits rob the hair of normal nourishment. Dandruff appears, itching begins. Soon roots weaken and hair falls out. But in countless cases those roots, far from being dead, are only temporarily inactive. Surface treatments can’t reach them. A carload of so-called “cures,” ordinary tonics and oils won’t make sleeping roots wake up. But my treatment, the essence of scientific research, wakes these sleeping roots to active life. I get down BELOW THE SCALP, stimulating little blood vessels; rushing nourishment to the roots themselves. That’s why I can safely GUARANTEE NEW HAIR...OR NO COST! So could you if you had done my research.

Don’t Buy a “Pig in a Bag”

What a shame it seems that so many dollars and hours are wasted on useless surface treatments. Not only that, but hair is actually removed and scalps injured by doubtful salves and tonics. If a man came up to you in the street and said, “Here’s a tonic that’ll grow hair!” wouldn’t you buy it? Of course not. You wouldn’t know the maker, the ingredients, nor would you have any redress in case of injury.

In other words, when you buy ordinary “hair-growers,” you buy “a pig in a bag.” You GAMBLE! Not only with scalp health, but with your hard-earned money. And you take a chance on discouraging for all time, your efforts to regain new hair.

Thousands Know Me

My treatment is based on scientific facts...facts that you can check up with your family physician or medical reference books. My treatment is backed by years of research, and the gratitude of thousands who invested a mere few minutes a day in my effective treatment.

Very important, too, I have the Merke Institute behind me, an ethical institution known everywhere for its accomplishments in growing hair. And last of all, I say in the strongest way I can, I DON’T WANT A PENNY OF YOUR MONEY IF I FAIL TO GROW NEW HAIR! Quite a difference, isn’t it? I assume the burden of proof, not you!

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Run your fingers through those thin spots on your head. Then reflect: What will happen if you let yourself become actually bald? Changed appearance, lost prestige, years older looking. Is indifference worth the price you eventually pay? No! Decide now that you’re going to act! Tear off the coupon and MAIL IT TODAY for my free booklet filled with complete details of my treatment, and scientific facts. FACTS, mind you. Not theories—but convincing, guaranteed statements backed by leading dermatologists. Send for the booklet NOW! It’s yours by return mail. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 675, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Dept. 675, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me—without cost or obligation—in plain wrapper, copy of your booklet "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

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Screenland
note illustrates by clutching his nose violently and chanting, "DIHHINNG. DOOOONNNNG. DIHHINNG. DOOOONNNG."

"But, Mr. Rothafel," Max Herberg says distractedly, "this composition is written on one four-four time. It must be sung that way!"

"I don't care what kind of time it is written in! Make it five-four, anything you want! But make it so sound real to the people out front. Bells vibrate. And this song must vibrate, too. Now, again!"

Once more the choir begins its chant. And this time the full beauty of the bell-like music is brought out. Even a laborer who didn't know a note from a knot could appreciate that. Even a little kitchen maid and those highest musicians might be moved by "Faw Down and Go Boom," after hearing this choir, would realize that something beautiful and unprecedented had been prepared for her ears.

"Hurry, folks, get off the stage!" This was Bernard Arons, assistant stage manager, speaking. Arons is always immaculately groomed, with a fresh flower in his buttonhole. But you know your Broadway, you know that most stage managers seem to sleep in their clothes. "It's almost twelve o'clock. Let's continued, "and time for the show to begin."

While the performers hurry to their dressing-rooms to make up for the first show of the evening, the cast off the stage into the wings. But his progress to his office is delayed by his executives who crowd around him. They need to have him make final decisions on many important points for the coming week's production.

First Erno Rappé, that dark, slight, musical genius from Budapest, who directs the one hundred and ten piece symphony orchestra, asks: "Mr. Rothafel, what did you decide?"

"Mr. Rothafel, what shall we use for the Overture? You are so fond of Tchaikovsky. I thought maybe you'd like the first tableau from "The Man-duries.""

"No," Roxy answers immediately. "That's too sad. Give us the "Capriccio Italian." That has all of Tchaikovsky's fire but isn't too sad, I think.

"Excuse me, Mr. Rothafel," John Wen- ger, the art director, breaks in. He has dark, heavy features, lightened by an intensity about the eyes. "We'll never be O.K. these sets without the ballet getting into the routine."

Roxy glances at them penetratingly. "They're all right. Start your men to work on them immediately. They must be ready for the midnight lighting rehearsal on Friday.

"They will be." And they are. For John Wenger is one of the finest scenic artists in America.

Next the costume director, Marcel Montdoro, closes, "I've had the colored sketches here for the ballet costumes and for the Roxettes. Will you take a look?"

For the ballet a dream in tulle and silver has been worked out. Midnight blue tulle and silver bodice, with midnight blue shading to white tulle for the fragile skirt. The bodice is all right. But the colors in the skirt aren't. These costumes must express a ballet of night. Have the midnight blue in the skirt fade to pale green — you know the kind of gray-green that comes to the sky just before the dawn breaks."

"Yes, sir. But how about the Rox- ettes?"

Roxy looks quickly at the sketch. The briefest of black velvet shorts. And the whitest of shining blouses."

"That's all right," Roxy answers, "but drape a red scarf around the hip. That'll set off both the hip line and the black wool of the coat."

By now Roxy has reached the elevator. But just as the gate is about to close, Leon Leonidoff rushes in. Leonidoff is Roxy's right-hand man. He is the kind of man who looks as if he were born on the run. "Mr. Rothafel, since tomorrow is a holiday, Mr. Murray was wondering if you would be so kind as to select three new acts to perform this week instead of tomorrow?"

Douglas Murray acts as a sort of clearing house for all the executives, coordinating them through the producing department.

"Tell Murray I'll be with him in a half-hour."

At the sixth floor, Roxy darts out of the elevator into the antechamber democrat.

"Are you getting the checks out all right?" he questions the head clerk.

"Yes, sir. The girls are working on them now.

"Four typists sit two on each side of a long table typing out a series of dividend checks. About twenty checks each are printed on a strip of paper as long as a roller towel. After they are typed and signed, they are separated, saving time and energy."

Through the anteroom, where his four secretaries sit, Roxy walks into the peace and quiet of his walnut furnished office. But he is not alone. Martha Wilchinski is in the office for him, a woman who interprets Roxy to the world. She has been his director of publicity ever since he started. A dark, distinguished girl, today she wears a cross of French red, an impertinent hat, and extremely beautiful cameo earrings. There is a reporter from the Herald-Tribune waiting to interview you, she says. "Can you see him?"

"Not just this moment. Kindly ask him to wait."

"Pardon, Mr. Rothafel,"—this time it is Albert Margolies, Miss Wilchinski's assistant. Margolies is a sensitive, dark-haired man, just one year out of Yale. "Photo Topics is on the telephone. They have called three times. They want to know if they can send a photographer over to take pictures of you at the midnight light rehearsal."

"All right. All right. But now let me be quiet here—just a moment!"

Roxy sits down before his desk. lights a cigarette and slips his index finger into his mail.

Providing amusement for the largest theatre in the world is a colossal job. If Roxy only entertained six thousand people three times a week and twenty-six days a year, that alone would entitle him to a high place in the white lights of the world. For six thousand people are considerable people. As I look back, I recall there were not quite five thousand people in the town I was born in and we thought it pretty big. But Roxy does more than entertain three small towns every day. The moment you get back-stage you will realize that he is the general of a great army. The emperor of a little world. And, I daresay, the best dressing-room head in New York.

You didn't know, did you, that under and behind the Roxy Theatre is a whole world of people, west of which you need not go to sleep, to eat, to be entertained, to have your clothes washed and ironed, to play cards, have your shoes polished or to conduct any major operation— perish the thought!

Take my hand and hold on tightly, for once you leave the wings of the stage, this building is a true, unending, labyrinth. First we go up two flights, around the left, down a passage, and up a flight of
et your first book FREE— from the Book-of-the-Month Club

Take advantage of this special offer—made to reach our “first hundred thousand”

NOTICE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you did not get your first book free, and wish to take advantage of this offer, you may do so by extending your subscription for an additional year from its present date of expiration.

O VER 95,000 book-readers now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. The organization is engaged in a “drive” to reach one hundred thousand—a scant five thousand more. Those who join now will be given their first book free.

A great many people (we know) have been on the verge of joining this organization, but have “put it off” through busyness or procrastination. If this has been true in your case, it is clearly an advantage to you to delay no longer. We suggest simply, that you get full information at once, about what the Book-of-the-Month Club does for you, and decide once for all whether you want to join.

In this connection, here is a pertinent fact that may be important to you. Of the 95,000 people who now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club, not a single one was induced to join by a salesman or by personal solicitation of any kind. They were simply given the facts as to what it does for book-readers. After reading these facts, they subscribed.

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This being the case—if you have ever thought of joining the club—it does seem sensible to get the facts as to how it operates as quickly as possible, and then (if you want to) join before this special “first-book-free” offer expires. This will happen soon; for our membership increased by almost fifty thousand in 1928. So, if you are interested, mail the coupon now, before you forget to do so.

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A Story for Men and Women who are dissatisfied with themselves

This is the story of a gamble—a 2¢ risk—which paid me a profit of $35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But the sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

Almost any $40-a-week wage-earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago, I too, was in the $40-a-week rut. My earnings were $2,800 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be taken seriously by people. I looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who shivered their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising costs of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of $29,000 a year. That's exactly $17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of $55,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do.

When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the will to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a $5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a $100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a $40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2¢ on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old $40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate—how to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2¢ as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called "Scientific Mind Training." Receiving that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantees. All I gambled was 2¢ and I am $36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

The Pelman Institute will be glad to send a copy of "Scientific Mind Training" to any interested individual. This book is free. It explains Pelmanism. It tells what it does to the mind. It tells what Pelmanism has meant to others. For over 25 years Pelmanism has been helping people to happiness. Over 650,000 others have studied this remarkable science. Among those who have praised it are such great world figures as Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Harry Lauder, T. P. O'Connor, Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, H. R. H. Prince Charles of Sweden, and many others. Your whole life may be altered as a result of reading "Scientific Mind Training." Send the coupon. You have nothing to lose. If Pelmanism does not help you it costs you nothing. There is no obligation in mailing the coupon. No salesman will call on you. Decide for yourself what to do after you read the free book about Pelmanism. Mail the coupon NOW.

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I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 650,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name __________________________
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City ___________________________ State ______
Across the corridor is a somewhat smaller though equally comfortably furnished room for the Kentucky Jubilee Singers, the negroes who entertain you each week in the Roxy program. These men are magnificent, both in stature and in voice. Offstage they are much as other folks. Four of them at the bridge table. One of them playing a banjo and hummimg softly. And off to himself, a young, poetic negro sits, a book of Bo's Heywood in his hand.

Now you've seen everything back-stage but the furnace room, the ushers' quarters and the room where Roxy broadcasts. You have no interest in heating plants, you can't go into the ushers' rooms because boys are changing their afternoon regalia and getting ready for the evening—a little matter of changing a soft shirt for a stiff one. So let's wind up the back-stage tour in a grand climax with Roxy and his gang as they broadcast one of their renowned Monday evening programs.

You've all heard Roxy broadcast very often, so we'll just take a glimpse of him and his gang before we say good-night.

As we enter the broadcasting room, we find him in front of the orchestra, a little left of the microphone. Without one dominant note in his pleasant voice, he is dominating the crowded hall.

The room is shaped, neither round, nor square, nor oblong. The walls are hung with heavy monks cloth to accent certain acoustic properties.

To look down into the orchestra crowd on a four-tier shelf, the sixty-piece choir stands—dressed in French peasant costumes, as after the broadcasting they will go on to the stage for the third show of the day.

Grouped around in a semi-circle is the orchestra, with R apeey ready to conduct. To the left of R apeey is the studio organ with Lew White at the console. The artists who are going to sing or entertain sit on folding chairs around the walls. They all seem to be having a grand time, laughing, joking, greeting each other.

R apeey is back for a visit—the first time in a year. She looks like a large blonde, dressed in black broclet and wearing many beautiful diamonds.

Next to R apeey sits Mildred Hunt, the radio sweetheart. Beyond her is Beatrice Belkin in a colorful gown of the same. Bea is a member of the Roxy Male Quartet, Ethel Louise Wright, and Isabella Herbert are all talking together. Frank Moulin, Harold Clyde White, Gladys Rice and Johnnie Deacon—who is making his debut—form another knot.

Going from one to the other is Roxy. "Hello! Hello, everybody. His pleasant voice reaches out and covers his large family. Plainly you see Roxy loves them. And they him. This man around whom their human destinies revolve is a beloved, not a feared figure.

In the flush that came just before the program started, I shut my eyes. I realized that on the other side of the glass which separates the control room from the studio, was a stupendous machine which sends this program down to a central broadcasting station and from thence to Boston, Springfileld, Rochester, Washington, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Des Moines, Omaha, Atlanta, Charlotte, Nashville, St. Louis, Detroit and Denver. Ten million people are listening to the Walter Reed hospital. Women drying supper dishes in Kansas farm houses. Children in sanitariums. Bachelor girls in kitchenettes. Racketeers, beegars, millionaires—and Negro folks. Ten million people in every walk of life!

"Silence, please! We are ready to be—" the announcer says. Then he makes his formal station announcement and is followed by Roxy with his evening's greeting.

"He tells the radio audience that it is carnival time in Venice, and immediately the orchestra breaks into the first of Ethelbert Nevin's Venetian Songs. Next Gamy, for old sake's sake, sings an Italian street song. Beatrice Belkin, the coloratura, follows her in a high-flung aria to the old tune of 'My Hat, It Has Three Corners.' All the time we hear laughter and festivity from the carnival background.

Next comes Frank Moulin, that grand radio character who is said to know by heart every note and every word of Gilbert and Sullivan's many light operas. He sings the "Gondolier." It's getting warmer in the broadcasting room. R apeey takes off his coat as the Roxy male quartet steps before the microphone and sings a travesty on "Rigoletto." This is followed by Hugh White at the organ. Later Mildred Hunt croons a song.

One after another the numbers follow each other until we come to the two highlights of the evening. First, when Gladys Rice sings, "Lover, Come Back to Me," in her inimitable voice. And second, when Roxy introduces Johnnie Deacon, a tenor. This is Johnnie's first public appearance anywhere. And he is a little nervous. He was a student at McGill University when Roxy discovered him. Now he has given up engineering for singing. As he starts his song, "Dear Old Pal of Mine," a thrill—almost audible—goes through the room. Here indeed is a voice.

We're almost at the end now as Yasha Bunchuk, the solo cellist, plays a deep-toned number. Then comes the concluding Venetic song of Nevin's by the orchestra. Last of all we hear, as we have so many times heard, clear and beautiful voice of Roxy's saying "Good night. God bless you!"

And as Roxy says it, so clearly, so humanly, whether we believe in anything or not, we turn away comforted.

Yes, Roxy has risen from waiter to foremost moving picture exhibitor in the world because he brings us our dreams. He translates the loveliest of the world's music so that we can understand it, Romance, color, beauty, rhythm, he brings them all from the highest unto us in our hands. Whether on the air, on the screen, or on the stage, Roxy is a Merchant of Glory!
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So speedy that 20 minutes span the gap between strangely unkempt hair and the glorious waves of your favorite style.

So sure that you can hold any wave you have, or reproduce it perfectly, or create something wholly new.

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There has never been a wave like this before. Never anything so simple and effective. It is the scientific result of long, intelligent and ingenious invention on the part of an American Beauty Specialist of high repute and established success.

The great difference between this and all other wavers.

This wave slips into the hair as easily as you pass your fingers through. But it does something no other waver ever does: it locks in! By a simple clip, it holds in place—stays where you put it—and *locks the wave in*. MOLDING every contour firmly, gracefully, lastingly.

It makes a soft, undulating wave that lasts from one shampoo to another.

If you see your wave becoming faint and loose, all you have to do is slip these marvelous molds into your hair, lock them in place over the wave, remove them in 20 minutes, and, lo! there's your fresh new wave again!

Can such good news for mankind be true? We refer you to every woman who has so far had the opportunity to try it out, test and use this marvelous new device. Read what just one of them says:

I think the Marcel Molds are wonderful. My hair looks as though I had done it all myself, not it is true that I got a delicious, soft waved hair in so short a time it surprised me. Will you please send another set for my chums.

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One of America's finest Beauty Specialists brought this wave to us. It is the result of her work and hopes and dreams over many years of professional hair dressing, plus the skill and science we placed at her command with our expert manufacturing facilities.

Marguerite Syra, of Illinois, in her 17 years of Beauty Parlor proprietorship, with women's hair as her personal specialty, has had the privilege of making a successful home molder. She knew as beauty as you do the expenses, the trials, the disappointments—the dangers, even of the beauty parlor method, with its rush, its new help, its hot irons.

Mme. Syra helped to make many other wavers before this final successful arrival. They slipped out of hair. They were hard to get in—tricky. She found at last the touchstone of triumph:

"Make It SIMPLE!"

And with that great idea she came to us.

We worked it out. Not so swiftly or easily as these words imply. It took months of the costly time of precision experts to fashion into these few strudles of metal that secret ingredient of simplicity. When you first hold these molds in your hand, you, seeing nothing but some simple frames, may wonder what there was so difficult to make. But when you remove them from your hair and see the glorious results so easily achieved for you, you will know and say, with us, they are worth a hundred times the money!

Priced Far Below Real Value—at only $2.97 per set-complete

You have the opportunity to own and present a set of these marvelous new molds at ANNOUNCEMENT COST. We want to celebrate with the women of America this creative advance in the home-dressing of "women's crowning glory." We want you to have a set of these perfect Marcelles. We will set the price at a nominal figure—less than the average out of a single visit to the Beauty Parlor. Yes, just a few cents for a wave that will always be as perfect as the day you get it, and for an hour or two easy and simple care, you can get so far an hair waving is concerned, to be yours for ever. Return them and get your money back if not satisfied. Hundreds—yes, we know by tests, for thousands of wavers.

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Give these marvelous molders a thorough and complete trial when you get your set. Then, if for any reason you can bring yourself to part with them, and admit that you have a perfect result, we will send your money returned promptly. So far, we haven't found anyone who doesn't exult after 20 minutes' use. Remember, a girl of ten can use it. No gold, silver, steel or other metal can make your hair, and give a beautiful marked in 20 minutes. Apply you can do the same.

You need not try a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon Trial Certificate. Note that our announcement cost is only 2.97. We can not afford to carry a bookkeeping charge at this figure, so we ask you to bring with the postman the sum of $2.97, plus a few cents' postage, when he brings your set. Order now, so we can serve you immediately out of our yet limited production. Set your now and be first to astonish your friends with the glorious, enviable waves that have come to you.

Fill in and mail the Coupon Certificate this minute.

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Gracious! I want a set of your marvelous molders. I agree to deposit $2.97 (coin postage) with the postman when he makes delivery, and return the marvelous molders within five days and you are to refund the purchase price.

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Solve This Puzzle

There are 7 cars in the circle. By drawing 3 straight lines you can put each one in a space by itself. It may mean winning a prize if you send me your answer right away.

$750.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the many valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash, we are also giving a Special Prize of $750.00 in Cash for Promptness. First prize winner will receive $2,750.00 in cash, or the Nash Sedan and $750.00 in cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded each one tying. Solve the puzzle right away and send me your answer together with your name and address plainly written. $1,500.00 in prizes—EVERYBODY REWARDED.

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Giving the Children a Chance (Continued from page 25)

of William Desmond, Hobart Bosworth's son George, and Pat O'Malley's daughter Eileen, Tim Holt, son of Jack, Barbara Denny, daughter of Reginald, Erich von Stroheim, Jr., and Billy, son of the late Wallace Reid.

"We rented space at the Metropolitan Studios, where no other company was working, which was a very good thing since many small actors were all over the place. Their parents evidently trusted me for only one mother appeared on the set—mothers are usually the curse of the director!—Darling, what's the matter? She doesn't want to play with the doll, she'd rather have the engine! and 'Laugh, lover—show Mrs. Brandeis your dimples! or 'Couldn't you let Gerrie do the big scene. She's much cleverer than Elizabeth!'—Just a sample of the screen mother at times!"

"The picture was a great success and the happiest engagement I ever had."

"The Young Visitor" and "The Young Visitor Among the Stars" succeeded this picture, these two one-reel plays being a collaboration between Mrs. Brandeis and John Begg, now with Fox Movietone, who guided the camera.

The first film dealt with the adventures of a small girl and boy in Hollywood and showed the Hollywood Bowl, the Egyptian and Chinese Theatres, the boulevard, all the weird ice cream palaces, windmill bakeries, brown derby and quaint houses. The second, showed the children visiting the various stars, ending with a call on Carrie Jacobs Bond and the singing of "The End of a Perfect Day."

Both these films made a terrific hit in London and abroad generally, which may have added impetus to an idea that had been germinating in Mrs. Brandeis' mind for some time.

"I had observed that Marie Madeline learned twice as swiftly if I showed her pictures of whatever constituted her lessons, so it seemed to me that it would be an exciting thing to try to teach children about other lands by means of films made in the actual countries being studied." In pursuance of this idea, Mrs. Brandeis has written children's pictures in her series of "Children of All Lands," these books being issued by the Flanagan Book Publishing Company.

The pictures already completed are "Little Indian Weaver," a story of the Navajos, "Wee Scotch Piper," on the bonny banks of Loch Lomond, "Little Swiss Wood Carver," in the shadow of the Alps, and "Little Dutch Tulip Girl" in Volendam, Holland, the only place in the dike country where native costumes are still worn.

The Navajo picture was the first effort, in which Bunty, a five-year-old girl, child of a Navajo mother, played the lead, a holy terror of an infant who could get into more mischief in a minute than the average younger carrie.

"When it was necessary for Bunty to cry for the sake of the story, I was afraid I might have to scold her," smiled Mrs. Brandeis, "but I talked to her about her poor little dolly about to be eaten by a sheep and Bunty wept so bitterly she couldn't be stopped."

With this picture, Mrs. Brandeis visited the schools and explained her plan. Now the series is used thus: the teacher tells her pupils what country they are to see; a
The carnelian necklace and bracelet set offered by Sue Carol to one of her fans has been awarded to Miss Louise Merrill, P. O. Box 269, Greenville, South Carolina, for her clever letter.
The Man of the Moment
Continued from page 45

Gary was a gangling, awkward seven and his light o’lo vé was a burnished-haired school mar’m who taught him the three r’s. We are sorry to relate that the youthful teacher was never aware of this gray-eyed boy’s adoration.

Interviewers find Gary a difficult subject. He can and does lapse into long thoughtful silences after a question, and then he answers in a very few clipped-off words. He talks only when he has something to say, a habit for one who has lived four years in Hollywood.

Few people know that Gary started out upon an artistic career that had nothing to do with motion pictures. He had studied drawing throughout his years at high-school and college. Commercial art, even cartoon work was his aim, and with this as his chosen career he landed in Los Angeles, Thanksgiving Day, 1924, in search of some quick money.

After many discouraging applications for work with local advertising companies and newspapers he came to the dismal conclusion that quick money was not to be found in the field of art. He needed ready cash—at least he needed it for his family. Things had not gone so well on the Montana ranch since. Those scenic acres, bounded by snow-clad mountains to the north and the Missouri River to the south, were mortgaged to the hilt, draining the Cooper resources with a deadening steadiness.

Quick money, cash-in-a-hurry, funds, checks, currency, ready money, like a tattoo, the words beat upon Gary’s conscious and sleeping moments for months.

While he was in this quagmire of indecision, he discovered that good horsesmen could earn from fifteen to twenty dollars a day riding for western pictures.

The Montana ranch, where he had learned to ride like a cowhand, the ranch that sent him West in search of quick money, hurled him bodily into the arms of opportunity. He found plenty of work with the independent producers along “Poverty Row,” and was able to send some alluring checks to Montana. He had no illusions about his ability to act. His purpose was single-track—to make enough money to save the ranch and to help him start in commercial art work.

But a telephone call one rainy day in the winter of 1925, changed all Gary’s well-laid plans. The Sam Goldwyn Casting Offices curtly bade him appear the next morning for a small riding part in a picture called “The Winning of Barbara Worth.” The “small riding part” turned out to be an emotional role, and in the vernacular of Hollywood, he wrapped up the production and took it home under his arm.

Before the picture was released in Los Angeles, he signed a long-term contract with Paramount. Gary says that even that long apprenticeship with the studio did not prepare him for the role of a film star, let alone the small pail in a couple of years of hard-riding westerns and return to his original purpose—commerical art.

After one Paramount horse opera, the faint rumbling thunder of popularity was heard gathering about the Paramount Studios. Gary was quickly dispatched into society dramas, before he knew how to manage a cocktail glass or properly kiss a fan’s hand.

As for the ranch—no, Gary has not forgotten it. The only vacation he has received since arriving in Hollywood four years ago was spent on that ranch. With but ten days of leisure ahead, Gary jumped the next train and stayed on the old homestead until the last minute. Within the year he plans to build a new lodge for himself and his family about a mile from the old home. He will spend any leisure time he can extract from the studio, fishing in the river, hunting in the mountains, riding over the trails that he has known since childhood.

Gary is not squandering his money on cars, estates or Hollywood night life. His dreamy gray eyes seem to be able to see something beyond such temporary possessions. Perhaps ten thousand acres in Montana make a 200-foot lot in Beverly Hills look inconsequential. Perhaps the nights in camp by mountain streams make Hollywood parties appear ridiculous. Perhaps the swift-footed broncos of the range make the best eight-cylinder motor tume transportation. Perhaps the midsummer sunsets on snow-rimmed mountain peaks make the feminine beauties of Hollywood appear artificial. All of them, that is, except Lupe. Ever since Gary played La Lupe’s lover in “Wolf Song” he has been her adoring, devoted fan. The little Mexican girl has stolen into the heart of the big boy from Montana and stayed right there. She is sly and passionate and playful. He is languid and quiet and strong. But they are both children of nature—both absolutely natural and without pretense. And now that Lupe Velazquez has announced her engagement to Gary Cooper we have a new romance on our hands.

In New York—Continued from page 75

a knock-out hit on the screen,” she says frankly. “And of course I’m stubborn enough to think it isn’t my fault, but blame it on the fact that I’ve never had a real break. Just when I think my career is taking a new lease on life, I don’t get the role I’ve been counting on, or something happens. However, I’m still hoping. Maybe some day some director or other is going to give me a chance and then we’ll see if I make good.” If I don’t I’ll be the first to know it, and I’ll know the fault is mine.”

But if you’ve ever seen Margaret on the screen—in “Sunrise,” for instance—you know that all she needs is a chance. In fact, the Murray picture she was in was a complete failure, and proved she can play a vamp without straining the credulity of her audience. But somehow she’s made a few good parts in “The Office Scandal” does offer her some opportunity, however, of which she takes full advantage. She shares honors with Phyllis Haver, the singing star who, incidentally, was Margaret Livingston who introduced Phyll to her future husband, Bill Seaman. Right now Margaret is simply fascinated.
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by New York—its theatres and its people and its parties. She wants to go on the stage and she may do a talking picture here. Meanwhile she has slipped down to Palm Beach for some sunshine. I'll let you know her plans when she comes back.

I don't know how you feel about Harry Langdon but he will always be one of my first favorites. And when I saw him in vaudeville the other day I couldn't see why some producer didn't grab him for the movies. Gosh, he's funny! Of course you know he is a great comedian but somehow his last pictures weren't so good. They say that Harry wanted to be the whole show—to star, to direct, to manage and everybody in it! Of course of that usually results disastrously. But when you meet Mr. Langdon you don't believe he is like that at all. He is a very quiet, rather shy man, much the most serious of all the comedians. Of course before I was to meet him I conjured up my version of mortal Harry of the movies—painted expression, funny hat, floppy pants, and all. Imagine my amazement when I saw a very well-dressed, self-possessed, dignified popinjay who greeted me gravely and made not a single wise-crack! I felt as dumb as the screen Harry looks. He is making a great hit in his return to the vaudeville stage that he left for the movies some years ago, and it is inevitable that the audience which applauds him frantically will flock to see him when he makes his bow in talkie comedy. Well, I'm for him.

Milton Sills, Doris Kenyon Sills, and Kenyon Sills stole into town and into seclusion before anyone could stop them. Of course you know who Kenyon is? Why, he's the small son of Milton and Doris; and his screen-star parents wouldn't dream of travelling together without him. And Mr. and Mrs. Sills were about to start a new picture, playing together for the first time since the talkies have made them both doubly famous in 'The Barker' and 'Interference,' when Milton was taken ill and Doris decided he needed a vacation. So east they came, to stay until Mr. Sills completely recovers his health. That's when you can see them together again, and their talkie will be well worth waiting for.

Lyda de Putti left for Europe, to everybody's regret. The little Hungarian has become very popular since she has been over here, and all her friends are hoping she won't stay away too long. Somehow de Putti never made the success here on the screen that she did in person, and the talkie vogue was the last straw. There seemed to be no place for little Lyda, and so she accepted an offer from British International to make a picture over in London. It seems such a shame to see her go, for she never looked prettier. With her golden little face and short hair-cut she looks about fifteen.

And now—Lupe! She has only just arrived at this writing, so New York is not yet completely demolished. They tell us that Hollywood is wondering just what the wild little Mexican will do to upset our equilibrium. So far, not a thing. Lupe arrived fresh from triumphs in Chicago. The Windy City worked itself up into quite a state over her, we hear. Perhaps New York will follow its tradition and refuse to be disturbed by anything that interests Chicago. But I hardly think so. Give Lupe a chance to catch her breath on a train ride and then—watch out! And wait until next month for real news about her.
natural and charming, and she hasn’t a mannerism, bless her.

"These parties at the Breakfast Club are just like home parties, aren’t they?" demanded Patsy, as we entered the Dog House, which is a little house, luxuriously furnished, outside the big pavilion, where guests of a big party meet first, powder their noses in the little Chinese dressing rooms—I mean the girls at all herself. But then, you never can tell about Sharon. I’m just sure that she will marry somebody that she has been engaged to about fifteen minutes.

Lovely little Lya de Putti entertained a circle of men, as usual, but was a little trisk, because she has an accent and therefore feels that she cannot be in talking pictures.

Billie and Irvin Willard, Billie’s husband, had brought a big crowd of guests with them, including Tom Mix, Mary McAllister and others.

Bebe Daniels came with Ben Lyon, to whom she was engaged, and she had just got her ring then, so everybody was crowding about her, and Bebe was smiling and blushing.

Rod LaRoque was there with Vilma Banky, and there were dozens of others so that Patsy exclaimed when we entered the pavilion—

"My gracious! You’ve just got to have a spaghetti to give the whole party!"

The table favors were little wooden horses with figures riding them, because you see the Breakfast Club really is a riding club, with the members dropping in for breakfast after a canter.

Victor Varconi said that the horses looked scared—"like a foreign actor trying to do a talking laugh."

"What do you think I’m doing now?" demanded Charlie Paddock, the young athlete.

"Oh, teaching the Arabian desert dwellers how to ski, I suppose," drawled Grant Withers, who had just come in with Claire Windsor on his arm.

"Wrong!" exclaimed the explosive and energetic Charlie. "I’m writing a book on physical culture. It was ordered!"

"I’m trying to look surprised!" remarked Claire. "But somehow it really doesn’t seem so astonishing as that an athlete should write a book on physical culture. I thought you were going to say a poem."

Charlie had arrived with Shirley Dorman, to whom he is said to be rather devoted these days.

Lila Lee was there with Johnny Farrow, the writer, and there were Jackie Saunders, former cinema star, and her husband, J. Ward Helen; Robert Vignola, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Kathleen Clifford and Moe Ilich, Mr. and Mrs. Gosmo Belev.

Harold Lebedeff, Howard Hughes, Gwen Lee, Grace Darmon—whom I’ve seen in Vitaphone, you know—and her wealthy husband, R. P. Jennings; Mr. and Mrs. Ned Martin, Pauline Garon, Bess Meredith and Michael Curtis, and others.

Harold Lloyd had brought his wife, Mildred Lloyd; and Mildred had a lot of fun dancing, but Harold stood about talking, or sat at his table.

Pauline Starke was there with Jack White, her husband, and she said she was enjoying furnishing her Beverly Hills home; Pauline Garon had come with Paul Duncan, and Ruth Roland was there with Ben Bard.

From those two last we received a real surprise. "Because you know," whispered Patsy, "when people have been engaged so long, somehow you never really expect them to get married!"

The surprise was in the form of little paper hearts, handed us, and announcing that Ben and Ruth would be married on September 7. "What a little girl dressed as Cupid passed the announcements."

Various artists present entertained us with songs, between the dances, including myself, who sang beautifully for us, and Nita Martin, who is a composer as well as a singer.

I forgot to say that Billie had tried her best to be cosmopolitan and sophisticated by assigning us different dinner partners from those we came with. But I suppose we are quite hopeless, because we found we were the only couples who arrived here surreptitiously seeking each other out.

We left very late, and as we passed out of the big gate, we found Pauline Garon picking up a perfectly darling little black kitten without any tail. Pauline is the warmest-hearted little lady in the world.

"Oh, won’t you take it home?" she entreated to the young avocado who had arrived with two dogs and they simply can’t abide cats!"

Just as we were trying to think what to do, out of a side door to the Breakfast Club dashed a colored cook in a high white uniform like those of the Army.

"Dat’s a man’s cat!" he exclaimed. "And what you doing with him, missy?" he inquired in agitation. "We sets great sto’ by dat cat, we does!" and without more ado he grabbed it from Pauline’s arms and dashed back into his kitchen.

"So you would be a philanthropist!" we grinned at Pauline.

"Well, we simply must see this thing through, observed Patsy. "Here are our invitations to Ruth’s wedding, and we mustn’t let it. It is going to take place in the Gold Room at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel,

"There were there on the dot at eight o’clock, and found the ushers looking just too handsome in their evening clothes, standing about on one foot, wondering, after the matter of spectators in attendance, why they were kept waiting. They included Connie Keefe, Buddy Rogers, Jack White, Lloyd Hughes, James Hall, and Hal Roach.

Over a hundred guests were there, and we caught sight of William Haines, who brought Eleanor Boardman, since King Vidor, her husband, was working; Rosabelle Lammeil Bergerman and her husband; Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon; Victor Flem-
Flirt!" I said.

"You know what made me flirt?" inquired Lupe. "American pictures, that's what! They show me how to vamp!"

Lupe, in Johnson leatheroid, had cut her hair short. She was looking regularly married, and as she sat down to the studio to work, and would we please have dinner?

We went to dinner in the pretty dining room, using the beautiful Italian table and chairs which Gary had given Lupe for a Christmas present. Lupe and Gary sat at opposite ends of the table, Lupe pretending to weep as she said—"This is the first time we are separate at table!"

Before Gary left, Lupe rushed over and kissed him, exclaiming gaily, "Now you owe me ten cents for gasoline—five cents for going, five cents for coming back!"

"How are you going to make Gary is going to work?" inquired Patsy.

"If I thought Gary had a date with another girl," Lupe cried, "I'd follow him, and—ugh!—she exclaimed in mock ferocity.

"He'd be very foolish if he did," said Jose, "when he has so charming a dance." I

"Ah, now I upstage Gary with that what you say anytime he not nice to me," laughed Lupe.

Suddenly Jose, just for fun, called out "Snake!" whereas Lupe and her brother looked frightened and at once crossed their fingers, tapping on the table.

"That's an awful word to say to Mexi- cans," explained Lupe, when her color had come back. "They are very superstition about that word. He brings bad luck."

"I never have bad luck," answered Jose airily, "and I have no superstitions."

"Rap on your head!"

And Jose did, at once, whereas we had the laugh on him.

Gary had gone, but the rest of us went into the living-room. The room was papered in gold and the freight cast beautiful shadows on the wall and ceiling—where Lupe turned on the radio. Then she went into a whirling dance on the velvet carpet.

Suddenly she stopped close to Patsy and touched her hand with her own finger. A little flash was emitted, and Patsy shrieked.

"She has had simple - laid her body with elect- tricity—say dancing over the carpet, and her hand gave forth the current.

When she tired of hearing her little cries, when she was going into pictures, too. He is a great horseman, though very young and just out of school.

Lupe, dad in green silk pajamas, lingered over her toilet, and showed us her beautiful square-cut diamond in the ring on her finger.

"See—it has a cross inside, if you look closely," she explained. Sure enough there was the cross.

"Had Gary given her the ring?"

we asked. But she wouldn't tell us—just laughed and explained, "Maybe I find heem in the street!"

"We hear a rumor," I said to her, "that you and Gary already are married?"

"What—you think we are cookos?"

Lupe airily.

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On Location—With Sound
Continued from page 43

the size of a medium-sized pumpkin. These hold the sound as it is struck from the top strip of the instrument.

Clove told us that he expected to leave for London at the end of this picture. He has not been there for four years and he is curious to see how the weather conditions crossing the Atlantic. He remembered a trip across the English Channel which took six hours, instead of the usual two and a half. It was during the war and he had been given a certain amount of liberty of forty mules. They were all sick—and so was Clive! A picture of the aristocratic Clive acting as nursemaid to forty sea-sick mules, was too much for my risibles and we both shrieked with laughter. Since then Mr. Brook said the sea had lost its charm for him and if he didn't want to see the old home town so badly he never would cross the Atlantic again. He can only be gone six weeks and Paramount feels that they are doing him a great favor by allowing him to leave. Of course he is, because Clive is one of their most popular actors, and incidentally he is about the most modest person on earth.

"He can't even tell us how to know anything about himself personally. I am not at all interesting," he said.

"I have no color. I don't race horses; I don't extol myself. I have not the least idea of how to make a complete woman, and I am certainly not a great actor. I am merely a comfortable home and a wife and kiddies whom I dearly love. No story there that can't be told.

"I didn't try to him that he is one of the most magnetic men in pictures, and that for several years I have heard the fans rave about him. As one of them told me, "Clive Brook is the sort of person who would call for the most feminine qualities of woman. He must be strong mentally, physically and morally." To him she would go, she said, with all her troubles, knowing that his wisdom and justice would solve all—which is an order no human being could possibly live up to. However, that is what women think of Clive Brook."

Neil Hamilton didn't have to work that night, but the next night he and Bulaionova stepped through the torrid love scenes of the picture. "Backy," as she is called, was beautifully draped in a batik shawl which served as an evening dress and another shawl which she used to enhance the beauty of her arms and grace of her body. The American girls can certainly learn from the foreign women, in the art of fascination. The way Bulaionova managed that shawl during the time she was endeavoring to entice her husband's brother from the path of virtue, was a point in technique. "Backy's" golden hair was curled in little ringlets about her head and over her left ear was a spray of hair, and one orchid, which dropped as the scene went on. During a rest she re-enforced her make-up and noticed the flower. "Where ees another 'kred' she called. The property boy ran to a theater and after twenty he sprays of orchids and maidenhair ferns were being kept fresh for these changes—all made exactly alike.

I asked John Engstead, publicity man for the studio. Should the natives be doing gorillas in Africa? He said, "Well, she married this Englishman, whose job was in Africa, and—you know how people travel around! So all she can do to amuse herself, is to have her men make love to her, because her husband is too busy to give her the attention she craves."

When Backy came to sit with me a few minutes between scenes, I said to her, "I hear that you are a very wicked lady in this picture." She looked at me in hurt surprise.

"Not week-ed," she said. "Why? Just because I love men and they love me, I am obviously a wicked woman. But all alone I must have some fun. What for an idea it is in this country that women is weeded because she love and is loved?"

"But this boy kills himself because of you?"

"Can I help," she said, "If he is so silly?"

Someone was throwing bits of broken bottles into the pond nearby.

"Hey, cut that out!" cried Russell Mathews, the assistant director. "Someone will walk in there and wreck their gum boots if you fill it up with broken glass."

Backy was all upset about an item in one of the local papers that had stated her to be a temperamental star. According to the story she had walked off the set.

"What for they print such an at-jeekle about me?" she asked. "I never saw the women what wrote it. I walk off the set because the director told me to. I was ill and he changed the work so that I had to be in those scenes. He told me to go home and rest and I did. I am not temperamental. I work all the time and not afraid of hard work."

I asked her whether she had been in Russia during the revolution. She said that she had been. "But they like arsteets and we were very well treated. I was there during the war, too. Was very well treated. The arsteets got some boxes sent by Hoover. In each box some sugar, some flour, some rice."

These on they lived for several days. During the Bolshevik uprising the Bolshe

viks sent out boxes like that. I got one every once in while that was to be amused so they take good care of the arsteets. One time we were told that someone was going to shoot my father. We were all going to stay with him because no one believed, but my little sister was there and so my father made me take her to a relative's house. Before we go, my mother bless us and my father bless us and I walk out with my crucifix held before me in my hand, my sister by my side. We could hear shooting all around and I was not a bit afraid. We got to the house and no harm at all and no one kill my father, either. I never afraid in big things, but if someone ask me to stay alone in apartment at night, I very much afraid. Sure I am!"

"All right, Backy," called Roland V. Lee, the director. "Step into this, now."

The scene was where Bulaionova and Neil Hamilton, playing the adored young brother of Clive Brook, have stepped out a moment from the festivities of the evening, to the moist and throbbing dense blackness of the jungle. By the camp fires, the steers were working through the masts of the dancing boat, which means, in plain English, that the young maidens of the village do their damnest to vamp the men,
to the sensuous music of the marimba. Even the earth throbbed with it and Neil Hamilton, new to jungle atmosphere, the exotic and beautiful wife of his brother, turning his blood to fire, has a very difficult
time to control his emotion, which is just what 
the siren does not want him to do. 
Working on his sympathy for her loneliness,
she puts him to a severe test.

"Now, Backy," said Mr. Lee, "Teer right into it. If you feel like reaching up and dragging down the tree top, do it."
"Okay, I do!" said Backy.

I asked Gerald Grove about some of the customs of Africa. He was there during an attack and knew a good deal about it. I asked him how people travel in Africa and he said mostly on foot, unless illness required them to be carried in a machilla, which is a hammock slung on two poles and carried by natives. The machilla has a movable awning over it so that as the sun rotates, the awning can be adjusted to the face and body of the occupant. Sometimes four natives attend a person carried in this way and they change places at short intervals. They should along on a sort of a dog trot and when they are tired, the other two slip in their places so quickly that the occupant will not notice the change. In this way they travel very rapidly. The reason for this is that there are very few animals that can be used for transportation because of the tsetse fly.

And by the way, the business of Backy's orchid held up production. It slipped from her hair. Lee sent for another. The boy who had charge of them was off on an errand, so the scene was deserted. The lights were set, they were ready to go and Lee said, "I wonder if it would show in this particular scene if we played it without the orchid?"

"No show," said Backy.

The perversity of human nature can be seen in Mr. Lee's reply. He had been flirting with the idea of playing the scene without the flower, but at Backy's remark he was all against it. "How do you know?" said he. "You can't see the back of your hand!"

"I feel," said Backy.

The flower was replaced. There was some question about its position. "That is not right," said Mr. Lee. "You've got the beard in front." He meant the maiden-hair fern. "How did Backy have her orchid, Dorothy?" he asked Dorothy Cairns, his script clerk.

"The flower was in front and the fern toward the back of her neck," replied Doroth y, which is just an illustration of how careful a script clerk must be. Even the position of a shawl is important, and it's various changes during a scene. These items are noted in a book so that if a scene is cut off in the middle for some reason, the other one can be taken up from the very same point without disturbing the action. The script clerk must even watch whether a man's vest is buttoned or unbuttoned; whether the flap of his coat pocket is in its place or has been pushed inside the pockets. In fact, nothing must escape her eye. She must be a hound for detail.

"Do we eat after this one?" said Neil Hamilton, hopefully.

"No, one more rehearsal," said Backy, "for that other scene."

"And we have been over that twenty times," said Neil. "I never saw such a woman for rehearsal, in my whole life. I could do it in my sleep."

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table, the action and other detail must be taken by someone else. The first script clerk times the scene with a stop watch. For the next night we had to be changed a little and some of the vegetation moved.

"Take that shrubbery for a walk, Al—get it out of camera range," said Russell Matthews.

"Do you want me for this scene?" said Clyde Cook, who plays Clive Brook's valet.

"No, you go and catch up with some of your beauty sleep," said Mr. Lee. Whereupon Clyde picked himself a soft davenport on another part of the set and promptly began to sleep. Clydes was wearing the rare comedy relief in "The Woman Who Needed Killing."

I remembered a story told me about the early days of pictures, by Andrew J. Callahan, who was an executive of the old Selig Company. The scene was at the grave of the heroine's mother. They were on location and had forgotten to supply flowers. The director called the property boy and told him to get some. The property boy hopped a barbed wire fence about fifty yards away and returned with a red flower. The flowers fell into a real grave in a cemetery and came back with them, saying that they ought to have authentic atmosphere. The property boy was sworn in by Andrew J. Callahan and the scene was then that Clyde Cook would be one of the comedians of the screen before he finished, because his humor is natural.

The scene was very difficult one to handle. It was where Neil Hamilton has just written his brother, Clive Brook, that he will join him in the jungle and Clive has sent for someone to get his brother to come to Hollywood so that they can still be friends. They are still friends. They handle the dramatic and spectacular with the ease of a gingham wrapper. Jewels, head-dresses, feathers, trains, flowers, perfumes, exaggerations and extravagance—all these belong to them.

When I designed Miss Pringle's wardrobe for "The Love of Dream," a story of compromise, promiscuity, promiscuity and manners, but a story of the present day, I used, with a lavish hand, all this wealth of material and imagination and I created a wardrobe, bizarre in effect, barbaric almost, but perfect for the artistic rareness of the Pringle. It is a wardrobe that scintillates. She wears it with grace and dignity. Those clothes were the darlings of my career. I loved doing them. It is true they could not be worn in every setting but the Pringle type natural effect is only in settings.

I said that jewels belonged to this type. That is quite true. They may wear all jewelry. Diamonds are particularly good and are worn on Miss Pringle the large ones and many of them. Feather fans, large and brilliant, are at place in their hands; and head-dress and coronets in order, many bracelets, several-strand necklaces.

Tailored clothes should be strictly tailored, softened by no frilly touches. Fur trimming may be utilized with a lavish hand on either gown or wrap. Their attire may be either enveloping or revealing, but it should not be a mixture of the two. Vivid colors are theirs, but they should be confined more to evening and formal wear than to the daytime hours. Two things they must avoid are demureness and cuteness. Therefore, the Pringle type does not adopt extremely short skirts or one thing you will remember if you have noticed Miss Pringle's pictures are her skirts, during this era of "freedom of the knees," have always been longer than the average fashion. Pastel shades belong to the ingenues; therefore, she avoids them. Her daytime dress should be of soft materials that can fall easily in many folded drapes—the various silk crepes, soft woollens, georgettes and chiffons. While avoiding the pastel colors and the staid tones, they should be decorated with a shade, possibly, of a shade, shade, shade, restful, harmonizing with the colors of the out-of-doors, or more exotic if the setting is to be an interior.

What is the Woman of the World Should Wear

Continued from page 55

Ruptured Wrestler

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Eleven years ago Mr. T. M. Calton was ruptured very badly. He tried one type of truss after another with disappointing results. Finally he heard about the New Scientist truss that does away with steel springs, leg straps and belt fastening. He learned about Dr. Mac-Donald’s-then developed truss, less than a feather—that held recur- tures without pressure. He ex- amined a few samples of Aiter's—with the protruding back and pad that protruded more than the rest of the body. TODAY—

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See Pages 106 & 112
Of This Issue

'Pringle Bob.' It was extremely short in the back and long on the sides allowing a variety of collars, and she always has several, one for the evening, one for sports and several for the street. With small tailored hats, her hair is drawn well up over the ears and the nape of the neck, so it will not show underneath the brim line. For sports it is allowed to be loose, being held only by a colored scarf or ribbon. With evening gowns she wears her hair soft and fluffy with curls at the back, an arrangement that is large enough and complicated enough to carry a head-dress; or, if the head-dress is all enveloping, not a strand of her hair shows.

Her negligees may be either tailored or exotic, but always accented. If they are tailored, by means of color, or exotic, by trimming.

Her evening clothes may be period; they may even border on the theatrical. As she carries her head high and has a most expressive, mobile face and unusual coloring—her hair is a rich glossy, chestnut brown and her eyes a deep-sea green—it is well to call attention to an intriguing frame for that face. This is done by odd treatments of the neckline. While a plain round or square neckline would do, it would be so much better if it were stressed by an unusual line or arrangement of trimming or drapes.

This type carries the billed low-cut evening skirt with particularly good results. That is why it is well to employ long, sweeping fringes, lace flourishes, feather drapes, trains, dangling girdles and the like, and unexpected fullness in the skirts.

If you are like Miss Pringle, you are in a most difficult situation, because if you do not move in the ultra-smart circles of the world, you should be in the movies or on the stage! You should do all the things, in a clothes way, that you can't possibly do otherwise. There is no gown that you cannot manage, no fad is too ultra. It takes extreme cleverness to handle such a wardrobe, but Miss Pringle is clever. Her mind works at the rate of a mile a minute; and her work, life and manner gracefully suit her tendency to be the striking person that she is.

She believes in hitting you between the eyes with a striking costume. Her dress is the one to make you gasp. She welcomes the newest flavor; yet, as I have said, she does not follow the fashions. She creates her own.

I do not advise the average woman to try to copy Miss Pringle, but if they want to get a thrill I do advise them to see her for she always stages a very spectacular show.

C. Anita Page and Charles King in a scene from "Broadway Melody."
The Loves and Hates of Carmel Myers

Continued from page 36

She has extravagant streaks of clothing buying, but confined to one article. Determined last winter to replenish her supply of afternoon gowns she bought instead two fur coats—one Russian ermine and a sable. Two more shopping trips for dresses resulted in bills for a black seal and an antelope coat and no dresses yet. Acombob by during grammar school days she often was the fox in the old game of 'fox and hounds.' She still leaves a trail behind her wherever she goes—gloves and handkerchiefs.

She reads stretched out on the floor, with a black velvet cushion under her elbow. She sleeps on her back, without a pillow. Her bedroom window-hangings are black. A single ray of light wakes her.

She never talks over the phone in the morning.

Cheerfulness before breakfast annoys her. She goes barefoot whenever she can. She writes few letters, and those badly. Her telephone is usually accidentally disconnected when a conversation grows long.

Like most temperamental women, she likes to cry. But she never goes to a play or picture which will bring the tears, for the strain of weeping enervates her for days.

The one characteristic of which she boasts is her sense of intuition. She relies on it to solve innumerable problems brought to her by her friends.

When she is working she has a cup of coffee every hour, regularly.

Fresh caviar is as stimulating to her as champagne.

Mangoes are her favorite fruit. A friend sends them from a Mexican ranch by monthly steamer.

She makes admirable tea and an abominable cocktail.

Brown is her favorite color; tiger lilies her favorite flower.

She has one of the largest collections of perfumes in Hollywood. Dressed for the studio stage she uses heavy scents and in private life the same.

She is never referred to like the conception until ten many of her Hollywood friends changed the accent to the last syllable. Then she fell in line.

She makes a poor hand at bridge but an exceptional one at chess.

She has a sizable collection of modern first editions autographed to her by their authors.

She plays a great deal of tennis.

She eats what she wants and her weight stays around 120 pounds.

She chews three or four packages of gum a week but no one, not even her brother, has ever seen her jaws working.

She has a taste for vinegar and sugar on her lettuce—a custom acquired from a Yankee cousin when a youngster.

Her hair was red when she was fourteen and became a motion picture actress. It stayed black from then until a few months ago when it returned to its natural color.

She sings blues, with a ukulele accompaniment, for her friends; and chansons at innumerable parties. There probably has not been a Jewish charitable affair in Los Angeles for the last five years at which she has not appeared.

The second of a recital finds her in best voice, for she is extremely responsive to audience approval.

She is one of the pioneers of motion pictures, though just twenty-five years old.

She began at the age of fourteen in Fairbanks' "The Matrimoniac."

She can boast any producer, supervisor or director when trying to sell herself for a role—but cries in despair over her work when it is visible on the screen.

She writes poetry, which she never shows to anyone, on the backs of envelopes.

She has a flair for titles—titles for motion pictures, titles for plays, for books, for songs. She puts them down and later enters them in a book where hundreds of them are recorded.

Her apartment and her beach homes are scattered with cigarette boxes. There are more ash trays than in all the rest of Hollywood. She doesn't smoke.

She is a great girl on a party—if the party is big enough. She can't be trapped alone—even by experts.

He's the Harmony Kid—Continued from page 71

summer at college, Buddy went to Spain on a mule boat and played American jazz in the Spanish cafes. During the second summer, his orchestra joined a Chauntauqua and played in thirteen states of the middle west. He earned sixty dollars a week and saved fifty by sleeping in back of the tent and having his transportation paid. During the fall he sang and played the trombone and drums.

In his junior year, he had his own orchestra, played for fraternity dances and earned from forty to sixty dollars a week. He sang in the glee club and in his senior year was given the lead in the year's opera, "The Mikado."

Somehow or other Buddy never learned to play the piano until a year ago when he heard a man over the radio say he could teach anybody to play jazz in a few lessons. Buddy bought a piano for his dressing room and played his numbered chords in all his spare time. He took four lessons and now plays it at his personal appearances.

Three months ago this versatile Rogers boy bought a trumpet. Two weeks after he got it, he played the instrument on the stage of the Paramount Theatre.

He's got a guitar now. He can't play it yet. But he's practising and at the next personal appearance he'll probably be a guitar wizard, too.

When he was just a young college kid going to the Paramount Pictures School in New York, he gained a wide reputation among the stars for playing on their sets. It was in that manner he first met Gloria Swanson, Adolph Menjou, Clara Bow and D. W. Griffith.

Now, nobody in Hollywood ever asks Buddy to come to a party without also inviting his trombone. It's just a part of his boisterous personality.

Buddy's fans should be happy. They're recording all this 'Buddy Rogers in person' for the all-talking, singing and dancing picture, "Close Harmony."

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Main Street vs. Hollywood

(Continued from page 23)

of her convictions. If there is anyone in her company who seems to be the underdog, Lupe instantly champions that person—not in an aggressive, unpleasant manner, but she seeks to call that person's good qualities to the attention of the others. She takes them under her wing like a mother hen her chicks, and she usually wins out.

You know the old gentleman who lives rather quietly on the hill, whom everybody goes to for advice and help—well, in Holly-
wood they go to George Fawcett. His mod-
est house, perched on the edge of nearby foothill, is filled with sunshine and sur-
rounded by flowers. Hardly a day passes that a friendly cup of tea is not extended to someone who needs a boost of cheer and constructive, friendly advice. The young people of Hollywood who are discouraged because contracts have not come thick and fast to them are not the only ones who benefit from his geniality, for he is a self-made man, and even after years of struggle, he has not lost his optimism.

And Win Buick Sedan or $1900

For sale in New York and other prize-winning cities. Why not the prizes and premiums paid in cash in less. Certificate for $1900 to write on prize. Letter must be entered immediately at home. Prizes arrived in less than three days. Three winners announced in New York. Only three winners. Return your name, address, and number of our prize. Winner must be over 18 years. Send to M. W. Meyers, Dept. 229, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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For sale in New York and other prize-winning cities. Why not the prizes and premiums paid in cash in less. Certificate for $1900 to write on prize. Letter must be entered immediately at home. Prizes arrived in less than three days. Three winners announced in New York. Only three winners. Return your name, address, and number of our prize. Winner must be over 18 years. Send to M. W. Meyers, Dept. 229, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.
a joke out of everything, and quiet, dark-eyed Eddy who sits in the corner of the big sofa before the huge log-fire and draws her circle of admirers around her. Both types are equally welcome alike, the peaceful and the jingly.

And you know the young, sophisticated couple on Main Street, who are up on the latest thing in art and literature and music, whose clothes are a topic of conversation and their smart entertainments of the village, who have been to Paris and London and Rome and are just too popular for anything? Well, Hollywood's parallel in Washington is Mr and Mrs. Edmond Lowe. If Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks entertain the foreign ambassadors and England's Prince, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe corral the world's artists whenever we're both. Of course, many of them either Lilian or Eddie have known for some time, such as Ethel Barrymore, Tito Schipa and Eric Pedley, the internationally known polo player. There is always life and laughter and wit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Lowe.

And you know the quiet, retiring little girl, with prim manners and the air of a young princess, whom everybody likes to have around, because her aristocratic manner will grace any gathering, and yet you would think that Virginia Valli. Virginia wears rather severe tailored suits, usually gray or dark blue, with a very expensive fur-piece. Her hat is a bit small and slightly too tight fitting; and she always wears gloves. On rainy days she carries just the sort of an umbrella you would expect a conservative, well-bred lady to wear. None of the fans ever recognize Virginia. She has attended her own opening and had people say to her, "Oh! Aren't you Norma Talmadge?" Under the small little brim of Virginia's tarloled hat, are a pair of twinkling gray-blue eyes that see humor of the subtlest. Virginia can make whooping with the best of them but she never steps out of character.

Just at present the popular young bachelor of town is a moot question. Hollywood has several, but within recent months, two have come to be considered as main contenders for careers. One is Ben Lyon, who sometimes has as many as five parties in a day to go to, and the other one is Gary Cooper. These two are very different. When Gary Peers as women to a strong, silent type. He is rather quiet and a little reserved. He seems to know just the thing to do to make women happy. Whenever Gary's name is mentioned, there is a chorus of feminine voices, "Oh! Gary is just adorable. But now Gary is seen only with Lupt and the rest of feminine Hollywood sighs in vain. Of course there is Richard Dix and the title of unbeatable bachelors, I imagine, would go to Richard. He likes everyone and he has a large personality. When there is also Ronald Colman. Feminine Hollywood has never made any impression on Ronny. He has his house on the hill with a tennis court and swimming pool and his friends are, for the most part, Englishmen. Ronny's tastes are almost 100 percent American. His only wife is Lizzy and he has for years been building a very complete library. It is said that no writer has ever passed the gates of his mountain retreat. Interviews, which are rare, are always intimate and are with the village, who has loads of money and who entertains frequently and often and who is the best sport in town? In Hollywood she is Marion in her studio. Everyone wants to know her and it isn't entirely because of her beautiful beach home and the expensive presents that she gives and her royal entertainment. I remember years ago a young actor who had never played with her before, remarking to me the other day who was very, very, very, very, very nice.
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S C R E E N L A N D

Ask Me—Concluded from page 87

Billie of Billings, Mont. Will you send me one of your clever and witty pictures even if it's no larger than a postage stamp? I can't see myself hanging on your wall as small pictures, I'd feel terribly hurt. As you've never heard from Norma Talmadge, perhaps you had the wrong address—try again at United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Hollywood Ave. If at first you don't succeed, cry again—if you have a hanky handy.

Nancy of Philadelphia. You don't mean to tell me you and your sister have terrible fights over the stars—don't blame the movies for that. Your sister is right about Douglas Fairbanks. In fact, Mary Pickford is not his mother. His mother is Mrs. Beth Sully Evans, who was Doug Sr.'s first wife. Charles Morton has a contract with Fox Studios. In fact, 'Western Ave.' Hollywood, Cal. Charles plays with Janet Gaynor in "Christina."
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All Singing
All Dancing
Dramatic Sensation

The Broadway Melody

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ANITA PAGE
BESSIE LOVE
Directed by
HARRY BEAUMONT

Story by Edmund Goulding
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Anita Page’s Pajamas FREE—See Page 26
Facial Youth keeps my skin white."

By Edna Wallace Hopper

That's what an attractive American girl said to me in Paris when I asked her whether her skin was so lovely and white all summer. It was a chance conversation and, not recognizing me, she told me of her wonderful results from my Facial Youth. “You know, it's a liquid cleanser, and it really prevents sunburn. Mother and I have our trunks full of it. What's the use of trying to hold them spell-bound with the magic of lace and chiffon unless your face, neck and shoulders are in keeping with the illusion of exquisite feminism?”

So I told her why my Facial Youth prevents sunburn. The oil which cleanses also replaces the natural oil drawn out by the sun's rays. It does cleanse deep. Being soluble, Facial Youth removes every trace of dirt and leaves not one atom to tax the skin and enlarge pores. There is no soap or alkali in Facial Youth. It has a soothing, tonic effect on your skin and a most refreshing, delightful scent. It's also the best astringent I know.

No Oily Surface

Although it is the oil in Facial Youth that cleanses so gently and thoroughly, your face is free from oiliness when it is wiped off. Its astringent action gives your skin that firm, cool touch.

Send today for this trial bottle of Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Youth and learn how easy and pleasant it is to cleanse your face properly. Your skin will quickly respond to this gentle treatment.

Summer Bathers: Rub a coating of Facial Youth over exposed parts of the body before going into the water. It will prevent painful sunburn.

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Hear every word of the evidence—the sympathetic plea of the defense attorney—the prosecutor's relentless demand for a "life for a life"—the startling confession that solves the mystery! See three possible versions of the crime re-enacted before your eyes—be judge and jury, weighing the circumstantial evidence!

Who is the real murderer? Test your wits and judgment—HEAR and SEE Thru Different Eyes when it comes to your favorite local theater. It will thrill you as no drama of life ever has before.

FOX MOVIE TONE
The Girl on our Cover is little Janet Gaynor—ever since "Seventh Heaven" one of the best-beloved stars on the screen. You'll soon hear as well as see her. She has passed her voice tests!

Cover — Janet Gaynor. Painted by Georgia Warren

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THE NATION NAMES THE LEADER IN TALKING PICTURES

APPLAUSE!

Says the Duluth "Herald": "There is something about the Paramount all-talking quality pictures that registers as an artistic and box office attraction, and the "Sun," Baltimore, echoes with "It seems that of all the firms offering talking picture entertainment Paramount is accomplishing the trick best." About "The Letter," Robert E. Sherwood, one of America's foremost critics, said: "It is more than a milestone in motion picture history. It is the herald of a new order." . . . And this is only a smattering of the applause for Paramount Pictures which you can hear from coast to coast. Paramount encores now with even greater productions that you should not miss. Make it a point to see them all—to see any pictures labeled Paramount, whether with sound or silent.

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"GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS" with WALTER HUSTON, famous star of the legitimate stage. Directed by Millard Webb, from the play by Ward Morehouse.

"THE WOMAN WHO NEEDED KILLING" With Baclanova, Clive Brook and Neil Hamilton. A Rowland V. Lee Production from the play by Margery H. Lawrence.

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Sure, safe, pleasant, economical method. Easily applied. No irritation or after odor. Does not spoil or harden. Your money back if not pleased. hair take receipt of price. BERLAND LABORATORIES, Inc. Dept A-10, Los Angeles, Calif.

QIK Cream Hair Remover

THE FLAPPER FAN'S FORECAST


By Evelyn Ballarine

EXTRA! Extra! New gold rush to California! That's gold in them there trills. What I really mean is that Hollywood is turning into a young Broadway. All the golden voiced stage players are out there. Cecil DeMille cornered two for his first Metro-Goldwyn picture—Kay Johnson and Charles Bickfords. Kay Johnson played the lead in "A Free Soul" on Broadway last season. (We hear that Norma Shearer is to star in the talkie version of this play.) Charles Bickford was in "Gods of the Lightning" and now both are to be in "Dynamite." And speaking of "Dynamite" reminds us that Harold Lloyd's new picture is tentatively called "TNT." Boom, boom—with sound accompaniment!

Fannie Brice is taking another flyer into pictures, this time with United Artists. Her name, pardon, her husband, Billy Rose, is writing the story and the songs. Three cheers! Our old gum-chewing, rope-swinging friend, Will Rogers, is going to be with us again. Fox Films have signed him to a two-year talkie contract. "Three Cheers," the play in which he pinch-hits for Fred Stone, is drawing to a close after a successful Broadway run. Lovely blonde Mary Eaton had a taste of the movies in "The Cocoanuts." It satisfied. Now she has pointed her toes...
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with GEORGE O'BRIEN

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You See and Hear VITAPHONE only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures
Confessions of the Fans

Here's the Fans' For'Em—or Forum, as you prefer! It is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the movies. Send your photograph with your letter so that the other readers may get a glimpse of you. The most entertaining letters will be printed. Address The Fans' Department, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Editor.

Praise for Clive Brook

Dear Editor:

This sudden outburst is in praise of an actor of great ability and a remarkable personality, namely, Clive Brook.

For a long time he was used as scenery in films starring Billie Dove, Clara Bow and other well-known beauties of the screen—but now, to the intense joy of his many followers, the producers have given him roles equal to his high standard of acting.

Mr. Brook will long be remembered for his portrayal of Heliotrope Harry in "Forgotten Faces." As Dr. Benson in "The Perfect Crime" his acting was also noteworthy.

Let us hope that the producers will continue to give Clive Brook the breaks he deserves.

Sincerely,
Miss Mavis Wilson.
50 Continental Avenue.
Forest Hills, Long Island.
New York.

An Aviator's View of the Movies

Dear Editor:

It is a far cry from the heather-clad hills of Scotland to the desert of Mesopotamia, the pyramids of Egypt and the beautiful mosques of India, not forgetting the numerous other countries where an aviator's tour of duty may take him. Though thousands of fans would give a lot to see such countries, they never impressed me as a whole, inasmuch as they never had good movies! You couldn't find a movie magazine for love or money. That the movies have been the essence of my life goes without saying. During a two-year sojourn in the heart of the Mesopotamian desert it was left to me to find entertainment for the boys. In the storeroom of the Squadron I found an old Pathé projection machine which I had fixed up together with a screen and although I could get all sorts of films to show, mainly German and Danish, two and three reels—

Gary Cooper, Her Big Moment!

Dear Editor:

What I want to say first is, Three cheers for the talkies!

Last week I saw Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll in "The Shopworn Angel," and I guess that was my temptation to write. I was tinkled pink, and yes, even thrilled when I heard the wonderful voice of Gary I fell for it. He is my ideal man. To say something about Nancy Carroll, everyone I hear the song "That Precious Little Thing Called Love," I think of Nancy and like her more. I would
When You Accept the Stockingless Style—

be sure you first observe this rule of personal refinement

Several seasons ago, only the continental elite dared the stockingless style at the smart, French coast resorts. Then last fall, a handful of adventurous debs introduced it at a formal dinner party on Long Island. This past winter saw the bare-leg vogue spreading like wildfire, Palm Beach, Miami, Del Monte, Santa Barbara... By now it is a generally accepted fashion.

Sponsored and established by America's smartest younger set, the stockingless style is a style you can only enjoy when you know that your legs are absolutely free of superfluous hair.

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Dozens of the young fashionables who introduced this bare-leg style have found in Del-a-tone the surest, swiftest and most convenient way to remove superfluous hair from their legs. They realize how inexcusable and wholly lacking in good taste is the revolting sight of a pair of legs with or without hose but with an unsightly growth of hair.

Before you go without stockings, or even before you put on your lovely, sheer, all-revealing chiffon hose, use this snowy-white Del-a-tone Cream. It will quickly and completely remove all superfluous hair and leave your skin soft and velvety smooth.

At drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper—$1.00. Money back if not satisfied. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co., Dept. 146, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago. (Established 1908)

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**FREE PHOTOGRAPH**

**For Garbo — And How!**

Dear Editor:

Right off the bat let me say that I can't see where anyone can even approach Greta Garbo. For three years I was the slave of Norma Shearer and vouched ever to be her subject. I have never been fickle. I adored Norma with all my heart and reason. Then, one certain night I saw Greta Garbo. I felt my infidelity to Norma waning. I tried to force myself into hating Greta because of her shaking my idolatry for Shearer. As I came out of the theater that eve I vowed eternal devotion to La Garbo. That was quite a while ago. Let me say that as I delve into Greta's life and doings I deepen my feelings for her. Her artistry is divine. She is immortal. Without her silver sheet lures not. I notice that most of the letters you receive are full of generalities; few of the writers confess their idol. Why is this? I'm going to start something new in your forum. Let everybody give his opinion of the greatest screen performance that they know of! Mine is Greta Garbo in "A Woman of Affairs." What a portrayal! Just read the book; then see the superb depiction Greta gave of Iris March! Sincerely,

Bruce Clausen,
320 State St.
Flushing, L. I.

---

**S C R E E N L A N D**

Night Watch" for "The Mysterious Lady," they were told she was "The Enemy" of "The Gaucho," but it was "Dr. Kay." She was only a "Farmer's Daughter," and "The Last Command" her "Mother" gave her was "Beware of Married Men," but she was in "Love," "The City Gone Wild," "The Patent Leather Kid," having won held her "Heart To Heart," saying, "Baby Mine," "Let's Get Married," and with a shy wink. She said that's the only way to "Get Your Man."

Those are just a few of the best pictures I saw in 1928, also the best actors and actresses played in them. I wish to say a word in praise of the fan letter department. I think it is very interesting.

Why doesn't some one give that handsomely and wonderful actor, Bruce Gordon, a chance? He is very handsome and, I think, a great actor; but all he gets is tiny parts once in a blue moon. Did you ever see "Brand of Cowardice," you know the leading man in that. Also in Ruth Roland's serial he was wonderful. The last time I saw him he was playing a small part in a Pathé serial, "The Tightrope Walker," as a gangster. Please, some director, see his good qualities and give him a chance in dressed-up roles!

Best wishes for your wonderful magazine. I haven't missed one issue.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Michel Exarchou,
1351 East Forest Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

---

**He's a Collector!**

Dear Editor:

Talking pictures are the main discussion of motion picture fans all over the country at the present time. In my opinion, talking pictures are wonderful as they add more realism to a production. Conrad Nagel has the best voice of any star I have heard as yet. I am glad to see that he is being recognized at last as he has always been a very capable and efficient actor. "The Terror" was the best talking picture I have seen to date. Louise Fazenda completely won me over as one of her most wonderful fans by her. Mae McAvoy and Alec Francis should make rapid progress in future 'talkies.'

I am an enthusiastic collector of star photographs and would like to tell all SCREENLAND readers about the splendid pictures I have received from my friends. Did you notice David Rollins, the handsome youth, in "The Air Circus." He sent me a nice, large photograph on which he wrote, "To Albert—I hope I can be all you expect of me—Always, David Rollins. I predict a wonderful and bright future for him. Mary Pickford sent me the most beautiful picture of herself in a white fur coat. I prize it highly. Douglas Fairbanks also sent me a large picture of himself in the costume of "The Gaucho."
Jilted!

A Woman's Master Stroke put Her Sweetheart into the $10,000 a Year Class...Made Him a Social and Business Leader....

By Marie Rogers

WHEN Jimmy Watson proposed to me, he was making $25.00 a week. I had grown to care for him a lot. And I wouldn't have minded sacrifices if Jimmy had any prospects. But he didn't seem to be getting anywhere, and I didn't want to be tied to a failure. After some hesitation, I told him so.

"You have ability, Jimmy, but nobody but I know it. You are too timid and self-conscious. Why don't you speak to people, and everybody speaks to you, you've hardly a word to say. You get all flustered and embarrassed when you're asked to give an opinion. I can't marry you unless you make some effort to improve yourself." Of course he was hurt and indignant. But I was firm, so we parted.

Then one night a year later, I received the surprise of my life. Jimmy drove up to the house one evening in a beautiful sport roadster, dressed like a fashion plate. His manner was entirely changed, too. He seemed supremely self-confident, and had become an interesting conversationalist. I could not help but marvel at the change in him and told him so. He laughed delightfully.

"It's a long story, Marie, but I'll cut it short. You remember that my chief fault was that I was afraid of my own voice? Well, shortly after we parted, I heard tales of a popular new home study method by which any man could quickly become a powerful speaker—able to dominate one man or thousands—a way that banished embarrassment, self-consciousness, and timidity in a surprisingly short time. "That remarkable course was the making of me," said Jimmy. "With only a few minutes' practice each day, I made strides in a few weeks that amazed me. It wasn't long before I went to the boss with an idea that had been in my mind about reorganizing the delivery service, but which I had been afraid to take up with anybody. You should have seen me addressing that conference of department heads in the president's office—I just bowled them over. That was a few months ago. Since then I've climbed ahead fast. The boss is sending me to Europe next month to make a study of department store management over there. By the way, Marie, how would you like to go to Europe as Mrs. Watson?"

Today I am the proud wife of a successful husband—a business leader of our city. We have an exclusive set and enjoy the luxuries of life. Turning Jimmy down had proved to be the second best thing that could have happened to him. It was a lucky hunch, though, that prompted him to develop his speaking ability which revealed his natural ability.

Today the riches in business, popularity in social life, positions of honor in the community, go to the man who is an interesting, dominating, persuasive speaker. And there is no magic or mystery about this talent. No matter how timid or self-conscious you are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker through this amazing new training.

Send for This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is being sent to everyone mailing the coupon. This book is called, How to Work Wonders with Words. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book—and are still 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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THERE are two “Bermudas” — with enjoyment aplenty on the Ship as well as on the Island . . . Your vacation can start any Wednesday or Saturday when you step aboard the famous “Fort Victoria” or the new 20,000 ton motorship “Bermuda.”

ROUND TRIP FARES FROM $70 Inclusive Rates on Application.

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34 Whitehall St., 565 Fifth Ave., New York or any Authorized Agent.

THE OTHER fine photographs I have received are: Charlie Farrell in a keen-looking sweater, John Gilbert, a drawing by James Montgomery Flagg, an old one of William S. Hart (why don’t we see him any more?), Pola Negri, Gary Cooper, Billie Dove, Norma Shearer, Richard Arlen, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Clara Bow and many others. Betty Compson, I am glad to say, is making a remarkable comeback. She was excellent in “Scarlet Seas.” I shall never forget her role in “The Miracle Man.” I think that Dolores Del Rio will find her greatest success in “Evangeline,” her latest picture.

My favorite star is Richard Dix. He typifies the clean-cut, handsome American of today. His best picture was “The Vanishing American.” He should play dramatic roles instead of comedy roles.

Good luck to Screenland, my favorite magazine, and to Delight Evans, whose reviews are wonderful.

Sincerely,
Albert Manski,
547 Main Street,
Webster, Massachusetts.

DEAR EDITOR:
I think that Dolores Del Rio will find her greatest success in “Evangeline,” her latest picture.

Sincerely,
Helen Kappelman,
417 San Anselmo Avenue,
San Francisco, California.

DEAR EDITOR:
I have been a constant reader of screen magazines since I walked out of the cradle — and if I was in the cradle today I would be tempted to fall out for a copy of the last issue of SCREENLAND. It was a wow! Congratulations to the Editor!

This question has been asked me thousands of times — “Why do you go to the movies and what good does it do you after you have gone — what pleasure do you derive from going?” My answer has been that the motion picture industry is one of the greatest. From an educational standpoint the motion picture can’t be surpassed — from the standpoint of amusement the motion picture reigns supreme.

The talksies are another step in this great industry, and we must not overlook them. The talksies are mentioned we think of that fine young man with the most attractive personality, a fine voice, in my opinion, the best actor on the screen — Conrad Nagel. Long may he reign as ‘King of the Talksies!’

Last but not least I want to cry: “Hurray for SCREENLAND and its capable editor, Delight Evans, all success.”

Sincerely,
Marion Simmermon,
4 Willingdon Place,
Saskatoon, Sask., Canada.

DEAR EDITOR:
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Sincerely yours,
Worth L. Franklin,
Epoworth League,
Morganton, North Carolina.

DEAR EDITOR:
I want to cry: “Hurray for SCREENLAND and its capable editor!”

Sincerely yours,
Worth L. Franklin,
Epoworth League,
Morganton, North Carolina.

DEAR EDITOR:
I have not received any confession from the fans this month. I am glad to say, however, that I have received many letters from my fans, and I think they are splendid.

I can’t talk about the talksies because I haven’t experienced one as yet. I guess I’m kind of “back woodsy.”

There are few boy fans in our district — most of the fans here are girls.

DEAR EDITOR:
I have now express my opinions of the talksies and of the screen stars. Talksies are wonderful because they give us a chance to hear as well as see the screen stars.

“Wild Orchids” is a very good picture. Greta Garbo was never more fascinating.
New Personal Belt

Dainty—Secure—Adjustable—In Colors!

Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft, silk elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, tight-fitting, wide elastic waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse for emergencies.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A splendid women’s bridge club prize—a charming and acceptable “little gift.” Price, $1.00, three for $2.00. Write today.

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Please send me Beltx personal belts for which I enclose $................. It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. ($1.00 for one; 3 for $2.00). Check Colors Desired □ Orchid □ Peach □ Flesh

Name........................................... Address..............................................
FRECKLES

Girls have to look at them in a mirror and see the little growths on their nose or cheek. They may be surprised. The little growths they see is called freckle. Freckles are the result of a disease in the skin called melasma. They are brown spots that are caused by an accumulation of melanin, a pigment in the skin, which gives the freckles their color.

There is no cure for freckles, but there are treatments that can help reduce their appearance. Some people may want to consider using a sunscreen to help prevent the development of freckles in the first place. Others may wish to use a chemical peel or laser treatment to remove them.

SCREEN STARS

25 Pictures of famous movie stars. Good clear prints. Size 3 1/2" x 5 1/2". Sent prepaid on receipt of 50c.

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Your room, too, has that added touch of distinction. Pictures on the wall, over-stuffed furniture, a floor lamp and reading lamp...these are but a few of the features that make you feel at home.

Pig 'n Whistle Dining Service insures the best of food. Therefore, when you are next in Los Angeles be sure to investigate.

THE HOLLYWOOD PLAZA HOTEL

Vine Street at Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, California

Sincerely, Clara
Movietone gives us a chance to hear famous people speak. But getting back to the movies, I don’t believe there is anyone who likes the movies better than I do. I would rather see Buddy Rogers or Richard Barthelmess than eat. They make you forget your worries or anything else that’s on your mind.

Three knockout pictures were: Richard Barthelmess in “Scarlet Sea,” Buddy Rogers in “Abie’s Irish Rose,” and “Wings.”

I think Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers should be co-starred for life. Didn’t they look sweet together in “Varsity?” Now don’t get it in your head that I don’t like any other players—I like them all; but Mary and Buddy are my favorites.

I buy SCREENLAND every month. I wouldn’t miss it for anything.

Sincerely,
Ernest Victor,
39 Allen Street.
Greenville, South Carolina.

A Boost For Us!

DEAR EDITOR:

Often I am asked these same two questions, “Don’t you ever get tired of going to the movies?” and “How do you know so much about the stars and the pre-showing of their pictures?”

Well, I must admit I am quite a theater-goer and see every show in town, but, as far as having the knowledge of the stars and the pre-showing of their pictures the credit goes to SCREENLAND. I read many motion picture magazines and must say that SCREENLAND is the best.

SCREENLAND’s pre-showing and review sections are simply the most interesting and enjoyable I have ever read. The idea of giving a brief story of a different star every month is quite unique (for instance in April issue). An article on John Gilbert and Joan Crawford’s idea of fashion; that’s what I call a magazine. Not a magazine that shows pictures of stars and that’s all.

If I didn’t get SCREENLAND every month I would be a flop in my crowd, ’cause whenever anybody wants to know anything about the stars or their pictures they come to me and ask. Now, I just answer them, “Come with me to the newstand and get a SCREENLAND and you will find just what you want to know.

Now that this new department is added for the fans it is just great because it was my inspiration of writing and boosting SCREENLAND.

Faithfully yours,
Anna Ginsberg
2262 North 20th Street.

Come on, fans, send along your views of the movies with photographic accompaniment!

“Delicate to discuss this, yet smart women should know”

— Says a society leader concerning this phase of feminine hygiene

No longer need women fear offending others. Scientific deodorization* is a new feature of this modern sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

WHEREVER women meet the world, they are in danger of offending others at certain times. Learning this, they become unhappily self-conscious. Caretree pleasures are impossible. Now, a discovery of Kotex Laboratories makes worries of this sort unnecessary. Each sanitary pad is scientifically treated, by patented process, to end all odor. The last problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

That “conspicuous” feeling

The other fear—the feeling of being conspicuous—is also eliminated. Corners of the Kotex pad are scientifically rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection when worn.

Yet every advantage remains

You can so easily adjust it to your needs. It is, as always, absorbent to an amazing degree. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture—5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference to women. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier, than you thought possible.

Won’t you try The Improved Kotex—buy a box this very day. It is 45¢ for a box of twelve, at any drug, dry goods or department store, also obtainable through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX
Formerly 90¢—Now 65¢

Some women find Super-size Kotex a special comfort. Exactly the same as the Regular size Kotex, but with added layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

SUPER-SIZE KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes
Who would ever have predicted that Norma Shearer would spring into the spotlight as the bright particular star of the talkies? Somehow Norma has always been so securely established as the well-bred young star of nice, normal, safe and sane program pictures that we expected her to stay put. What a surprise! This girl with absolutely no stage experience, this sweet, sheltered young Hollywood lady has suddenly raced ahead of the picture parade until she is leading it! Norma has a voice. Norma is a real actress. Norma is superb in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," as the harassed heroine.
It was a daring thing for this popular girl to do. She was always the ingenue. Suddenly she grows up! The role of Mary Dugan is a woman-sized assignment. It is mature and sophisticated. What will the Shearer fans who delight in sweetness and light think when they see their favorite play this worldly part with so much gusto? Will they be so carried away by Norma's voice and acting that their illusions will be preserved intact? Somehow we think so. There are any number of pretty ingenues; but so far as we know, only one movie-bred actress who can talk and act with the ease, naturalness and emotion of Norma Shearer!
TALKIES! And why not? Do you say, "Let's go to the Vitaphone"—or 'the audibles,' or 'the audien'? No; you say, "Let's go to the Talkies."

A long time ago pompous people tried to call 'the movies' by other names, such as cinema, pictureplay, photoplay, and what not. It didn’t work. People went to 'the movies,' and they kept right on going to the movies until they began going to the talkies!

Now 'Talkies' is declared an unworthy name for a new art, and the public is invited to offer suggestions. But when the public has christened an entertainment as it christened the movies and the talkies, these names might just as well be included in the dictionary.

William Brady, veteran producer of the stage, prophesies the doom of the 'legitimate' theater in three more years. In less time than that, I think the theater will occupy the same limited place in the amusement world that the opera does—for the few. The great mass seeking amusement will turn more and more to the talkies because there, and there only, will they be able to see and to hear the world's great artists in comfort. No more sitting in the gallery or the balcony craning the neck and straining the ears when the famous actor or prima donna comes to town. With the new enlarged screen, and the perfected sound devices, the patrons in the last rows of the balcony will be able to see and hear great acting and great music in harmony and ease. But I suppose the first-row seats will still be at a premium when the film musical revues launch their chorus cuties from the screen right into the laps of the eager customers.

A motion picture theater for children will soon be built in New York—the city's first non-commercial theater. The educational possibilities of motion pictures will be stressed. Instruction in geology, zoology, astronomy, and such subjects will be given on the screen, supplementing these courses in the schools. Travel pictures, current events, and approved film versions of the best literary works will be shown. I think that's fine—and why not go a step further? Why not a special children's room in our huge picture palaces where, while Mother and Dad enjoy themselves in the main auditorium, Junior and Sister can be amused by the antics of Krazy Kat and a particularly prepared juvenile program? Fun for all!

A movie theater in London, Ontario, Canada, has the right idea. It has a 'crying room,' a glass-enclosed structure on the mezzanine where mothers and children may sit and watch the performance without disturbing the other patrons. The manager who thought of that deserves Screenland's Honor Page!

By means of a new device, an attachment to standard home projection machines, you'll be able to invite the neighbors in to hear Home Talkies. This latest development makes it possible for you to hear as well as see movies without stirring from your own fireside. One of these days, Clara Bow in the home! Oh, oh!
Much Obliged,

'MIKE'!

Thanks the Talkies for Making These Stars Shine

The most popular guy in Hollywood right now is Old Man Microphone—called 'Mike' for short. He has sprung into prominence and prestige practically overnight. At first he was feared; then, upon closer acquaintance, loved and respected. Today he reigns supreme in the studios. The star who can't make a hit with 'Mike' is out of luck, that's all! Above you'll see some of his most ardent admirers. He took a fancy to these players from the start and he is happy to bring them into deserved fame.

Around the circle to the right, starting from the lower center: Leatrice Joy, snatched from vaudeville by Vitaphone; Hedda Hopper, charming vocally and optically; Robert Ellis, a wow in "Broadway"; Alice Joyce, swell in "The Squall"; Conrad Nagel—that's all! Lois Wilson, star in drama and diction; Percy Marmon, back from England and speaking up; Lila Lee, brought back to us by the talkies; Conway Tearle, likewise; Betty Compson—more than ever a miracle girl; Warner Baxter, starring and singing; and Sally O'Neil, God bless the Irish!
Double, Double!

Whose Double Are You? Everybody Has One! And We Don’t Mean the Movie Double Who Does Stunts, Either!

Above: Helen Twelvetrees, charming newcomer, and, to her left, Lillian Gish. See the resemblance?

Lovely Lillian would be the first to welcome Helen into the fold of the film famous.

Left, above, Jean Arthur; below her, Mary Brian. Jean and Mary might pass for twin daughters of Papa Paramount.

Right, below: Norma Talmadge and Sue Carol. Can’t you see the resemblance?

The classic Grecian profiles of Jeanette Loff and Vilma Banky might be cast from the same mold. Which is which?

Left: Leila Hyams and Carol Lombard.

The same cuddly cuteness is shared by Nancy Carroll, above, and Doris Davenport.
Who Hasn't a Double?

Look Around and See Some of the Heavenly Twins of the Screen. Maybe They Don't Know It Themselves, But Don't They Look Alike?

Above: Mary Pickford. There is only one Mary, and no other actress has her charm. But—glance to the right!

Mary again? No, Jane Daly, who looks more like Miss Pickford than her own sister Lottie does.

Above: Our own Gloria Swanson; and, with the hat, Pauline Starke. You must have noted the startling resemblance before.

Right: Margaret Morris and, below her, Bessie Love. Wouldn't you swear they are sisters?

Right, below: Margaret Livingston and Louise Brooks. It was Margaret's voice doubling for Louise in "The Canary Murder Case."

Left: Alice White and Clara Bow, both exponents of It.

Doris Hill, above, and Fay Wray, topping her. Don't they look alike?
Hollywood

How and Where the Stars Spend Their Precious Play-Time.

By Helen Ludlam

Hollywood week-end! That should be something to hold you! Wild hilarity — red-hot mamas and sloe-eyed gypsies — laughter — music — shenanigans! I suppose that's what you'd expect from a Hollywood party. But try and find one like that — just try! The picture people like to play but it's all good, clean fun. Let's join their little games — come on!

Suppose we spend a series of Hollywood week-ends. The stars all like to play differently. Some are interested in mountain sports, some in sea sports, some in riding, golf, tennis or hiking. Some like to retire to the fastnesses of their own estates with a congenial crowd of guests, and some like to visit the resorts, such as Palm Springs, Arrowhead, Gilman Hot Springs, Catalina, or Caliente. With the exception of Caliente, which is essentially a playground, the other resorts are visited not so much for a good time as for a rest and a chance to get away from the whirl of work during the week.

Hollywood never had a real playground until Caliente opened. And what a playground that is! Horse races, whippet races, golf, tennis,
C. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Hollywood's most popular engaged couple, are both aviation enthusiasts, up in the air practically all their spare time. And both are licensed pilots.

...swimming, polo, etc., etc., etc! The Deauville of America, it is called; and although they did not at first anticipate such popularity, it is now packed to capacity every week-end, and not with the screen people alone. Big business men and society women and sportsmen from all over the country are beginning to put Caliente on their list of where to go. And it is not surprising. There certainly is everything there to spell a Good Time for anyone, everything but money, and you supply that, or if Dame Fortune smiles upon you, you might make the gaming table pay for it. Not that the prices are high. They are not, and there is good value for your money. The thing to do is to fly down and a regular schedule is maintained by the Maddux people, which I will describe later. As for the screen stars—they have all been there at least once. In fact, the only one Mr. Crofton, secretary for the Casino, can think of who has not been there is Gloria Swanson.

Caliente is really a precious place. As Betty Bronson says, "It's nicer than the South of France," and I guess that's going some. While Richard Dix, Buster Keaton and Tom Mix think it is as much fun as Monte Carlo.

There are two golf (Continued on page 98)
James Montgomery Flagg


"What a woman needs to make her thoroughly desirable," said James Montgomery Flagg, "is to appear beautiful and to be sympathetic. These two qualities," he continued, "I found abundant among the many screen actresses I sketched on my recent visit to Hollywood. Of course," he added, and his eyes twinkled, "when certain of these girls have humor included in the list of virtues, they are practically irresistible!"

(I imagine he said 'practically,' because I understand he has a young wife at home who combines these three qualities perhaps as aptly as any girl in America.)

Now there is nobody, in my opinion, so well qualified to give an impartial opinion on Hollywood beauty as James Montgomery Flagg. For during the thirty years of his artistic career, he has regarded more loveliness — draped and undraped — than Solomon had wives. Besides being an international connoisseur on faces and figures, besides having created that pretty Anglo-Saxon type which is looked upon today as 'The American Girl' — you know the one...

Carmel Myers, above, is one of the most interesting girls in the film colony.

Carmel Myers has terrific charm, says Mr. Flagg. Right, the artist with Belle Dove, whom he describes as 'adorable.'

Greta Garbo is the Nordic Mona Lisa, says Mr. Flagg, who sketched her.

I mean, the girl who peeps out so saucily from the pages of so many well-known magazines — Mr. Flagg has been movie producer, movie director, movie scenarist, and movie actor, having written, directed and acted in twenty-four different films. That's one you didn't know!

But we'll hear about the man later. First, hot off the rails, let's get his opinion of our film favorites. When I asked him his favorite of all the film stars, his answer bowled..."
Flagg declared, “because she hasn’t any coating of collodion on her brain. She’s got a mind above cocktails and caviar. She wants to know things. Colleen doesn’t pretend all the knowledge in the world is tucked in her one little head. She is eager to learn!”

Now what do you know about that? It just proves that a man as well as a woman can be contradictory. For Mr. Flagg didn’t say a word about a woman’s mind when he was giving the qualities necessary to make up feminine desirability!

The popular illustrator thinks a lot of Corinne Griffith, too. He says: Corinne Griffith is one of the nicest people you could ever hope to meet. Calm, self-contained, obviously well-bred, she is a joy to associate with because she knows her way about.

“Marion Davies,” he continues, “is my idea of a good sport. She has a terrific lot of charm and a great capacity both for work and for play. She is vital to her fingertips. And everybody loves her because she is unostentatious. She never ‘high hats’ anybody. She is very casual in all she does. Amused at herself. Amused at the world.

“One evening she was having a party. When I reached her house I found her

(Continued on page 100)
One of Our Most Modern Maidens
Offers a Lounging Ensemble to the Writer of the Best Letter.

Screenland has never presented a lovelier star or a more desirable gift than Anita Page's lounging pajamas! This little blonde beauty who first won fame in "Our Dancing Daughters"—as the darlingest and dancingest daughter of them all—has kept right on going until today she reigns supreme as the leading ingenue of the screen. Beauty and brains combine to make Anita Page one of the greatest bets in pictures today.

Anita is the quintessence of modern girlhood. She combines sweetness and sauciness to a degree guaranteed to make our modern manhood sit right up and beg—for more! Anita Page's triumph in motion pictures, however, is not the mere triumph of sheer personality. Like all modern girls who get somewhere, she has a definite aim and ambition; and she has the will to work to make her dreams come true. We're for her!

But what about the pajamas? Here they are, worn by Anita herself, and called "The Broadway Melody Pajama Ensemble," because the original model was worn by Miss Page in "The Broadway Melody." Designed by David Cox, the knee-length coat is fashioned of orchid satin, with wide sleeves.

To complete the description of Anita Page's pajama ensemble, the sleeveless jumper and the trunk are of orchid silk crepe with an edging of chiffon embroidered on. A sash ties at the natural waistline. The satin mules worn by Miss Page are of the same shade of orchid and are included in the ensemble which will go to the winner who writes the best letter.
Gift Pajamas

Write the best letter—that is, the clearest and the clearest—answering the following question and you will win the Anita Page pajamas: Do you prefer to see Anita in provocative ultra-modern parts such as she played in "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Our Modern Maidens" to her conservative roles in "Telling the World" and "The Flying Fleet?" Why?

Anita poses without the coat so that you may get a glimpse of the pretty pajamas. To the right and below, she shows you how the coat transforms the pajamas into a smart lounging ensemble.

Anita felt so springy she decided she must express her appreciation of the success her fan friends have brought her in some substantial way. "My favorite of all the things I have worn on the screen," said Anita, "is the pajama ensemble designed for me to wear in the "Broadway Melody." Suppose I have a copy made just like it and offer it to a SCREENLAND reader?" That was perfectly all right with us! And when Anita explained further that she really has been wishing to know for a long time just what her fans think about her roles, we were particularly glad to be able to help her out by putting her question right up to you! It is: Do you prefer to see Anita Page in provocative ultra-modern parts such as she plays in "Our Dancing Daughters" and, more recently, in "Our Modern Maidens," to her conservative and conventional roles in "Telling the World" and "The Flying Fleet?" Why do you think so? The best letter answering Anita's question wins the pajamas!

Address—ANITA PAGE
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes June 10, 1929
The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on—was the quotation which came to my mind recently when I read the announcement that Mary Pickford—my little chum—is to take her bow in the talking moving pictures, with “Coquette” as the vehicle.

Some of my happiest memories center about this strangely sweet personality. It was decreed that I should aid in writing a bit of her earlier history; that I should be the one to select her stage name, and that I should aid her in making the final choice which sent her to stardom in the world of the flying films.

My first meeting with this golden-voiced bit of femininity occurred during 1907 when I was preparing to produce my play “The Warrens of Virginia.” I had chosen Frank Keenan and Charlotte Walker for the leading roles, because I felt that they were most certain to score in the characters of war-time Southern folk. The next necessity

was two children—just the right children—for the roles of Bob and Betty. Here was a problem indeed, for it was indicated that the children must be of the type of the Southland, that they must match adequately the characters of the father and mother, and that they must have unusually fine voices.

Child after child appeared and was rejected until one day the late William Dean, then my assistant, came to me with a note from Blanche Bates, asking me to see a little protege of hers.

“She’s a sweet, self-possessed little thing,” he told me, “and has had some stage experience though nothing of especial note.”

I assented and told Mr. Dean to have the child memorize some lines, and to instruct her to come to me on the stage after the next evening’s performance of “The Rose of The Rancho.” Further, to test once and for all whether she had poise under adverse conditions, I told him to usher her directly onto the stage without bringing
her to meet me first.

I was waiting in the dark auditorium the next evening. The sole illumination of the stage was the pilot light—a single brilliant standard incandescent which is kept burning continuously when the remaining lights are off. Soon there was a stir in the wings and I saw Mr. Dean motion the child forward.

Her intelligent eyes searched the darkness until she made out my figure in an aisle seat, well forward. She smiled, thoroughly unperturbed, inclined her head in greeting, and said:

"I have memorized some lines from Patsy Poor, a character in 'Human Life,' if you wish to hear them."

Though I was charmed by the child's (Cont. on page 106)
The Stage Stars Add Zest to the Social Life of the Picture Colony.

We're going to page the spirits tomorrow night. Won't you come over?

It was Chester Morris speaking. Chester just came out from New York, you know, to play the lead in "Alibi," and he did it so well that all the companies are bidding for him. So he and his wife and baby boy have taken a house in Hollywood, and you may expect to see Chester's speaking countenance in many a talking film.

"Well," answered Patsy the Party Hound, referring to the spirits, "It depends on the kind of spirits."

"I mean," retorted Chester, "the kind that didn't have trouble enough while they were alive, so they came back fussing around."

"All right, we'll be there," Patsy responded. "But we do hope that they will be more than one-half of one percent!"

"Well, I've just bought some of the best spiritualistic medium props, so I hope we'll get quality ghosts," Chester told us. The Morrices live in one of those delightful Spanish hillside houses in Hollywood, and it is so thoroughly old California Spanish indeed that it even has a barbecue oven in its patio.

Chester was to barbecue some steaks for us, and later on a lot of people were to come in for a buffet supper and to watch the ghosts walk.

"It's an act," said Chester, grinning as he led us out to see the barbecue process. He wouldn't leave it to a servant for anything, but himself places the steaks between the big pieces of rock salt, and, when they are done, brushes them off with a soft little brush, and there they are, wonderful and

Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, famous on Broadway, are becoming equally popular in Hollywood. Their parties are events. If you want to know some of the other bright lights of Hollywood whoopee look to the left and read up the panel: Raymond Griffith, Jane Winton, Don Alvarado, and Madge Bellamy.
juicy and ready to serve.

There was a big open fire in the lovely living room with its tiny balconies leading off the upstairs rooms, and we sat there and chatted a little while, and then dinner was announced.

"The steaks came awfully late," said Mrs. Morris, "and we thought we might have to barbecue the baby. Couldn't disappoint guests, you know."

Mrs. Morris was on the stage and in pictures herself before her marriage, but now she declares that she is just the little woman. However, she is very beautiful, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised to find her in pictures any day.

The steak turned out to be wonderful, and there were baked potatoes cooked with onions, which Mrs. Morris started to tell us all about.

"Ah, but, my dear," her husband admonished in mock seriousness, "There's a slight charge for the recipe, you know!"

Guests began to arrive immediately after dinner, and we looked hopefully toward Chester Morris as the ghost-pager. But it turned out that he had practiced so hard with the apparatus in preparation for the party, that he had busted it.

"Probably it was just some ghost that was mad because it wasn't getting enough publicity that broke it," remarked Neil Hamilton.

But at any rate Chester did some wonderful sleight-of-hand tricks for us, and so did Harry Stubbs, also of the theatre, who played an important part in "Alibi." He is a little round man, clever and amusing, who has been a
professional magician.

We also played the game of ‘Hatik, Eva and Felix,’ in which three mummy dolls are used, being placed in three mummy cases, the idea being to guess which case contains which doll. Patsy was clever enough to guess how the trick is done, but I’m not going to disclose it in case you have a chance to play it and want to find out for yourself.

Chester took Patsy’s handkerchief—her pet handkerchief, too—and pretended to wrap it around a lighted cigarette, but of course the handkerchief came forth unscathed.

Jimmy Gleason and his wife came in, but stayed only a little while, as they declared they had a ‘lot of trouble at home.’ It seems their son Russell had sprained his ankle when he fell over a bit of stone in the front yard; Jimmie really was suffering from hiccups every minute, even if he was grinning, and the cook had a sty on her eye, and there was the mess in the living room which had to be cleaned up after a film they were looking at that afternoon had taken fire.

Natalie Moorehead was there, and Eileen Wilson, Roy Atkinson, the portrait painter who recently did a celebrated painting of Rudolph Valentino; Neil Hamilton and his wife; Jason Robards and his bride, Agnes Lynch; Lewis Milestone, Robert Montgomery, Helen Twelvetrees and her fascinating husband, whom, by the way, she greatly resemles; Eddie Nugent and his wife, and a number of others.

Natalie Moorehead was seated in a big chair close to the fireplace, and was so surrounded by men that Patsy declared she really should issue tickets to herself.

“There’s actually a waiting list!” she declared. ‘I’d like to know her secret.”

Natalie was on the stage, too, you know, but is in talking pictures now.

“Well, I don’t think it’s a secret,” I said, “when anybody is as pretty as Natalie.”

“Ah, but there’s more than meets the eye,” Patsy declared. “I’m going over and talk to her.”

So I went too, and found that Natalie’s secret of charm is a quite obvious one. She is genuinely kind, for one thing, and then she is clever enough without being too clever, and most of all she manages to make everybody within her circle feel that she is talking directly to him.

Helen Twelvetrees proved very fascinating, too. Just from the New York stage, she humorously declared that the extra girls on the Fox set where she is working tell her every day how to act!

“I don’t mind that,” she said, “but what I do mind is that the director is making me lisp. As though we weren’t all trying hard not to!”

Neil Hamilton’s wife was carrying one of those big gauzy flirt handkerchiefs and Eddie Nugent told her that it was very reckless for a man to buy a flirt Hanky for a wife who was as attractive as she was, whereupon she exclaimed: “He didn’t! I bought it myself!” And Mr. Stubbs said plaintively that he wished she would try to lure him with it.

The painter man, Roy Atkinson, proved that he had other talents besides painting by playing the piano very nicely for us, and Mrs. Morris too proved herself an accomplished musician.

We heard a tiny cry, just then, and all the women exclaimed breathlessly—‘The baby!’

Whereupon Chester brought out his lusty littie son, who proved himself a good descendant of a theatrical family by smiling and taking his bow—even if it was Chester who gave him a rehearsal by tipping his head toward us—and promptly going to sleep again when he was laid in his crib.

“Even if the spirits had arrived we couldn’t possibly have had any more fun.” Patsy declared as we left for home. “They might not have been the right kind of spirits socially anyway. You know how anxious everybody is to come to Hollywood!”

“Come out and eat hash with Octavus Roy Cohen,” the invitation read.

“It’s from Jimmie Gleason and his wife, Lucille Webster,” explained Patsy, “and even without the lure of the hash or Octavus, I’d go!”

The invitation was accompanied by a (Cont. on page 102)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

FAY WRAY and RICHARD ARLEN

in

"Four Feathers"
Fox Movietone Goes Gay and Girlified with the First Motion Picture Musical Extravaganza.

Lois Moran's training in the Paris Opera ballet makes her a valuable member of the cast of the Movietone Follies. She is the fair heroine.

Has Broadway ever produced a prettier show girl than Blanche Fisher, one of the ladies of the Fox Movietone Follies ensemble? A loud and ringing "NO!"

A sweet and snappy number involving jazz and ermine and feathers and laces and—oh, yes—girls! The beauties in the film Follies are all by, of, and for Hollywood.
Now You Don't Have to Visit Broadway to See a Grand Girl Show. Fox's Follies Will Come to You!

Cunning Sue Carol, stellar soubrette of the screen, struts her very special stuff as the ingenue of Mr. Fox's Movietone Follies.

Folks, meet Betty Rocklaw— one of the reasons why the success of the Movietone Follies is practically assured. Broadway has no corner on gorgeous show girls. What ho, Hollywood!

Sue Carol leads one of those collegiate numbers involving a male chorus—a situation not precisely new to the popular Sue. David Rollins is the bright pet-icular boy friend.
NOW that he is one of the first six stars of the movies do you suppose we'll have to stop calling him Jack?
LORETTA! Young, also winsome, pretty, sweet, and, despite the décolletage, just a nice, shy, old-fashioned girl!
Including the Hungarian!

The beautiful Vilma from Budapest has become a full-fledged American movie star, going in for tennis and talkies!

A Japanese parasol, a Hollywood bathing suit, and an Hungarian rhapsody!

Vilma Banky—or Athletics with An Accent!

Rod La Rocque likes good sports. "Vell," says Vilma, "vot's the matter vit this sun?"

The name of her newest film is "This is Heaven." So is any scene to which Vilma Banky lends her loveliness. She is equally entrancing by studio lights or the strong sun of California.
ADVICE to

The Fair Brides of Hollywood Speak Their Minds About Matrimony. You Don't Have to Be a June Bride to Read and Relish Their Revelations.

give you an account of your own. I believe you will be happier if you have your own career outside your home, but you can make your home a career, if you will. See that your husband has the finest home you can afford, but leave

Below: Vilma Banky was a June bride herself, two years ago. She says: "Every wife should have a separate bank account." Rod agrees. Left, George and Mary Lou Lewis. "Don't fool yourself that the man you marry is so much in love that he will stand for anything you do." warns Mary Lou.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!

All who contemplate matrimony in this favorite month for brides, attention!
Hollywood's happily-wed, who have had honeymoons a few months or a few years back, wish to give you recipes for happiness!
Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!

Social workers tell us that the largest percentage of marriages that fail do so because of difficulties arising during or immediately after the honeymoon," observes Dolores Costello, one of our most recent brides.

"There is no reason why romance should die, and you must make it your business to see that it does not, but don't overdo sentiment. Nothing more swiftly bores a man.

"Find out your husband's likes and dislikes before completely furnishing your new home. Perhaps he has strong prejudices for or against certain types of furniture. You hope he'll want to spend a great deal of time at home, so cater to his tastes.

"Unless you are to be wealthy, it is well to consider carefully how you spend his money. Too many bills have killed more romances than any other agent. Let him see that you are trying to be a true helpmate."

"My advice to June brides is the same as my advice to those who marry in any other month," declares Norma Shearer. "Realize that matrimony is the most eventful milestone in your life, that it should mark the beginning of life's greatest happiness.

"Don't sit down and expect your husband to make you happy. Consider it your great duty and privilege to make him happy, and in so doing you will find happiness. Make your marriage a fifty-fifty proposition and you can't go wrong!"

Vilma Banky, whose wedding two years ago was the event of that June, believes that all brides should have a church wedding.

"Every woman looks lovely in a wedding veil," she tells us, "and her husband will always think of her as beautiful.

"Every wife should have a separate bank account. If you are not financially independent, your husband should
him alone in it sometimes.

"When your husband has men friends visit him at the house, make yourself as beautiful as possible, so that he will be proud of you, and then only stay ten minutes!"

Billie Dove warns brides against settling down.

"Remain sweethearts and keep up the pretty courtship ways.

"No sweetheart would let her lover see her when she is untidy, unkempt, or out of temper. Why should a wife do so?"

"Remember the things he likes and makes an effort to keep him in love with you."

Part of Camilla Horn's advice comes too late if you have already picked your man.

"Marry your direct opposite," she counsels. "I am pessimistic by nature and I deliberately chose an optimistic man, who could help me through my blue days and cast sunshine on my gloom."

The rest of her conclusions, however, may prove valuable.

"Be natural. Don't try to be too sweet because you can't keep it up. Nobody could.

"Don't let him be too sure of you. Keep him guessing. Make him a bit afraid of losing you. I don't wish to set brides to quarreling, but oh, it's such fun to make up!

"However, if you love and understand your husband, you will not need much advice from women, I think!"

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey are unusually successful as husband and wife.

"To be sure of a happy marriage," states Estelle, a wife should know when to give in. Two persons, no matter who they are, disagree at times, and all married people find there are moments when they don't see eye to eye.

"Every woman knows in her heart when she is fair. If she is sure she is right, and the thing really matters, she should not give in or the man will lose his sense of justice. If she is wrong, she must know she is wrong, and she should give in gracefully and swiftly, if she wishes to keep her husband's respect. There is nothing so vital as respect in marriage."

"Don't settle down!" is the secret, according to Corinne Griffith. "Keep your husband as a playmate. Be always ready to pack up a lunch and run down to the beach with him. See that he doesn't have (Cont. on page 112)
Rob Wagner Asks:

The Famous Writer and Screen Authority

Talkies and Wonders Whimsically

Now that the movies have gone 'drammìe' and 'drammìe' has gone movie, it might be well to stop in the thick of the artistic debacle and, however ungrammatical the expression, "see where we're at."

First, we may dismiss certain obvious triumphs of news-weekly soundies and short-reel talkies. To add actual music to a marching band at the laying of a cornerstone is a real achievement. To introduce us to Musсолini, Calvin Coolidge, Bernard Shaw and Charles Lindbergh and at the same time hear their voices, is, so far, the most successful marriage of silence and sound. These particular triumphs, however, are straight news-reel reporting and have nothing to do with art.

It might help in our understanding of the puzzling mess in which we find ourselves if art—or perhaps, what is not art—were briefly defined. It is not, for instance, a literal translation of nature. Art is, in fact, essentially artificial. Music is generally regarded as the purest of the arts because of this very quality. There is nothing in nature like a Beethoven Sonata or a Sousa march. A photograph of a tree is a more literal transcript of a tree than Corot's painting of one, but literalism is not art. Even the most realistic play is artificial, for it is ridiculous to say it is an exact reproduction of nature when one wall of a house has been removed so that a thousand people or more may look in. No one viewing the extreme realism of a Belasco play ever feels that he is gazing upon the real thing. He knows the scene is not in New England. It is merely a symbol of such a location. The symbol may be so perfect that it arouses us to real tears or laughter, but in its last analysis we know that the performance, picture or sound, is artificial.

Every art has its limitations and it is only when art stays within its limits that it reaches its greatest triumph. When sculpture—the art of form—takes on color it becomes a wax-work. The dummies in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theatre are startlingly deceptive but as art they are beneath contempt. The painter who attempts stereoscopic by freak lighting and trick frames excites wonder but his 'art' is as childish as a cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg. Most people are unable to define art but they subconsciously know the difference between art and literalism.

That rather inadequately expressed definition being off our chest, let's look into the matter at present puzzling us, and the producers of art even more. Let's for example take a motion picture and a stage play and compare them as art, noting the particular triumphs and limitation of each art-form.

The stage is limited in both time and space. In two hours of dialogue it can give but three or four short sequences in the lives of its characters. Within the confines of a theatre it can show only the same number of locations. The screen, on the other hand, can take its characters from London to Tokyo and back, showing their adventures...
What About Art?

Discusses the Artistic Possibilities of the
What the Screen Is Coming To!

on land, sea and in the air. Furthermore, as pantomime is much swifter than the spoken word it can cover years of time. Another great triumph, lies in its ability to visualize the sub-conscious mind—thoughts, dream sequences, phantasms and psychic phenomenon.

Without doubt the greatest triumph of the stage is in the spoken word. Intense and significant drama may be put over, without the slightest action, by two or three people simply sitting at a table and talking. That this art-form beats a talkie of the same scene lies in the fact that the stage reveals not only the sound of the voice but it brings us into physical and spiritual contact with the actor, such as no picture can possibly do. It is ridiculous to say that a talkie of Mussolini has the same dramatic force as a personal meeting with that forceful man.

Let us compare a particular drama that has gone movie, and a movie that has gone talkie. The latter first. "Interference" is a stage play made into a movie, and in the translation every triumph of the screen has been discarded simply to reproduce the stage play, including its limitations. Only in a short opening sequence at a grave does the film venture outside the theatre, the other scenes taking place within the limits of a few stage sets. It is a fairly literal translation of the spoken drama to the screen; but after all, photographs are speaking rather than real people, and though the result will permit folk in remote places to see the play, it will be like letting them enjoy a fine colored reproduction of the Mona Lisa—better than not seeing it at all, but lacking that spiritual thrill one gets when viewing the original. Or to be more definite—like listening to Charles Lindbergh in a talkie and being present when he made the picture and spoke his modest lines.

"Strange Interlude" is a drama that has gone talkie. O'Neill had a drama in which he wished to put over not only the objective action and dialogue but the thoughts of his characters. In order to do this he used the childish device of simply stopping the action, "freezing" the other characters in their places, permitting the actor to talk his thoughts. In the opening scene, Marsden sits on the edge of a table and reviews in monologue his whole youth. The effect was beyond the limits of the silent drama's finest medium. A motion picture of the same scene would have shown Marsden coming out of his memories in time to greet the Professor upon his entrance.

The talkies have not yet jelled and the 'drammies' are trying to steal our stuff. Until they both recognize their limits and stay within them, there will be artistic chaos.

© King Alfonso of Spain and King George of England are among the world figures whose personalities and voices are brought to us through the miracle of the Movietone—triumphs of news-reel reporting.
On Location with

Screenland's Location Lady Never Misses an Interesting Production. Here She Watches the Making of a New Picture With an Unusual Theme and Cast.

Eve Southern called for me in her Rolls Royce sports car which she drives herself. During the few minutes that she waited for me, a crowd of people had gathered, fascinated as much by her loveliness as by the fact that she was Eve Southern, and a movie star. She wore a pea-green gown and a white feather hat that fit closely to her head. Here and there tendrils of red-gold curled on her neck and cheeks. Her face is the most extraordinary one I have ever seen, so delicately lovely that when she turns those enormous violet eyes, fringed with lashes so long that they actually tangle, full upon you, and smiles her slow, sweet smile, you can think of only one comparison, a blush rose opening to the morning sun. The lashes are real, too! I never would believe it because they are more than an inch long, but I have had plenty of opportunity since I have been out here to assure myself that they are nature's gift to one of her favorites.

We were bound for the Universal lot, a section of which had been rented by Tiffany-Stahl for "The Voice Within," the Eve Southern picture. Fifteen years ago when Uncle Carl Laemmle bought about one hundred and sixty acres to accommodate his west coast productions, he thought he had a white elephant on his hands, I heard. Now, with the price of land in that section worth thousands of dollars an acre, where he had paid less than a hundred, Mr. Laemmle has an entirely different opinion on the subject. Not that he wants to sell any of it. But he seldom has to send a company away on location because the scenery found right at home is so varied. Then he sometimes rents whole acres to other companies, as in this case.

As we sped along I asked Eve what the new story was like and whether she liked her part. "I love it," she said. "It's a little like 'The Gaucho'—I mean she is a spiritual girl.

"Do you like to play spiritual girls best?" I inquired, thinking that she must or she could never have handled "The Gaucho" part so well. She turned toward me with her illuminating smile, and her eyes sparkled with mischief.

"No. I simply adore to play 'hellers'! The wilder the girl is the better I like her. Of course she has to have a little sense and some imagination. I don't like unintelligent wildness. I played a 'heller' just after 'The Gaucho' part and it was a tremendous relief, although 'The Gaucho' was a very inspiring thing to be in and working with Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford was a joy; but the part itself required a lot of self-discipline. I had to keep my mind as far above material things as I possibly could and I even was careful about the things I ate. I didn't even eat an onion, or it would show in my face the next day! I don't know why, exactly, except that I know onions are the most potent blood-makers in the vegetable kingdom and per-
happ the materialism of this is what caused the effect. I could never allow myself to become angry because the angry thoughts would stand out like a sore thumb. You can imagine how I had to watch myself. It was wonderful training but I couldn’t stand it as a steady diet!

"The girl I play in this picture is a titled woman engaged to marry Lord Gary, leading surgeon of London, when it is discovered that she has an incurable heart affection. She retires to the country and changes her name, wishing to hide and die alone so that the man she loves will not see her droop and fade. She has rather a religious nature and believes in God as a healing power. One day a child who lives near and of whom she has grown fond, is hurt. Anne (my rôle) takes the little girl in

her arms and puts her whole soul into a prayer for life. The child is instantly healed.

"Gradually the news travels that Anne is a miracle worker and people from all over the country come to be healed. The girl is upset by this because she doesn’t feel that she has done anything. Her intense desire to help the unfortunate ones and her real belief in the power of God, often prove successful, but when she is upset and doubtful nothing happens.

"The scene we are going to do today is where hundreds of people climb the hill to the ‘miracle woman’s’ home and demand to be healed. At the same time the doctors of the country are up in arms, the news has reached London, and Lord Gary, not knowing the miracle girl is his sweet-heart, comes to denounce her as a charlatan."

We were met at the gate by Mrs. Todd, director of west coast publicity for Tiffany-Stahl, and she drove through to the location with us.

The cameras were set in a little hollow with rolling hills on all sides. There was also a tiny village there with shops and attractive cottages with widow boxes full of flowers. It looks so funny to see these picture sets. ‘False fronts,’ they are called! And certainly when you step inside of the most charming cottage and find nothing but earth and lath and plaster strewn all over the earth, and the back plain boards with windows cut out so the light will be controlled, it is a distinct shock.

There was a white haze hanging over the trees and touching the hill on which could be seen the ‘miracle woman’s’ cottage. Here and there were patches of shade cast by... (Cont. on page 104)
A triumph for the talkies! And a very special triumph for a little girl brought up in the silent studios—Miss Norma Shearer. You know how only a few months ago Hollywood was in a panic over the invasion of the stage-trained actors from Broadway? Hollywood needn't have worried. For the best performances turned in to the talkies to date have been by our tried-and-true favorites, the girls and boys of the old regime. What price revolution, anyway?

Norma Shearer is the first lady of the talkies. She proves it in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." With no stage training to give her confidence, Miss Shearer steps quietly into a most difficult role and handles it like a veteran. Her poise, her voice, her artistry eclipse many actors of long stage standing. She is truly superb.

Bayard Veiller, author of the play, directed the screen version. It is an almost literal translation. But what it lacks in movement it makes up in drama. True, the perfect talkie will not be so confined to dialogue as this drama. It will dash from place to place with the furious speed of the news-reel. But right now we can't expect too much. The imagination of the spectator is given free rein when the witnesses tell their stories in the trial. In a silent movie there would be cut-backs to the scenes spoken of, and the incidents would be enacted. As it is, our mind's eye invents its own images, which is fun, too.

I would rather not tell you anything about the story. It is tense and forceful drama, and the human interest of the girl on trial for her life, defended by her beloved younger brother, is sure-fire. One of your favorite screen actors, Lewis Stone, speaks for the first time, and you will like him better than ever. Another, H. B. Warner, in the fat role of the prosecuting attorney, is capital. Raymond Hackett, from the stage, is a sympathetic brother. And Lilyan Tashman, as a chorus-girl witness, is a well-dressed riot. But the picture belongs to Norma Shearer. Just try to take it away from her!

The Movie of the Month.

Norma Shearer is superb in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," her first talkie. Raymond Hackett plays her brother.
The Divine Lady

The most beautiful picture of the month, with the most exquisite star—Corinne Griffith in "The Divine Lady." All concerned in this production deserve high praise. Frank Lloyd, the director, and Miss Griffith have turned out a picture which is a credit to their intelligence and imagination. It has a rare poetic quality. Every scene stands out for beauty. It is in perfect taste. At the same time, it has drama. And while the realists may say, "Yeh, but wasn't Emma Hamilton a hussy?" they must admit that there is little lost and much gained by making this historical romance a lyric poem rather than just another sordid story.

Corinne is the one screen star who could play Emma. She has the legendary loveliness, plus her own great charm and delicacy. In case anyone still believes that Miss Griffith is too beautiful to be a good actress, let him compare her Emma with her Outcast. She never plays herself; she's always in character. Now we can go on with the story! The Battle of Trafalgar is by far the most important and impressive sea scrap ever fought on the screen. Some of the scenes are miniature masterpieces; and with the 'sound effects' you feel too near the danger zone for entire comfort. Lord Nelson is handsomely played by Victor Varconi—an excellent characterisation, especially when you consider that Varconi, a large and hearty young man, is obliged to minimize his stature and high spirits to achieve the correct effect. H. B. Warner is splendid.

THE LETTER

If you are among the mob yelling for sophisticated entertainment on the screen—aha, I thought I recognized your voice!—you can now jump up and down and clap hands over the delivery of "The Letter." Because here is grown-up drama, all right all right. Nothing juvenile about it—it's hard, that's what it is, hard. The fair heroine isn't at all the kind of girl a boy's mother would want him to marry. (Who is?) In other words, she is no Mary Brian. No—Mrs. Crosbie, who writes "The Letter," is the First Murderess of the Month, bless her heart; and she is also a beautiful and most accomplished liar. The picture is all about her efforts to save her lovely white neck—which means it is all very exciting. The cast boasts the finest collection of Oxford accents yet heard from the screen. Jeanne Eagels, the star, is supported by Herbert Marshall, O. P. Heggie, and other good actors. And you needn't think everything is all cleaned up pretty for the fade-out, either. Oh, no. After Mrs. Crosbie has bought back her incriminating letter and saved her neck she proceeds to wreck her husband's life by telling him that she still loves the man she killed. It's a big scene. "The Letter" may give old-fashioned film fans the shock of their lives; but the smooth direction and adroit histrionics will act as shock-absorbers. As for Jeanne Eagels—wonderful!
Noah's Ark

This is a spectacle. And you know what a spectacle is. No—not what grandmother wears on her nose, silly. But an epic—a super-film—a great, big over-stuffed cinema. Considered as a spectacle "Noah's Ark" is all wet. Now I don't mean what you think I mean. Just that there are more gallons of water spilled in this film than ever before on one screen. The effect is amazing and awe-inspiring and a lot of other expensive adjectives. In fact, you'll be impressed.

Michael Curtiz has done a notable job in directing this picture. Especially since he had so little in the way of story structure to build on. The premise is that the great war performed the same service in wiping out the sins of the world that the flood did in Noah's time—or something like that. Those two charming young people, Dolores Costello and George O'Brien, with a good supporting cast, are the protagonists. In spite of yourself you are thrilled with the sweep of the thing and even carried away a little by the improbable adventures of the heroine and her boy friend. And when, in the second half of the show, the screen is enlarged and the flood comes, and Noah's Ark is filled with its good folk and its animals two by two, while the poor wicked wretches struggle in the waves outside, you will be glad you've come.

The spectacular scenes equal in size and impressiveness anything recorded by the camera. Dolores Costello's scenes are sheer beauty—and her voice has improved. George O'Brien is wholesome and hearty as the first hero to snore for the talkies.

Christina

No. I don't mean it is a talking picture in a foreign language. Just a story laid in Holland, that's all—or the Isle of Marken, to be explicit—and do let's. It's one of those whimsies, a delicate, sentimental little thing with Janet Gaynor as a dream-girl. Now I like Janet just as much as you do; I loved "Seventh Heaven"; but once or twice during the unreeling of "Christina" I did catch myself wishing that Janet wouldn't be quite so whimsical, so dream-like, so dear. There! I suppose it wasn't her fault; she had to play the part as it was written. Miss Gaynor can do such grand things, why let her languish in a role so soft it squashes? If I'm just an old meanie looking for trouble I'll get it. But I like to see a girl like Janet in a part worthy of her talents. She is a vision in her Dutch costume, particularly the bridal gown which is now gracing the SCREENLAND reader who won the Gaynor contest. And she has a grand leading man, Charles Morton. In fact, "Christina" is always lovely to look at. Janet, as the devoted daughter of an old toy-maker, Rudolph Schildkraut, dreams of a prince who will one day come riding on a white horse. When a circus comes to town she sees in the parade the knight of her dreams; and they fall in love. The mean manageress of the circus, Lucy Dorraine, plots to part them and darn near succeeds. But the ending is all love and kisses.
Do you like Lupe Velez? What a silly question. Step right this way, then, to Mr. Griffith's latest drama, "Lady of the Pavements," in which Lupe sings, dances, cavorts, clowns and emotes. Lupe, in other words, is the whole show, whether you like it or not—but you said you did like it, didn't you? It's the little Mexican's own private picture, even though William Boyd and Jetta Goudal are featured first. It's Lupe, all Lupe; and the theme song is "Lupe Velez, I Love You"—or no, it isn't either; it's something about "The Song of Songs for Me." But Lupe sings it; so there you are; or rather, there she is; and isn't she, though!

"Lady of the Pavements" is a romance of the Second Empire. With Lupe playing a cafe singer who is hired to vamp a young Austrian officer (William Boyd) to satisfy the revengeful feelings of a great court lady (Jetta). Lupe succeeds only too well. Even Miss Goudal's machinations fail to keep the true lovers apart. Lupe as a comedienne scores over Lupe, the emotional artiste. When she learns to express as much with her face as she does so naturally now with her lithe, eager young body, Senorita Lupe will have arrived with this department. But just now she is heartily recommended as a spring tonic to all who have that tired feeling by yours truly, Dr. Evans.

The Wild Party

Clara Bow's first talkie. That's all! Clara's voice is very Bow—no accent, no affectation; just natural, wild, spontaneous and untamed like the red-head kid herself. You won't be disappointed; you'll like her even more because she is all the more—herself. Paramount has wisely not attempted to tamper with its prize star's vocal equipment. She vamps till ready now as always, with sound accompaniment. "The Wild Party," as a picture, is a rough, rowdy, highly improbable and most amusing show. Not to be taken seriously, so don't be critical. There never was a girls' college like Winston, nor a student body, oho, like the gay mob which flutters around Clara. Who cares? The audience is seeing a Folies show in a new setting and education will become more popular with the masses. The story? Well, Stella Ames, Winston's pet hoyden, falls in love with the professor of anthropology, who reciprocates but feels he should tame his 'little savage.' I leave it to you who does the taming in this picture. Fredric March plays and speaks the professor; you'll welcome this new and different leading man. If you didn't know that Dorothy Arzner directed "The Wild Party" you'd swear Mack Sennett did. The girls are beautiful and spirited, especially Adrienne Dore. Joyce Compton turns in a corking performance as the school-sneak—a real characterization. Clara is generous and shares the applause.
His Captive Woman

WHEN, what a picture! I mean it’s a hot picture, I really do. But even on a balmy spring evening I think you can stand the added temperature particularly when I tell you that Dorothy Mackaill is the star and divides her time in this opus between scenes as a night-club dancer and as a castaway on a desert island, with costumes to match. Miss Mackaill has never had a better opportunity to prove her place as one of the screen’s most fascinating young women, both artistically and—a hem—optically. She runs the gamut of emotions—she’s tough, she’s tender. By the way, it’s about time to run that gamut again. You have to be assigned a role like Dorothy’s, starting bad and reforming slowly, or vice versa, before you can call for that good old gamut and run it ragged. Leave it to Dorothy; she does. As the heroine she is called upon to do several rather unladylike things, murder among them; but somehow she is forgiven. “His Captive Woman” will do more than a little capturing herself when she is let loose on the audience, thanks to Miss Mackaill.

Almost Funny Enough to Make Buster Keaton Laugh!

Buster Keaton is the only one in the world who could keep a straight face through the hilarious happenings of “Spite Marriage.” And I’m sure even the frozen-faced comedian must have been laughing up his sleeve, if not at his own antics—Buster’s modest—then at the graceful gyrations of his little leading lady, Dorothy Sebastian. Yes, I said Dorothy Sebastian. Never thought to find Dorothy in a Keaton comedy, did you? Well, here she is. And believe it or not, she has the chance of her life to make good. She snaps into it and after some rather rough treatment during which she is knocked down and dragged around and thrown here and there, she emerges as one of the best little comedinettes on the screen. “Spite Marriage” is as much her picture as it is Buster’s. With his usual consideration Buster shares honors on every possible occasion. The story—there’s always a story in a Keaton comedy, you know—concerns a struggling young man whom a popular actress marries out of hand to spite her regular beau who had jilted her. Buster takes it all seriously, of course, and protects his bride from bootleggers and even rescues her from the perils of the deep. The ship scenes are very funny. But the highlight of the picture is the heroic attempt of the patient husband to put his slightly inebriated better half to bed. A howl!
The Canary Murder Case

Let me go—let me go, I say! Stop pinching. I won't tell you who did it. You can just go to see the picture and find out for yourself. I had to. And they flash a great big sign on the screen requesting you not to divulge the denouement (There's a word for you. You can have it.)

But don't try to fool me. You'd go to see "The Canary Murder Case" for yourself no matter if I did tell you the solution. Nothing could keep you away once you heard William Powell is playing the gentleman detective, Philo Vance, in his big way. You can just imagine how the silken and suave William relishes his roles and how we all do. If you read the book by S. S. Van Dine you will not be disappointed in its screen adaptation. Louise Brooks plays the murdered Canary; a romance between James Hall and Jean Arthur has been added for good measure; and such actors as Gustaf von Seyffertitz, Louis John Bartels and Charles Lane contribute to the excitement. And, believe it or not, there is no court-room scene. Many thanks, Mr. Paramount.

Texas—The State of Excitement!

The Queen of the Night Clubs

So this is Texas! Guinan—herself, in person—no, no; I mean, just a motion picture. But she talks and she sings and all, so you can kid yourself, if you care to, that you're really at the Guinan night-club in New York, padlocks permitting, watching real whoopie in the making. Take a good look at Tex and her gang. Don't push. And be grateful there's no cover charge. Your admission to the picture covers everything.

'Everything' includes a pretty authentic picture of the night-club atmosphere of the gay 40's in Manhattan. Texas Guinan presides, urging on the 'suckers' to 'give the little girls a great, big hand.' And oh yes, there's a story. It involves the night-club hostess, Tex Malone, and her son Eddie (Eddie Foy, Jr.) in a murder mystery which in turn drags us all in to one of those court-room trial scenes, for the fourth time this month. I hope you all like murder trials. Lila Lee is the pretty ingenue, and it's good to see her again. The talkies have brought her back to stay.
How the Little

Adrian Explains How the 'Pocket Edition' or 'Pint Size' Girl May Achieve as Much Chic as her Bigger Sisters!

If Bessie were a bird she would undoubtedly be a swallow. She has all the qualities of that bird, including the energy that enables such a little creature to build a most imposing nest in a daring and taking fashion.

Bessie has a mischievous personality in spite of the fact that she is rarely actually mischievous. Her 'about to jump to the moon' manner makes amusing almost all of her sports things, and one feels that they are touched lightly and never taken seriously by her.

One comes upon her walking with a most serious manner to some place or other or coming back equally serious from another place—and yet her rippling giggle bursts all your illusions, upon talking to her. She is the nearest to Pan in the studio. She has eternal youth because she doesn't know how to grow up; she is sensible almost to a fault, and practical, too. All of these qualities applied to her clothes makes her a strange little person with a knowledge of things—surprisingly

Bessie Love is such a pocket edition of her type that it is like analyzing the potentialities of a mouse to describe her clothes at all. She is undoubtedly one of the tiniest successful stars in Hollywood and ninety percent of her is unadulterated charm. Her wistfulness naturally gives her very vivacity a temperament and her wildest moments are always frosted with bewilderment.

Sometimes she tries to look very tall and even sophisticated, which makes her more charming with the very effort of it all. Her charm is very like the little girl dressed in her mother's dress with a train. If her carriage awaits at the door one would imagine it pushed by a governess rather than pulled by spirited horses. She is too tiny for her limousine, too tiny for her furs, completely lost in most of her hats, and perfectly at home in rompers! Although her heart yearns for ultra-smart clothes Bessie Love, with all her tinyness, is smart because she has chic.

Bessie, being tiny, should never wear anything verging on the picture hat unless it be with a very bountiful dress which would give her importance—but without a skirt to balance her she would be overpowered by it.

Sports things are fine for her, and not too ingenue evening dresses. She must be charming and even cunningly smart but never coy or too sweet. No woman ever should be too sweet in her fussiness and fluff to be really smart. The pictorial quality kills smartness and is the curse of Hollywood. Women in Hollywood are continually thinking photographically and not from the standpoint of smartness, even off the screen. What is too beautiful with a battery of back-lights is too silly at a smart night club.

Keep your picture frame personality for your picture frame and never drag it into the tea dance.
Ingenue Can be Smart, Too!

By Adrian
Screenland’s Fashion Editor

Adrian is an authority on feminine fashions. Every month in Screenland he takes up a different type and solves a particular clothes problem. Adrian is glad to answer all letters from Screenland readers concerning clothes. Address: Adrian, Screenland’s Fashion Department, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

All drawings especially sketched for Screenland by Adrian.

old mentally, when one considers the general impression one gets of her.

Although she could wear clothes suitable for a much younger person she is wise not to dress childishly, which would be the inclination of many people so easily fitted to do it. She keeps a grown-up picture of herself before her mind’s eye and I find it is this quality that keeps her smart instead of a type.

It is not necessary to submerge youth by smartness. Many people think that smartness can be applied more to the sophisticated woman than the young girl. This is all a mistake—when smartness is sacrificed for youth one is apt to look like one of the girls in the sister act of a recent play where we found one of the ‘sisters’ was the mother.

Bessie has a French quality about her with an American soul. Once we made a wedding gown for Bessie which was a very formal queenly thing and amazing as it may seem Bessie did look every inch the personage she was supposed to be. She can do wonders with four-inch heels and a flare for mimicry.

Her catching giggle almost frightened the dignity out of the dress, however. I want to digress a moment from Bessie and speak about the curious manner of clothes evolution.

A new idea in dress is no different than any other invention. It is simply a matter of the eye becoming accustomed to anything from air lines to hemlines.

No fashion can be brought about unless its natural time of evolution is here. The reason for a dress dipping in back or becoming longer is because of natural evolution, watered by the tender care of couturier gardeners and smart women who are the flowers.

It is the dressmaker who plants the seed but it is the woman who makes out of it a thoroughbred plant or a weed.

If it is too hardy a plant one sees it in every shop window and that’s why the exclusive shop guards its smartest models with the zeal shown only by the grower of orchids.

Fortunately, in a way, there are only a really few women who understand thor—

(Cont. on page 110)
HURRYING across the Fox studio grounds, Belle Bennett stopped suddenly as Lois Moran rounded a corner of one of the stages.

They greeted each other cordially, these two who rose to fame about three years ago in "Stella Dallas."

"Little, but oh, my, what an actress, even then!"

"My goodness," exclaimed Miss Bennett, standing off and looking Lois up and down, "you've grown up to be a lady! When we worked together you were a mere child!"

Lois is a woman; it seems only yesterday that she was a child. I met her in 1926, just after the completion of "Stella Dallas."

Then she was a sweet-faced kid in short skirts, with her hair in long curls. She had given up dolls, I think, but she hadn't as yet discovered the importance of the young men who hovered at her elbow and competed for her smiles.

Now she is a grown-up—a girl of considerable beauty and rare poise and charm. The slim, girlish figure of yesterday has given way to well-rounded curves. The wide eyes, only innocent two years ago, still are innocent but there is a new light in them; an interest in things around her; a wonderment about life. Maybe Mother Eve's eyes contained that same light just before she reached for the apple!

Other thoughts about Lois hastened across my mind. I remember no other actress who has successfully passed from childhood to womanhood on the screen without loss of popularity. There are innumerable actresses who were successful youngsters and who still seek to continue as favorites. But something happens (Continued on page 109)
CONRAD NAGEL, you're pretty young to be a pioneer. But you started it all with your admirable voice in the first talkies.
AND to think Thelma Todd studied to be a school-teacher! As it is, she gives celluloid lessons on the subject of charm.
It is so seldom that Ronald Colman faces the camera with a smile that we present this new portrait with pardonable pride.
HURRAH! Renee Adoree has signed a new contract. May her company at last do right by her and bring back Melisande to us!
A DOLPHE MENJOU is now working in his first talking picture, entitled "The Prince Consort." Très bien!
ANOTHER Mack Sennett discovery who is on the high road to stardom—lovely Sally Eilers, right now Reginald Denny's leading lady.
CLIVE BROOK'S English accent has enhanced his appeal—which, as any femme fan will tell you, was overwhelming anyway!
Colleen Moore in "Short Pants"—Not a Talking Picture.
WHILE YOU WAIT

By Anne Van Alstyne

Miss Van Alstyne will gladly answer any questions you care to ask about beauty. If you wish an answer by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Anne Van Alstyne, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

Effective beauty treatment which will enable you to face the world with the proud consciousness that you have all your good points with you. A treatment quite as adequate, incidentally, as the beautifying that is done in the boudoirs of the movie stars. I know, because I have learned some of their secrets—that is, if there are any beauty secrets in this day and age!

Allow yourself about forty minutes—an hour is better—for this freshening up. It would be wonderful wouldn't it, if we could wash our faces in something and look all in a minute fresh as a dewy rose? But until some clever person perfects a magic lotion such as this, we must spend some time and effort in making ourselves presentable.

First, take off all your clothes and slip into a loose kimono. Sit down before your dressing table and give your hair a quick brushing. Brush it up and back and away from your face, and up from the nape of your neck. Hair gets tired, and needs frequent change and rest.

Next, cleanse your face. Not with soap and water ever, upon just coming in, or when you are tired and want to beautify quickly. The time to use soap and water on your face is just before retiring.

Have ready on your dressing table a jar of cleansing cream, a skin freshener or tonic, one of the many good ones now on the market, or witch hazel which is tonic, soothing and cleansing. Diluted with toilet water it has a pleasing fragrance and is not unlike expensive face lotions. Have also at hand a package of cleansing tissues or soft face towels made from cheese cloth in three-quarter yard lengths, and a bowl of absorbent cotton.

Douse a piece of absorbent cotton with the tonic, dip it in the cleansing cream and smooth over the face and neck using an upward movement. When the cotton is soiled, take another piece and proceed.

Next, using an eye cup, wash your eyes with a mild solution of boracic acid which your druggist has prepared for you. Or, use one of the excellent patented eye washes. Salt and water also is restful to the eyes. A level teaspoon of salt in a half-pint of boiled water is the right proportion. Keep in a tightly closed jar. If your eyes ache and are very tired, fill the wash basin with cold water, put two teaspoonfuls of salt into it and then immerse your face. Blink your eyes while your face

(Cont. on page 109)
New York has spring fever! No wonder, with Corinne Griffith, Greta Garbo, Lupe Velez and Estelle Taylor all here at the same time. It's a wonder anything is left of the old town at all! Offices were deserted. Everybody went about with an eager, questing look, peering around corners and staring into taxi-cabs and pulling out periscopes. Who knew but what that tall girl just turning the corner might be Garbo? Or that the beautiful lady alighting from a limousine was not Corinne Griffith? And surely that's Lupe climbing into a cab at Times Square, still made up for her act at the Rialto? Well, it was all pretty bewildering, let me tell you! And didn't we love it?

We met Garbo, shared cigarettes with Lupe, lunched with Estelle, and saw Corinne off for Europe! Who wants my job? Well, you can't have it! I wouldn't have missed the farewell to Corinne for anything. Not only because she is one of my favorites and perhaps the world's prettiest girl, with, and not incidentally, either, the handsomest husband, but also because they occupied the Queen Marie suite on the Leviathan! And you should see that for a treat! It's the swellest suite on the boat and so-called because the Queen used it on her trip to America. Graced by the aristocratic 'Divine Lady' of the movies it seemed more regal—and comfortable!—than ever. Corinne should always be surrounded by the loveliest and most luxurious things because she is as beautiful and delicate as a Dresden China doll or a Watteau shepherdess or something. And that's not all about Corinne. She's so sweet and gracious and is the only famous beauty I know who doesn't seem to realize it! She is casual and unconcerned about her
Garbo returns from her visit to Sweden—sparkling and happy. Alice Joyce came home to Manhattan—hurray! Lupe Velez on her first visit became a Broadway favorite and could have stayed to star in revues.

By Anne Bye

own fame. Not that she takes it as a matter of course, or is bored by it. She just has a detachment that is decidedly refreshing. She didn't stay for the opening of "The Divine Lady" on Broadway, thereby making herself more than ever a star apart from the rest.

Walter Morosco, her husband, is also the producer of the Griffith pictures, you know—a very smart young man and devoted to Corinne. She seems to like him, too! You know her voice has been insured for a million dollars. Talkies for her, too, from now on.

Garbo! Well, well! It didn't seem possible to me that the tall, very young and unspoil\ed girl I met was the famous Greta. She was so frank and straightforward and utterly devoid of pose. It was the first time I'd met her, and I was prepared for an 'act'—not exactly incense and tiger-jeans, but at least some sort of a pose. And here was Greta—slim and stunning in a sweater suit, with her famous bob curling around her cheeks and her huge blue eyes wide and friendly! She has a firm handshake and very little accent—just enough to be interesting. And she, too, has a marvellous detachment about her screen self. She is interested in her work but says she has never yet made a picture which could not have been oh, so very much better!

She speaks slowly in a low-pitched voice. It isn't husky, as I'd heard. It should register when she uses it in the all-talker, "Anna Christie," which will be her next film upon her return to the studios. She said: "I saw very few people in Sweden. I did not go to Paris—I suppose I should have! But I only wanted to see my home again and a few friends. It was very nice, for everyone did exactly as I wanted!" (Cont. on page 111)
Sonny Boy

Sonny Boy — beg pardon, Davey Lee — has conquered New York again. But this time there’s no Al Jolson to father him. However, Gertrude Olmstead as his mother, Betty Bronson as his auntie and John T. Murray as his sneezing dad, provide an excellent background for this child whose dramatic like hasn’t been seen since Master Jackie Coogan. You’ll like this film because it’s so sophisticated. That more than capable trouper, Edward Everett Horton, gives a performance as smooth as velvet; but everybody was good — the policeman, the night guest, his supposed dusty wife — everybody! Real entertainment, I call this one.

Lone Wolf’s Daughter

Here we have, ladies and gentlemen. Bert Lytell as a gentleman crook, reformed. Lytell falls for Gertrude Olmstead and so the excitement begins — Gertrude not being given to criminal society. Lytell as always is fine. Robert Elliott as the detective gives another of his splendid characterizations, and my, but Gertrude Olmstead looks pretty!

Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City

This picture with George Sidney, Mack Swain, Kate Price, and Vera Gordon, worked out along the same old Hebraic-Erin lines, is only fair. With its Atlantic City background, it had a chance to prove amusing, but it’s not. Sidney gave a good show and Nora Lane is pretty. But that’s all today!

The Girl on the Barge

Except for the melodramatic ending, this film of life on an Erie canal boat is excellent. Jean Hersholt, the bargeman, Sally O’Neil as his daughter, and Malcolm McGregor, the lover, are fine. The pictorial effects along the water front, the storm and the rescue are tremendous. A cut beyond the ordinary!

A Woman in the Night

If you like drama, here it is. A picture which deserves a real hand. Maria Corda loves her husband, Jameson Thomas, and proves it — thereby nearly wrecking her happiness and in- criminating an innocent bystander, Paul Cavanagh. These three do distinguished work. Maria looks very lovely.
About a Motion Picture. Let Screenland's Revuette's Answer Reviews and You'll Be Guided to the Worth-While Movies.

The Bride's Relations
Every driver of a Ford will sit through this twice or I miss my guess. Thelma Hill and Johnny Burke, just married, go to visit their country relations. Uncle Andy Clyde meets them in a 1906 Ford. When that car takes a nose dive on the 'short cut' home the audience gives up and roars. So will you. I can't recall a funnier picture.

Speakeasy
Here she is—the old town herself—with sound. You can hear the roar of Broadway when the Bright Lights are lit. Grand Central Station greeting a hero, the Empire Race Track with a long shot romping home, and Madison Square Garden climaxing everything with a prize fight. Henry Walthall, as a down-and-out musician playing opera in the speakeasy, and Helen Ware, a peroxided habitue of same, are great. Two newcomers, Lola Lane, the heroine, and Paul Page, as the middleweight champion, make a nice couple and sound well. Sharon Lynn, gold-digging singer, is easy on both eyes and ears. But Stuart Erwin, as a blase reporter, wins my vote. A safe bet in any town!

Krassin
What with Commander Richard Byrd off in Antarctica and everybody heated up over frozen lands, you many want to see this picture telling about the Soviet Ice Breaker "Krassin" rescuing the "Italia"s crew. It is interesting because it is a celluloid record of a real event.

Spies
This is the story of Haghi, the master spy. It is so crammed with complications that I'm not quite clear what it's all about. It would have gone swell in Lucrecia Borgia's day, for it's full of poisonings, wrecks, shootings, death gas, and what not. If action is what you like, this foreign film may please you.

Daughter of Two Fathers
This introduces to you Oimitsu, Japanese actress, in a real Japanese love story, filmed entirely in Japan. Oimitsu is charming—lovely, young and natural. Inouye and Fujino, her real and her foster father, are remarkably sincere actors. The settings are picturesque, and the picture is in every way worthy.
Perhaps the most important motion picture event of the year was the decision of Judge Yankwich in the trial of Jetta Goudal versus Pathé, formerly Cecil B DeMille Productions. The charges made against Jetta was that she was temperamental and disobedient to the point of disorganizing the company. Jetta’s defense was that she had been engaged by Mr. De Mille to do a part, and had been asked to interpret that part a certain way. She could not feel that the woman she was playing would react to the situation under question as Mr. De Mille said that she should. Try as she would, Jetta could not put sincerity into the scene, so she refused to play it, contending that an insincere performance would work against her as an artist and be of no value to the picture.

Judge Yankwich’s decision was that it was within the right of an artist to refuse arbitrary direction when such direction menaced the quality of an artist’s work. The judge further contended that as an artist was not a servant, he was not subject to the terms of employment generally used between master and servant, and that the value of Jetta Goudal was “Not in her ability to obey slavishly, for the humblest extra could do that—but in her ability to inject the force of her personality, experience and intelligence into the acting.”

It is said that this decision may place an entirely new complexion on the contract system as it appears at present and may develop an entirely new relationship between employer and employee.

While Jetta is elated over her success, she believes that it is her doom in pictures; that, while the decision will help decide similar arguments, the verdict will work against her personally and the producers will have none of her in future.

We sincerely hope not. Jetta Goudal is a poetic, imaginative artist and has given us some of the most interesting characterization the screen has offered.
Marian Nixon is about the only player who refers to the star of the picture she is playing in as 'Mr.' Referring to a scene in "Little Pal," she said "That was in Mr. Jolson's picture"; and to another, "Oh, that I did with Mr. Barphelless." It is a little touch of formality and respect, as charming as it is surprising in Hollywood, where no one calls anyone anything but their given name, no matter how slight the acquaintance.

* * *

In spite of Bill Shakespeare's memorable, "What's in a name?" it seems that a name matters an awful lot. A good many famous people have achieved success after a christening, but the swiftest result I ever heard of came to Edwin Carewe. Eddie had tramped around in circuses and vaudeville, stage and stock companies for a good many years, never seeming to get into anything that was successful. Always unlucky, always penniless; and he was getting tired of it. His name at that time was Jay Fox. He and another actor were riding through the lonely stretches of Long Island one Saturday night toward a house party, and Eddie was talking of his experiences—not exactly grouching, but wondering what the heck was the reason for them. His companion said, "Well, why don't you try changing your name?" After a good deal of bantering back and forth they decided to do it. Jay chose Edwin, because he and his family had been admirers of Edwin Booth; he chose Carewe because of the novel immortalizing the cavortings of that hectic family. And so he became Edwin Carewe. He was christened with a bottle of beer—real beer! Oh, it was quite all right. It was long before prohibition.

On Monday morning Eddie returned to town, walked into an office and was greeted with the words, "Oh, Jay, I have been trying to get you for ten minutes." He stepped into a job that day as leading man in a play that ran all season, the first time he had ever experienced such prosperity. Since then the re-baptized Eddie has never had a moment's financial worry!

* * *

Along with all the other worries a director has, just try to tie this one. You may think, 'Applesauce!' when you read it, and declare that a day's growth of beard would not matter. But John's beard grows very quickly and he usually has to shave twice a day. So if you want to check up, just try it out on the boy friend and have him photographed each day and compare the proofs.

In "Redemption," the new John Gilbert picture, directed by Fred Niblo, there is a sequence in which John's beard has to be watched and kept even. On Saturday they had to stop at one o'clock, because they had finished the sequence of his two days' growth of beard and didn't like to do the third days' growth because it wouldn't match up with the other scenes taken when his beard was three days old. Nor could he finish up the sequence where his beard had been one day old, and they couldn't have him shave to do the clean-shaven sequence, because on Monday came an important scene in which his beard must be five days old! So when you have to map out your schedule to keep pace with the growth of a man's beard it seems to me it can be said that you have your worries.

* * *

Lois Wilson is looking very beautiful as Princess Alexander in "The Swan," the rôle created in this country by Eva Le Gallienne. Lois is crazy about the stage but says that she has to do at least two pictures a year to earn her living, because her stage salary barely provides her with gowns. That's the worst of moving pictures! You get used to making a few thousand a week and it is pretty hard to make the old budget stretch from pay day to pay day when
Millard Webb, Paramount director, issues a few 'Don'ts' for Hollywood aspirants as follows: Unless you are beautiful and screen well; unless you have a perfect figure and wear a calico dress as though it were a velvet gown; unless you have acting ability par excellence, and screen experience; unless you have personality and charm; unless you have wit; unless you sing well and know professional dancing and unless you know that your voice records 100 percent over the microphone—don't come to Hollywood!

Ted Wilde, director for Harold Lloyd, was handed a lunch box while on location, marked 'Special.' "For you, Mr. Wilde," the property boy said. Ted answered, "Mine—why especially mine?" "Well, it's marked 'special' so it must be for you," said the property boy, to whom the director is all powerful. Ted opened it and there within lay a few pieces of dried bread and a banana. Ted was busy thinking over his

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They had been there two or three weeks when one morning the phone rang and Mr. Miller answered it. “Good morning,” said a brisk, cheery voice, “on behalf of the Better Citizens’ League we welcome you to Hollywood!”

Oscar had been up pretty late the night before and thought maybe he was having a nightmare. “What’s that?” he inquired. The voice repeated the welcome. “Well, you a little late aren’t you?” said Oscar. “What’s that?” asked the lady, in her turn a bit puzzled. “I said you are a little late, aren’t you? How long have you been here?”

“Why, I’ve been here four years,” she replied. “Well, I’ve been here eight,” said Oscar. “However, we’ll let that go. What’s the gag?” “W—hy—w—hy,” said the lady, taking heart once more and chirping, “The Better Citizens’ League would like to take you on a little trip to Toluca Lake.” Whereupon Oscar’s mirth knew no bounds. Toluca Lake is a fifteen minute’s motor run from Hollywood and the lake itself is about as large as a gold-fish bowl!

There’s no stopping the pep of the realtors out here!

* * *

Al Santell says he has got to build a top floor to his Malibu Beach house or go crazy! The top of floor will be one room which will be his bedroom, living room and study, and a bath. The lower part of the house will be turned over to his guests. When he has work to do he’ll mount the stairs, put a ‘busy’ sign on the door and let the guests make whoopee to their hearts’ content.

* * *

The James Gleasons have recently put up a ‘little place’ in Beverly Hills. You know how hard it is for an ordinary family to worry along with one motor car, when Father always needs it in his business? Well, you can plainly see for yourself that when three members of a family are business people, it means three motor cars.

And then, of course, none of them has any time to do the shopping, so a fourth car had to be purchased for the servants. The Gleasons are nothing if not individual and as in everything else, their separate tastes are carried out even in the purchase of their automobiles. Mrs. Gleason has a Brewster town car, Jim has a Packard touring car, and Russell, their son, a Buick roadster. For the servants to run about in they picked up a Pierce Arrow for about $100.00. All four cars were sunning themselves in the back yard one morning, while the chauffeur dusted them off. When Mrs. Gleason appeared he said, “Lor, Mis’ Gleason, I declare to goodness this place looks like a used car lot on Hollywood Boulevard!”

* * *

Grauman’s Chinese Theatre was turned over to a pre-showing of “Alibi” one morning, and filmland packed the house to capacity to see this Roland West production. There was deafening applause at the end for a minute or two during which Chester Morris, who plays the lead, and his lovely wife, who was Susan Kilborn, dashed up the aisle looking as though all the cops in the country were after them. Sue’s hands were icy cold and her eyes had that detached look one has when afraid of
missing a train. Chester was even worse—he didn’t stop for a hand clasp—just gave a hurried ‘hello’ over his shoulder and raced for his car.

This was Chester’s first picture, so you can understand how upset he was. All day Hollywood buzzed with the fine performance of Chester Morris and the next morning Roland West called him up. “Well, Ches,” he said, “are you packed?” “How did you know I was leaving?” Chester demanded. “Because that’s just how well I know you,” said Mr. West. “You gave one of the finest performances Hollywood has seen for a long time, but I knew perfectly well that you would think you were rotten and that you would be all packed by now ready to board The Chief for the East.” “Well, I did think I was rotten!” said Chester. “I never went through such an ordeal in my life and Sue was as nervous as I was. I’m not going to wait to be kicked out of town—I’ll get out while I can still ride.”

However, United Artists do not agree with him and they argued so long and so sincerely that he decided to take them at their word. They are now trying to sign him to a contract. Chester has decided to stay out here and try ‘to make good’ in his own eyes, as he puts it.

* * *

“The Iron Mask” opened. The star was Douglas Fairbanks—the picture one of United Artists. That’s all anybody has to know to realize that it was one of the social events of Hollywood. Doug and Mary were there, Mary looking very lovely in white charmeuse embroidered in crystal. Conrad Nagel announced that Doug wasn’t going to appear that night and Roy Miller, Manager of the Carthay Circle Theatre, said the only way he could be persuaded would be to tell him that they were going to introduce Mary, his wife. Young Doug and Joan were there; Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque—Vilma looking as beautiful as ever; Colleen Moore and John McCormick, Jack Gilbert, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe, Joan Bennett and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow as guests of Carey Wilson; Bebe Daniels, with Ben Lyon; Pauline Garon with someone we didn’t recognize, and a list of others too long to chronicle here. Of course Alan Dwan was there—he directed the picture.

* * *

Before Dr. Timothy Ken left his country he asked a Chinese Minister what he would like to have from the States. Without hesitation the diplomat replied, “Bring me the best picture you can find of Gloria Swanson!”

American moving pictures have changed living conditions in China vastly. For one thing, the young women no longer want to live with their mothers-in-law.

* * *

They want homes of their own. Gradually pictures will bring unity to the world and make us all one big, happy family!

* * *

An interesting fact will be brought out in the wedding scene in “Redemption,” which is that Russia is the only country in which the wedding ring is worn on the right hand. They have no engagement rings in Russia, but the wedding ring is given to the bride elect as an engagement ring. She wears it on her left hand and at the ceremony the same ring is transferred to her right hand. John Gilbert is the bridegroom and Eleanor Boardman the bride.

Renee Adoree plays the gypsy in “Redemption” and of course is loaded with bracelets and beads and what-not. Mr. Niblo realized that in the sound production the beads and bracelets jangling together would completely drown Renee’s voice, so the ornaments that you will see are pasteboard beads, and the bracelets are gilded poker chips.

* * *

I don’t know whether it means...
anything or not, but Lita Grey Chaplin was very busy having a voice test made at Warner Brothers the other day!

**Kay Johnson, leading woman in "Dynamite," the new Cecil De Mille production, committed the worst crime in the moving picture calendar. She held up production for three weeks! However, she was forgiven, because she couldn't help it. She was operated on for appendicitis and is still in the hospital, though the report came today that if she continues to improve she can return to the studio in a few days. She was in every scene, so there was nothing Mr. DeMille could do except wait. But Kay, I hear, is well worth waiting for. A beautiful blonde and a splendid actress.**

**Patsy Ruth Miller is certainly in a dilemma! She is playing in "Twin Beds," a First National production, directed by Al Santell with Jack Mulhall in the cast, and they have been working only one week. When Pat did the first scenes she wore an ensemble, but soon shed the coat. Next day off came the dress, which was very heavy silk. This was replaced by a thin lace gown. About the third day on the picture, off came the lace gown and the scenes were taken with Pat in a teddie and very sheer negligee. Then off came the negligee. And the teddy!—to be replaced at the end of a week's shooting by a night gown. The picture will take three more weeks to finish—imagine Pat's embarrassment by that time!**

It seems to have taken a long time for the chief executives in Hollywood to appreciate the charm of the foreign accent, but now it seems they have all fallen for it in a body. The excitement about whether Jannings was going to be ousted from America, or the question as to whether Garbo and other charming ladies in our midst were to be kept silent, is settled. I don't know whether the knock-out performance that Maurice Chevalier gives in "Innocence of Paris," made up Jesse Lasky's mind or not, but anyway, Mr. Lasky steps forth with a statement saying that the foreign accent is a decided asset rather than a detriment and that Mr. Jannings' next picture will be an all-talking production of "The Concert," one-time stage vehicle for Leo Ditrichstein.

Victor Shertzinger will direct.

Mack Swain has always been cast for comedy roles. Four years ago Fred Niblo, who is directing "Redemption," starring John Gilbert, said that some day he was going to put Mack Swain in a part that showed his dramatic ability. Mr. Swain is the judge—a heavy dramatic role, which he plays superbly, I hear.
The Lady from the Sea

Mr. Henrik Ibsen, who bobs up with almost as many plays as Owen Davis, is being represented at the Bijou by "The Lady from the Sea." And, if you ask us, pretty well represented, too.

Now wait a minute. This is no highbrow speaking. Like yourselves we have a sophomoric aversion to anything that resembles the classics. And we had, if that will make you feel better, never even read this play before, let alone seen it.

But there is something about Ol' Man Ibsen that rouses our admiration. Even when the wheels of his machinery creak and wheeze. Even when he assays some humor. Even when the settings are as antiquated as those in this show.

In this tale of the lady who gave her heart to a sailor and married a landlubber, Ibsen keeps crying out for the liberation of the ego. His story is incidental. It is people he is interested in. And in his characterization of the lady who demanded freedom (in an age when Jung, Adler and Schmalhausen were unknown names), in his picture of the nasty little girl who was nasty because she was too proud to tell of her love (and this in an age when defensive mechanism meant only guns), in his characterization of the gentle little housekeeper whose one thought was to get away from the house—Ol' Man Ibsen showed himself a far better 'scientist' than Jules Verne. Our suggestion of the month is that Gene O'Neill stop writing for a week or so and re-read his Ibsen. Blanche Yurka plays the leading role in a manner worthy of herself and Ibsen.

Conflict

One by Warren F. Lawrence, kid brother of Vincent Lawrence, who writes almost as well. And when you admire Vince Lawrence's dialogue as much as we do, you're saying something. Or, rather we are.

And we mean to. Here is, in a season, when dramatic shows have been not so hot, one definitely worth your attention—and your attendance. It deals with a clerk who goes to the war to become a war hero and return a clerk.

No, it's not a war play. Don't get sore. Let's see if we can't make it more modern sounding for you. Just a minute. Yes, it's about a man who is unable to adjust his psyche. How's that? That's right, children. Gulp it right down.

Well, Dick Banks is a clerk when the war breaks out, engaged to the little stenog in the office. He doesn't want to go to the war, but the draft gets him. When the war's over, he's a leading ace and a hero. He marries—not the little stenog—but a society girl.

And then the war is forgotten. And he's no longer a hero. And nobody wants to hear about the war. He's just a man who would make a good clerk. But he can't do that any more. He's used to giving orders, not taking them.

The glamour gone, his marriage disintegrates, and he realizes that he must give up his wife. The war is over. So is he.

A little perhaps of "The Admirable Crichton." Even so, a brave play in its own right. Exceedingly well acted by George Meeker, Peggy Allenby, Spencer Tracy, Seth Arnold, Frank McHugh and Albert Van Dekker.

Buckaroo

In a month of theatre-going where the muses haven't been over-lavish, "Buckaroo" provides a comparatively decent entertainment. Maybe it's on account of the settings, and the feeling of space you get from an amphitheatre; but whatever the reason, we're grateful.

Anyway, here's the rodeo at Soldier Field, Chicago. And here are cowboys, cowgirls, banjo players, stilt walkers, knife throwers, Indians, society men and women (pretty bad caricatures, these), Chicago gunmen, Chicago
underworld vampires—here are all the elements of either a swell show or a good dime-novel. "Buckaroo" turns out to be just a dime-novel. And yet we can have a pretty good time with that. It has, helped by its settings and atmosphere, a tang of the circus in it, and, though diluted to some extent by none-too-clever plot manipulation, that tang remains. Maybe it's of inept writing and occasional bright lines. Not so curious, however, that you have to waste an evening at it, the way we did. There is, though, a blonde called Helen Baxter who, from where we sat, looked to be worth an evening of any man's time. But not with this show.

**Indiscretion**

Well, here is Myron C. Fagan with a new play. One that doesn't quite measure up to his others. And you know what we thought of them.

It is a little unbelievable and totally indescribable. That sounds harsh, we know, but what are you going to do about it?

It begins eighteen years ago in Venice. Ah! Venice! The moonlight nights, the strains of the gondoliers floating above the water, and the hooey dialogue! The second act is eighteen years later, and takes place in the dressing room of a New York theatre that has impressionistic furniture. Ah, New York, with its great towers rising from the sea, with its actresses who have the town at their feet, and the hooey dialogue. "A woman . . . is like a rose. Once the petals are crushed . . ." Well, once the petals are crushed, you have a play by Myron C. Fagan. And you can keep it.

(Continued on page 108)
Photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull.

Edwina Booth, the blonde girl chosen from hundreds of applicants for the leading feminine role in "Trader Horn," will wear the costume, pictured above, of monkey fur and a feather or two when she plays Nina T.

Edwina with an armful of electrical accessories for her jungle boudoir in the interior of Africa.

Duncan Rinaldo, Harry Carey, and Edwina Booth, of the "Trader Horn" troupe, before sailing.
Miss Booth, above, demonstrates what the well-dressed young lady will wear when she goes exploring in Africa. Miss Booth, below, demonstrates daring.

Director W. S. Van Dyke discussing with Edwina Booth and Harry Carey the script of "Trader Horn." Carey plays the title role. The company are now on their way to South Africa, where they will penetrate places never before caught by a movie camera, braving heat, homesickness and hungry lions to make a faithful screen version of a famous book.
Sonny Boy Steps Out

His fans need not worry that fame will spoil little Davey Lee. Before his first salary check as a star was duly banked by his mother a little of it was solemnly handed to the child to buy what he pleased with. Now Davey is a normal healthy kid and there are lots of things he likes—candy, for instance; and a special kind of scooter; and a toy ottermobil. But he spent his money on none of these things. He trotted up to his big brother, Frankie, and said: "Here." And thrust into Frank's hand a tightly wadded ten dollar bill! Davey's first thought was for his brother. And maybe Frank isn't proud!

Davey had his reward not long afterward. His bosses, the Warner Brothers, presented him with a nice, new, shiny sports model car, in which he can skim around the walks of the studio lot and have a grand time!

It looks as if Davey Lee has taken up golf in a serious way, emulating his idol, Al Jolson.

Not since Jackie Coogan has a child won such applause as that accorded Davey Lee! And no wonder.
The Mary of today—famous in the Follies for beauty and in the films for beauty and acting ability—the unbeatable combination.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary!
CONTRARY to rumors that have been current about Hollywood's newest romancers, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, that Bebe has vetoed Ben's flying propensities, it seems that it is just the other way around. Bebe is fast learning to fly herself, receiving daily instruction from Capt. Roscoe Turner, former war ace, and Ben is studying navigation. They are perfectly sincere in planning an air honeymoon. They both think that aviation is the greatest thing that has hit this world for some time, and seem to be earnest and constructive enthusiasts.

M. G. M. seems to be wiping off the old slate and starting fresh with three new pictures, and the fourth taken in New York. Lon Chaney will be the star of that, the title of which is "Thunder," a railroad story directed by William Nigh. Phyllis Haver will play opposite Mr. Chaney. The other three which started today will be: "Wonders of Women," with Peggy Wood, the popular stage and musical comedy star, and Lewis Stone; "Redemption," the Tolstoy novel, which John Barrymore did on the stage, and which will be a talking picture with John Gilbert, Conrad Nagel, Eleanor Boardman and Renee Adoree; and "Marianne," starring Marion Davies.

Just before stepping into a scene, Julia Fay was seen shaking her hands violently. You know how you do when something sticks to your fingers and you want to get it off? Well, that was what Julia did. We asked what the trouble was and she said that a famous stage actress told her that this was the thing to do to make her hands photograph well. It sends the blood tingling to the finger tips and takes away the waxen look.

Charles Bickford, who plays the lead in "Dynamite," has taken such a shine to Hollywood that he is sending for his entire family and is looking about for a home to put them in. We thought our climate, our sea and mountains had something to do with this until, visiting the set that afternoon, we saw Mr. Bickford rehearsing a scene in which he was kissed by twenty girls all at once!

At the last moment, two days before the picture started, in fact, it was decided that a blonde should play the part of the wife in "Redemption" opposite John Gilbert, as a contrast to the gypsy girl played by Renee Adoree. Those who had looked forward to seeing Virginia Valli in a part that suits her to her finger tips, will probably be disappointed. Virginia seemed the ideal type to her fans.

Sue Carol, according to report, won her case against Douglas MacLean, who had her under contract and forgot to renew the option, which let him out of a pile of money. Sue is now under a long-term contract to William Fox. Her first individual starring picture will be "The Exalted Flapper." It is a strange coincidence that Sue begins to work on this first individual starring picture two years almost to the day that she did her first extra bit at the Fox Studio. During these two years she has played in practically every studio in Hollywood.

For some reason no one ever thinks of Sue without thinking of Nick Stuart, so Nick's news is that he has been forbidden the basketball team on the Fox lot. He wrenched his knee a year ago at this game and every time he plays he gives it another twist, which holds up production, so Mr. Fox told Nick he couldn't play any more. As a matter of fact, I think they have got a second Dempsey in young Nick, because the day I was over there a carpenter and stevedores were laboriously trying to fill in a patch on one of the walls and they couldn't get the paint to match. "I did that," said Nick, brightly. "I was so sure it would be better if I put my fist out, not with any force at all—I was just stretching, and it went straight through the scenery!" It was made of pretty thick beaver board so Nick must be some kid with the biceps.

And what do you think Lois Moran is doing? She and her mother have opened a pajama shop in Beverly Hills! There isn't a good shop in town for stunning feminine pajamas and this will come as a bit of gladsome news to those who wear them. They employ several girls, one Mrs. Moran has had her eye on for over a year, who does beautiful work and has been employed by one of the best shops in the city. The finest materials are used and the prices are reasonable.

The talking pictures are certainly creating havoc in the social life of the screen colony. An absolute catastrophe is the fact that Betty Compton and Jim Cruze have shut down on their Sunday afternoon open house! Betty was working night and day and Jim has been working for the last six Sundays. For a while they just turned
the place over to whoever came, even though they themselves couldn’t be there; but this didn’t go so well, so they decided to shut down until both have the leisure to receive the guests.

History repeats itself in a different form, they say. Certainly it has happened to Marian Nixon, who will soon be seen in “Headlines,” a story written by Jimmy Starr. In 1922 when Marian first came to Hollywood, Jimmy Starr, who was on a newspaper at that time, gave her her first publicity. Marian is at present playing the lead in Al Johnson’s picture, “Mammie.” She is the only girl in the cast and is playing the role of little Davey’s mother.

Just to prove that you can’t escape your fate—Chester Morris was playing in “Fast Life,” with Claudette Colbert, in New York, when Joseph Schenck took a notion to cast him in “The Alibi,” the new title of “Nightstick.” He wired to Al Woods who said he couldn’t release Chester, but apparently Mr. Schenck has a single-track mind. He was going to do “The Alibi” and there was nobody in this world who could play it except Chester Morris. So all hands finally came to terms; and at a fat salary, Mr. Morris stepped out of the cast of “Fast Life” and into the cast of “The Alibi,” and he took to Hollywood like a duck to water. Incidentally, if he ever got on his uppers, he could make a good living as a prestidigitator. He knows a number of clever card tricks and what he can’t do with three aluminum cups, is nobody’s business. It is a case of “now you see it now you don’t,” and where they go, nobody knows. Chester has also a very charming wife and an adorable baby, only a few months old. He—Chester, not the baby—is becoming famous in our town for barbecued steaks. It’s quite a trick to barbecue a steak. For one thing you have to do it out of doors, over a charcoal fire; then you put a layer of rock salt in a pan, then the steak, well peppered and rubbed with garlic, then another layer of rock salt and another layer of beef, then you cover this with another pan. You then set it on the hot coals, while it loses all control of itself and becomes a thing to dream about. Of course the steaks disappear, as the aluminum cups do, but I don’t suppose it would take very much figuring to decide where they go.

In Louisiana there is a little town called St. Martinville. Perhaps two-thirds of the population of America have not heard of it, nor do they know that it is sacred to the memory of Evangeline, the Canadian girl immortalized by Longfellow, who traveled so far and so faithfully to find the sweetheart she had lost. For years she searched among St. Martinvilles and became loved and revered because of her many deeds of kindness. There is an Evangeline Parish, an Evangeline Hotel, and Evangeline gas stations and every sort of business named after the woman who is regarded almost as a saint in this bayou district.

Edwin Carewe and his company went to St. Martinville to film some of the scenes of his picture “Evangeline,” starring Dolores Del Rio. It should be intensely interesting because Louisiana has never been a location for a picture before.

Douglas Fairbanks, Adolphe Menjou, Syd Chaplin and Charlie Chaplin were voted next in popularity in the order named. Colman’s first dialogue picture for Samuel Goldwyn, “Bulldog Drummond,” a screen version of the famous English melodrama, will be released shortly.

Vilma Banky, Samuel Goldwyn’s Hungarian player elevated to stardom last year at the same time as Colman, ranked fifth in the list of women stars, being surpassed in popularity only by Dolores Del Rio, Betty Balfour, the English screen star, Clara Bow and Esther Ralston.

One of the best-known pairs of screen lovers has been divorced, cinematically speaking. Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill have just launched separate starring vehicles at First National-Vitaphone Studios, after making fourteen successful pictures together during the past several years.

Miss Mackaill’s new starring vehicle is now called “Hard To Get,” which is a temporary title. Charles Delaney played opposite her, although there are several other leading men in the picture, including Edmund Burns and Jack Oakie. Louise Fazenda plays a very important role; and William Beaudine is directing.

“Twin Beds” is Mulhall’s first individual starring vehicle. Patsy Ruth Miller is playing opposite the genial young Irishman in this picture, which Alfred Santell is directing.

“Children of the Rays,” “Waterfront,” “Ladies Night in a Turkish Bath,” “Two Weeks Off,” “Man Crazy,” “The Crystal Cup,” “Smile, Brother, Smile” and “Lady Be Good” are among the Mullall-Mackaill screen romances.

Joan Crawford will scintillate along with William Haines, Conrad Nagel, Gus Edwards, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Natacha Natova, the Brax Sisters, and other stars of screen and stage in the forthcoming MGM “Revue of Revues. Miss Crawford will do a special song and dance number in this musical extravaganza, which Christy Cabanne is directing, with Sammy Lee, Broadway ensemble director, handling the dances.
Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any question you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. Please be patient if you do not see your answer in these columns immediately. Remember there may be many other letters before yours. Every letter must await its turn. If you write a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

Mary M. of Frankford, Penna.

Keeping my hair light and my age dark causes me more trouble than all the questions I get from you fans. Nena Quartaro’s real name is Gladys. She was born March 17, 1910 in New York City. She has black hair and eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. Charlie Farrell was born in 1902 at Onset Bay, Mass. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. He is not engaged to Janet Gaynor. Janet was born October 6, 1906. You can write to Audrey Ferris at Warner Bros. Studios, 5442 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Audrey was born August 30, 1909, in Detroit, Mich. Two of her latest releases are “Little Wildcat” and “Fancy Baggage.”

George of Wisconsin. Here’s a warm smile and a chatty hand-shake, especially flattered to you for the shortest question of the month. Ramon Novarro’s new film is “The Flying Fleet” with Anita Page, Ralph Graves, Carroll Nye, and Eddie Nugent. Address Ramon at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

A Dix Fan from Milwaukee. Of course the stars notice their fan letters and who would fail to respond to a swell letter like yours? Just keep cool and let the old letter be the usual manner. Richard Dix, Gary Cooper, Lane Chandler, and William Haines are still single and as far as I know, are not thinking of taking on any excess baggage. Your favorite, Richard Dix, is making a picture in the east, “Nothing But The Truth” and as far as I’m concerned he can stay right here. There, my cards are all on the table—I’m guilty about him too.

F. G. P. of Buffalo. I can tell you about “Fighting for Love,” “Fighting for Honor,” “Fighting for Gold” but I’m all washed up when it comes to “Fighting for Fame.” Sorry but I haven’t a record of that film. Cullen Landis was born in Nashville, Tenn., on July 9, 1895. Dorothy Kitchen who is now Nancy Drexel in pictures, was born in New York City. Eugenia Gilbert was born in East Orange, N. J. Tom Tyler was born about 25 years ago in Port Henry, N. Y. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 1½ inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. Tom’s latest film is “The Avenging Rider.” Bill Cody was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Helen and Bernice from Topeka. You want me to tell you a lot of jokes, do you? What’s the use, you’d only laugh at them. Harold Lloyd can be addressed at his own production plant, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Bobby Vernon is with Christie-Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. The last address I have of Kate Price is 1474 Scott Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Fay Wray can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Glenn Tryon is one of the popular Universal stars and can be addressed at Universal City, Cal. Glenn made his first screen appearance in two-reel comedies for Hal Roach in 1924.

Blossomtime of Bayside, N. Y. Between you and I, one of the loveliest times is when your declaration of admiration. But as long as it’s ‘my adorable corner that you’re in love with’ I won’t stop you. I have described Charley (Buddy) Rogers so often my typewriter slips into high, the gears refuse to shift and I can’t hold the darned thing. He uses his own name in pictures and why shouldn’t he? It’s a nice name and any girl would be proud to annex. If you want a photo of Buddy, write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. William Collier, Jr. gets his fan mail at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 5416 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Neil Hamilton is in “What a Night,” playing opposite Bebe Daniels; and in The Woman Who Needed Killing” with Buxanova and Odie Brook.

Teddy of Eau Claire, Wis. Are you the bear for asking questions? Mary Pickford’s “Pollyanna” was released in 1920 and playing with her was William Courtleigh and Gordon Sackville. Lillian Rich was born in England. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. As far as I know, she hasn’t made a picture in America for quite some time, but is working at a London studio. Harriet Hammond played opposite Ramon Novarro in “The Midshipman.”

“It” from La Porte, Ind. Happy greetings and a finger wave to you. Go ahead and tell the world how much you like SCREENLAND and I’ll second the emotion. The approved and highly meritorious manner in which to solicit a picture from a star, is to write a sincere letter, devoid of gush, then hang your dignity on the hat rack and wait. That’s my formula and it works beautifully—sometimes. Clara Bow and Ruth Taylor are at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Mary Astor at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Norma Shearer and William Haines at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Sue Carol’s latest film “Chasing Through Europe” is a Fox production. Richard Barthelmess can be addressed at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

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Rogers, "Someone to Love," was released in January.

Kay of Minnesota. You hope I'll keep up with my department. It's trying to keep up with it that gets me so far behind but I get the idea which is a good one to follow. So that puts me ahead again. James Murray is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif., but was loaned to Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., for "The Play Goes On." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. appears in "The Jazz Age" with Marceline Day and in "A Woman of Affairs" with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. You'll hear and see Doug Jr. in "The Barker" with Milton Sills. You just can't keep young Doug down and who wants to?

32 of East Orange, N. J. Of course I don't think you're 'nosey'; you're just curious to know what SCREENLAND would do without me. What would you do without this precious package of that? Lupe Velez was born in Mexico in 1909. Her real name is Maria Villalobos. Sonia Kalon's real name is Jeanne Williams. Phyllis Haver's name was O'Haver before going into picture work. Nancy Drexel was Dorothy Kibbey. Morgan's real name is Noonan. Marion Douglas was Ena Gregory. Ramon Novarro's real name is Ramon Samenigos. Double-dare you to pronounce it!

Just Bobbie from Pasadena. Sorry I could not answer you in the next issue out, as you requested. I have hundreds of letters to answer for I'm a very popular person and I say that without fear of contradiction, if a big bunch of letters mean anything and I hope they do. You can talk to Joan Crawford at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. at the same studio address.

Edna R. of Butte, Montana. You think Gary Cooper is a swell guy, do you? I could sling a few neat phrases about the boy, too. Ever since Gary appeared in "Legion of the Condemned" I have been swapped with letters about him. He plays with Lupe Velez in "Wolf Song." Then he has to his credit "Lilac Time" with Colleen Moore and "The First Kiss" with Fay Wray. Lupe and Gary are engaged, I hear.

John from Brooklyn. Here's a record that's hard to beat. Joan has never missed a Harrison Ford picture. Take your bow, Mr. Ford—and I don't mean Henry. Your favorite was born in Kansas City, Mo. He weighs 160 pounds, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He doesn't give his age. He has been leading man for Norma and Constance Talmadge, Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels and Marie Prevost. His wife was Beatrice Prentice.


Two Little Bo-Deeps from Indianapolis. How is Red La Rocque pronounced? If you mean his name, that's easy—cut off the que and you have Rock. Gloria Swanson has never changed her name for pictures. Ruth Taylor was born in 1907. She is a real blonde with golden hair and blue eyes. She played with James Hall in "Just Married." Molly O'Day is 18 years old. She hasn't made a film for some time. Just now she is touring in a presentation act in California picture theatres.

Mary R. from Ottawa, Canada. I'm sorry you have waited so long for your name to appear in print but Mary's a grand old name no matter when or where. Phyllis Haver was born Jan. 6, 1899, in Douglas, Kansas. Clara Bow uses her own name in pictures. She was born Aug. 8, 1905, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6, 1899, in Durango, Mexico. Gilbert Roland was born in 1905 in Mexico. His real name is Francisco Alonso but he started his picture career under the name of Luis Alonso. Gilbert has signed a new contract with United Artists.

Scotty from Tacoma, Wash. They say a ring on the hand is worth ten on the telephone but what's that got to do with talking pictures? The talkies are here to stay; they haven't just dropped in for a little chat. Ralph Forbes played opposite Norma Shearer in "The Latest from Paris." Nena Quarles appeared in "The Red Mark" filmed at Pathé Studios, Culver City, (Continued on page 96)
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Words and Music by Archie Gottier

Con Condred and

Sid Mitchell

Story and Direction by David Butler

Dialog by William K. Wells

Directed by Marcel Silver

Ensembles by Edward Reese

Archie Gottier and Fanchon & Marco
Cal. Gladys Brockwell was in “The Lights of New York” the first all-talking picture. I haven’t her home address but you can reach her at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

J. of Statenville, N. C. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., again! He was born Dec. 9, 1910. For his address, see Just Bobbie. William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, in 1898. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. You can write him at Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Marjorie C. of Berkeley, Cal. You have to hide SCREENLAND from your family to be able to read it by yourself, do you? Why hide SCREENLAND for every member of the family? Then there would be no hard feelings. Claire Windsor is 32 years old. Betty Bronson was born in Traverse City, Mich. Iola Rich is in “The Singing Fool” with Al Jolson. In her next picture, “Sonny Boy,” you’ll see that adorable Davey Lee who made his first screen appearance in “The Singing Fool.” Davey was just four years old on Dec. 29, 1928.

Kitty of Pennsy. Chester Conklin does not give his age but he was born in Oscaloosa, Iowa. He has brown hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. Chester has been happily married to the one and only wife for years. He has been a circus clown and was on the stage before entering pictures. Esther and Jobyna Ralston are not related.

Curly of Rochester, N. Y. You want personal descriptions, addresses and the latest films of twenty-eight stars. What’s the trouble, Curly, don’t you like the other 982? Vivian Bonky was born in Budapest, January 9, 1903. Her hair is golden and her eyes are blue. Write her at Samuel Goldwyn Prod., 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Irene Rich was born in Buffalo, N. Y. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. She has two interesting daughters. Address her at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Renee Adoree was born in Lille, France. Her real name is Renee de la Fent. She has dark brown hair, dark eyes and weighs 120 pounds. She plays in “The Pagan” with Ramon Novarro. You can reach her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Edna Murphy is a native New Yorker. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Larry Kent, whose real name is Henri Trumbell, was born Sept. 15, 1900. He made “The Spirit of Youth” at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4116 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss Agnes from Memphis. Give me your ears and we’ll make more talk about Buddy Rogers. He will be 24 years old next birthday and he is not married. Give the boy time, say you not so? Bob Steele is still a single man and has reached the ripe old age of 22 years. Get out your address books, girls, Phyllis Haver has gone over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., to make pictures and get the old pay checks.

Henrietta M. of Chicago. Right on the firing line with a couple of quizzers this week. The principal players in “Stella Dallas” were, Belle Bennett, Alice Joyce, Lois Moran, Ronald Coleman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Jean Hersholt. The film was released in 1925. The Wampas Baby Stars for 1929 are, Jean Arthur, Doris Hill, Sylvia Fields, of the stage, in “Voice of the City.” Because of her voice she’s sitting pretty.

Anita Page, Josephine Dunn, Loretta Young, Doris Dawson, Sally Blane, Betty Boyd, Helen Twelvetrees, Mona Rico, Ethlyn Caire, Caryl Lincoln and Helen Foster.

A Bob Steele Fan of Winchester, Ind. Do I think you are funny? I don’t think I haven’t time. How can I think and keep my mind on my work? Bob Steele’s real name is Robert Bradbury. He has the reputation of being one of the best riders, trick gunmen, and ropers on the screen. Bob is 6 feet tall and has blue eyes and brown hair. You can address him at RKO Studios, 750 Sower St., Hollywood, Calif. Betty Bronson is not married so dry your tears.

Jola of Woonsocket, R. I. My word! How you love spooky pictures! Who does the big killing in “The Gorilla?” Search me! Everyone in the house, including Alice Day, is suspected of being the murderess. but the wire-creaks of the two detectives, Fred Keley and Charlie Murray, saved the day—ouch! But who did kill somebody? Bob Seiter played the part of Jack Waring in “Chicago After Midnight”: Ralph Ince was Jim Boyd, the father, and Jola Mendez was Betty Boyd.

Edeythe Y. of Haddonfield, N. J. See and hear my hearty welcome. Both versions apply to all newcomers and as many of the old guns as want it. Sorry I can’t get you the magazine as soon as you’d like but aren’t you just paralyzed that you can get in? You can write to Charles Farrell at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Renee Adoree and Nils Asther at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. By the time you read this, the Duncan sisters will probably have signed a contract with M-G-M and you can address them there. Ruth Elder is to make a picture with Ralph Graves for Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Her first screen appearance was with Richard Dix in “Moran of the Marines.”

Bob of Kirkp Popp, Salisbury. You want me to name three of the handsomest men on the screen—why stop at three, when at twelve I’d still be counting? I’ll pass along bad word that the Navy films and submarine stories and less their parts for the “very remarkable fellow,” Charles Farrell. Now that is settled and you’ve brain-cell cleared for action, Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Ohio. Nancy Carroll was born November 9, 1906, in New York City. Her real name is Nancy Lahiff. She is the seventh in a family of twelve children. This popular little beauty has red hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. The wife of Jack Kirkland, the scenario writer.

Cherry Berry of New Jersey. Let that bounce around like no one’s affair. I’m sorry I am unable to identify the little girl in whom you are interested: the only girl that worked for the Lamb’s Gumbo in 1919, and then was in “A House of Pretense,” “Always in the Way,” and “Kiddee.” Speak up, girlee—we want to discover you. Many an S.O.S. from my department has resulted in first-class reunions.

Nancy of Kentucky. You couldn’t drive me to distraction—too late, I’m there, and the life of the party. Many of my customers want to hear about Carol Dempster. She has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She studied dancing under Ruth St. Denis and toured the country as one of the Denishawn dancers. As far as I know, her only screen director was D. W. Griffith. Her last film was “Sorrows of Satan,” released in 1926. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born November 9, 1910. He will be “Our Modern Maidens” with Joan Crawford. Right now he is making “Diversion,” a First National-Vitaphone production.

Peaceful from Chicago. You bet you fooled me—I thought my troubles were brewing but you merely want the low-down on Robert Armstrong and Eddie Quillan. You can reach both at Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal. Robert is with Phyllis Haver in “Shady Lady.” Eddie Quillan and six members of his own family are in “Noisy Neighbors.” The late Theodore Roberts played his last role in that picture. Bob Armstrong has completed “Leather-Necks.”
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courses, a small eighteen hole and a large eighteen hole. There are no water hazards but plenty of others. The small course is finished and the large one soon will be. In July, by the way, there is to be a tournament and the largest prize ever offered for a golf match. It is $25,000 and will attract players from all over the world.

An Olympic-length pool will be finished by that time and you can imagine what the swimmers will do to that. Incidentally there are hot springs near the pool which will be utilized to heat the water. The hot springs will be a feature eventually. When business became so flourishing a new hotel was built and two or three dozen bungalows beautifully furnished. In the new hotel I was told there was not one white bathtub—all are colored! Some are black with futuristic nickel fixtures. Some are lavender, or green, or yellow—all are beautiful.

There are very fine horses to ride and that is what Bebe Daniels, Marian Nixon, Corinne Griffith and Bill Seiter do. The horses are all prize show horses from the Carleton stables, said to be one of the finest in California.

Said everyone drives over to Tia Juana and watches the races even though they don't bet. Marian Nixon is one of these and had been going down for years, long before the El Capitan Hotel was built. Last fall the friends she was with kidded her about never betting. "It isn't any use," said Marian. "My money on a horse would make him run back to the stables." They finally got her to bet $50. "You won't miss it if you do lose," they said. So for the first time in her life Marian put money on a horse, and not even post, actually turned around and ran the other way! He was a fine racer, too—one has ever known how he lost his head that day.

And then there are the players who have yachts and think time is wasted when they go anywhere else. Among these are Belle Bennett, who entertains every Sunday and one day she can bring her yacht, the "Wise Dove"; and Conrad Nagel likewise on the "Tiburon." Among others who have yachts are John Barrymore, John Gilbert, Douglas MacLean, Conrad Nagel, Robert Montgomery and Richard Barthelmess. They are not pretentious, about seventy-five feet long. All the Hollywood sailors visit and bow back and forth. If it happens that they anchor within hailing distance of each other they have swimming matches from one boat to the next. Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel were entertaining Lois Wilson and Leatrice Joy. They were having breakfast on deck when they heard, "Ship Ahoy," and there was Douglas MacLean chugging up in a dingly. Everyone was on deck and very formally too. "Got any gas?" asked Doug. "Sure," said Conrad, "Come on and have some breakfast and I'll give you some afterwards."

A popular beach is Malibu—a little stretch of sand twenty miles down from Santa Monica. Far enough away to avoid the usual Sunday motoring. Clara Bow, Virginia Valli, Ronald Colman, Richard Dix, Herbert Brench, Louise Fazenda and about a dozen others have cottages there. Some are comfortable enough for weekend parties all through the winter months; others are just small cottages. Ronald Colman hasn't even electricity in his because he likes the cottages almost too well. They are very closely together with yards or tennis courts in the back and the beach for their front yard. They are all as close to the sea as safety permits, but imagine the embarrassment of Pat's friend Lumy when, bidding goodbye to a guest, she saw a huge green bellow blow out the sky and come hurtling toward the guest and the open door! Pat hadn't time to explain--the jealous old friend uncerrmoniously into the room and banged the door in the face of the aggressive wave. The ocean has not misbehaved since and Winston's Pat's young brother declared, Father Neptune had taken a shine to the young lady!

Pat and Winston and their friends like to have a set of tennis, then play medicine ball, then plunge into the surf and ride the waves on surf boards. Virginia Valli likes to laze around in the sand and then have a brisk swim. You have to be pretty fit in the Pacific surf, too. It certainly is frisky.

The talking pictures have kept the players on such a stretch of work that most of them want complete relaxation, and for this Palm Springs and Arrowhead with its vapor baths are the popular resorts. There is everything to be found at both spots only Arrowhead is in the mountains and Palm Springs is a tiny oasis near the Painted Desert. There, amid burning sands and cold and starry nights, one can ride, dance or swim in the pool; or one can benefit by the mud baths which for generations have been maintained by a family of Indians. The father of the present manager, it is said, refused a hundred thousand dollars from Fleishman Baths. The old Indian declared that a quarter was high enough to pay for a bath and he wouldn't know what to do with so much money. All he wanted was his hammock, his palm leaf fan, and enough tobacco to smoke. And although his son dresses in American clothes, he keeps for his family in the management of the place.

Many years ago the oasis used to be on the other side of the mountain and then as the Indians put it, Taqua 'talked' and the baths and oasis disappeared to be found months afterward on its present site. The baths are a volcanic disturbance in the earth. They occupy a space of about eight feet in circumference. A board partition is driven down in the center and over both divans is built a large bough having a dressing room on either side of the partition—one for men and one for women. Sally Blane said it was a weird feeling to have the mud creep up, up, up. Sometimes you can't sink further than your knees; sometimes just above the waist. No one has ever known to sink lower than the knees. Sometimes it is swimming sand, sometimes it is quiet, and there are about two feet of crystal clear water above the sand.

Palm Springs is a great location site, too. The surrounding canyons offer admirable retreats for sham battles and westem.

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe like Arrowhead when they need a rest from the studio grind. Not that they complain about the hard life they lead, because they adore it. But just the same it gets to be a bit eerie when you have to study dialogue at night for the next day's work. Eddie grudges every dinner party Lilyan gives, because he has to walk out on his guests. When they go they go in cars and walk and ride and take the vapor baths. They live in one of the bungalows rather than the hotel because it is quiet and they don't like people.

At that Lilyan and Eddie were returning to their bungalow one late afternoon, when suddenly right in the middle of the path they saw an enormous wild animal running at them. Both were so surprised they could only grab each other's hands and stare back. And then the animal, after looking them all over, bolted into the wood.

Arrowhead is very popular too, especially with the Swedish and Hungarian element in Hollywood. Vilma Banky and Rod are often there, and the Lubitsch's. Baddarova has a house near the resort and spent her honeymoon there. John Gilbert likes it too, but Greta Garbo is perfectly satisfied with the mountains of South Dakota. So is Camilla Horn. She has a beach house in which she lives all year round.

Reginald Denny and his bride retire to the fastness of his mountain cabin in the Arrowhead-Kendroino mountains where there is greater part of the time and Reg likes to carry provisions home on a dog sled himself. He skis and skates and in the summer there is tennis and hiking and trout fishing.

Corinne Griffith made "Outcast" in San Francisco, but was working so hard she didn't have time to visit Chinatown, or play at the Pebble Beach Golf Club on the way home. As soon as she had a breathing spell she and her husband Walter Morosco climbed into their roadster and beat it to San Francisco for an extended weekend to take in these two things that had been lingering in Corinne's mind, making her feel thwarted.

Of course, Aggie Caliente is the place to go. It is to Hollywood what Coney Island is to Harlem and the Bronx. When Hollywood really wants to play it goes there. The principal fascination, taking it by and large, is the roulette and other gambling tables. Some of the girls and boys in Hollywood have been to Monte Carlo, but I think the sum of those who haven't is in the majority, so when they find themselves in a casino their excitement knows no
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bounds. Clara Bow had never seen a roulette wheel until she went there and she sat at the table the whole evening. She put her money any old place, not knowing anything about the game, and of course she lost a good deal. But she thought it was very fine and she brought home a few dollars to her friends.

And after the first trip you can't bear to think of riding in the smoky old poky trains. You feel so safe in those Modern trams, those little motor cars, where you know that the slight bumping and jolting you get occasionally is because you are passing through a cloud or crossing a canyon, and not that the plane is going to turn over, you don't bother about it. It's just like riding over a bad stretch of road in an automobile and you don't notice it after awhile. The earth, from an altitude of 2000 or more feet, looks just like a perfect world should, very neat and orderly. The ploughed fields are like corrugated rubber carpets, the orange groves like fancy colored squares covered with tiny green polka dots about the size of the head of a pin. The trees that have not leaved as yet resemble little tufts of lavender-gray leathers; ten-acre fields look like postage stamps stuck all over a map. Oh, it's a lovely world, twenty-two hundred feet above the earth! 

Marceline and Alice Day have just returned by air from a trip 
aver the Annapolis and St. Michael, Maryland. Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe were in the forward part of the plane and the 

Caliente is a popular place to be married in. Priscilla Dean held her wedding at the 'Wishing Well' outside the Casino. Even Brent was married in the Governor's suite in the new hotel. So was Jackie Logan. The living room is hung in red damask and the bedroom in green and gold. The bathrooms on Caliente are like wedding cakes. The men look at them and say, 'very nice.' The women squeal with delight. Such tilings and such color.

The thrilling thing to do is to fly down standing just inside the entrance, dressed in a magnificent Spanish costume, holding a rose, and tip-toe lip. "Good evening, Miss Davies," I said. "I am nod Miss Davee?" she replied, stamping her foot and urging unfurling her skirt. "I am Dr. Negri!"

And then she went into such an uncanny imitation of Pola Negri, so excellent and yet so comic, that I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks.

"The time I sketched Jannings stands out in my mind," Flagg told me. "When I went to the Paramount Studio and was led into a room where he was working, on the 'Sins of the Father,' I believe I was astounded. Absolute quiet hovered over the place. And the picture wasn't a 'talkie,' either. The assistants, assistants of all kinds, tip-toed softly around. It seems perfect stillness is essential for Jannings to give his best. And so much do these people respect the man and his art that his wishes are complied with down to the most insignificant detail. Not that keeping a large gang like that quiet is insignificant.

But that stillness was introduced, and began my sketch. What a joy it was to transcribe his face to my paper. Women, beautiful women, are interesting to draw. But here was a character! Many characters! The lines that life had carved in his face absorbed me. How long I worked I don't know. But when I finished it, the sketch was left to be given to another appointment, I handed it to him. And I couldn't help saying: 'It is an honor to have had the opportunity of sketching such a great artist.'

But here is something which even Mr. Flagg doesn't know. When Jannings had completed the scene on which he was working, the other men would linger by side, with one of his close friends. Taking the sketch in his hands, he looked at it for some moments. Then he said in his beloved German: 'Ich habe die Arbeit derzeit nicht gut selbst. Ich brauche der immer grosser Kunstler." Or, "It is I who have the honor. Flagg is himself a great artist."

"Of all the girls I sketched in Hollywood," Mr. Flagg says, "Virginia Valli was the most sympathetic type to me because she more nearly approaches the type I love to draw—long, straight, and very lovely. She is so neat and clean that way, and these girls are the last word in order. And they and Betty Bronson like to dance in Caliente better than anywhere else. They never go near the Casino or the races—just walk, and dance as soon as the music begins"

Of course the crepe hangers never fail to make some crack just before you board, such as, "Well, you'll have plenty of sunshine to guide you to Heaven!" Bill and Mrs. Pell were told that it was very interesting for a husband and wife to have a chance to die together.

I suppose the same cheery things were said in the first days of the steamboat and the railway. And I can remember the wise-fools shook their heads over the stupidity of anyone thinking they could ever depend upon a motor car to do anything but blow up or break down. Now look at the darn things!

In twenty years, or even sooner, planes will be just as common.

The Modern FOX planes stop at San Diego to change and then go to San Francisco and then a few minutes afterwards make a perfect landing right in front of the Agua Caliente Hotel on the new flying field. Perhaps you never have the opportunity to take the guests to the hotel. Then you have lunch in the open patio while sweet-voiced Mexicans sing and play striped instruments.

That is a thing which interests me, how different you feel the minute you put your foot across the border. Do you remember how, when you were very little, you went to school every day, and you could be yourself for awhile and laugh and have fun without being scolded. Well, stepping into Mexico seems to make you feel the same way.

---Continued from page 25---

James Montgomery Flagg Looks Them Over
include Jack since he’s sort of related by marriage to the industry.

On the floor is a very small rug. A few chairs, a small divan, a yellow bowl the kind your mother mixes cakes in—complete the furnishings. Oh, you want to know what the yellow bowl is for? So did Flagg. It is used for cigarette ashes.

There are books all over the place. And, by the way, Flagg is the author of some twelve books himself. That’s another one you didn’t know.

In the center of the room is an easel on which stood an almost completed illustration for a magazine. There were also lots of paint brushes and an old board on which he evidently tries out his colors.

The whole place gives a general air of comfortable negligence—as if Flagg says to himself when he comes in and shuts the door: “This is my place. I come here to work. If you don’t like it, get out!”

And now that you know where your idol works, wouldn’t you like to know what he looks like?

All right, I’ll tell you straight off—he’s handsome! He’s tall and thin, too. So thin, in fact, that he looks to be a good eight to ten years younger than he really is. His eyes are blue-gray; his hair is gray-black, thick and virile. And his hands are the hands of a true painter. Soft, well-tended and shadowy bristled; I should say not. Long and supple they are, and well-shaped, but crusty with paint. Like the hands of all hard-working artists.

Well, then, I began speaking with Mr. Flagg. I was a little uneasy. For I thought that like some other artists I’ve known, he would scorn the movies. And I had a vision of his laying a well-shaped thumb to a powerful nose and waving his little finger in the well-known Shanghai Gesture.

But, quite to the contrary, Mr. Flagg has a real regard for our industry. As he said: “You can do much with movies. If I want to paint a picture all I can do is to put marks on a piece of paper, or color on movies. But if I am producing a moving picture, I have every art and dimension, practically, with which to work.”

Ten years ago, at the suggestion of Thomas Edison, Mr. Flagg made twelve two-reelers. Each film dealt with a different kind of girl that Flagg had painted: the superstitious girl, the coquetish girl, the mysterious girl, and so on. Not only did he direct them, but I directed them as well.

These made such a hit that he next produced fourteen two-reelers—comedies, take-offs on Bill Hart. And Flagg himself played the leading role, as well as writing the scenarios, casting and directing them.

Certainly, James Montgomery Flagg’s creation will not fade out. I had an unmistakable proof of that as I left the studio. Hanging on the wall I noticed a portrait of a beautiful woman, of that Anglo-Saxon type he so loves. Beneath this woman hung the portrait of a child. A little girl of three years, with beautiful golden curls, sea-blue eyes, tip-tilted nose, with a little crouch to the nostril, and a laughing, up-curved mouth. For years instead.

James Montgomery Flagg has successfully created a type which is familiar in every little town and city throughout this country. And yet these illustrations which he turned out never quite satisfied him. He was always working for something more perfect than the last. Year after year he worked—satisfied? But always, hoping for greater satisfaction tomorrow. He had reached the crest of his artistic achievement when at the age of forty-seven he found his perfect illustration. It is his little daughter!
map, because the Gleasons declare that thus only would their guests ever reach their home, which is a Spanish house on a winding road nearly at the top of a Beverly Hills hill.

Jimmy Gleason, you know, wrote and played in "His Liz Sue" and both he and Mrs. Gleason were in another play of his, "Shannons of Broadway." Their charming son, Russell, nineteen, whom their fond parents had hoped to make a civil engineer by sending him to college, just decided to come to be a chip of the old block, and justified himself by getting a contract with Pathé on the strength of his first picture. So all the Gleasons are in pictures now.

"Phyllis Haver is in the party, I know," remarked Patsy. "List to her laugh!"

Sure enough, even before we heard Mrs. Gleason's warmly hospitable voice, calling to us that we were at the right place and please to come up the stairs that lead through the upright lawn to the door, we heard Phyllis' contagious laugh.

Inside the house was as cozy and hospitable as its owners, and we found gathered near the big fire in the fireplace a number of guests, including Griffith and his wife, Bertha Mann, who used to be on the stage; Phyllis Haver, Arthur Caesar, who writes for Fox, and his lovely wife, a former magazine editor and interior decorator; the guest of honor, Octavus Roy Cohen, and his pretty wife, Buddy De Sylva and his lovely wife—Buddy wrote the musical comedy, "Good News," you know; Mrs. Wells Root, who was formerly a noted scientist in her own right, but who has willingly given up her own career to be homemaker for her writer-husband, O. P. Heggie, the New York actor who came west to play in pictures, with his charming wife, Helen Mehrman, also of the New York stage; Al Cohn, the writer, with his wife, and numerous others.

We chatted with Octavus Roy Cohen about his stories about colored people; but he said that all the chat he had had since coming to Hollywood concerned the fact that he was married to his first cousin, and that his father had married his first cousin too. He came in at an interview, or so it appeared, but actually there was nothing strange about any member of his family, and he had replied, "Well, sometimes some of the members don't seem to think I should have been allowed to grow up, but otherwise there isn't any objection to anybody."

Phyllis Haver told us about her fiancé, Billy Seenan, of New York, and how they hope to go to Europe on their honeymoon; and Mrs. DeSylva told us how Billy had once ridden on his pony right into their house on Long Island, followed by a string of children!

Phyllis says that she and her husband are going to live in one whole floor on top of a building in New York, and that there is a tennis court on the roof, tennis being her favorite game.

Robert Armstrong was there with his wife, and that clever George Abbott, who is to direct the Two Black Crows, Moran and Mack.

Raymond Griffith told us, in his husky voice which is almost a stage whisper, but which, oddly enough, registers in the talking pictures, about his honeymoon trip to Europe with his bride. He said that they met a lot of Germans walking in Italy, so they decided to walk, too, and that Bertha nearly fell over with weariness, but gamely kept going, never wishing for so much more from afoot than you can if you ride from one point of interest to another in the big cities.

"Heavenly hash," somebody called it.

No wonder Mrs. Gleason says that she chose her house according to whether the place has a room big enough for her cook, that lady, colored, being of wide dimensions.

appearing to chatting about stories, and Jimmy Gleason told how he had been put to work to write an adaptation of a story called "High Voltage," but how, by the time he got through with it, following discussions with studio executives, all that was left of the original was the title, and as the studio people liked it, they had to call the hero by that as a nickname so as to keep it.

Jimmy Gleason showed the golf groups of the party his new golf clubs, and that brought up the subject of sports, including polo, whereupon Arthur Caesar pulled an immortal line—

"All the producers are playing polo. From Poland to polo in two generations!"

"Just all the stage actors in the world who have come to Hollywood to go into pictures are here!" exclaimed Patsy, as she Vernon Rickard—the singer, who has been the lead with the Duncan sisters in "Topsy and Eva"—and I were welcomed by Mrs. DeSylva, who was his pretty wife, who was formerly a concert pianist, and was there.

Louise Dresser was there, too, with her husband, Jack Gardner, and she said she had a cold for the first time since going into pictures.

"Of course I had to have a cold now that I'm in talking pictures," she smiled. "Oh, I've had a rough time in this picture. Paul Nicholson accidentally hit me too hard in a scene, and blackened my jaw and eye—and the very next day I met the handsome man I've ever seen! Talk about the irony of fate!"

Robert Edeson was there with his wife, and Edmund Breese and Mrs. Breese, Eddie Love and Layna Tashman, Mr. and Mrs. John Cheever, John Hare, Harry Ford, Antonio Moreno, Cornelius Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. David Percy, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Craven Kent, Conway Tearle and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Jason Robards and his wife, William Cownen and Lenore Coffee, Kenyon Thompson and his wife, and a dozen others.
"Two "eas are better than one!" we heard somebody remark.

"I'll just bet," said Miss Tasman, "that Edmund Breese is talking to my husband. He's always punning."

Sure enough, Ed Breese had topped somehow, and Lowe had said, and ended up with the pun.

We were chatting with Cornelius Keefe, and he told us about the opening of "Broadway Melody," at Hollywood.

"Two singers, a man and a woman, were singing from adjoining boxes," he told us merrily. "Spotlights were supposed to play upon them, but the spotlight supposed to illumine the man didn't work. It was placed on the stage, and he hopped out of his box onto the stage, fixed the light, and jumped back into its rays and sang:"

"He should," Vernon Rickard suggested, "have turned the lady's spotlight on himself. That would have made it perfect."

Eddie Lowe told us about hobnobbing with a stranger in a Turkish bath, both of course mainly in the altogether, and how the stranger had complimented him on a certain performance in a picture, without knowing he was speaking to the actor himself.

"He didn't know the best dressed actor in Hollywood," Eddie laughed, "without his clothes!"

But a collection of stage people, of course there was a lot of delicious entertainment. David Percy sang some of Will Krell's songs in that splendid voice of his, and1 Richard Wagner in his heavenly tenor, Crawford Kent and Mrs. David Percy whistled a duet. Joe Cawthorn sang some of his famous old musical comedy songs—"Dawn is Breaking in the West," "Oh I Can't Make It Without You," "The My Sympathies," Mrs. Cawthorn, who used to be the famous Queenie Vassar, you know, sang in a voice still clear and lovely, and Conway Tearle read "The Man That Made Rowland," sang.

There was a wonderful buffet supper, and presently guests began to leave, but not until we had become acquainted with the other member of the Cawthorn family, the beautiful big police dog.

"Well, they're letting in the dog—it's time to go home," said Vernon, and regretfully we sought our hats and coats.

"Do you suppose," inquired Madge Bellamy whimsically, "that Claire Windsor really knows everyone at her party?"

We then went over to the Breakfast Club, where Claire was giving a huge party, and were pausing in the Dog House to have Hors d'oeuvre and powder our noses before descending upon the big pavilion where the dining and dancing were to be done.

Madge, looking very lovely in a white silk gown, was sitting on a sofa, entertaining a crowd of men including Henry Morganthau, the Turkish Ambassador, and Adolph Ochs, New York publisher. Both had been Madge's escorts to the party.

Madge was speaking, but said that she smoked only in public.

That, Madge explained, was just so people wouldn't think that she was quite too ingratiating for anything.

Claire was looking heavenly lovely in a white silk dress made up of tiny stitched leaves, fastened together. She had come alone, she said. Grant Withers, with whom she has been going about a lot lately, wouldn't come because Buddy Rogers was to be there! These two are rivals for Claire's affections you know.

Buddy had come alone, but we have a suspicion that he later accompanied Claire with William and Roscoe Fawcett and their wives, down to Tia Juana, where Claire said they were going as soon as they could change their clothes after the party.

Everybody seemed to gather around Madge Bellamy's sofa, and she told us how she was smoking this evening to drown her terrible disappointment.

"It was too dreadful," Madge told us. "I was talking to a man this afternoon, and he seemed quite devoted. He began most auspiciously—"Will you—and hesitated. Naturally I thought he was going to propose. But he ended up with—I loan me ten dollars!"

"Oh, well, that was a narrow escape," put in Buddy Rogers. "A man who would want to borrow such a small sum as that in the first place, but then Eleanor Boardman came in with her husband, King Vidor, and we all passed to exclaim because she had bobbed her hair. Her husband never let her do anything before. You know, but she explained that she had had to do it for a picture, and she looked so pleased about it that we had our suspicions about that bob. After all, some directors are nice about taking suggestions.

Lois Weber was there with her husband, Captain Gantz, and Johnny Hines arrived "à la carte," as he explained it. He said that he meant by that if he came alone he could order what he wanted in the way of company, whereas, if he brought a girl—arrived there! He explained that he had to take what he had handed himself.

"But supposing that the party is out of what you want," suggested King Vidor.

"Oh, couldn't be at a party like this," responded Johnny.

However, we found out that the reason Johnny comes along is simply because he is deeply interested in a beautiful young non-professional girl, who was at home ill with the flu.

"Oh, there's the No girl with the Yes smile!" exclaimed Johnny, bantering Jane Winton, who had just come in with her husband, Charles Kenyon.

Dolores Del Rio, we found had been invited, but simply has gone nowhere since her husband died.

Don Alvarado was there with his wife; and there was Lois and Finis Fox, Isabel O'Neill, Doris Arbuckle and Hal Batley, Ben Bard and Ruth Roland, Billie Dove and Irwin Willat, Daphne Pollard; Vernon Rickard, who had brought Nancy Dreassi, to whom he seemed very much devoted, and who looks so much like Bessie Barriscale that it is starting; Nils Asther and Seena Owen; and Marion, who had come with Victor Fleming, that old friend of herself and her late husband, Fred Thomson; Sharon Lynn and Paul Page, with whom Sharon goes about all the time; Lloyd Pageant, and Mary McAllister; Agnes Ayres and Roger Marchetti, the lawyer; Jeannette Lof and Eddie Silton; John Considine and his fiancée, Carmen Pantages; Jean Arthur and Geirter Herman, and a score of others.

The favors were amusing. They were cardboard picture frames enclosing a blank white sheet, below which was a little white oval. This oval you moistened with the finger tip and rubbed over the blank space in the frame, whereupon your supposed future husband or wife appeared, the oval containing some sort of an acid that brought out the picture. Of course the pictures were awfully funny looking, and everybody had a good laugh.

"Mine," announced Jeannette Lof, "looks like a caricature of John McCormick grown old. I'm going to warn Colleen Moore!"

And it was terribly late when we left for home.
gracefully spreading live oaks. The air was balmy and lazy.

Two enormous standards about fifty feet high were placed in the side of the camera zone and a dozen or more smaller side sprays were scattered about. Four fire hoses were attached to plugins and stretched beyond the house, so that the hose ended roughly forty feet from the back of the house.

"What's all that for?" I asked.

"That's for our rain storm," Eva smiled.

"All those people are on their way to my house in a few days," went on the operator. "They have it planned and they have to run for shelter. Then they arrest me for a public menace."

"Shall they get wet?" I asked.

"Not only wet but drenched," Mrs. Todd replied.

I was thankful that it wasn't I who was scheduled to get wet! It made me shiver to think of the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Todd's friends.

There can't be too much for me.

Mrs. Todd showed me around while Eva changed her dress and put the finishing touches on her outfit. I noticed that she limped as she walked away. "What happened?"

"I sprained my ankle!"

"Somebody gave her a push yesterday in the crowd. Her foot slipped on a stone and she sprained her ankle. She was to drive her car but she thought the exercise would do her good. She had hot and cold bandages on most of the night to ease the pain."

And I hadn’t even seen her wince while she was driving!

There was a fountain in the middle of the public square and around it sat the villagers in stylish clothes and ragged clothes, good clothes and bad clothes, representing the different classes of people who came to see the show. There were Packard cars and little tumble-down donkey carts with people stretched out in them, paralyzed or legless or something. Some of the "invalids" had up the back of the stretcher by two men, but when the scene was over the boys made the "invalids" walk down! "You don't get break enough riding up, so you walk down," they said.

"You ought to practise up," one of the girls razzed him, "so when that tint lizzy of yours quits in the middle of a hill you can help out a little!"

"It would be a good time for a fire," someone said, "with all these water machines on the job," and not two minutes afterwards smoke was seen pouring out of the church belfry! "Oh boy! What a break for our side!" a boy yelled and grabbing the nozzle of a hose, started for the scene of action. But alas and alack—the hose was dry! A signal was to have been given when the water scene was ready and until then the water was turned off the back lot, so an SOS was telephoned to Universal's own private fire department and in due time the ladder and hose clattered up driven by man power. By that time the blaze had gone up the south side of the belfry and far side of the roof, but they got it out before too much damage was done to the front of it. In the rain sequence the charred belfry towered now, but the next day's scenes were menaced by it.

"There's our ticket to a night's work," said one of the carpenters. "That's a fine job to pitch up in twelve hours."

There was a little dog who couldn't make up his mind what it was all about. He ran around from one person to the other with his eyes scintillating from side to side, trying to show that he was all for one time for all, if some one would only tell him how he could help matters along.

"Pigeon, who plays Lord Carys, called him," said Walter. "You want a drink, said he, and the pup wagged his enthusiasm over this remark until his body was a veritable danger of parting company, while Walter tipped a teaspoonful of milk into a paper cup and put it on the head. He gave Walter's hand a swipe with his little red tongue in gratitude for his thoughtfulness and bounded away.

"Always know when a dog is thirsty," said Walter. "I've been that way myself and you get to know the expression.

You know Walter has a very fine singing voice which you will hear in this picture. He is an artist, too, having studied in a local and he has a very interesting sketches to his credit. He was in the war and was a broker for years before he went into pictures. He is also a graduate of Dartmouth College. Also, he is very wealthy—and a bachelor, girls!"

"What are you doing to our lot?" asked one of Universal's men, jokingly, who had fastened out to see how much damage the fire had caused.

"Oh, just brightening it up a little, said George Archainbaud, from his perch on a large piece of a covering so the rain wouldn't drench the cameras."

"All ready Eve?" Mr. Archainbaud called when the excitement over the fire had abated. "You men rush up the hill brandishing anything you can pick up and those of you who can't find sticks, shake your fists at Miss Southern."

This was the scene after the rain when the countryside comes in a body to arrest the charlatan, but because that to be a scene it was cut and a coveting so the rain wouldn't drench the cameras.

The bobbies appeared in their funny strapped hats, fighting back the crowd in an effort to keep the girl from the fury of the mob. More at least. Eva was pulled here and jerked there; sometimes a stray fist hit her head or shoulder.

I kept wondering how the sprawled ankle felt about all this. After all a sprawled ankle has rights and Eve's wasn't getting any break at all. But although she looked a little white she said the ankle was fine.

And again they did the scene and then prepared for the rain. It was getting late and the sky was hung with clouds. Also, it had grown very cold.

"Looks as though they wouldn't have to use the rain pipes. Those clouds look like business," said an old man who had the rheumatism "powerful bad," he told me. I didn't think the rain scene would help his rheumatism any and told him so. "Well, you can't be pickin' and choosin'," he said, and went on doing the given part with the same old clever way as if it was the first time for ten years and I just take what comes. Gettin' wet ain't near as uncomfortable as some things I have had to do. Just the same I'm some lookin' forward to getting my wings."
down the hill and through the square to
the shelter of the public buildings. The
hose played over the tops of the houses
and the small standards and large standards
covered the place with what looked to be
a driving rain.

The first time, though, the people didn't
got so wet, but after the fourth time they
were sopping. I marveled at the determina-
tion they had and the fact that they were
ruining their clothes for a five-dollar or
seven-and-a-half dollar pay check. Aside
from the discomfort of the situation there
was no denying the fact that those clothes
would at least have to be cleaned, if not
discarded.

What charm the movies have! Hundreds and thousands of people, young
and old, put up with anything to be
in them.

And it was so cold! Everyone who
could had grabbed an army blanket and
wrapped themselves up in it. Mrs. Todd
and myself among the ones who were getting wet couldn't
wrap up, so I don't know what they felt
like. Eve was clear across across the
under cover until she was needed. They
intended to work all evening with lights
playing over the set so as to finish up the
sequence. But I had had enough! I man-
gaged to get across to say good-by to Eve.

"Wait till I tell you about the healing
scene," she said.

Eve speaks in a soft, southern drawl.
She was born in Texas, but somehow she has
an accent as individual as her person-
ality. Before I came out here, after having
seen "The Gaucho" and "Wild Geese," I
thought Eve Southern and Greta Garbo the
two most magnetic personalities of the
screen; and I still think so, because they are
so silent, and silence is usually mysterious.

Eve is very shy. She doesn't like to meet
strange people—terrible terraces of interviews.

So is Greta Garbo. Eve is not unfriendly—
she loves people, but she likes impersonal
and not personal contact, and such is hu
mankind that people who shrink from
meeting the outside world are most at-
ttractive to it!

In the mob scene when Walter Pidgeon
discovers that Eve is the "miracle woman"
he immediately steps on the other side of
the fence, so to speak, and defends her.
A stone, intended for her, strikes his temple
and he falls unconscious. He is taken home
and recovers consciousness, but is found to
be paralyzed.

"Anne goes to him everyday," said Eve,
"and to him, trying to show him that
a higher power can save him. He can't
understand, of course. Every day she sits
at his bedside and tells him that if he will
only believe in the God that made him,
he will be able to walk. One day, filled
with love and pity for him, she tells him
again the same story and puts her hand on
his shoulder. As he listens and as he feels
the touch of her fingers, he moves his hand
forward her. He is suddenly able to grasp
the spiritual message. Tears spring into
his eyes and he cries, "Why, I am free."

"It sounds awfully silly to tell about it,"
Eve said, "but it was beautiful. We both
felt so uplifted because we were trying so
hard to think about the earth and get in
some sort of touch with the divine current
that were both crying when it was over.
I haven't seen it on the screen yet, but I
am sure the scene should be a good one,
because we put so much sincerity in it."

Eve also has a lovely singing voice. It
was her ambition to go into opera, and it
is still. Singing is her principal relaxation
and recreation. Also it is splendid exercise.
She will sing in this picture.

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Mary Pickford Continued from page 29

appearance, I carefully kept any note of encouragement out of my voice, merely saying, "Proceed, please, I will be glad to hear them." Then, without further preliminaries, and with the utmost of self-confidence, the child began voicing the lines. And as she spoke, I marvelled at the clearness of her diction, the purity of her enunciation, the absence of all slurring of consonants, no nervous junc-
ture of words. I had but to close my eyes to imagine myself listening to the clear, unbroken, unhesitated words of a graduate of a fine finishing school.

I watched her in the glare of the pilot-light, but there was not the slightest evidence of nervousness. The expressive fingers moved gracefully in time with her gestures. Her eyes gleamed with in-
terest as she entered into the rôle she was assuming, while each of her changing pos-
tures was graceful in the extreme.

I was sincere when I said, "That's very good," at the end. She had made a splendid impression under the most trying conditions. I knew then that I had found my Betty Werry, and I told her to come to the studio the next day.

"But what a name for the stage!" I exclaimed when she appeared and announced simply, "I am Gladys Smith." "Yes, a pretty terrible name isn't it?" she asked, laughing merrily after she had set-
teled herself in one of my largest chairs, "but Daddy's name was Smith and Mother and Peggy's, Gladys' part of it—so I'm helpless."

"Possibly not so helpless as you think," I rejoined. "We must find a name ex-
presive of your personality and your final voice."

"If I could have had a choice, I would have selected 'Mary,' for I love that name best of all," the child replied, "but I do not like 'Marie.'"

"Very well," I replied, "but 'Mary Smith' isn't helping any. We must find a suitable last name, something like 'Fairfax' or 'Toliver' or 'Hardy.'"

"One of my relatives married a man named 'Pickford,'" she suggested tenta-
itively.

"Mary Pickford,'" I ejaculated. "It was made to order for you. That is it—
the perfect name!"

"It was the name that was Christened in the name which has become so famous through-
out the world.

Already I was under the spell of the child's winsome personality and remarkably musical voice, but I believe it was the latter quality which attracted me most. There was an indefinable 'cello note in her lower registers, and a flute-like clarity and sweet-
ness in her overtones, which told me beyond the question of a doubt that she would make a daughter in my play. Master Richard Gordon and I had decided provisionally at the same time, and I do not be-
lieve there ever were two sweater character provisions so conducive to my peace of mind.

The newspapers in those days paid scant attention to other than headlined pictures, but the critic of the New York Press wrote after our début at the New York: "A charming personality was revealed in little Mary Pickford, a child whose natural grace and beauty of voice should carry her far."

Subsequently, when the play went to Boston, The Globe had this to say of Mary:

"Not the least striking persons in the play are little Miss Pickford and Master Richard Story as the younger children of General Warren. Both are delightful in the domestic picture of the second act. The little actress shows promise."

Wishing, therefore, to turn some attention to the little player, The Times said:

"Miss Mary Pickford as Agatha's younger sister is a very lovely little girl, winsome with a big voice."

These are indicative of the type of no-
tices given Mary during the two seasons run of this play. But it is not ordered that critics might have second sight as well as their other capa-
bilities. Then they could see into a future such as that of Mary Pickford, and could predict unerringly which of the younger players some day would reach stardom.

But it was not audience alone which felt the personal charm of Mary. First and foremost, I loved her. She was sweetly serious in her work, grateful and loyal to those who had made her, and always had that self-contained, dignified little smile of welcome for those she loved.

Likewise she was a company favorite. While I was there, she looked like a Char-
ette Walker almost as a second mother, so great was the affection between them. Down to the last member of the company one was impressed by the musicians of the various theatres—all seemed to feel the spell of this sweet personality.

With the close of "The Warrens of Virginia," Mary came to me and said: "Unless you advise against it, I think I will try motion pictures for awhile. I have had some tests at the Biograph studio and I have a definite idea of what regular work. I think I will like it, but I do not want to attempt it if you think it will interfere with my stage prospects. Tell me what to do, please, for you are my best friend and adviser."

Here indeed was a problem! I knew that the child's beauty and sweetness would make her a positive success in pictures, but on the other hand the stage would lose these qualities, plus a particularly melodious voice. "But in the end I nodded approval. "Will you make me one promise?" I asked.

"Anything—of course," she replied, "I feel that my future belongs to David O. Selznick and I never want to play for anyone but you."

But I pledged her to forget the speaking stage definitely for a time, and to give her best efforts in the new field.

"It may be that they can advance you more rapidly to the heights than you can rise in the legitimate theater," I told her.

"I want you to learn me more for all whether there is fame for you in the films."

She left with protestations that it was silly for anyone to think of her going on, but I was not the one to talk on that matter, nor was she, but she—she pressed my hand in farewell with that curiously old-fashioned gesture so familiar to students of the moving pictures. Her success was instantaneous and I watched her rise with pardonable pride.

But Mary came back to me in 1912 to assume the rôle of "Little Devil," a fairy fantasy. And strangely enough there were cast with her other juveniles destined to score successes later. I have seen some of these young actresses play as the Scotch orphan: Lilian Gish, Wilda Bennett and Regina Wallace. Each had an important rôle.

I brought to the theater a new expres-
niveness of feature, her remarkable
'speaking' hands, and an amplification of her natural poise and gracefulness. But best of all she brought back every note of her superbly musical voice.

I was not alone in that realization, for the next day’s New York Times, commenting on her return to the speaking stage, said:

"Mary Pickford’s diction is so good that it suggests the movies as a desirable place for some of our other actors to improve their elocution."

The New York Herald the same day, paid tribute to her personal charm and talent by saying:

"As for the acting, perhaps the honors went to Mary Pickford—a remarkable find for Mr. Belasco—who gave a lovely impersonation of the blind Juliet."

Many and happy were the chats I had with Mary during her stay with me in the new play. Through these moments I came to know something of the fierce determination and the hard common-sense which form the basis of her make-up. She knew within the heart of her that she was a born actress—but never did she attempt the thousand-and-one little tricks of temperament so many display. In fact she was more apt to satirize them.

I remember that one evening I was chatting with her before the performance. She had a pet kitten, and the animal, jealous at being neglected, began to meow. Finally Mary smiled roguishly and said to the animal:

"See here, young kitten-cat, don’t you know actresses with temperaments cannot stand silly noises in their dressing rooms?"

Once during a more serious moment, which we were discussing her future, Mary turned to me and said:

"There was a story in the papers the other day that I had been the ‘daddy’ of our family since I was big enough to work." Here a tremulous little smile passed over her expressive face. "And do you know I liked it. It made me think some of your own earlier struggles and made me realize you’ve won just because there was no force big enough to defeat you. I’m going to be like that; nothing can prevent me going to the top. And I hope it will be with you, dear Mr. David."

"We’ll see, Mary dear," I replied somewhat vaguely, for even then I was coming to realize that she had made her personality too strong an influence in pictures to permit her to abandon them.

Presently when the end of the season came, I called on her to say, plaintively, "Will you have a place for me next season, Mr. David dear?"

I shook my head negatively. "Possibly never again," I replied. Her beautiful eyes clouded, but she went on, bravely: "Why—but why—" she said, "what have you done?"

"Everything, my dear," I rejoined. "I am going to let you go back to the pictures where they’re clamoring for you; where you have made hundreds of thousands of admirers by your splendid work. You can go equally as far on the stage, but it will take years, and in that time you can have progressed and an incredible distance on the screen. I want so badly to see you on the heights that I am willing to forego all my plans in order that my little chum may find herself.

I think we both were a bit misty-eyed at the parting, but Mary walked from my studio that day to put her dainty feet on the ladder of screen fame, and joy has been mine in the previous years to know that my advice was well.

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We never have lost contact. I always think of Mary Pickford as America's Sweetheart—but my 'Little Chum.' Always I have rebelled at the loss of her glorious voice in the silences of motion-pictureland; but now it seems that even that is to be restored in 'Coquette.'

I read the other day of her voice tests—how splendidly she recorded—and it is sweet to know that the girl who makes this new success, still is the simple, unpretending bit of femininity who said to the kitten: "Don't you know actresses with temperaments cannot stand silly noises in their dressing rooms?" I know that success never has—and never could—spoil her.

Loving for a Living

(Continued from page 71)

were to watch me at my love making, either. I don't recall that she ever has but it wouldn't fuse me a bit. You see, this is work for me. And screen kisses aren't always what they are cracked up to be. A kiss isn't so pleasant when you are paid to kiss and when the girls wear grease paint and ill-tasting make-up, and when a camera and forty men are looking on, and when you have rehearsed it ten or fifteen times, and when you are tired after a hard day of work.

Mention the word 'kiss' to a young man and woman, and their first thought is of a cozy corner, hidden away: not of a crowded street. How many young men would enjoy kissing a girl on a busy downtown corner? Few, I'll warrant. The same situation exists in the studios.

The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 85)

She Got What She Wanted

A reviewer's job is occasionally a tough one, but not with this show. One paragraph more and we were done.

Here is a curious compound of farce, comedy, and drama all about a little Russian girl who kept falling in love with other men before going to see her husband. An occasionally bright line doesn't remove the hash flavor. Galina Kopenrnak, Alan Brooks, and Franklyn Ardell wasting their sweetness on the deserted air of Wallack's.
is down in the water and see how the ache and tension will disappear.

You are now ready for a short rest. But first, you must prepare your face for a rest. You know about resting your mind and body, and you know how to rest your face. When you feel tired, you go to rest, and when you feel your face it's a joke or an insult. Yet it's impossible for the muscles of the face to rest unless you release them from tension. When you are cleansing your face and eyes, have a portion of skin food heating. It can be used cold, of course, but if you never have used hot skin food on your face and eyes, you are trying it when you feel it seep into the pores of your tired skin you will realize how comforting it is, and it is particularly good for a dry skin.

On a stand within reach of your bed place a bowl of ice water containing several pads of cotton, a jar of astrigent, a bottle of witch hazel and the hot skin food. Lie down on your bed and quickly apply the skin food, smoothing it well into the face and neck. Pat briskly with the tips of the fingers for a couple of minutes on both hands. Pat from the base of the neck to the ears, from the chin to the corners of the mouth, to the nose, over the cheeks, and under eyes and around the eyes very gently, across the forehead. Squeeze the pads from the ice water, douse generously with astrigent, place one on each cheek, one on the forehead, a big pad on and under the chin and strap on with a face towel. Over each eye place a pad wet with witch hazel.

All this can be done in much less time than it takes to write it, particularly if you are careful to have everything at hand for this beautifying and rest period. And remember, if you really are going to rest your face you must shut your mind against any thought of worry or hurry and think rest, peace, sleep—until it actually over-takes you.

When your rest period is over, though it is no more than ten or fifteen minutes, you will just naturally begin to look more beautiful. If you don't believe it, look in the mirror. Remove the skin food with tissues or a soft towel and pat the face, then wipe with a wad of cotton wet with astrigent.

Now take a quick sponge or shower. Rub the body with your favorite soap and water with warm water. Rub again with sweet scented bath powder and shower with tepid or cold water if you can stand the shock of cold water. Dry briskly with a rough towel and dust with talcum, and you are ready to dress.

There is another quick trick of beautifying which I want to tell you about. It was told me by one of the most beautiful and popular of our screen stars. "Aside from studio make-up," she told me, "I use no cosmetics except cleansing cream and a little astrigent. With these two I learned to be satisfied and weary and want to freshen up for the evening I cleanse my face and use a white-of-egg mask. I simply smooth the egg white over my face and neck, smooth and relax while it dries. If I can, I drop off to sleep for a few minutes. In about an hour I rise and wash the mask off with water, and due to a little powder—on a little powder. The egg mask tightens the skin, smooths out tiny lines and gives one a fresh rested look."

This trick may be included in the quick beauty treatment. Use the skin food as directed, leave on a few minutes, remove with skin tonic, then apply the mask. When you come to the finishing touches you will be surprised to find that even your hair looks better for the rest and falls more softly and gracefully, and when you wake up, you will find that you need very little attention. As a matter of fact, a bit of foundation cream, a dusting of powder—and by the way, here's another little trick I learned from a movie star. It will help to wake your eyes and keep them away from the appearance of tiredness if you use a darker shade of powder around your eyes, especially under them. Then powder the rest of your face with your usual shade. The darker powder must not be overdone. Make-up of any kind must not be obvious.

Finish with a suspicion of rouge, shading naturally into your normal color. Work in an upward movement. At the edges dully tone the color down in order to break any conspicuous outline. A skillful touch of rouge low on the chin extending back along the jaw bone will tend to soften the effect and make it inconspicuous.

If your lips have a good color, rub a white lipstick over them to make them soft and fresh. If you wish to touch up your lips with a bit of color, apply the red lip-stick to the bow of the lips and with a motion to the corners, blend the color until it is not conspicuous. Now then! Would you ever think that the radiant woman who looks out from your mirror is the same weary, dejected creature who came slinking into your room less than an hour ago? Blue books have given way to blue skies, sorriness to sunshine! You're all ready now to meet your best beau or your best beau's family, or any adventure that may present itself. And—if you behave as well as you look—you will do very well!"
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In New York—Continued from page 75
she smiled her whimsical smile. "I would say, 'Very well, then, I go!' And they do what I want! I do not know what that means but it was good!"

"You're right of course that Garbo's famous line is 'I go now.' She said she loved the sea trip—the rougher, the better. And when I asked her if she would ever want to go back to sea, she answered by saying: 'Who can say? We never know what we may wish to do. If you are unhappy you pack your trunks and you go—somewhere. Now, I am glad to be back here.'"

She has stories she hopes she may do, sometime. Her own stories. But she added, "I know them but I am not a writer so I cannot write them. And the parts are too hard to explain."

When I mentioned some of her first pictures, she said, "Oh, those are old stories, now! I hope to do some comedy sometime. I like comedy."

She is that priceless combination, the sweet and the wise woman! She is naive one moment, like an eighteen-year-old, looking at you appealingly. The next, she is a mocking, worldly woman, with a veil as thick over the face as a headband and friendliness. I wonder which is the real Garbo? Certainly she must be eternally fascinating. I can assure her fans of that. And to the world she has made Garbo one of the great stars of pictures. It's much, much more. There's a force, an intelligence somewhere behind the enigmatic and boundless courage. But before we leave her I must tell you that her eyelashes, which so many have said are too good to be true, are real. She curl an inch or so on her cheek and they are very black. I saw her in broad daylight, I looked, and I know! Her complexion, too, is the real thing—soft and white without a trace of makeup. And the minute she arrived at her Park Avenue hotel from the boat there was a phone call waiting for her. From Beverly Hills, California. From one John Gilbert!

That Lupe! She is one funny kid! Whooppee Lupe—Mexican cyclone—hot tamale! It's all true, and then some. But we can't help wondering, could we help it? She's a primitive, picturesque little creature, willful, willful, fascinating. From the moment she arrived, things happened! A luncheon for the press, at which Lupe captivated the men and amazed the women. Then personal appearances at the Rialto in Times Square, where she upset theatrical tradition by doing it exactly as she pleased. She was a hit. I hope you all managed to get to some town where she appeared. Lupe Velez, in Person, is more than worth the price of admission. She can laugh and sing and dance and toss violet and black front-row males on the head. She told me: "They luf me—they adore Lupe!" She's got that! She's got over her success as a child. She was looking over some proofs of some of her own pictures and saying, "Beautiful, beautiful—over and over again! little dimples, oh my!" "Is my neck in my nose?" she asked. And sure enough— if you look closely you'll see two tiny dimples. She wears a big diamond engagement ring on what looks like a wedding ring. She said she missed Garbo terribly and loves him very much. Those eagles, said Lupe, that Gary gave her—she loves them because he loves them. "What

he love I love," she declared. Lupe smokes—that is, she has never had cigarette herself but she will reach for yours with her long slim brown fingers and give it a puff or two, and hand it back.

She is said to have had offers from Ziegfeld, Shubert, and Earl Carroll to appear in Broadway productions. But she has given them all a "no." She is said to want to get back and make more pictures. When I saw her she looked like a tired child—"It is terrible," she moaned. "I work—work—all the time. But they adore me!"

Estelle Taylor came to town and immediately had an offer to play opposite George Jessel in his next talking picture. Then Fox bought Jessel's contract and will star him in a series of pictures at some fabulous salary; so Estelle may not do it, after all. But she did have voice tests made and everybody says they are marvelous.

Estelle is the most modest star in pictures. You'd think to hear her talk that she had never made such a hit in "Don Juan" and "Where East Is East." She said: "Word got around that my voice wasn't good enough because the stage play Jack and I were in didn't have a very long run. But they finally persuaded me to have a talk test and when I heard it I must say I was surprised!" Which, discounting Estelle's inferiority complex, means that it is just swell!

I never saw Miss Estelle look so well as she does right now. You have probably heard how she suffered for her art for "Where East is East"—how she had to have her eye's peel back, give an Oriental slant and how it hurt. Well, strangely enough she wore the make-up for so long that it looked to me as if her eye's were still a little, and it's terrifically becoming!"

I saw Alice Joyce 'in person' just after she appeared in "The Thirteenth Mill's" had "The Squall," and I couldn't believe my eyes! In "The Squall" Miss Joyce plays the mother of Carroll Nye. And it only took a few seconds to show she was an excellent actress and make-up artist she is. Because the real Alice might be the original of the more attractive photographs you see in the society columns of the newspapers captioned: "Smart Young Matron Out for a Stroll on Park Avenue." Alice is youthful and exceedingly well-dressed and correct. She drove on Park Avenue, too! She is one of the most famous movie comedians, dividing her time between east and west. Hollywood is where her work is, but her heart is certainly in Manhattan, where her husband, James B. Regan, is, and her two daughters. Her eldest, Mary, is in school in Philadelphia and Alice's first-week-end was spent with her.

George Jessel is a New York institution. He isn't very tall but there's a brisk, Napoleon-esque look about him. You just know he'll get what he wants. His success on the stage is too well-known to be remarked, but he is new to the movies. And since some people have said that he admits there may be a few things about pictures he doesn't know! "I want to learn," he told me seriously. "I'm green at this things—only one picture to my credit, 'Lucky Boy.' And I want to make good and do some really fine things."
Advice to June Brides — Continued from page 43

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Delight Evans, Editor

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Reporting the Coming Screen Events that cast their Shadows before Them.

By Evelyn Ballarine

If a foreign accent an obstacle to success in the talkies? Let’s look around us and see.

It hasn’t seemed to stop the lovely foreign ladies. Bacallova was artistically articulate in “The Wolf of Wall Street” and is continuing in her next, “The Dangerous Woman.” Yalma Banky’s charming accent helped make “This Is Heaven” even more heavenly. Lupe Velez’s Mexican tang in “Lady of the Pavements” was something to talk about. Mlle. Lily Damita is to play the French Charmaine in “The Cock-Eyed World,” the sequel to “What Price Glory.” Her accent will add much to our entertainment. Camilla Horn was all set to leave America and make pictures in Germany when both Warner Brothers and Fox Films offered her talkie contracts. She’s staying. Which leads us to Greta Garbo. She’s to talk in “The Single Standard.” La Garbo’s appeal was potent in silent pictures—but this same appeal plus dialogue—well, words fail us!

We appoint ourselves the reception committee to welcome Constance Bennett back to the screen. She has signed a contract with Pathé. And that won’t make anybody sore except the other producers who weren’t lucky enough to sign her. Con-

Introducing Violet Adams, latest addition to Pathé’s junior stock company.

John Breeden, who makes his bow in the “Fox Movietone Follies.”
In my next picture, "Smiling Irish Eyes!, I'm actually going to—
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A talkie closeup as it looks from the sound-proof booth in which the cameraman works. Colleen Moore and James Hall enacting a scene from "Smiling Irish Eyes."

Colleen Moore's famous 'Dutch' bob is gone and you can blame it on her first talkie, "Smiling Irish Eyes." Colleen's role calls for an unsophisticated girl of rural Ireland. Consequently she will be seen with her hair dressed with short curls at the back, caught up with a ribbon tied in a bow. But we have Colleen's promise that the change of style is just temporary and that's a relief. Imagine our Colleen without her cute bob. It would be as disastrous as seeing Charlie Chaplin without his trick mustache or Harold Lloyd without his tortoise-shell glasses in his comedies or even a movie without sound—enough of this!

William Haines is going to make a sound sequel to "Brown of Harvard." We are not only rooting for him but we're placing bets on him that he wins both the girl and the game. Come on, now, all together—Rahl! Rahl for Hey, Hey, Haines!

While we are in this cheerful, cheering mood we might as well tell you about the other college pictures coming along. Eddie Quillan has the lead in "Joe College." Jeanette O'Neill and Sally O'Neil are his femme support. What a lucky break for Eddie. Then there's the "College Coquette." No cast has been selected for this one as yet. And, of course, "The Collegians" series are still going strong.

Here's something we just had to bring up—Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, are working on their first talkie, "Backstage Blues," with Evelyn Brent as the feminine lead.

Adolph Menjou, that breaker of screen hearts, homes or what have you, is to do "The Concert" as his introduction to the talkie screen. It's the story of a handsome musician, the idol of the fair sex, who becomes so engrossed in their flattery that he forgets his wife. Can't you just see the suave Mr. Menjou in this role? Fay Compton will play opposite him.

Joan Crawford's first talkie is "Jungle." It's a story of modern life and will carry our Joan into primitive places of South America. Joan also has a part in Metro-Goldwyn's Hollywood Revue of 1929.

C Dixie Lee is a very good reason for expecting much of "Fox Movietone Follies." She can sing, too!
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The Editor:

Just Suppose!

DEAR EDITOR:

What would you think if: Mary Brian did a Greta Garbo, Alice White successfully vamped Ramon Novarro, Ben Turpin's eyes suddenly flew to the opposite sides, John Barrymore went in for slapstick, Buddy Rogers suddenly changed his name to Oswald Van Maritz, Colleen Moore turned out to be Lillian Gish's sister, Lloyd Hughes adopted Davey Lee, Rin-Tin-Tin used make-up, You didn't see at least 50 clinics in every Garbo-Gilbert picture, Buster Keaton forgot and gave a hearty laugh in the middle of a picture, Dick Arlen got mixed and said "Jobyna" instead of "Mary" in the middle of a talkie, Clara Bow's hair turned green, Blananova actually looked sweet, Girls stopped raving over Gary Cooper, Mary Pickford got a boyish bob, Lee Duncan married Clara Bow, Harry Langdon went in for Gilbert stuff, Movie magazines 'weren't', and SCREENLAND wasn't the best magazine on the market!

Sincerely,

Helen Andresen,
4451 North Campbell Avenue,
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Dix Has Sound Appeal!

DEAR EDITOR:

I was very happy to hear that Paramount has bought "The Wheel of Chance," a dramatic stage play, and has assigned Richard Dix to make it for them. It is a strong drama and Rich will be cast as a captain in the British India service. What a marvelous break for him! The parts he deserves are beginning to come to him after years of 'glorified quickies.' I wonder if you can realize what a big dramatic attraction you would be worshiping had Richard Dix been given some of the fine dramatic stories that John Gilbert has had in the past year or two? The talksies are putting him on top where he belongs. His voice in "Nothing But the Truth" is something to write home about. And that's the truth—no fooling! Come on, Rich, we're all pulling for you and we know "The Wheel of Chance" is going to be grand!

Sincerely,

Harold Revine,
179 Arbor Street,
Ottawa, Canada.

Ray! Ray! For Charlie.

DEAR EDITOR:

Not that my vote will do much good, but I want to see Charles Ray back on the screen, in talking pictures. Like Bessie Love, he knows the movie technique, and he's had experience on the stage. I saw him last week in his vaudeville turn. He stopped the show. Not because he was a movie star, either, although that counted in the loud, welcoming applause, but because he could put over a song like a veteran. Why, the boy's good! His singing voice may not be of operatic timbre, but he has lots of pep, personality, and humor. Get him to impersonate the blues singers, with gestures. It's side-splitting!

This young man is droll, sophisticated, wistful, talented. Don't you want to see
In An Unforgettable Moment...

He betrayed his trust and succumbed to the exotic, passionate allure of an Oriental beauty—infused with power—holding an empire in her hands...

A pulse-quicking, breath-taking tale of mystery, intrigue, passion and conflict between a woman who ruled thousands of men and the one man who ruled her.

WILLIAM FOX presents this ALL-TALKING FOX MOVIE TONE Melody-Melodrama with VICTOR MCLAGLEN Myrna Loy, David Rollins, Roy D'Arcy, Cyril Chadwick, David Torrence

"from Talbot Mundy's famous novel "King of the Khyber Rifles"

Dialog by James K. McGuinness
Staged by Lumsden Hare
JOHN FORD production
FRECKLES

Can be Secretly Removed!

YOU can remove those annoying, embarrassing freckles, secretly and quickly, in the privacy of your own home. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Remove Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. The face revivified with new beauty of natural coloring. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

DEAR EDITOR:

I'm handing out bouquets to everyone. First one goes to you! The last issue of SCREENLAND gave me absolute, sheer complete enjoyment. The covers are beautiful and the contents always interesting.

A bouquet for Pola Negri. Let's give her two—just because! One for Bashaanova (Yippee!) Another for Aileen Pringle.

Paul Lukas is the first male actor I admire. I liked him in all his pictures, with the exception of "Two Lovers".

It seems everyone likes the youngsters. Here's one for all sophisticated! I notice fans exchange photos through the movie magazine. Great! I have a great many Valentino stories and pictures and I'll give the whole layout to any reader of SCREENLAND who will send pictures of my favorites (especially Pola Negri). If Pola sent me another letter, it couldn't make me happier than to see my letter in SCREENLAND, the Ace of motion picture magazines!

Very sincerely yours.

Julia Tamara Reino.

DEAR EDITOR:

I am going to tell the fans about my friendship with Doris Kenyon. As much as I like Doris on the screen I love her more for herself. She is so real and gives so much happiness. Doris and I have corresponded for several years. I have many gifts from her as well as photographs, snaps and such things. I wish I could have seen my Christmas box! Charles Mank, Jr., was right when he said that Doris Kenyon never forgets a Christmas card. I know that she sent many to friends of mine and they were so pleased. She does such thoughtful things to make her fan friends happy. They're not just fans, but friends. Doris has told me often that she wishes she could keep in touch with all her fan friends, but it is impossible.

She is very talented as you all know. I have just received a long letter from her telling me all about a recital she is giving with a well-known pianist. She will give her original monologues, in costume, with piano accompaniment. I have many photographs of little baby Kenyon Sills. His famous mother and father are very devoted to their little golden-haired baby.

I have many charming letters from such stars as Conrad Nagel, Ruth Morlan, Tove Blue, Dolores Del Rio, Helen Ferguson and Louise Dresser and others.

Sincere letters are appreciated by the screen players. Be careful how you write and be original and you'll get results.

Sincerely,

Lucille Carlson.

DEAR EDITOR:

Is going to win that $500.00—and there is just a chance that this time will be our lucky strike.

Last, but surely not least, are the reviews. The time and money they save us, by steering us to the best pictures. Not only that, but sometimes we are unable to attend a certain picture we have looked forward to, and the interestingly written review brings it almost before our eyes. Thanks to the advice contained in SCREENLAND, when going from month to month, I was one of the ten winners in a contest staged by our local theaters, for naming the ten best pictures shown in their houses during the year. The prize was a pass which admits me to any of the theaters, any or every night for a month. No wonder I am enthusiastic over SCREENLAND!

Of course, a fan letter wouldn't be complete without a confession of a favorite, and mine is Richard Arlen. His is no meteoric rise, no over-night stardom which flashes for a few weeks and then is gone, but the steady rise of talent and ability which could not be concealed forever in extra and "bit" parts.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth J. Winter.

DEAR EDITOR:

Him in pictures again? Then let's all get together in one long shout:

We want Charlie Ray!

With best wishes.

Margaret Johnson.
2463 Valentine Avenue.
New York City.

A Few Bouquets

DEAR EDITOR:

For Doris Kenyon

SCREENLAND—the key to the Fans' Movie Dreamland! There we meet as girl-to-girl (or man-to-man), our friends of the silver sheet. We attend their formal dinner parties, and their informal swimming and tea fests. We share their disappointments, and applaud their good breaks. We attend the premiers, admiring the wonderful gowns and furs (if we are of the feminine gender), and collecting an autograph or two of our favorites. We see them at home and on the set. We walk down the Boulevard and hear the comments on "To Talk—or not to Talk"; have luncheon at Henry's; and are allowed to go on location with SCREENLAND's Location Lady. All for the small sum of twenty-five cents.

Then there are the contests. Although we have never won a contest in our lives (and have tried most all of them), we start the new one just as enthusiastically. Some lucky person, perhaps in our own town, is
BRUNETTES are the worst offenders!

The smartness that sheer silk stockings impart, is something no chic woman wishes to forfeit. Yet how often not only the effect of smartness, but good taste as well, is utterly sacrificed by the superfluous hair seen through the gossamer silken web of a stocking.

There’s no need to run the risk of being judged crude and lacking in daintiness when it’s so simple to remove offending hair with DEL-A-TONE.

Applied directly from its handy tube, DEL-A-TONE Cream, snowy-white, creamy and dainty, has no equal for complete removal of hair from legs, arms, under arms, back of neck, and face. Does not encourage heavier growth, but rather, tends to retard it.

Before putting on your next pair of silk hose—use DEL-A-TONE and be certain of smartness and good taste. Then you will realize why it is as indispensable to the modern woman as her dentifrice or cosmetics.

DEL-A-TONE Cream or Powder has been the choice of fastidious women for over twenty years. It’s the quickest and most pleasant way to remove hair.

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

Sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, $1.00. Money back if not satisfied. If you have never tried DEL-A-TONE, send coupon and 5¢ for trial package to Miss Mildred Hadley, Dept. 147, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill.

TRIAL OFFER—

Miss Mildred Hadley, c/o The Delatone Co., Dept. 147, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, in plain wrapper, prepaid, trial package of Dela-tone as checked herewith, for which I enclose 10c.

□ DEL-A-TONE Cream □ DEL-A-TONE (Powder)

Name

Street

City State

—But blondes are no exception

Praise For
Mary Pickford

DEAR EDITOR:—

I have decided that SCREENLAND wins as being the best of all the movie books printed. It not only gives you more for your money but it gives you more inside news on the stars and the pictures they are making. I am a great movie fan and I think that Vitaphone is one of the greatest of all inventions and I hope that it never fades out. To me pictures that are not really an interesting and tell a story really do the good.

I saw Mary Pickford in "Cậu Quế." She certainly lives up to her name 'America's Sweetheart.' She was marvelous—her voice was soft and clear. I went to see "Show Boat" and it was wonderful. Laura La Plante certainly proves herself a great actress in that picture. My favorite are, Mary Pickford, Clara Bow, Colleen Moore, Bill Haines, Buddy Rogers, and Constance Bennett.

Sincerely,

Stanley Haskins, Jr.,
5925 Highland Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri.
A Tip
From a Fan

DEAR EDITOR,—
March Screenland had a letter of mine printed. And to my delight the fans are writing me and asking: "What do you write to the stars to receive such personal replies?"

In the May Screenland I read—"Attention, Charles Mank, Jr. The fan asked the same question. Here is my only answer. Write the stars as you would a chum or friend of yours. Not just a note saying: 'My dear Mr. Novarro: You are a wonderful actor. I think you are handsome. Send me your photograph, please.'

Here's a tip, fans. I wrote a fan note to Bodil Rosing telling her a role in a story suited to her acting. Mrs Rosing wrote me a long handwritten letter. She sent me a signed photograph and a memory slip signed with her motto. She even asked me to write again.

Prove to the star you are interested in her real life as well as real life. When Clara Bow had the flu I sent her a note and clippings from home-town papers which told about her illness. I enclosed a memory book slip. I got it back signed—'For Charlie Mank. Best wishes always. Sincerely, Clara Bow.' I saved the envelope, as it had been addressed by Clara. Mary Pickford sent me a 'Thank you' note from a condolence note in behalf of her mother's death.

I write to the addresses the movie magazines give—I have no pull with the stars. I just write them sincere letters.

This Christmas I received cards from Paddy O'Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. Still, Sue Carol, Lois Moran, Franklin Pangborn, Claire Windsor, Helen Ferguson, Rex Bell, Albert Conti and a letter from Lena Basquette.

I hope that every fan that reads this will write to me. Also every Rudy Valentino fan. I am asking all the "Rudy" fans to send me any articles, write-ups, or poems they have written in Rudy's honor. I am writing a book called "The Fan's Own Book about Rudolph VAlentino."

I want to thank Screenland for the many new pen pals I have made since my letter was printed.

Sincerely,
Charles Mank, Jr.,
226 East Mill Street,
Staunton, Illinois.

To the talkies—long may the silent drama live.
To Lupe Velez—may we in the future read less about her—but more of Polly Moran.
To Vilma Banky—because of "The Awakening" and because she is one of the screen's most beautiful women.
To Emile Jannings—because of "The Patriot," "Sins of the Fathers," "The Way of All Flesh"; and because he is that rare individual, an actor with a soul.
To Charles Farrell—because of "Seventh Heaven," and because he is indeed a very remarkable fellow.
To Margaret Mann—because of "Four Sons" and because she made you think of "Home Sweet Home."
To Lon Chaney—because of "West of Zanibar."
To Barry Norton—because of "Mother Knows Best" and because he is like the flame of a candle light.
To Belle Bennett—because of "Stella Dallas" and because she is all-womanly.
To Lars Hanson—because of "Homecoming."
To Gustav Froehlich—because of "Homecoming" and because he thoroughly lived his part rather than played it.
To Dita Parlo—why they sent her back to her native country is beyond me.
To Ramon Novarro—because of "The Student Prince" and because he is like a saintly monk.
To Paul Lukas—because of "The Shop-Worn Angel" and others. May we see more of him.
To Nils Asther—because of "A Dream of Love."
To Jean Hersholt—because he can remind you of your old dad.
To Greta Garbo—because of "A Woman of Affairs" and because without her the screen would be dead.
To King Vidor—because of "The Crowd."
To Clara Bow—because of "The Fleet's In" and because she has something of that precious little thing called "pep."
To Richard Barthelmess—because of "Broken Blossoms" and "Weary River."
To Grace M. Tether—because of her very interesting letter to this department (April issue of Screenland). May she let us hear from her again.

Sincerely,
Ella Nikitshir.
1225 Lancaster Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Because She Likes Nice Things!

DEAR EDITOR,—
To you and yours—because of Screenland.

Buddy Rogers Scores

DEAR EDITOR,—
This is my first letter in regard to the movies and to my favorite screen stars. So many people knock the talkies. But to those who knock them, remember there are so many people who are for them. I always read Screenland Magazine. It is really a comfort to read letters from other folks who have the same favorites. When they say a kind word about them you wish you could shake their hand. My
favorites are: Charles Rogers, Johnny Mack Brown, Billie Dove, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert and Barry Norton. But my favorite of favorites is Buddy Rogers. I wish the best of success to SCREENLAND.

Sincerely,
Nelson Suffel,
35 South 11th Street,
Sunbury, Pennsylvania.

Haines
Her Pet Rave

DEAR EDITOR:—

I'm going to make the most of my opportunity to boost my favorites.
The talks are wonderful. What a thrill to hear the voices of such stars as Gary Cooper, Conrad Nagel, Buddy Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Dorothy Mackaill and Betty Compson.

But best of all, I might add, I have heard none to compare with that of my favorite, William Haines. Know him, girls? He's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's little boy. And a great little boy he is. Don't you agree with me?

I saw and heard "Alias Jimmy Valentine." I confess I was rather surprised when I heard Billy's voice. I had thought he'd have that fatal southern drawl but his voice is as spiffy as his acting. And Leila Hyams, who plays opposite him in this picture, has the sweetest voice of any actress I've heard so far.

Give us more talks and let us see more of such stars as Bill Haines, John Mack Brown, Joan Crawford, Jeanette Loff and Hugh Allan.

Success and more success to the talks! Sincerely,
Betty Rice,
703 West Cumberland Street,

He Likes Them All!

DEAR EDITOR:—

Just a few words for the movies, the stars, and some of the nice fan clubs. I am very fond of them all.
The movies have given me some wonderful hours of entertainment and I am very grateful. I have been a fan for years and have watched many stars come and go. In the small, dingy theaters I have watched Madge Evans, Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, and so many others. I have seen these theaters change into magnificent palaces and am very proud of it all.
The stars! I like them all! I have seen lots of the stars in person and have not yet been disappointed in one. Gary Cooper who seems to be growing more popular

WAKE THE SKIN
AS BEAUTIES DO

CLEAR IT... CLEANSE IT... MAKE IT GLOW

Movie stars and stage stars by the scores have paid high tribute to Boncilla classic pack. Many send their pictures. Some people think that we pay for such testimony, but we don't. It is given freely to be used in helping other women.

We publish the facts and the pictures because these are professional beauties. They know how to look their best. We use them to urge all girls and women to profit by their advice.

The Basis of Beauty

Beauty demands these things:

- A radiant glow
- A clear, clean skin
- An animated look

It demands the removal of blackheads and blemishes, of dead skin and hardened oil. To nourish and revive the skin, the blood must be drawn to the surface. A youthful look demands that little lines be eradicated. Wrinkles must be combated, sagging muscles must be firm. Enlarged pores must be reduced.

All the world over, beauties and beauty experts are using for these purposes Boncilla classic pack. Nothing else compares.

It must be used before the make-up if you wish to look your best.

Results are Quick

Results are both quick and amazing. Any girl can gain much new, glowing beauty inside 30 minutes. Many older women seem to drop ten years. Your evening joys can be multiplied. Your friends can be surprised. All by using this skin wake-up before you add the make-up.

Prove this tonight in fairness to yourself. It is folly to forfeit attractions which mean so much to you.

Boncilla classic pack is available wherever toilet goods are sold. Tubes, 50c and 75c—jars, $1.50. Or send the coupon with 10 cents for an introductory pack of the four chief Boncilla aids, including a liberal sample of the new hyracy beauty powder. A week's supply of all of them. Clip coupon now.

FOUR NEW BEAUTY AIDS

Boncilla
CLASSMIC PACK

BONCILLA—Indianapolis, Indiana

Send me your four quick aids to beauty—the pack, two creams and new hyracy powder. I enclose a dime.

Name

Address
BLONDES!

A million dollar secret

A PRICELESS beauty secret for every blonde who wants to keep her hair light, bright and lovely! All you do is use a special shampoo when you wash your hair. This new shampoo for blondes only is called Blondex. Keeps hair from darkening—puts new life and sparkle in dull, faded hair. Acts in safe, natural way—no dyes or harsh bleaches—fine for scalps. Already used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.

FREE BOOK TELLS HOW
You can build a career for yourself—using your hair and face. Send a 10 cent postal and a 25 cent check to Miss Arlene Gladstone, 329 Exposition Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. for a free booklet of opportunities.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY
and Motion Picture Projection

THE Doorway of Hospitality

ENTER the doorway of this popular hotel.

There's an atmosphere of cordial welcome which marks the difference between the Hollywood Plaza and ordinary hotels.

Your room, too, has that added touch of distinction. Pictures on the wall, overstuffed furniture, a floor lamp and reading lamp... these are but a few of the features that make you feel at home.

Pig's Whistle Dining Service insures the best of food. Therefore, when you are next in Los Angeles be sure to investigate.

THE HOLLYWOOD PLAZA HOTEL

Vine Street at Hollywood Boulevard
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

S C R E E N L A N D

every day, is very tall, handsome, and so nice. Buddy Rogers, America's boy friend, is just as nice in flesh as in pictures, rather dark and such a nice smile. Charles Chaplin is about the most friendly-looking person I have ever seen. How I wish he would make a modern picture without his trick makeup. He would be a wow! Billie Dove is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She always looks just like a picture. Colleen Moore is just as sweet and lovable as can be. And all the others I have seen are as wonderful as we expect.

Thanks, SCREENLAND, for giving us this department. You are our favorite and we knew you would do right by 'Us Fans!'

Sincerely yours,

Lillian Shumate,
2927 Exposition Avenue,
Shreveport, Louisiana.

A Trouper Fan

DEAR EDITOR:—

Having read SCREENLAND for several years I decided to attempt a fan letter. It might have a few items that may interest the other fans. I have traveled from coast to coast several times. During these travels I've met some of my favorite movie stars. (No, I'm not a traveling salesman—I'm a chorine in one of the picture houses!)

The jolliest man I ever met was Ben Turpin. He spoke to everyone around and seemed very gay and carefree. I saw Francis X. Bushman, Jr., with his wife and daughter. They lived at the hotel where I was stopping. One time I saw Hoot Gibson on Market Street in Los Angeles and said 'Hello' to him. He smiled and waved to me. Being rather bold, I stood on the fence of Marion Davies' beach home and took pictures of her home and beautiful Great Dane. While looking over the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood I saw John Holland coming out. In Omaha I saw Eugene O'Brien, who was in vaudeville at the time. He's getting stout. Of course, I saw nearly all the movie stars' homes and other interesting sights but I'm getting rather lonesome for New York City.

Sincerely,

Blaire Dean,
c/o Billboard, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Personalities

DEAR EDITOR:—

Your fan department is getting more interesting all the time.

A word about Lupe Velez. I have just seen her in "Lady of the Pavements." That girl has more pep and personality than any actress I've seen in a long time, with the exception of Clara Bow. I'd like to compliment Lupe for this, too: when William Boyd kissed the palm of her hand she didn't breathe deeply and look very disturbed. The only actress I've seen who didn't do that. It was a relief.

And then, Joan Crawford. After seeing "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Dream of Love" wasn't so good. However, I'm looking forward to seeing her play opposite Doug Jr. in "Modern Maidens." Joan's eyes speak volumes.

Greta Garbo I think is the most arresting personality on the screen today. No matter what the picture is, Garbo makes it vital and real.

Good wishes to Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, Charles Farrell, Emil Jannings, George Bancroft and Warner Baxter.

Most sincerely,

Isobel Burnap,
412 St. Paul Street,
Burlington, Vermont.

DEAR EDITOR:—

Since viewing Back-LON-ova in the mighty talkie of Wall Street with George Bancroft, I have studied, worried, written to, and found out how, the correct pronunciation of her name and there it is for you—above. I figured that quite an achievement. I didn't think Baclanova so hot at first: she had to grow on me, but with the talkie and her spicy enunciation along with an excellent performance, she won me over entirely. And I think she should properly appreciate that fact! She is truly a Russian menace.

A rare treat I enjoyed recently and I just must tell the SCREENLAND fan readers about it—while attending a performance of "Wolf Song" with the wempo Lupe Velez and strong, silent Gary Cooper, no other than Claire Windsor appeared in person. And a rare, exquisite treat it was. I think Claire should appear in more pictures and am anxiously awaiting to hear her in talkies, inasmuch as her clear, sweet voice only adds to her charm and beauty. "Show Boat" is another winner for talkies, a fascinating tale well enacted with Laura La Plante adding another feather to her cap. And Joseph Schleidraut's voice registers—and the singing!

And Richard Barthelmess in "Weary River." Richard is flowing on and on, and his success—and more success, beautifully assisted by Betty Compson.

Betty is a lot like Lillian Gish—only different. Betty is always telling her man she doesn't expect him to marry her—like the ever-abused Lillian expects them to—and they never do! Lillian Gish is without a doubt the Sarah Bernhardt of the screen.

I'm pulling all strings for Novarro to appear in his concert abroad, so that he will rush back to Hollywood all the quicker and sing in the talkies.
Dear Editor:

Speaking of the talkies—and who isn’t these days?—why can’t folks leave them alone until they hear a few more of them? I enjoy the talkies. As a matter of fact, unless the picture has sound it doesn’t seem right to me.

Like everyone I have my favorites: Richard Dix, Clara Bow, Gary Cooper, Mary Pickford, Jack Holt and Joan Crawford. I also like the John Gilbert-Greta Garbo combination. They were wonderful in “A Woman of Affairs.” The Norma Talmadge-Gilbert Roland team is good too. I like Johnny Mack Brown, and see everyone of his pictures.

Sincerely,
Mary Lee Pook, Seafor, Delaware.

She Likes Co-starring Teams

Dear Editor:

I read SCREENLAND regularly and I think it is a splendid magazine.

My favorite is the incomparable Greta Garbo. She is, in my opinion, the greatest personality of the screen. She’s not only beautiful but a great artist.

At first I detected talkies but Al Jolson sold me on them. His sound-proof voice and personality are an asset to the movies.

It would be a shame to lose some of our silent stars because their voices do not record. A double should speak for them so that we may keep our favorites and our illusions.

Sincerely,
Russell P. McCallum,
Lenox School, Lenox, Massachusetts.

Amazing—so many women must learn this from others
—writes a Washington hostess

An important phase of woman’s oldest hygienic problem is now solved

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

Kotex now scientifically deodorizes*

Millions of women have learned to depend on Kotex within the last ten years. It has brought them better health, greater peace-of-mind under trying conditions. Now comes an added advantage. Kotex chemists have discovered (and patented) a process that deodorizes safely, completely. The one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

No more bulky outlines

That awful feeling of being conspicuous because of the bulkiness of old-time methods is gone, too. Kotex pads are rounded and tapered so there is no evidence of sanitary protection when worn. You may adjust layers of filler as needed—a thing all women appreciate. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of, eliminating all need of laundering.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store...45c for a box of twelve. Supplied, also, in rest-room vending cabinets.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

SUPER-SIZE KOTEX

Formerly 50c—Now 65c

Some women find Super-size Kotex a special comfort. Exactly the same as the Regular size Kotex, but with added layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes
RUTH CHATTERTON-
HER HONOR PAGE!
We wish we had the handkerchief concession for "Madame X." We would be rich—and then we could buy Ruth Chatterton, the star, a gold-plated laurel wreath for her exquisite performance. She melted the hearts and mascara of society ladies and film critics and usherettes, at the opening on Broadway.

A Lovely Lady from the Stage Steps into the Screen Spotlight

Screenland's Chapeau is Raised to the Glamorous Ruth Chatterton

Ruth Chatterton was famous on the speaking stage for her tender and true characterizations in such plays as Barrie's "Mary Rose." But when she came to the screen she was cast in roles of a different mold. In the Jennings film, "Sins of the Fathers," she was a hard-boiled wench. In "The Doctor's Secret" she played a wayward wife. And now in "Madame X" she scores in the time-honored part of the erring but gallant mother. Ruth Chatterton has earned her place among the movie immortals.
SCREENLAND is wired for sound!

Everybody else is talking, why not you? You—Joe and Josephine Public, have been pretty patient while the talkies roared and muttered and gurgled and grunted. Now it’s your turn. SCREENLAND is your microphone. Speak right up! Are you for or against talkies? What do you really think of them? Do you hope they live and prosper, or are you wishing them a speedy demise? This may seem, at first, like asking you if you are sold on spinach. Whether you are or not, you get it just the same—it’s an old spinach custom. But listen!

The talkies were upon you almost without warning. One day you were sitting peacefully in your favorite aisle seat in your pet picture theater, when a strange sound smote your ear. Maybe it was a football crowd cheering. Maybe it was Sonny Boy. Whatever it sounded like, it was actually the first cry of the new-born talking picture. The producers were nearly as surprised as you. They didn’t know what to do with this changeling. Some of them declared in no uncertain terms that they wouldn’t have anything to do with it at all. In a few months or even weeks they were eating those words—with sound accompaniment.

It has been well said that the silent and the sound pictures are distinctly different art forms—if any. The in-

audibles are supposed to evoke mood, atmosphere, emotion. The talkies—and particularly in the future if color and depth are added—are the next thing to real life itself. Nearer than literature, nearer than music or painting or sculpture. In fact, the darned things may be so realistic that they’ll have us all actors in a colossal super-talkie, which some master director may sweep boldly and bodily from the street scenes of the city, the movement in cafes and factories and offices and homes—“All the world’s a sound stage!” (Oh, mind your own business! Can’t we have any privacy?)

Right now, however, we should stop to consider that three of the greatest artists of the silent stage have taken their stands once and for all against the talkies. Charlie Chaplin, Lon Chaney, and Emil Jannings have flatly refused to become audible. (You don’t catch any of the lady stars refusing, do you?) Chaplin’s decision has placed him ’twixt love and duty—business interests pulling him one way and his art another. He reiterates: “I will never make a talkie.” Chaney is equally adamant. Jannings will make silent dramas in Europe. As long as this trio holds out, the silent drama is not dead.

Think it over. You, the public, are the final judge of whether talkies are here to stay. Consider the coupon on this page. Mark an X beside your opinion, and then mail the coupon to me. The results of SCREENLAND’s Reader Ballot will be presented to the leading motion picture producers. They will be interested, I can assure you, in your verdict.

Let’s go!
Come Right In!

Ina Claire is one of the First Ladies of Broadway and we won't be surprised to find her soon becoming one of the foremost stars of Hollywood.

Marilyn Miller is coming to the screen to defend her title of America's premier musical comedy star. She will sing and dance in "Sally!"

The piquant and provocative Parisienne, Mademoiselle Irene Bordoni, who will make ze ooh-lala for First National-Vitaphone. She will bring that dear Paris to your front door!

Barbara Stanwyck opens the studio door to her sister-stars who have come all the way from Broadway to make talkies in Hollywood. Barbara will play in "The Locked Door"—her movie debut.

Left: the lovely and very blonde Ann Harding is doing her first talkie for Pathé.
The High

Up in the Air with the Hollywood Stars.

The stars have taken to the air! And what, I ask you, could be a more natural state of affairs? Hollywood small talk is full of such terms as: "hop off," "sit down," "zoom," "crack-up," and so on. Hollywood hostesses never know whether guests will really appear or just wave to the party as they dip toward them in their plane, as Clarence Brown did the day Frances Marion gave her farewell party and practically all the stars of the film world were there. Clarence looped and spun into the canyon beside the house while we yelled at him from the lawn.

"I hope that's not Dorothy (Sebastian) with him," said Gertrude Olmsted, "because she hates to do air stunts. She is still none too comfortable over straight flying, and never would go except that Clarence is so mad about it." But it wasn't Dorothy. It was Merrill Pye.
Fliers

By Helen Ludlam

The vision of our artistic friend Leonardo da Vinci, who seems to have been a very astute gentleman, is, in this day and age, vindicated with a vengeance. Signor da Vinci was laughed to scorn by his townspeople when he attempted to fly off a hill with a mechanism that he had designed himself. How he could laugh at them now! Except that men of vision do not laugh, unkindly, when their ideas have been proved and gained the world's approval. Great men are tolerant, understanding of their limitations and the limitations of others, and besides, by the time the general public has caught up with them, if it happens in their lifetime, they are far ahead again, working out some other problem that hammers at their brains.

And, still on the subject of Leonardo, I don't know what the traffic problems of Rome were in his day, but the world, and New York in particular, is ready right now for his solution of it, though when they do adopt it they probably won't give the great artist-engineer credit.

But Hollywood has simply gone air crazy. They even have toy banks made in the form of airplanes (Cont. on page 98)
Ten years ago, the Mexicans were our villains; today they are our pet heroes.

Ten years ago, Mexico was protesting to Washington against the film degradation of her citizens; today she is sending her fairest daughters to participate in the films.

How come? What happened to change the Mexican from a swart villain to a romantic hero, and to turn Mexico from indignation to applause?

Will Hays? Lindbergh? Ambassador Morrow? No. Rudolph Valentino! And Rudy was Italian!

Yet our Spanish heroes indubitably date from “The Four Horsemen” and “Blood and Sand.” Before the release of those now classic films the only role permitted the Spaniard was that of the familiar peon with the five-gallon hat, the sharp knife and the sinister smile. Rudy brought to us for the first time the aristocratic young Spaniard of the tango and the bull-ring. Which, added to that young man’s personal popularity, was the beginning of the Spanish invasion of Movieland.

It is true Antonio Moreno, a real Spaniard, had been in pictures for years—but not as a Spaniard. In fact, Tony was played for every character in the cast except Spanish. Al Garcia was another of the pioneer Spaniards, dating way back to the Selig days. Al was usually played as a heavy in any old film; his present association with Chaplin is anything but Spanish. As one may easily guess, Charlie is temporarily all off Mexico.

It will be recalled that Rudy had a contractual difference with Lasky and was temporarily off the screen, and Jesse thought to replace him with a charming chap who looked Latin but who bore the Anglo-Saxon name of Jack Crane. Jack was renamed Ricardo Cortez, and the poor fellow tried to learn Spanish, if only to answer his fans. But Jack didn’t add anything to the Spanish fad.

Nor did Ramon Novarro contribute much. This handsome and intelligent young Mexican became an immediate favorite, but, alas, he too was cast as everything from an American to a German college boy.

The girls were the ones to carry on.

Ten years ago, Mexico was protesting to Washington against the film degradation of her citizens; today she is sending her fairest daughters to participate in the films.
what Rudolph Valentino had started. Dolores Del Rio led the onslaught. Here was a young woman who represented everything fine in one of the most aristocratic societies of the world. Though she was cast in "Resurrection" and "What Price Glory," she did not come to her particular glory until she made "The Loves of Carmen." From that moment on it was "Viva Hispana!" and "Viva Mexico!"

Lupe Velez! Don Alvarado! Raquel Torres! And Gilbert Roland. Yes, Gilbert is Spanish, but just as they made Jack Crane, a perfectly good Anglo-Saxon into a Spaniard, so the foolish producers, during a run on English heroes, gave a Spanish boy the anything but Latin name of Gilbert Roland.

Every studio now has a Spanish boy and girl or two in training for stardom, and the wily Fox has what the gang disrespectfully calls a whole stable of them.

Capitalizing their present ascendancy, nearly all the Spanish-American countries are going into production. At first they imported Spanish-speaking technicians to make pictures on the old home grounds, but most of these efforts flopped. Picture making is a game so highly complex that no one or two men can know all about it, thus these Hollywood-trained Spaniards could make little progress away from Movieland. The next move was to send actors to Hollywood with the official and financial backing of their governments and to make the pictures here. Last year an Argentinian company made a "Birth of a Nation" super-special, celebrating Jose de Sannartin, an Argentine George Washington.

By far the most interesting group that has struck Hollywood recently is the Julio de Moraes company from Brazil. Senor de Moraes is a young Brazilian aristocrat, reeking with money, who wished to show his countrymen just how a Spanish picture should (Cont. on page 106)
Get in the Swim. Clara Offers her Favorite New Bathing Suit to the Writer of the Best Letter Answering Her Question. Concentrate! What are Those Wild Waves Saying?
New Bathing Suit

If You Win Clara's Bathing Suit You’re All Set for the Summer! Splash! Let's Go!

Does Clara's new bathing-suit suit you?

Screenland proudly presents Clara Bow in her latest and her favorite bathing suit—and Clara Bow presents it to you! We all know that Clara and bathing suits are practically synonymous, and with summer here what could be more appropriate as a gift?

This is your big chance to select Clara's leading man. Isn't there someone you would like to see Clara vamp? You pick him and she'll make him!

Collect your thoughts and write them down. If you win, you collect Clara Bow's bathing outfit and make a big splash at the beach.

C The best letter, that is, the clearest, cleverest, and most sincere will win Clara's bathing suit.

C Clara in her Screenland contest bathing suit—of light gray crepe trimmed with bands of cerise satin. The trunks beneath the flared skirt repeat the brilliant hue. The last word in bathing suits!

Clara Bow always gets her man in pictures. But she wants you to like him, too. She wants you to tell her what type of man she should play opposite. Is it Clive Brook, the sophisticated man of the world, or boyish Buddy Rogers, or the clean-cut American average man like Richard Arlen? You tell her!

Make your choice, and present your reasons for thinking so in your letter.

Address:—CLARA BOW
Screenland Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes July 10th, 1929
The New Technique

The Brains of Screen and Stage Unite in Creating Talkies. Chester Morris from Broadway is the Hit of "Alibi." Read What he Thinks of the New Entertainment.

Overnight, the talking picture has grown up! That bawling infant of six months back has transformed itself into a respectably behaved adult with downright artistic tendencies. You don't believe it?

All right! I'll prove it to you! Let's take the case of "Alibi" as an example. For to my way of thinking, this is an almost perfect talking picture.

"Alibi" is perhaps the best crook film ever made. And its excellence is due, in great part, to two people: Roland West, the director, and Chester Morris, who plays the part of Chick Williams, the killer. Why, that boy Morris can express more sex appeal simply by bending his head in a girl's direction, as he does in the theater scene in "Alibi," than most heroes can in a hundred feet of amorous contortions.

This picture has the speed and the sinister, staccato sound quality of a machine gun. Every sequence is staccato. Morris and West suggest rather than work out long involved situations. Like most great creative efforts, "Alibi" is simple. Just the story of a killer. But from the very beginning when your ears are assailed by the sinister shuffle of the convict's feet until the end when Chick falls to his death from a bungalow on the top of a skyscraper night club, Roland West and Chester Morris have taken sound and so dramatized it that an almost perfect talking picture has resulted.

This new technique which has raised the talkie from a noisy nuisance into a force so compelling that several theatrical producers are pessimistically proclaiming the death of the legitimate drama, has been brought about by combining the brains of the screen and the brains of the stage. Both sides have contributed liberally and both sides are frank to say they know very little about it. Every director and every actor has to fight his way through the dark of mechanical imperfection into the light of perfect articulation.

Because Chester Morris, for ten years a well-known juvenile lead

"I had heard that all you need to make a good talkie was a cast of fine actors from Broadway. But the nearer my train rolled toward Hollywood the more I realized that was all apple-sauce! You can get the finest actor on Broadway but if he doesn't have that intangible screen personality he's a flop. Nobody can describe that quality and nobody knows if he has it until the camera focuses on him.

"The novelty of hearing sounds issue from a screen character's mouth is no longer sufficient. The audience must be amused, stimulated, entertained.

"To a stage player the making of a talkie is bewildering. My first day on 'Alibi' Roland West told me to turn around. I said if I did my back would be to the audience. 'Don't worry about your audience,' said Mr. West. 'You haven't one audience in pictures. You have a hundred. Your audience is wherever the camera is placed.'"

Roland West's direction of "Alibi" is a real achievement. The film is one of the outstanding melodramatic successes of the talkies.
in New York City, has made such an instantaneous and tremendous hit in his first talkie, SCREENLAND has asked him to give us his impression of this new science, or art, or whatever you choose to call it.

Chester Morris met me at the door:
"Come to see the killer at home?" he asked.
I draw back a little. The same sinister impression that I had gathered from "Alibi," clung to me as I looked at this man, for in real life he appears exactly as he does on the screen. But as I walked into the drawing room I saw he wasn't sinister really. He is a slight, little above medium height, sex-appealing young man, twenty-seven years old; and he is completely unspoiled.

His clothes were those of a prosperous young broker—gray suit, brown shoes, white shirt, gray and wine-colored tie. Only by the plaited gold bracelet around his right wrist and the jade ring on the little finger of his left hand, did his dramatic instincts assert themselves.

First of all, since you're soon going to be tacking Morris' picture on the wall alongside of John Gilbert and Ronald Colman and the rest, it may ease your mind to know that Mr. Morris impresses me as regular. Simple, unassuming, he seems downright likable. And so does his wife. And his mother-in-law. And also his business associates who surround him. Walking into his apartment is like going to tea at a famous portrait painter's studio. Everybody wanders in and out of the drawing room, the kitchen, the dining room, eating and drinking, chatting and joking.

About four o'clock, Mr. Morris' wife, a pretty slim blonde who used to be in films, turned up from a shopping expedition on Fifth Avenue where she'd been buying presents for their nine-months-old baby, left behind in Hollywood during their trip east for the Broadway opening of "Alibi." Mrs. Morris seemed scarcely more than an infant herself, with her short blonde ermine coat, green and white-checked skirt and green shoes. Mama-in-law, an extremely young and attractive red-haired woman, did the honors in a lounging robe consisting of black satin trousers and a tropically flowered coat. Even Ebon, the dog, and Alice Foote MacDougall, the cat, seemed to enjoy the sympathetic atmosphere.

On a red-brown divan in the red-brown drawing room—a chamber of lovely proportions, lit with ingenious jade green lights—Chester Morris sat down beside me. But he edged away a little when he heard I wanted to know about the new picture technique. (Continued on page 99)
How They Play
IN HOLLYWOOD

Screenland's Party Department

"Oh, Buddy Rogers is going to be there, and he has offered to bake the waffles!" exclaimed Patsy.

"I don’t know what you mean," I retorted, "but, while Buddy is my favorite actor, I don’t know whether I’d really prefer him to the man in the window when it comes to baking my waffles."

"Don’t be so material," Patsy retorted, "and I’ll tell you all about it. Those three precious people, Agnes Christine Johnston, the scenario writer, Frank Dazey, her husband, the playwright, and Ann Rork are going to risk their precious necks next Sunday, riding in a steeplechase down at the polo grounds in Santa Monica Canyon at the Uplifters’ Club, and we are invited to watch them do it. Also we are asked to a regular hunt breakfast beforehand at Agnes’ and Frank’s house, and that’s where Buddy has promised to perform on the waffle-iron."

"Sounds perfect," I said, "and anyway if anything happens to our beloved hosts, we’ll be right there to pick up the pieces."

We found Frank, Agnes and Ann and their guests—Ann was helping to receive, along with her sweet mamma, Mrs. Sam Rork—up in the roof garden a-top the Dazey home at Santa Monica, having their orange and grape-fruit juice before breakfast. The day was glorious and one could see miles off over the Pacific; but of course one was so interested in the people that one rather let the Pacific slide for the time being.

Ann and Agnes were wearing their riding suits and looking very snappy in them.

Buddy Rogers was there with Mary Brian. They are together a great deal these days, and one hopes it will turn out to be a real romance, both are such lovely young people.

William Locke, who has been in the west.
the gay guests at Ona Brown’s party.
Hal Batey, Billie Joy, Polly Ann Young,
Mona Rico. Second row from top: Mrs.
Jane Winton, Camilla Horn, Lily Damita,
Jose Crespo, Miss Torres. Third row:
Crecue Mason, Mrs. Gunther Lessing,
Renee Torena, Gwen Lee. Below: Molly
Cordona, Don Alvarado, Billie Dove,
Frank Borzage, Danny Darin.

writing for the movies, and his charming wife
were among the guests, and Mr. Locke turned
out to be just the sort of person you’d think
him—gently humorous, kindly, and entirely
delightful. He is tall and thin and rather
florid of face, as becomes an outdoor English-
man. And what do you think is one of the things
he loves about America? The comic strips!
Ann had a slight cold in her head, and somebody
told her that she should take a little alcoholic
nip before going into the race, but she wouldn’t. Where-
upon the somebody appealed to Mr. Locke, asking him
whether she shouldn’t.
“Well, either she or the horse should,” he smiled.
Nance O’Neill, noted stage actress, was there with Alfred
Hickman, and presently Kay Hammond, of the stage, but who is
shortly to go into the talking pictures, arrived with her nice non-profes-
sional husband, Henry Wetherby, and there were Douglas Gilmore and Matty
Kemp.

Rather late there arrived Theda Bara with her husband, the director, Charles Brabin.
We heard Mr. Brabin call his wife ‘Tootie,’ and how that nickname did melt away all the
still rather high wall that we ourselves have somehow built about Miss Bara, and make her entirely human!
Patsy said she would never really feel the same about Miss Bara after hearing that nickname, but admitted that
it was entirely likely that all those historical characters she used to play had nicknames.

“Probably Mark Antony called Cleopatra ‘Cleo’ or even ‘Patty’ for short,” she said.
Presently we all went down to breakfast, and it was then that we looked to Buddy for sustenance. Buddy did
not fail us. But he looked rather sunk for a minute, when he glanced down the table at the long line of quite eager
faces, and so Ann Rork came to his aid, and both made waffles at opposite ends of the table on the little electric
waffle irons.

Buddy said nonchalantly, “Why, I used to do this as a child!” But Ann evidently was being very brave in the
undertaking, because she admitted she had never cooked waffles before, and she did rather hope that the iron would
open automatically when the waffle was done. Later, however, she gained great skill, and even

(Cont. on page 102)
HOW DO

A rain scene was made for "The Voice of the City." Notice the standing pipes which carry the water high above the two men fighting in the street—Robert Ames and John Miljan—and the aviation motor and propeller, which force the rain into the scene, where it drops naturally. The big light in the rear helps to give the proper 'rainy day' effect.

LADDIN grabbed off a lot of publicity with his magic lamp. We're still hearing about what happened when he rubbed the thing. But if he came to Hollywood tomorrow and started to do his stuff, nobody would look around. The town is full of magicians who can spin a cobweb or flash lightning with equal ease; who control wind and rain, fire and storm and earthquake, who respond to the call for anything from an icicle in midsummer to a bloodless dynamiting of a prehistoric city.

The studios usually refer to them as 'technicians,' but they might be called the sons of Ajax and Jove, since thunder and lightning is right in their line. Apparently the one thing these wizards can't do is to say 'No!'

The other day, when "Evangeline" was on location in the Feather River Canyon, Calvin Carewe demanded a rainstorm. The best Nature could do about it was snow, so Mr. Carewe turned to Patrick C. Drew, illuminating engineer for the production. Mr. Drew had 1500 feet of hose, the nearest body of water was 4000 feet distant. A railroad spur track was within 1500 feet of the set, so Mr. Drew selected two tanks, ran them back to the water, filled them and brought them back to the spur. Here it was discovered that the

Cobwebs for this scene in "The Last Warning" were machine and not spider-made!

Cecil DeMille shows Kay Johnson how to break a (candy) bottle over a hero's head.

C The cobweb machine worked by a prop man.
The Hollywood Technicians are the Master Magicians of the World.

By Ruth Tildesley

tanks were too high to siphon out the necessary rain; also that the weather was so cold that the water froze in its hose. The young engineer built fires beneath the tanks, while his men dug a well into which the heated water was poured, from which well a convincing rainstorm was siphoned out upon "Evangeline."

We don't have lightning in California, but many pictures demand it. William Johnson, head of RKO electrical department, has perfected a device for creating the illusion in miniature. He takes a pair of long, thin sticks, through which run wires, on the ends whereof are fastened a handful of carbons. The sticks are bolted together like scissors and the length of flashes is controlled by a man moving the handles. Instead of being connected directly to a current, the wires in the sticks pass first through a barrel of brine, made fresh for each shot from salt and water. This gives the device resistance and a control of the flash.

The expert with "Evangeline" uses a special kind of powder which when shot from a gun does not ignite until several seconds after it strikes the air, making a lightning-like flash.

Louis Marlowe, one of the chief necromancers on Warner Brothers' lot, was called on to produce a washbasin full of ice-crusted water for Dolores Costello's current picture, a Russian tale. According to the script, Dolores had to break the ice to wash her hands.

"I put hot water into the bowl," explains Mr. Marlowe, "poured paraffin on top until it filmed over, let it cool, then brushed it with ice to make it brittle, and it cracked like real ice when Miss Costello broke it."

If this young sorcerer were called upon to decorate a set with icicles, he would order fifty pounds of paraffin, melt it to form, shellac them and blow Christmas tree snow on them to make them glisten. For a frosted window, he uses stale beer—Eastside will do,
but it must be stale—mixed with Epson salts; daubed on a window, this forms crystals like Jack Frost's own.

Nujol from a spray-gun makes the most popular fog, although occasionally a fog filter on a camera or liquid smoke is substituted.

"To make snow, we take a mica-dust foundation, top it with white cornflakes, dressed with salt to make it glisten, blow it with wind-machines and sift it through a screen," says Mr. Marlowe.

But when Von Stroheim was making "The Wedding March," nothing but real snow would do. Each morning, he sent men to the local refrigeration plants to scrape the ice from frosted pipes and bring the resultant slush in trucks to the set. As the picture was made in the heat of summer, the snow melted before noon and work had to be called off until more was on hand.

Pathé's "High Voltage" was really made in the snow country, but on returning, they found they needed a few snow scenes to match up. They followed the Von Stroheim procedure first, but the result was so artificial-looking when photographed, that the property man was called to the rescue. He used corn meal and asbestos, scraped fine, which looked more real on the screen than the actual High Sierra shots!

Ray Wray remembers a hail storm in "The Wedding March."

"We used tapioca and I went home every night with tapioca pudding in my hair! Another time, we used salt, chipped ice and feathers for falling snow. The feathers looked marvelous, but we had a scene in which we stood for a long time talking, while they fell about us. Our shoulders and heads were covered with them and someone wondered if real snow wouldn't have melted. Then we all nearly went mad worrying about it, until I went to see a newsreel and noted that real snow didn't seem to melt, either."

It would take a spider a thousand years to spin the webs used in a Hollywood studio in a single day. A machine that looks something like an electric drill. The decorator dips it into glue and aims it at edges of a revolving disc and—there you are!

They can't wait for seasons to change in Hollywood. When M-G-M was making "The Student Prince," technicians (Cont. on page 105)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

COLLEEN MOORE and JAMES HALL

in

"Smiling Irish Eyes"
If Anita Page sincerely believes in a safe and sane Fourth, says Joe Fan, then why does she dress up like the goddess of Liberty and upset his peace of mind?

If Gwen Lee—she's always cleaning up.

C Present arms! And—oh, cr. ah—well, arms!

Large photographs on both pages by Ruth Harriet Louise. Small photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull. All posed expressly for SCREENLAND by MGM.

The Stars and Stripes Forever! Sing Out, Those Wild Liberty Belles!

American Beauty!
Leila Hyams has all the makings of a most successful July Fourth.

“Hurrah for Uncle Sam and the freedom of the knees,” cries Gwen Lee.
RICHARD DIX renews his popularity as a talkie star. His dialogue debut was comedy. His next will be eloquently dramatic.
EVELYN BRENT, who smoulders for the screen, is so frank and friendly off that Hollywood hails her as 'Betty.'
In a city of beautiful girls—yes, Hollywood—Doris Dawson stands out for her own special brand of piquant and provocative charm.
ANOTHER Doris—Miss Hill, of Paramount. Her charm brightens a corner of any picture lucky enough to have her in it.
NOT only is Lewis Stone esteemed as a great actor, but his ingratiating way with a moustache has won the fans' affection.
Camilla HORN'S Gift Bracelet

Camilla Horn, the lovely little German actress, has made so many friends since she came to this country for United Artists that she wants to show her appreciation of their kindness. The nicest thing she could do, she thought, would be to present to some fan one of her own ideas in jewelry—a bracelet especially made from moonstones which she herself had hunted for on the beach in front of her ocean home in California. "It would be more personal, no?" smiled Camilla. "Yes!" SCREENLAND smiled back. Write the best, that is, the cleverest and the clearest letter and you will win the bracelet. Her question was inspired by her rôle in the John Barrymore picture, "Eternal Love": What makes for eternal love between man and woman? Is it spiritual understanding, mental stimulation, physical attraction, or mutual interests? Camilla wants to know! Address: Camilla Horn, SCREENLAND Contest Department, 49 West 45th Street, New York City. Contest closes July 10, 1929.

Write the best letter in Camilla's SCREENLAND contest and win the lovely bracelet of moonstones that you see on her wrist.

Her hobby is gathering rare moonstones on the beach and having them set in jewelry to give to her friends. She wants one of her fans to win her favorite moonstone bracelet!

Above: Camilla examining some of the stones which she collected on her ramblings along the beach. In the little pile to the right are the rough stones in their unpolished state. Later they were matched, cut and polished for the SCREENLAND gift bracelet.

Above: Camilla Horn, the lovely little German actress, has made so many friends since she came to this country for United Artists that she wants to show her appreciation of their kindness. The nicest thing she could do, she thought, would be to present to some fan one of her own ideas in jewelry—a bracelet especially made from moonstones which she herself had hunted for on the beach in front of her ocean home in California. "It would be more personal, no?" smiled Camilla. "Yes!" SCREENLAND smiled back. Write the best, that is, the cleverest and the clearest letter and you will win the bracelet. Her question was inspired by her rôle in the John Barrymore picture, "Eternal Love": What makes for eternal love between man and woman? Is it spiritual understanding, mental stimulation, physical attraction, or mutual interests? Camilla wants to know! Address: Camilla Horn, SCREENLAND Contest Department, 49 West 45th Street, New York City. Contest closes July 10, 1929.
Pull your freight, ye sons of heathen,
Stretch out now, we're on our way,
Skinner's a-ridin' and a-singin',
We are headed for home and pay!

Tearing down the desert stretch at the reins of a 'six-up,' a heavy 'freighter' rumbling and swaying back of him, and caroling the above verse which is the theme song of the picture, sat Ken Maynard—the ridingest rider of them all. Ah, we've had many a rider, but never a rider like Ken! Which may be misquoting a bit, but what good is a typewriter if it can't emotionalize once in a while?

It was the first runaway. The girl and her father, played by Edith Roberts and Frank Cooley, unable to hold the frantic, stampeding steeds, were helpless. The Rambling Kid, who is of course the gallant and dashing Ken, sees the dilemma, vaults from his own Palomino, Tarzan, whom you all know as well as you know Ken, on to one of the leaders, runs along the tongue and up to the wagon seat where he takes the
reins and brings the horses under control. "Ya-hi-i-i!" he cries, while the cameras grind and the graflex clicks and Ken brings the snorting, excited steeds to a perfect landing just beyond them.

"Hello," he called from his perch, waving an expensive cream felt 'ten gallon' in my direction. "How do you like our desert?"

Since I was the visiting lady, and the only one in the outfit of thirty or forty men except Edith Roberts, I had been granted an hour’s grace. The troupe had risen at dawn.

There were two reasons for filming "The Wagon Master." One was to show what a time folks had to get their groceries in those days and the other was to exhibit the superb riding of the star and producer, Ken Maynard.

"Oh, I don’t do anything much," said Ken deprecatingly. "The stunts that are hard to do don’t look like anything on the screen so I don’t do them any more. Jumping from one side of a galloping horse to another is a trick any cowboy can do without half trying." (Cont. on p. 95)
Sugar-coated ladies are Hollywood’s staple product, but the usual brand of studio sweetness melts quickly when exposed to a bit of cloudy weather. In fact, saccharine reputations have suffered from over-production and the inevitable reaction has set in, leaving sweet young things wistfully waiting on the wrong side of the casting-office window.

Yet Mary Brian flourishes and prospers as ‘The Sweetest Girl in Hollywood,’ a title she won four years ago when she was Wendy and Betty Bronson was Peter Pan.

When the fashion for sullen and sophisticated heroines swept the country, the wise guys hinted that ‘Hollywood’s sweetest girl’ was due for a fall. If playing in more pictures per year than any other girl on the Paramount lot means a tumble, the w. g.’s are right.

Mary’s sweetness isn’t the syrupy variety. It wears well under light, heat, cold and Cooper Hewitts, a sweetness that goes way down deep, the sort that is inherited from generations of true-blue grandmothers who could wear whalebone and muttonleg sleeves with an air.

Mary is the kind of a girl that causes mothers of only sons to languish sentimentally about their boy’s marrying a girl like that. What greater tribute could any woman achieve?

About two weeks ago at exactly two a.m. upon a chilly Hollywood morning, a few of us scribes found a tired but smiling Mary huddled over a charcoal stove in the middle of a draughty studio stage, awaiting her cue. For twelve consecutive nights she had been working from six p.m. to six a.m. in a maze of gruelling work, to complete an all-talking picture with Richard Arlen, called “The Man I Love.”

Night shifts, by the way, are quite the thing these days at the Paramount studios. When the handsome new sound stages burned down two months ago, all production was moved to night work on the old silent stages, so that traffic noises would not run interference with talkie noises.

Our early morning visit to the studio was in the way of a lark, for we thought it quaintly amusing to stop and gaze upon a hard-working company on our way home from an evening of whoop de la.

We sat by the glowing, but meager heat-giving stove and whispered the news of the boulevard with Mary. Richard Arlen was speaking into an unseen microphone some fifty yards distant, necessitating the whispers. A hairdresser stealthily
rearranged the curls about Mary's tired little face. Another interruption was caused when a wardrobe assistant whispered a message about getting to the studio two hours early next evening for another fitting. The publicity man on the production beckoned Mary to get ready for a few publicity shots. A prop boy brought a bundle of thirty pictures to be autographed that night. The assistant director proffered a sinister sheaf of papers, stating that these were the lines she would have to re-memorise for the next day—the old ones had been changed!

Mary had a smile for each one, not a smile of weakness, but a sweetness that grows from strength, a strength that protects her from hysterics, temper, tantrums and grumbling.

"How do you do it, Mary, Brian?" I asked wonderingly. "I'd be in a comatose state after that barrage."

"Perhaps you didn't play with boys when you were little," she sagely whispered. "It's wonderful training in sportsmanship, patience, good humor—in fact, all the things you need to face in the labor of a 'movie career.'"

"I was raised in Snyder, Texas. You can guess its size by its name. We lived there during the winter to be near the school, and in the summer we went to my uncle's ranch. I had my brother and four cousins, all older boys, for playmates. Their Indian warfare, cowboy roundings, and secret sign language fascinated me, and I tearfully resented playing with the little girls of the town.

"I can recall mother telling my brother Taurence to let me play with the boys. 'She's crying, and it won't hurt you boys to let her enter your games. Now Taurence, play with your little sister or you shan't have a bit of dessert for a week!' That worked, of course, and the boys grudgingly assented.

"But I paid the price when mother was out of sight. I was the wild Indian, to be captured, scalped and tied to a tree. I was the pirate to walk the plank. I was the enemy pilot to be shot down from the tree, which was my plane. I was (Continued on page 108)"
When Barrymore forsook acting to direct his first picture, a 'short' called "Confession," he was probably really happy in his work for the first time in his life. For, though he had scored huge triumphs as an actor on the stage, later on the screen, and more lately in talking pictures, acting never really filled the want that was in his soul. He never was satisfied with it as an outlet for his creative instinct.

It was that which led him to abandon acting in Paris, study art, and become a painter. He scored a success at that, too, but gravitated back to acting when he found that it was, perhaps, more vivid than cold colors. He essayed music, too, with the same result. Incidentally, while in Europe he did some of his greatest creative film work for a German studio, which never won recognition in this country.

But when the talking picture came in, he saw in the direction of the new form of play, a real outlet for what was in him. He pleaded for his first chance to direct, and his first picture convinced the producers that a new directorial genius had dawned. So, when they filmed "Madame X" with Ruth Chatterton, Lewis Stone, and Raymond Hackett, it was only natural that Barrymore got the assignment. And the furor that it created further established him in his new art.

LIONEL BARRYMORE had just finished the last scenes in "Madame X."

"New York," he was informed by the enthusiastic publicity office at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, "is wild about your film, and they want a set of new portraits of you—right away, for exploitation. Can you pose for 'em now?"

"Aw, gosh!" pleaded the aggrieved Barrymore. "Can I do something else for 'em? Maybe I could kill someone. Anyhow, I haven't shaved today—got up too late this morning—and besides, I posed for a lotta portraits only a coupla years ago. I don't look a darned bit different now, so what's the use?"

By which it can be gathered that of all the things Lionel Barrymore detests, the one he detests most is posing for his photograph.

He hates the still camera with an earnest and undying hatred—even more than he hates to talk about his work. When directing, he seldom speaks, save to call this or that actor to one side and suggest something in a few brief words. People at first think that he draws himself into a shell, like a sort of directorial abalone; but, when you know the man better, you see that this isn't the case at all. Barrymore is really one of the most genial of souls; he likes everybody and everybody likes him. But he doesn't waste words over it.
Young Man!

By Bradford Nelson

"Scaramouche," and the rest, he had, constantly in the background of his thoughts, the idea that some glorious day he'd step before the boards in one of the operatic roles he loved.

He studied ceaselessly, with Louis Graveure and other famous masters of song. He rehearsed his roles in his little theater in his home, where he gives his famous concerts for musical friends.

"But it's all such a surprise—no one knew how really in earnest you were about it," commented the interviewer.

"Oh, that's one of the reasons, perhaps, why I am going through with this," smiled Novarro. "You see, if one wants to achieve something, and keeps talking about it, part of the energy that goes toward the achievement is expended in the talk. It's like day-dreaming; it interferes with direct action. Really to finish something you have willed to do, it is best to keep it pent up within yourself until it's done."

"What operas will you sing, if you continue with an operatic career?"

"Well, of course, I have my own idea of how I'd like to sing The Duke in 'Rigoletto.' You see, all operas are sung in a traditional way, and few singers ever depart from these. Not even the great Caruso dared too far to violate operatic traditions. That is, I think, where I have a little advantage, for, being identified with dramatic roles, I may be permitted to inject more of the drama of the story into the presentation."

"I have my own idea of how I'd like to sing operatic roles. Few singers ever dare depart from tradition. I may be permitted to inject more drama into the presentation."

"I subconsciously apply picture technique to the drama of the opera. I see behind the traditional methods, many of which make for clumsiness, a chance for 'snapping up' the action. I can't help thinking how Fred Niblo might direct it!"

"I'm less afraid of my acting than my singing. But I'll go ahead; and they'll be able to say of me, in the words of the popular song, 'He done the best he could!'"
No, Thir—Helen Doth Not Lithp!

The Story of Helen Twelvetrees.

By Franklin James

Helen Twelvetrees is a hit. She came from Broadway to Hollywood—and made good in one picture. Almost a record. But if you catch her looking a little wistful, don't be surprised. She is trying to figure it all out. And it is a little hard. Listen!

Helen was chosen from the many actresses playing in New York stage shows to come to Hollywood to play in the talkies—chiefly because she is noted for her excellent voice and expert diction. The movie makers figured Helen would be able to make audiences sit up and take notice when she spoke her lines. They cast her as the heroine in "The Ghost Talks." And the role required a lisp! Imagine Helen's feelings! Here she had come all the way to California to give the microphone a treat by speaking the best English way. And in those pioneer talkie days a lispless voice-record was more to be desired than an exercised option. But Helen had her orders. And lisp she did!

And she stole the show. Speaking of irony! Only in the movies can such things happen—an actress imported from Broadway because she doesn't lisp makes a hit in one of the first talkies because she lisped so charmingly!

(Cont. on p. 106)
NEIL HAMILTON, unhand that woman! Wait a wait—does Doris Hill look as if she wants to be unhanded? It's all for a movie.
SALLY BLANE, having been appointed a starlet by RKO, is all set to emerge from the ingenue ranks into real dramatic importance.
OLIVE BORDEN, one of our most vivid young ladies, is a suitable star for a film entitled, “Help Yourself to Happiness.”
ANITA PAGE, the world's most amazing ingenue, has already proved her right to be called a real actress as well. A great star bet.
THE talkie vogue found Carmel Myers prepared. She was in Broadway musical comedy some seasons ago, and knows her lines.
PLEASE, Mr. Warner Brothers, let's see Dolores Costello play opposite her husband, John Barrymore, in a talking picture soon.
You've heard of a pig in a poke. Well, a lion cub in a basket is nothing like it.

Polly wants a cracker—and a good job in the talkies.

Pal, perhaps the richest and most famous bull dog in the world.

The Movies—Maybe!

By Amelia Screech (All in Fun)

Griffith, Alice White, Dick Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, and the rest of the gang. You can begin to see what a broad field this is.

Now, as an example of what you might be up against—suppose you decide that you can carry the responsibility of becoming a flock of honking geese and can swim in a strange pond without sinking. If you could have filled that contract, your admiring friends and relatives might have seen you paddling around with Colleen Moore in "Lilac Time." To get down to the money facts, each goose pulled down fifty (Cont. on page 110)

it and rent it to the movies. You will be able to retire and collect its salary while it emotes on the jumping gelatines, and you can demand a raise for it when it doubles in brass and buzzes in the sound pictures.

I'll try and show you what a great break you and I would have if we were animals. Of course, I don't suppose you would care to be a horse—well, but how do I know but what you might not love it! If you'd rather be a cat even in just an extra role, you can earn from fifty cents to a dollar a day for milk-money. And if you show a knack for taking direction, you're apt to get seven-fifty per day, which would guarantee you a casserole of mouse at least three times a week.

There's a man in Hollywood who knows his animals, and if you will only hurry and decide what kind of an animal you want to be, you only have to look him up and tell him I sent you. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he gave you the part. He's the animal casting director at the First National Studios in Burbank, California. He has done right by the animal race; he's hired the acting services of birds, beasts, reptiles, fleas, elephants, ad animalum. And the first thing they knew they were acting like everything with Colleen Moore, Corinne

Jack Gilbert, above, makes a monkey of his photographer. Right, below—Jack Mulhall and Peter Rabbit, both good troupers, in a scene for a picture.
Meet the King!

Charles the First, Formerly of Broadway, Now Reigning in Hollywood.

By Ralph Wheeler

Charley King just couldn't have been born anywhere else than Thoity-Thold street and Thold avenue.

For not even Ireland itself could give a lad the courage he needed to battle his way to the top with only a stout heart and ready fists to begin with.

Charley never had a singing or dancing lesson in his life, save the crooning he heard at his mother's knee or the jig-steps of his old dad.

It was a battered hurdy-gurdy, serving as a messenger of Spring to the tenement house urchins in that historic New York neighborhood, that gave Charley his first urge to burst forth into song.

Very likely it played, "Sidewalks of New York." Charley has forgotten now just what it was. He only knows he sang and that passersby paused to listen.

Fired with an Irish ambition, Charley started out selling newspapers at the old Sheepshead Bay race-track. Those were glorious days! Fine carriages, smart people, bands, flags, excitement!

"Wuxrt-Wuxrty — pick yer winners!" was his smiling shout.

A portly and dignified man stopped to buy a paper. As he bent over to search his pockets for some change a ribboned badge, fluttering in his frock coat lapel, was whisked away by a frolicsome breeze.

"Tis an ill wind," etc.

Charley chased the badge but the owner, unaware of the loss, passed on through the milling crowds. The newsboy picked it up and ran to the paddock.

The badge belonged to 'Father Bill' Daley, dean of the racing stable owners. He patted Charley on the back and pressed a crisp banknote into his besmudged palm. It was a ten-dollar bill, the first he ever owned.

And he took it right home and gave it to his mother!

After that Charley had the freedom of the clubhouse. He needed no pass at the gate. Soon he sacked his newspaper trade and used his voice.

Every day he sang for nickles, dimes, quarters when he warbled gay tunes of the day. Then he discovered he could get more money singing tear-jerking ballads, and before he got through the race-track looked like a yachting regatta. "Mother Machree" always was good for land-office business, and "Just Break the News to Mother" was a Klondike to the singing youngster.

Along about this time Charley decided to break into the theatrical business. The nearest he got to the stage was a job as office boy to William A. Brady, doubling as a sort of confidential messenger boy.

All was well until the day that Brady gave him a message to deliver with strict instructions not to leave it with anyone other than the person to whom it was addressed.

Amiable—Irish—Charley King rose from New York newsboy to Broadway star. And now he is winning new honors in the talkies.
day and signed him up for a part in his "Postal Telegraph Boys" which he was producing. Eddie Cantor, Grachoo Marx and Sammy Lee were among the other boys in the cast. Oddly enough, today Charley, Edwards and Lee are working together on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's big revue.

Charley's rise to stage stardom came quickly. George M. Cohan brought him to the front in "The Little Millionaire." During this engagement he met Lila Rhodes, Cohan's cousin. A year later they were married.

Last year, after starring in "Hit the Deck," Charley was in "Present Arms," playing in Philadelphia. The show was not doing well and the closing notice was posted on the board. It was at this time that Louis B. Mayer was in New York seeking a leading man for "Broadway Melody."

Mayer was persuaded by a friend to run over to Philly and have a look at King. "I'm sold," said Mayer after one act. "Have him make a test."

Charley, told for the first time that Mayer had been in the audience, raced over to New York between shows and they made the test. He sang "That Old Irish Mother of Mine." Did he get the job? Just look at the box-office lines wherever "Broadway Melody" is playing!

Now it so happened that Charley had a pair of tickets for his weekly splurge at the old American Theater. They burned holes in his pockets as he waited and watched the hands of the clock spin around, impatient to deliver the message.

Dinner hour came and passed. Charley was still camped in the hall. Eight o'clock boomed from a neighboring church steeple. He shoved the note under the door and dashed away to the theater.

In the morning he was fired.

That night Charley made his first stage appearance. He hid himself to Hurtig & Seamon's up on 125th Street where they held regular Thursday amateur nights in the famous get-the-hook variety house.

Charley quaked inwardly as he awaited his turn. A stage hand was poised in the opposite wing with the dreaded hook. He sang "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

They didn't use the hook.

And when Charley left the theater he had a job plugging songs for Harry Von Tilzer.

Night after night he stood up in a box or in the gallery and echoed the songs sung from the stage—of course you remember that gag?

His first numbers were "Pretty Little Dina" and "My Little Coney Isle."

Road troupes—at $35 a week—seemed heaven after that to the little smiling Irisher. Somehow he managed to squeeze in schooling between times. He did blackface, song slides, knockabouts—just everything.

Gus Edwards caught Charley's appearance one
Clothes

FOR the GIRL

By Adrian

There is life. One is more apt to find her participating in the fun of some sports contest than appearing as a spectator. For this reason her sports clothes have an unrestrained freedom about them. One always feels that her clothes should have a buoyancy and lightness, and her continuous activity makes them a very legitimate part of her wardrobe.

This lack of artificiality is reflected by the simplicity of all her personal clothes—her afternoon frocks being soft without being unfinished:

Characters must be studied before clothes can be successfully designed, for no two people can wear the same type of gown, despite the tendency for uniformity.

There is the girl with the slow, poised manner who suits the type of gown that depends on its line for smartness. One is sure that the draperies will always be correct and that the wearer will hold the poses that show these lines to best advantage.

Then there is the Marion Davies type of girl who has found humor to be her essence. She refuses to be artificial, therefore one cannot dress her for effect too much because she would be continually winking the effect out of the picture—just as she should be most important-looking!

Her clothes must be colorful—no pure color is too vivid. White is a foil for her. Peasant colors adapted amusingly suit her and bring out her vivaciousness. Pastels soften her and surround her blondness like feathers. Tailored things make her alert and trim and very 'good-morning' looking. Things in her hair do not help her as it is like gilding a lily.

Miss Davies has the twinkle made for musical comedy. There is no doubt that this is her forte. She yearns to do it and her sincerity is so intense that a musical comedy star she will eventually be, whether it is in motion pictures or on the stage. It is her place. Pictorially she would be unlimited. Spontaneity is its by-word and hers. Impetuous invention would have full play.

She can look expensive easily and gracefully. Sables look better on her than in Russia. White fox slipping from her shoulders convince you of their reason for being—and that there are other places for them to be seen than in the zoo. Furs or feathers, used extravagantly, are a natural inclination when one thinks of her.

But the musical comedy field isn't her only background. She is at home wherever
Creations
with a SENSE of HUMOR!

C If You Have the Exuberance and Spontaneity of Marion Davies You'll Find These Fashion Hints Helpful.

fluffy, and feminine without being sickeningly sweet. It gives her every costume a genuine quality that is noticeable, and whenever clothes attract attention they are bound to be copied.

We are planning an elaborate wardrobe for "Rosalie," Miss Davies' next picture.

One evening wrap will be especially striking, with a modernized Persian embroidery influence worked in silver, lavender and turquoise blue on a white satin background. An original collar line will be introduced with this wrap.

The evening gown that belongs with this wrap will follow the Grecian line with the same pattern of embroidery forming a heavy border. Grecian sandal-pumps will further carry out the spirit of the costume.

One of the delights of working with Miss Davies is her enthusiasm and understanding of clothes. Although her entire wardrobe for "Marianne" was of the peasant type she became so interested in the hand-embroidery work that outlined the (Cont. on page 110)
Let's Go to

You Movie Fans Want Your Money's Worth. Screenland's for Worth-While Entertainment. Read Them

The Charlatan

This mystery drama, full of oriental figures, off-stage screams and terrific thunderstorms, turns out to be a personal triumph for Margaret Livingston. Although she plays an unsympathetic rôle, Miss Livingston in appearance and acting shows herself to be as capable an actress as we have in the films today. While the picture is not in the 'big time' class, it will be more than worth your while to see it to catch a glimpse of the new Margaret Livingston whose beauty and dramatic ability give verve and tilt to an otherwise old-fashioned melodrama. Featured with her are George Melford and Radcliffe Fellows.

Girls Gone Wild

Fast-stepping picture of youth gone plumb crazy. Sue Carol thought she wanted to be w-i-l-d until she got kidnapped by a bootlegging gang. Nick Stuart, the boy in the case, is a knock-out. Fine supporting work by William Russell, Roy D'Arcy and John Darrow.

Scandal

Polo comes before the microphone in this talking picture. Huntley Gordon wields the mallet. Laura La Plante, as his wife, is the victim of wagging tongues. John Boles scores a neat goal as Laura's former lover. The film is old wine in new reels but pre-war strength!

Children of the Ritz

To "Dancing Daughters," add a lot of tomfoolery and whimsy and you get a quick idea of this film. It's Dorothy Mackaill's picture by six reels. Jack Mulhall plays the boy, once a chauffeur, who tries to support Dorothy in all her glory. How that girl makes clothes live.

Rainbow Man

Eddie Dowling makes his first talking picture, with Marian Nixon, Frankie Darro and others. Despite Dowling's excellent singing and dancing, this film of back-stage minstrel show life left me cold. Darro is a fine trouper but too sophisticated. Nixon did admirable work and her voice reproduced splendidly.
Revuettes Are Here To Aid and Abet You in Your Search and Be Guided to the Right Pictures.

**Syncopation**

Seeing “Syncopation” is like taking in a legitimate play, a musical comedy, and vaudeville—all in one, with a night club entertainment thrown in for good measure. In this film you see and hear Warings’ Pennsylvanians, Barbara Bennett, Bobby Watson, Morton Downey, Dorothy Lee and Osgood Perkins. Barbara and Bobby form a ball-room adagio team. Although Bobby is very much in love with his partner, she wearies of the life and leaves Bobby to dance in her own night club, where she flops. The unofficial star of the picture is Morton Downey, who sings and plays the piano excellently. A very enjoyable film.

**Molly and Me**

This film is of the “Burlesque” and “Excess Baggage” and “Broadway Melody” school. Belle Bennett and Joe E. Brown are tank-town troupers. Belle has a thankless role—the gum-chewing wife whose stage talent is mediocre. ‘Me’ is Joe E. Brown. Alberta Vaughn is piquantly present.

**Chinatown Nights**

Wally Beery talks his way back to the roles he had before they found out he could be funny, too. As the strong and at times sinister emperor of Chinatown, he talks. So does Florence Vidor, the society woman who falls in love with him. An interesting picture.

**Strong Boy**

New angle on railroad films! As Ziegfeld would say, it ‘glorifies’ Lost and Found Department of a big railroad station. Victor McLaglen, Clyde Cook and Slim Somerville are comic gloriﬁers. Leatrice Joy is the spark igniting the boys’ ambition. John Ford directed with many sympathetic human touches.

**Shakedown**

“Shakedown” has nothing to do with the furnace. It’s a prizefighting ‘racket’ with James Murray as a fake ﬁghter. That is, James really is a fake until he meets Barbara Kent—and Jack Hanlon. Hanlon walks away with the picture. He’s a wise-cracking kid with talent. It packs a real punch!
New York for her marriage to William Seeman. Next, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn and Ronald Colman in town for the opening of "Bulldog Drummond." And Claire Windsor, a welcome visitor on vacation.

West is West and East is East—And They Meet in Manhattan!

This week: Ronald Colman.
You'll have to excuse me if I seem to stop and stare off into space every little while with a dreamy look in my eyes. 'I just can't help it. I have been meeting picture stars for a long time, now, and have interviewed dozens and dozens. But the thrill that comes once in a life-time was reserved for the other day. Ronald Colman—in person—sunburned and charming and courteous, in a tweedy suit and coat and his own particular mysterious smile, came up to call at Screenland. The main object of his visit was to greet our Editor, Miss Evans, and to deliver in person the gift which he will present next month, in the August issue, to a fan. But before Mr. Colman left, he had been inspected, ogled, admired, interviewed, and appraised by everybody from Screenland's staff to the elevator boys. And I told him that since he was in New York—the city—he might just as well submit to being included in New York—the department in Screenland, at the head of an all-star cast.

He shakes hands as if he means it. He is somewhat distressed because he thinks the picture-goers may get the idea that he is indifferent, aloof, and bored with his work. "I'm not at all, you know," he said. (Wait until you hear his immaculate English voice in "Bulldog Drummond") "It is just that most of the portraits circulated of me have been in sombre, unsmiling poses, suggesting an immense indifference. And the roles given me to play carried out the idea. I hope that 'Bulldog Drummond,' which is comedy, you know, will help to dispel any mistaken ideas!"

As a matter of fact he is not in the least a sober fellow. He smiles openly often. He wants to do comedy. He
Maurice Chevalier, French and famous, at Grand Central Station. Then Leatrice Joy, who made a big hit in vaudeville. Last, but not least, Victor Varconi, who sailed for Europe with Mrs. Varconi—they'll be back soon.

By Anne Bye

was bored with the type of character he had to play, but hopes in the future he will be allowed to indulge his preference for warmer and more human rôles. He still hopes to do Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities" some day, but his wish shows no signs of being granted. He likes talkies and is naturally at home in them, since he was on the stage before he went into pictures. But he thinks it will be a great pity if pantomime, after achieving such a high degree of excellence on the screen, is discarded in favor of a new talkie technique. "Bulldog Drummond" opened on Broadway with Mr. Colman making a personal appearance—but only from a stage box which he shared with Samuel Goldwyn and Mrs. Goldwyn—the former Frances Howard of stage and screen—and his compatriot, Percy Marmont. "Drummond" is a hit. Its star is a sensation in these parts.

"Mrs. Molly Myrtle Malone has the honor of announcing the marriage of her daughter, Miss Phyllis Haver, to Mr. William Seeman. New York, Wednesday, the 24th of April, 1929. At Home, after July 15th, at 136 Waverly Place, New York."

What a wedding! After this New York will simply refuse to bow to Hollywood in the matter of social events. Phyllis' wedding to Bill Seeman was as brilliant as any occasion that the western film colony can boast of. What's more, the ceremony was performed by Mayor James J. Walker—known to the bride and groom as their best friend, Jimmy. The Seeman-Haver nuptials were solemnized at the home of Rube Goldberg, the cartoonist, whose wife is Bill Seeman's sister. The Goldbergs live in a pent-house (Cont. on page 109)
How to Have Hair

Help Yourself to Beauty! Anne Van Alstyne, Authority on the Problems of the Modern Girl, Advises Screenland's Feminine Readers Every Month on the All-Important Subject of Charm.

takes care of that by coloring our hair to suit our faces. Every head of hair may have a beauty all its own. The first requisite to this beauty is good grooming. And the first step in acquiring faultless grooming so far as the hair is concerned is absolute cleanliness.

A well-known hair specialist remarked to me that the main trouble with hair is that women interfere so much with Nature and so unintelligently. All she wants us to do is to keep our hair clean and give it a little exercise. By this she means air, sunshine, daily brushing, scalp massage, and a shampoo every three or four weeks.

Below: Esther Ralston never leaves her dressing-table without that last reassuring look at her blonde bobbed locks!

In books of fiction the authors describe in glowing terms the wonderful tresses of their heroines. If the heroine happens to be a blonde, her hair shines like spun gold. If she is a brunette, perhaps it glistens like coal in the sunlight. If auburn, it reminds you of gleaming red-brown leaves on a crisp autumn day. Even the grandmothers—in books—have marvelous hair. It is always silvery white, and invariably it falls in natural waves over the dear lady's ears.

On the screen, we see hair quite as perfect, and admire it in terms quite as extravagant. Sometimes we are a bit envious too, and feel, remembering our troubles with our own rebellious locks, that the beautiful hair of the screen heroines is a beautiful privilege—with heroines' rights reserved. But cheer up, girls, this is not true at all. Even the lovely ladies of stage and screen must know their hair and how to take care of it. And I promise you that together, we can work out a theory of distribution that aims to grow good hair on every girl's head!

Even though you have the nondescript, in-between garden variety of hair that cannot possibly be likened to copper, coal, gold or silver or any precious substance, you may have live, lovely lustrous hair. The color, you see, doesn't matter. Nature
Like the Heroines!

By Anne Van Alstyne

Tell Miss Van Alstyne about your beauty problems and she will solve them for you. If you wish an answer by mail, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address: Anne Van Alstyne, Screenland Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

Right here, I fancy I hear a wail of despair something like this: "But my hair is so oily. Three days after washing, it is lank, stringy, oilier than ever. I must wash it every week!" And there is the main reason for your oily hair! The frequent shampoo, by over-stimulating the oil glands, causes them to relax and overflow, and simply aggravates this condition.

From the girl with the tense scalp and dry, lusterless hair

Right here, I fancy I hear a wail of despair something like this: "But my hair is so oily. Three days after washing, it is lank, stringy, oilier than ever. I must wash it every week!" And there is the main reason for your oily hair! The frequent shampoo, by over-stimulating the oil glands, causes them to relax and overflow, and simply aggravates this condition.

From the girl with the tense scalp and dry, lusterless hair.

Above: One of the real blonde beauties of the screen is Jeanette Loff, whose soft wavy hair has so far resisted the lure of the bob. And now that long hair is once more considered smart. Lily Damita's the last word in chic coiffures.

Esther's hair is naturally blonde and curly, but she doesn't neglect the daily brushing that keeps it looking its very best.

Above: One of the real blonde beauties of the screen is Jeanette Loff, whose soft wavy hair has so far resisted the lure of the bob. And now that long hair is once more considered smart. Lily Damita's the last word in chic coiffures.

Certainly. This condition is due principally to lack of natural oil secretions, and washing your hair every week won't help a bit.

If hair cannot be washed frequently enough to keep it clean, and if a weekly shampoo ravishes its health and washes away its food, leaving it under-nourished, what in the name of beauty can a poor girl do? Just be patient, and I will try to tell you.

Let's begin with the shampoo. Of course there are many good shampoos on the market, but the kind of shampoo to use is an individual proposition. There are shampoos for the girl who has light hair and wants to keep it so; for dark hair; for every variety of hair. Generally speaking, the egg shampoo is good for its cleansing qualities, and castile or any mild, pure soap is good. Remember, a cake of soap should never be rubbed on the hair. If you use soap, shave it fine, and cook it to a jelly.

First comb and brush your hair. Wet it thoroughly, then rub the shampoo directly into the hair and scalp. After sufficient rubbing has been administered, rinse the hair several times in luke-warm water. This is for cleanliness— (Cont. on page 107)
The 'Stock-Shot'

Funny how the movies picked up Johnny Mack Brown.
They photographed him when he didn't know a camera was trained in his direction. They doubled him for Lloyd Hughes, when he had never met Mr. Hughes or anyone else connected with motion pictures. He provided movie audiences with some good thrills without the least idea that he was doing so.

For Johnny Mack Brown was a 'stock-shot' star in those amiable days before he knew what a stick of grease-paint looked like. That we may better explain his peculiar entry into pictures, it may be well to give a definition of the 'stock-shot'.

A 'stock-shot' is any newsreel shot which is inserted into a dramatic motion picture. Fire, storms, parades, automobile and horse races lend themselves frequently to this purpose. The Hollywood hero, via this good old standby, may fight his way through a tornado which occurred six months before and three thousand miles away. The heroine may, from a balcony on the studio lot, cheer a parade which took place in Paris in 1918.

But the most popular 'stock-shot' of all, especially since the influx of college pictures, is that of football games, and right here is where Johnny Mack Brown steps in.

Johnny was the football idol of the University of Alabama. Two years ago he came West with his team to play the University of Washington at the Pasadena Rose Bowl. Newsreel men covered the famous New Year's game very thoroughly, focusing particularly on Johnny Mack Brown, who won the game for dear old Alabam'.

Back home in Dothan, Alabama, several months later, Johnny strolled into a show to view the art of Lloyd Hughes in "Forever After," and the Southern lad who had brought thousands to their feet, cheering madly, now saw himself providing thrills aplenty for a movie audience. But without credit, for Hughes was supposed to be the hero of the screen opus.

The following year Johnny came back with his team to play Stanford. On the advice of George Fawcett and other players who met him on the football field, he stayed.
Johnny Mack Brown is a complete flop as an interview subject. He just hasn't anything to say for himself. "Seems so silly-like to talk about yourself," says Johnny. "A feller don't seem right shooting off his mouth about what a great guy he is—or wants everyone to think he is."

Too bad type and ink don't pick up dialect. If you could hear Johnny say that the way he did say it you would appreciate the futility of any attempt to reproduce it on the printed page.

Johnny hails from Alabama and you know it the minute you see him. He is six feet of rugged muscles and not too handsome to spoil his splendid manliness. He will do anything in the world for you—except talk about himself!

Remember the day he was chosen as Mary Pickford's leading man in "Coquette?"

Friends piled on him when he strolled into the studio for lunch after the announcement was made of Mary's choice. "Isn't that great?" they chorused.

"Sure is right swell," responded Johnny. "Miss Pickford is a mighty fine lady. Sure will be nice to work with her."

"Yeah, but don't you realize what a great break it is for you—a talking picture with Mary Pickford?" his friends asked.

Johnny wrinkled up his brow. "Ye-e-e-s, I reckon so," he mumbled. Everyone had predicted that Johnny's drawl and quaint dialect would doom him in the talkies. Instead it made him even more important in the eyes of Hollywood.

Again he was clapped on the back by his well-wishers on his home lot.

"Boy, you rang the bell on that one—it's just great!" they told him.

"I hear so," agreed Johnny, "Miss Pickford sure is a wonderful actress!"

And that was that.

Some wag around the studio said once that the height of something or other would be a debate between Johnny Mack Brown and Calvin Coolidge. It is quite true that Johnny talks less than nothing, particularly about himself. But it is no indication of mental vacuity by a long shot, for Johnny is one of the best little thinkers that ever grabbed a pigskin on a soggy gridiron and plunged to victory after (Cont. on page 111)
Hollywood's biggest thrill this month was the news that Winifred Westover had been chosen to play Bertha in Fannie Hurst's "Lumox." It will be directed by Herbert Brenon. Mr. Brenon has had the story in mind for more than a year, postponing it month after month mainly because he couldn't make up his mind as to who was best fitted for Bertha. Winifred made up her mind six months ago that she was, and the rest of the time she has doggedly campaigned her way to victory. In a speech at a luncheon given in honor of Fannie Hurst's arrival in Hollywood at which Winifred was present, Mr. Brenon told how both he and Miss Hurst had been sure that Miss Westover was not the type, and how the girl had persistently broken down their defense until in the end they fully agreed that whatever she might lack in their first vision of the character she did have the essential quality needed to make Bertha real, and that as far as they knew she was the only actress who did have it. What that quality was Mr. Brenon refused to say. "She will tell you herself, by means of the screen, on the opening night," he said.

All of Winifred's friends are very, very happy for her, and I am sure her fans are happy too.

* * *

Lupe Velez landed safely back in Hollywood, along with eleven mud turtles which she has invited me to meet but threatens death and disaster if I swipe one of them. Lupe fell right off the train into Gary Cooper's arms and wanted to know whether he had been a good boy while she was away.

What she is to do next in the way of pictures has not yet been decided.

* * *

Little Lena Malena has a break at last. She didn't know whether she would be able to learn English fast enough to get ahead of the demands of talking pictures, and then along comes a bit in which her accent is a necessity. It is the little gypsy girl for whose kiss John Gilbert jumps through the fire in "Redemption." But just as he is about to claim his reward his eyes meet those of an interested and distinguished visitor to the camp, Eleanor Boardman, who is the fiancee of Conrad Nagel. And the little gypsy girl is forgotten. Lena looked very stunning and her clear, sweet voice records very well.

* * *

Dolores Del Rio, worn out after five months roaming about the country during the filming of "Evangelina," says she knows how Evangelina must have felt after forty years of it. "And traveling was not as good then as it is now," said the first woman to make her country popular on the screen. Dolores was trying out her make-up for the last scenes of the picture which will be finished this week. It is where Evangelina, on her rounds of the hospitals, finds Gabriel ill, and after years of separation, calling her name.

Dolores' make-up was so perfect her own mother would not have known her. She looked old and bent and her eyes held the sadness of years of sacrifice and resignation. Even when she came to greet me I could not find a trace of resemblance to the beautiful Dolores that I knew. "And I tell you I feel as old and as tired as I look. I got so nervous I couldn't wait to have them make up my other hand—one is enough to take the test with. You see the wrinkles?" and she held out her little paw for me to examine. "Two layers of make-up have to be put on and then the wrinkles laid on afterwards. It takes so long. Look!" she pulled the full black merino skirt she was wearing away from her feet and ankles. "I did not change my tennis shoes—the camera will only pick up a three-quarter view of me—and I just felt lazy."

"Where's your racket, Dee?" asked Edwin Carewe coming up at that moment and using the nickname he has for her. "Oh, wouldn't it be funny to see poor old Evangelina bouncing around with a tennis racket?" cried Dolores. She looked so comical anyway that we couldn't help roaring, because, not acting in character just then, her face did not match up with the youth and virility of her movements.

It seems that Louisiana was the most trying place of all the locations, as well as being almost the most beautiful and the most interesting, because Dolores is fond of milk—often eats nothing but milk and crackers for her lunch—and there was very little to be had and no cream at all.

"I kept myself alive on oysters, and of course ate too many and they made me sick."
After the test had been taken Dolores said she would not take her make-up off until she got home. "I want to give mother a laugh—she hasn't had a good one today," she said.

Dolores has taken Ernest Torrence's house at Malibu for the summer and has turned the place into a little Mexican village. The house she calls Ramona Cottage, and she is looking forward eagerly to a summer of rest and quiet by the sea.

Rumor has it that Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, grandson of the famous Wilhelm, came all the way from his native heath to gladden his eyes with the beauty of Lily Damita. Right away the gossips said they were "engaged." People are so funny that way. But if they are, Lily doesn't know anything about it, though they do plenty of sightseeing together.

Lily is very busy with singing and English lessons every day—you know the talking pictures are very exacting and it's just like going to school again to keep up with them.

Sue Carol is much upset because announcements have been made that she and Nick Stuart are soon to be married. Neither Sue nor Nick wants to be married just yet. Sue told me this morning that she felt they were both working too hard to gain a firm footing in their profession to take on the added responsibilities of marriage. "I wouldn't feel that I was being fair to Nick if I married him now," said Sue. "We are so happy as we are—I don't think we could possibly be any happier. And we are so busy. There was enough to learn before, but now that talking pictures are in strong there is so much more to do. Nick and I are like two school children—each running a race with each other to see which one will learn most. And we have so much fun! Marriage would put our companionship on another basis entirely—and well, we just don't want to marry yet!"

Pretty wise kids, I think they are.

It just about breaks Estelle Taylor's heart, but she is preparing to sell her beautiful home on Los Feliz Boulevard because Jack's business will keep him definitely in the east. "But I'll be back often," said Estelle. "Not only because of my own work but because I simply can't live away from California. I get everything the matter with me when I leave it for very long, and coming out this time I stayed awake until two-thirty in the morning so that I could see what it felt like to cross the line into California!"

An amusing thing happened on the train. Estelle brought with her from New York a writer friend, Betty Colfax. The two girls were preparing for bed when they heard a knock at the door. Thinking it was the porter Estelle called, "Come in." On the threshold stood a young lady. "I would like to see Miss Taylor," she stated. It is no wonder that she didn’t recognize Estelle for both she and Betty had their heads tied up in towels and their faces smeared half an inch thick with cleansing cream. Estelle hasn’t a spark of that sort of vanity, however, so the unexpected visit was not upsetting to her. "All right," she said in a friendly voice. "But—it is Miss Taylor that I want to see," said the girl with some dignity. "Well, all right," repeated Estelle. At last a gleam of understanding appeared in the visitor's face, and—"Oh-o-o!" she said backing hastily and confusedly out...
Estelle never did see her again.

Phyllis Haver Seeman may change her mind about retiring. It's pretty hard to give up a career like hers, just all of a sudden. But I imagine that the twelve and eighteen hour shifts the studios are imposing upon the actors had a great deal to do with her decision about pictures. I remember a day when she was making "The Office Scandal" Phyllis was ready to weep with fatigue. "I can't have any recreation or do anything outside of work, and when friends invite me to parties I could scream. It's turning me into a bundle of nerves—I don't know what I'll do if I don't get a rest soon." Directly after that picture was finished she went to New York and met Mr. Seeman, and I expect it wasn't very hard for him to persuade her to give up pictures entirely after her marriage.

Hollywood was so interested to hear that Jewel Carmen was returning to the screen. Do you remember her as Mimi in "A Tale of Two Cities" and as Cosette in "Les Miserables" and the girl in "When A Man Sees Red," all with William Farnum? How beautiful she was! Then some trouble arose between Fox and salary and Jewel dropped out. She married Roland West, one of our finest directors, about that time, and appeared in one or two of his pictures; and now she is to be in his next picture with Chester Morris.

I don't know if it means anything or not, but June Collyer and Buddy Rogers are certainly seeing an awful lot of each other lately.

Little Davey Lee is very busy between scenes with a yellow toy duck which he pulls along on a string. He was being interviewed by a newspaper man the other day, but his entire conversation was about the duck, which would seem to indicate that Davey had early learned the lesson of impersonality.

The other day an umbrella was returned to Cecil De Mille that his father had lost forty-six years ago. Mr. DeMille's father left the umbrella in a shop in Elkhart, Indiana. The keeper of the shop lost track of him and put the umbrella away, thinking that some day the owner would come back. In the meantime he moved to Trinidad, Colorado, and with his belongings went the lost umbrella. Not long ago he saw "The King of Kings" and the producer's name reminded him of the DeMille who had left his umbrella in the shop so many years ago. First he made sure that he still had the umbrella and then he wrote to Mr. DeMille and asked whether his father's name was Henry C. And that is how one lost umbrella returned home!

Probably the largest consignment of coal ever ordered in Southern California at one time was used by the Cecil DeMille production of "Dynamite." Kay Johnson, Conrad Nagel and Charles Bickford had a great time on that picture with the wind machines blowing the coal dust deep into the pores of their skin. And you know how blond both Conrad and Kay are.

Any time seems sun-burn time in California. I happened in at Jimmie Fidler's office the other day and there were Sue Carol, Marian Nixon and Jobyna Ralston comparing sunburns and jealous as anything if one peeled more than another!

It looks as if Johnny Mack Brown needn't worry over his future any longer.
and that George Fawcett knows an embryo star when he sees one, for Johnny is Mr. Fawcett's 'discovery.' Johnny's popularity has been something tremendous since "Coquette" appeared and now he is playing opposite the aloof Miss Garbo in "The Single Standard," directed by John Robertson.

* * *

Bill Powell's fan mail has taken about a thousand a week jump since "The Canary Murder Case" and Bill is to be starred on the strength of his fine performance in that picture. It may please the Bill Powell fans to know that their good wishes helped, too.

* * *

Before Clive Brook left for Europe he jokingly said he might not get back because of passports and foreign quotas and so on. To make sure that there would be an exception made in his case he planned to leave the children here with a nurse. His son is American-born, which makes him a citizen. They were to leave at five in the afternoon and at two-thirty the authorities called to say that he would have to take the little girl, who was born in England, with him. Clive and Mrs. Brook didn't want to leave the little boy alone so at the last minute they bundled both children and the nurse on to the train.

And now if there is quota trouble Paramount will have to do its stuff if Clive is to come back.

* * *

Buddy Rogers' mother departed for her home in Olanthe, Kansas, the other day. Her younger son was to be in a play and wrote his mother that it simply couldn't come off if she wasn't there to see it. "So what can I do?" she asked. But she's coming right back. Buddy worries her because he forgets to answer letters and doesn't attend to anything promptly unless she gets after him.

* * *

In spite of the slating some of the critics gave Clara Bow's first talkie, "The Wild Party," the public refused to be told by the papers what to think about it. They adore the little red-head as much as ever—the only difference being that more people adore her. She only got thirty-six thousand letters a month from her fans; now she gets several thousand more than that; and the box-office...
Raquel Torres is sure of having a cupid’s bow make-up on her lips for she uses a lip mold while applying her lipstick. Now if Raquel can only be sure it will stay on—

duction standpoint let them come back—they don’t bother me.”
Always the good sport and good pal!

* * *

In the old days the characters on the set who were not in the immediate close-ups and the extra people in cafe and ball room scenes could converse as they pleased, but not any more. The little old ‘mike’ picks up bits of conversation in the most unheard of places and all conversation on the set must now be regulated to suit the atmosphere of the occasion. It’s getting harder and harder to be a movin’ pitchur actor.

* * *

I have not been able to confirm it yet, but there is a report that D. W. Griffith bought “The Cradle of the Deep,” the sea story that everybody is discussing, and that the youthful author, Joan Lowell, will be starred in the picture. And thereby hangs a tale!

For years after she left her father’s ship Joan lived right across the street from the United Artists’ Studios. Wistfully she watched Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford and other players come and go in their beautiful cars and their beautiful clothes and swathed in the glamour that surrounds a star. Joan tried every way to get even extra work. She was an expert swimmer and diver and I hear that she has as lovely a face as ever met a camera. On other lots she did succeed in doing two pictures. She was featured in one of them, a sea story, and I am informed by one who knew her well that she helped materially in the technical work on the boats, and that she did water stunts that the stunt men refused to do.

She told the story of “The Cradle of the Deep” to at least a hundred people in Hollywood, offering the information she had to anyone who wanted it to help them out on a story. She had no idea of selling it. But no one could see it—perhaps because it was offered them! Recently Joan was married, and I expect her husband, Thompson Buchanan, realizing the worth of the story, urged her to write it, and she did, and now she may be a star. Just another case of sticking to your ideal.

* * *

Fannie Hurst is another one. When Miss Hurst began her career she lived at The Three Arts Club in New York. To pay for her bed and board she ‘walked on’ in a play on Broadway and during the day she wrote stories which she sent to The Saturday Evening Post. She didn’t have enough money to send the rejected manuscript anywhere else so she just tore it up and wrote another story.

When I saw her at the luncheon given in her honor at United Artists I checked up with her on the number she sent before one was accepted. “Was it the thirty-sixth or the thirty-seventh?” I asked. She laughed heartily. “It was the thirty-sixth!” she replied.

Can you imagine the grit and faith that took? It discourages most people for life if one story is rejected, if it is their first, but to keep steadily on through thirty-five discouraging rejection slips—well, the gal certainly deserves the rich reward she has since obtained.

* * *

Is it possible for a woman to keep a secret?

Out of the chorus of ‘nos’ which the question always brings forth comes the voice of a young Hollywood woman who has proved the feminine theory that a woman can be as ‘mum’ as a man when the occasion demands.

The young woman is Jeanne Kent, whose name appeared on the cast sheet of “This Thing Called Love,” the Duffy production at the Hollywood Playhouse with Kay Hammond and Tom Moore.

Lena Malena, German movie star, is studying English for the talkies.

Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crowes discussing their first all-dialogue picture with director Richard Wallace.
Who is Jeanne Kent? She is Mrs. Robert Armstrong. The audience did not know. The young actress’ appearance was practically her theatrical début. She had been on the stage previously only in one rôle in “Is Zat So,” the James Gleason play in which Lucille and James Gleason and Robert Armstrong played for three years together and which made all three of them famous. Armstrong is now under contract to Pathé.

Bebe Daniels has been assigned the leading feminine rôle in “Rio Rita.” She passed her voice tests with flying colors, according to William Le Baron of the RKO Studios. Bebe used to be on the stage as a child actress, so she will be right at home in talkies. She’s been taking singing lessons and her voice is said to be one of the best yet released by a movie favorite. What’s more, she is the ideal selection for the colorful rôle of Rita. Brava, Bebe!

While Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason (Lucille Webster) have been spending their days on a Hollywood golf course for “Fairways and Foul,” the talking comedy they are making, their son, Russell, has been spending his time in the air, doing scenes with William Boyd for “The Flying Fool.”

The other day a plane circled above the green where the Gleasons were tearing up the turf learning new golf strokes and a weighted package was dropped over the side of the airship. It contained a letter addressed to Mrs. Gleason and signed by her son and read: “Dear Mother, don’t let anyone eat that piece of apple pie I put in the ice box, I want it for dinner!”

Louise Fazenda is an example of preparedness. While in school she learned ventriloquism, and today this voice control is invaluable to her. While other actresses are struggling with their vocal tubes, Louise casts her speaking tones to suit the rôle she is portraying. Anyone following the career of this actress knows how many characterizations she attempts, and what a voice to suit each one would mean. But she is equal to the occasion.

Now playing a mother part, Miss Fazenda employs a dignified, reserved manner of speech. Her previous rôle was that of a stage-struck girl, so she talked as a silly flapper would talk. Before that, Louise played a sedate spinster, and spoke with a nasal twang.

Last minute news! John Gilbert and Ina Claire, famous actress from Broadway, met at a Hollywood party. Ina asked Jack’s advice about talking pictures. And two weeks later they eloped to Nevada and were married! It was a complete surprise to everyone, especially since Gilbert was supposed to be Greta Garbo’s boy friend, while Miss Claire was said to be engaged to Gene Markey, well-known New York writer. Jack and Ina had no time for a honeymoon, since Miss Claire had to start work in her first talkie for Pathé the day after the wedding. Gilbert had two previous matrimonial ventures—with a non-professional and with Lorraine Joy; Miss Claire one—with James Whitaker, newspaper man. Here’s wishing the brand-new Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert happiness!

Ina Claire’s first talking picture for Pathé has been put into production. It is from an original play by Arthur Rich- man, the title not yet selected. Marshall Neilan is directing, with Richard Boleslavsky director of dialogue. In Miss Claire’s supporting cast are Henry Daniel, Paul Harvey and Blanche Frederick.
The Camel Through the Needle's Eye

Here is the Guild offering for the summer season. A nice comedy written by a Czechoslovakian, Frantisek Langer, but for a that, it has a little of 'It Pays to Advertise' in it. Say, maybe it pays to advertise even in Prague.

A story of young love that won't be thwarted by parents or money. That, come to think of it, is what practically all of this month's shows are about. Or next month's. Or last month's. And some awfully nice and interesting Czechoslovakians, quite as admirable in their own way as Mr. Drinkwater's in "Bird in Hand."

Here is the Guild in definitely a non-cerebral mood. They've stepped out and got the lovely Miriam Hopkins for their love interest, and darned smart of 'em, too. Helen Westley and Henry Travers get a chance to exhibit their wares—and give grand performances. Eliot Cabot as the none-too-talkative swain is excellent. A nice evening that all of us lowbrows can enjoy, and still get the kick of having seen a Guild play.

Man's Estate

As The Theater Guild winds up its eleventh subscription season and reaches man's estate, it drops some of the pose of adolescence. There was a time when the Guild was radical as Lenine; but the years passed, the Guild waxed wealthy, books grew where there had been only debts, and today the Guild, while liberal still, moves away a bit from the Extreme Left, and casts a more tolerant eye on property rights in general. In short, the Guild today is willing to produce a pretty good play that has elements of popular appeal, even if that play does not smash all the forms and even if that play may not be, in the course of time, a classic.

This is not said disparagingly. We have followed the Guild and its beginnings from the old days at the Bandbox Theater, and nobody is more conscious of its contribution to the progress of the American theater. We merely state a fact that is as true of individuals as of the Guild. The Guild still does dearing things, but it also is perfectly willing to put on something that will make money, too.

Here is "Man's Estate," then, a very nice show that we can recommend to you in spite of the fact that it has no chime in it to ring through the ages. It is an honest, workmanlike semi-comedy of youth in revolt that gets caught by nature in the Suarez of love, and gives up its golden day-dreams for the privilege of working for the wife and kiddies. It is, ladies and gentlemen, the history of all of us—and, as we have hinted, of the Guild, too.

Jerry Jordan, poor, young and idealistic, doesn't want to enter his well-to-do uncle's business. He wants to be an architect and his winning of the first prize in a competition indicates that he has definite talent along his chosen way. He's in love, but with a girl who realizes that Jerry's career will be blocked by marriage. He must work and study—meanwhile she will wait.

It's a poor love that says it can't wait—and it's a poorer love that waits, no matter what it says. Jerry has before him the example of his father, who wanted to be a lawyer.
—but Jerry's mother came along, and he got married instead. Nevertheless, nature has her say. In the end, in spite of the girl's willingness to waive the conventions, Jerry picks up the yoke of the husband and father. His dreams still ring, but he hopes that his child will fulfill them. After all, there are worse things than the hardware business. And, inside, the dream still lives. It has to—or kill the human race with it.

As usual, an excellent cast doing right by the play. Dudley Digges, Elizabeth Patterson, Earle Larimore, Margalo Gillmore, Edward Pawley and Armina Marshall.

**Bird in Hand**

John Drinkwater, who wrote this one, wrote "Abraham Lincoln" and achieved international fame with it. But we weren't quite convinced. The very name of Lincoln has so much glamour for us that we feel it next to impossible to write a bad play about Abe.

But this time Mr. Drinkwater stands on his own, without relying on our attachment to the rail-splitter. And this time, so dexterous is Drinkwater, that we are convinced. And our saying so is equivalent to the Legion of Honor in France.

Drinkwater takes a very simple tale: the son of a rich man is in love with the daughter of a poor man. The poor man, with all the pride of the respectable poor, wants his daughter to stick to her own class. He fears seduction—and, as much as seduction, marriage.

A simple story, with the ending, to anybody who has seen as many as three shows, fairly obvious. But what Mr. Drinkwater is interested in, more than in arriving at a solution for the problem, is the unfolding of characters and of whimsy. He is in no hurry: the piece goes nicely, leisurely and gaily to its predestined end. But not until you've met some swell characters, and had a glorious time.

Mr. Lee Shubert has had the good sense to bring over the original English cast, so that the integral charm of the piece remains intact. Incidentally, Drinkwater himself directed—with admirable results.

**Jonesy**

"Jonesy" has a first act that's third-rate Tarkington. Even that is not so bad. But the next two acts, aided and abetted by an excellent cast, let you take this comedy of a small-town youth to your heart.

There is nothing particularly new, but the types are those that are dear to the American scene. Donald Meek, Nydia Westman, Spring Byington, and Raymond Guion help enormously.
Ask Me!

An Answer Department of Information about Players and Pictures.

By Miss Vee Dee

Screenland's Answer Girl will be glad to answer any questions you may ask about pictures and picture players. If you wish an answer in the magazine please be patient and await your turn, but if you prefer a personal reply from Miss Vee Dee, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, Screenland Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.


Lee Bailey, Houston, Texas. Much welcome—I've missed you; where have you been? Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Mass., September 9, 1900. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Neil's parents decided to prepare him for the priesthood and with that end in view, Neil studied at several theological schools, graduated and was on the verge of taking the oath when he changed his mind—having had a secret longing for the stage he got a job with a New York stock company. After touring the U.S. several times with different companies, he tried motion pictures, D. W. Griffith gave him a part in "The White Rose," which was released in 1923. Among his first films are, "America," "Isn't Life Wonderful?" "The Side Show of Life," "Men and Women," "The Golden Princess," "The Street of Forgotten Men," "New Brooms," "The Splendid Crime," "Desert Gold" and "Diplomacy."

White Heather, Port Huron. Will I be as kind to you as I've been to others? I'm the world's kindest answer lady and just let anyone talk me out of that! Your favorite Ronald Colman, was born February 9, 1891, at Richmond, Surry, England. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He was at the front in the World's War, wounded and invalided home. His mother and two sisters live in England and he has a brother and sister in Australia. He has been married but is separated from his wife. His latest picture is "Bulldog Drummond."

Wendy Edina from England. How could a star refuse to send you a picture if your letters to them are half as nice as your letter to me? That's a bit complicated but it's my story and I'm going to stick to it. Mother's Bay in "What Price Glory" was Barry Norton, and you can reach him at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Clive Brook plays with Olga Baclanova in "The Dangerous Woman." You can write to them at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mr. W. B. from Chicago. Why do you think I'm Frances Lee? That doesn't make me mad but what would Frances think? Her real name is Merna Tibbetts, and she was born in Minneapolis, Minn. She was one of the 1927 Wampas Baby Stars. You can reach Ramon Novarro at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Gloria Swanson at United Artists, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Gloria's next picture will be "The Love Years."

Inquisitive Queenie of Baltimore. You'll see me in Screenland, will you? No boasting, but you couldn't see me in a better place. Victor Varconi played in "King of Kings" and not Victor McLaglen. Write to Mrs. John Barrymore, or as we know her best, Dolores Costello, for her picture at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. We do not send out photographs of the stars. Dolores' newest film is "The Glad Rag Doll." Belle Bennett is playing in "Reputation" at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

G. A. J. of Newport News, Va. Many thanks for your confidence in my department. Sorry your reply was so long in appearing. Louise Brooks was born in Wichita, Kansas, in 1905. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Her latest film...
Merely Me from N.Y. City. There must be several of you, to produce such an array of questions. Pass the vodkis, I'll need some one after all that rapid fire. Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohyn. Matt and Owen Moore are not related to Colleen Moore—her real name is Kathleen Morrison. Gloria Swanson has two children—her own little daughter and an adopted little boy. The late Charles Emmett Mack played with Dolores Costello in "Old San Francisco." Gary Cooper's real name is Frank J. Cooper. F. J. C. is not married. Bigger than out? Renee Adoree's real name is Renee de la Fento. Her next film will be "The Pagan" with Ramon Novarro.

is "The Canary Murder Case." Ford Sterling was born in La Crosse, Wis. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. He was in "Oh, Kay!" a First National release. Frankie Darro was born December 22, 1918, in Chicago, Ill. He played with Norma Talmadge in "Kiki" and with Colleen Moore in "So Big." His latest release is "The Circus Kid" with Poodles Hanneford, the famous clown; and with Tom Tyler and Josephine Borio in "Tyrant of Red Gulch."

A Hoosier from Indianapolis. So you'll dance the Varsity Drag at my wedding if I'll answer your questions. That's a swell offer—as I'm somewhat of a hooper myself, you'll have to step lively. Mae Murray was born May 10, 1893. She has blonde hair, gray-blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her husband is Prince David Malavani. They have a young son born in May 1927. Greta Garbo is 23 years old. She speaks with a delightful accent. Her latest release is "Orchids" with Nils Asther and Lewis Stone. A recent film of Virginia Lee Corbin's is "Jazzland" with Vera Reynolds, Carroll Nye and Bryant Washburn.

Mac of Mobile, Ala. I've helped many a frantic fan from one brain-storm to another. Never mind, that's just one of my friendly greetings. Grant Withers was born in Kentucky in 1904. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has light brown hair and gray eyes. Due to a misprint, Grant's height was given as 5 feet 2 in the April issue. Sorry, Grant. John Mack Brown, who is Mary Pickford's leading man in her new picture, "Coquette," was born in Dothan, Ala., September 1, 1904. Johnny has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Nick Stuart was born in Roumania in 1906. He has brown eyes and dark curly hair. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 6, 1895. He is 5 feet 7 inches tall and has black hair and brown eyes. Jeanne Morgan was born in Port of Spain, British West Indies. She was one of the Paramount School's 16 graduates, coming to the U. S. about seven years ago.

Three Florida Blossoms. I'll let you put yourself in a paper frill and send yourself to me. Ivy Harris was born in New Orleans, La. She is about 20 years old, I believe. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 123 pounds and has blue-gray eyes and dark brown hair. Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Va., in 1903. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. on April 9, 1884. Evelyn Brent claims Tampa, Fla., as her home town; born in 1899. Olive Borden's latest film is "Stool Pigeons," produced by Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Govier St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hobart Bosworth was born in Marietta, Ohio; but he doesn't give his age. His first picture was made in 1909 but his stage experience dates from 1897. Richard Arlen is 30 years old. Buddy Rogers will be 24 on his next birthday, August 13. Jackie Coogan has been abroad on the vaudeville stage and hasn't made a picture since "Buttons."

Poison Ivy from San Antonio. Unaccustomed as I am to giving out any back talk for publication, I know a lot of things I could say, but poison ivy isn't one of them. You can write to Ruth Taylor, Mary Brian and Lane Chandler at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Sue Carol at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Her new picture is "Fox Movietone Follies." Alice White works at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Alice plays with Jack Mulhall and James Ford in "Naughty Baby." James Ford is one of the new boys. He was born March 21, 1905, at Lawrence, Mass. He has curly brown hair, gray eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has a contract with Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., but has been borrowed by M-G-M to make "Our Modern Maidens" with Joan Crawford.

Jack L. of Toronto. May all your picture troubles be brought to my department and sooner or later, more likely the latter, they will be taken in and cared for. Just now I'm suffering from my usual inability to answer as many questions per month as I'd like; but don't let that wreck your composure. The Editor should give us more space. Anita Page, whose real name is Anita Pomares, was born August 4, 1910, in Long Island, N. Y. She has blonde hair, blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She plays with Joan Crawford in "Our Modern Maidens." Josephine Dunn was born in New York City, May 1, 1907. That is her own name. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has golden hair and blue eyes. She plays with Lawrence Gray in "The Sin Sitter," and also in "Our Modern Maidens."
The winners of the Alice White $100.00 Theme Song Contest, announced in the April issue of Screenland, have been selected. This popular contest proved to Miss White that there are thousands of aspiring American lyric writers. And good ones, too! The judges selected the following as deserving of the prizes:

First prize, $250.00:
H. McFarland
2219 Van Ness Avenue
San Francisco, California.

Second prize, $150.00:
Andy McAlister
Radio Broadcasting Sta. WMAZ
Macon, Georgia.

Third prize, $100.00:
Milton Tannenbaum
244 West Euclid Avenue
Detroit, Michigan.

The first prize lyric follows:

Wherever You Are—It's Springtime!

VERSE:
That tantalizing Baby, she's my April day,
Liker to make me sue, then likes to make me gay.
She's naughty, she's good, she's wicked, she's saintly.
But whatever she does, she does it so quaintly.
Wicked little angel, saintly little sinner,
I'd give a million—if I had it—to win her.
Wherever she goes, I tag along,
And this is the burden of my song:

CHORUS:
Wherever you are, it's springtime,
And that's where I long to be.
Flush of sunlight—that's your hair,
Rosy lips say, "Kiss me—does!"
Velvet pansies, teasing eyes,
There's where my temptation lies.
Do I love you? Baby—say!
It's warmer time when you're away,
You're burning sunshine, glowing skies;
You're birds and bouquets, you're Paradise;
Wherever you are, it's springtime,
And that's where I long to be!

The second prize lyric:

Knock-About Baby

VERSE:
Gee, I'm lonesome all by ownself,
When someone else is with you; Won't you ever realize,
I'm jealous of other guys?
You keep saying, you're only playing.
That's the fellow for you.
But there's one thing
Keeps me wound up.
Are you kidding me, too?

CHORUS:

Come Across to Baby

VERSE:
A girl I know once had a beau
The kind of a friend, who would never spend.
She up and told him where to go
His chance was slim and she said so.

CHORUS:

Come across to Baby or Baby will be cross
Open up with something beside your heart,
Else you and I will have to part.
If you've got it let's have it—
If not go get it.
If you can't let's forget it.
All you'll get is a long range look,
If you don't come across with that little check book.
Preachers alone will never do for anything more
Than an I. O. U.
So come across to Baby or Baby will be cross with you.
A Wild West Location With Ken Maynard

Continued from page 43

"I started out full of pep and did the trick as I had been taught, that is, with grace. But it looked too easy and what was my decoy. I have letters saying that it had been faked. I sure had me sore. So I began to wobble and half lose my balance and then everyone thought I was just a horse.

"The other stunt that I used to risk my neck doing had to be too quickly done for the camera to pick up, so they didn't mean that either."

I had been quite excited when I heard that Ken's picture was in the offering for I hadn't been on a Western since the old days when I did publicity for Bill Farnum. Many of the Farnum boys were in Ken's outfit, too. Pedro Leone, Curly Reiver and some others were among the cowboys. One of the actors I walked with had been with Bill, too. It was Farnum, who played the 'wagon master,' Fred gets shot by Tom Santchi's henchmen, Edwin Mouton and Charlie Whittiker, and after winning his spurs with the henchman, he, then, takes his horse.

You will see a lot of old friends in "The Wagon Master," boys who have been in all the Westerns that have ever westerned — William S. Hart, Bobby Dunn, Frank Rice, Al Ferguson, Tom Santchi, Frank Cooley, Buck Bucko, Fred Burns—and by the way, Fred said he thought talking pictures would eventually restore the great out Westers to the screen because the natural sounds were so interesting and people were getting tired of four wall dialogue, with nothing but inside trick done.

The location was Lone Pine, California, over two hundred miles from Hollywood. It was first Ken's intention to fly there and tote me along in his plane, but a cold spell such as there has never been in sunny California hit us the day before and the flying trip was abandoned, to my infinite relief. But please don't misunderstand the relief for the relief. It was not doubt, because in commercial flying circles Ken is accounted a good pilot and he has had years of experience in the air, but his plane, is a dream one and since we would have had to fly at an altitude of seven or eight thousand feet to clear the mountains you can imagine what a bitter cold trip it would have been.

So we drove through the most lovely desert country in a motor car. There were Joshua trees, native to California soil, blossoms of twenty different colored desert shrubs; changing lights on the mountain ranges; curious rock formation through the brilliant Red Rock Canyon where there were hundreds of them, for 'that is gold in them that hills'—even yet, no foolin'. After all the ravaging of hundreds and thousands of gold seekers, there is still gold in California. And then, at a sudden turn in the long road—range upon range of snow-capped mountains! What a sight! The colorful desert and the high, white mountain tops. Lone Pine is right near the highest of them all—in fact, the highest peak in these United States. It is Mt. Whitney, which rears its hoary head more than fourteen thousand feet in the air. 'He looked like a generous helping of homemade vanilla ice cream—you know how it peaks and jacks over the plate. But I must get back to moving pictures.'...
he sat outside in his location chair using the running board of the car for a table.

Joe Brown, the director, had been pretty busy all morning but did take time enough to grab a sandwich and a cup of coffee. "Joe, you ought to take a closer look at those gloves of yours. They sure are something to write home about," Ken chaffed him.

Mr. Brown patted the heavy woolen mittens and remarked, "Well, without a doubt, a dozy fellow makes one out to me. They were warm, sure enough.

"And you need 'em, too, in this country. Every time a breeze comes down off those snow-capped mountains it brings something that makes you freeze."

Bobby Dunn, one of the comedians of the company, charged past in imitation of a little boy who got shot in the ropers.

"Oh, yes, those brown bedroom slippers!" called Mr. Brown.

"Huh?" said Bobby, his face a blank, his eyes two anxious points of light.

"Quick, quick, quick as a flash Bobby yanked the offending boots into place.

"Bobby picked those boots from the wardrobe because they were so funny looking and he wanted another pair of hands to depend on his boots for comedy, but I knew I had broken his heart. He got the straight pair but never did turn the other way. He played on the spot for them, but he was careful to pull them up where they belonged. They have never been straight since. Every time I want to scare Bobby I tell him to pull up the bedroom slippers."

Come on, Edith. Climb into the old freighter. No leisure for young ladies on location.

In a moment the desert was seething with bucking horses, runaway teams and cowboy yells; then the work settled down to close-ups of Edith and her father and the cowboys squatted around Mr. Ken, swapping yarns or stretching out in an unused freighter for a snooze.

The theme of the picture is instructive. It should show that even today, all the food the miners in some parts of the country could get had to be brought to them on the freight train. Except that those words didn't mean what they do now. "Freight" was composed of many wagons which were called 'freighters' because of their heavy build. They were often loaded up with anything. Each man had his own wagon but all were under the command of a Wagon Master. The men obeyed his orders rather as soldiers obey their General. They pulled along to the tune of a song popular in their day. The one Ken used is quoted at the beginning of this story. Oh, yes! It's a talking picture, too.

There was a scene in which Edith was asked to jump from the plunging wagon. But the freighters are very high and very awkward to get out of, and hampered as she was by the long and voluminous skirts of the period, Edith decided that in this instance discretion was the better part of valor, and did not jump.

In another scene Edith, while photographing her expression as she watched Ken bring the whole troupe under control, Butterfly nets were held between her and the sun to soften the light. Suddenly, one of the middle team of the 'six-up' that had been standing stock still for over an hour took a notion to cavort and did so without a moment's warning. Half a dozen wagons sprang to his head and as many to the other horses in case the mutiny spread.

He looked a picture in his driver's suit and full hat. But Edith didn't stop to find out what they were going to do. Like an airplane she sailed over the side of the wagon and to the ground six feet below.

"Who said you couldn't jump that wagon?" Joe Brown laughed. "I'm going back and take that scene over again."

"I did it that time, didn't I?" said Edith, who with Ken's help was scrambling back upon her perch.

"You looked like a balloon going to ground with those full skirts."

"Where's the powder department?" asked Ted McCord, head camera man. Whereupon a property man dug around among some reflectors and emerged with a bag of fuller's earth which he patted over the actors' clothes. They were supposed to be very dusty from their long ride across the plains, you see.

"Come on, Bud McCclare. This is your big scene," chaffed Joe Brown. "Step up to the wagon and tell the old man that now is his chance to get the water while the men are fighting. Put some dust on his beard and mess him up a little, boys," Mr. Brown said to the property men.

"Yeah, and look what it does!" Ken Brown exclaimed. "The dust blew into his eyes and nose. Be careful and not miss any little space. It might show in the picture."

"What are you grinding, Ted?" asked Mr. Brown of his camera man.

"Sixteen, Joe," said Ted.

"Sure!"

"Sixteen, Joe."

"No foolin', now. You know that bloomin'- sound track has to be figured in."

"Sixteen, Joe."

"Well, sixteen is all right—but be sure!"

But Ted had his story and was evidently going to stick to it. Again he replied, "Sixteen, Joe."

"All right. I give in!" laughed the director. "Now, Edith. You are watching Ken wipe up the desert with Hollister's men. Sometimes it looks bad for him. Watch me and I'll cue you for expression."

Whereupon Mr. Brown began to act thirty parts at once, running hither and yon so that Edith's eyes could follow him, while her very expressive face mirrored fear, hope, relief and finally, elation.

"Smile now, when they hail Ken as Wagon Master. Whoa! Don't use up too much of it or you won't have any left for when he comes to greet you."

There was a wide ring of Ken's profile shots. I expected nothing less than a band of war chiefs, but it was only Ken having some fun on the side lines with the cowboys. He had lashed one and pulled him from off the hay wagon where he had been enjoying an afternoon siesta—to be thus rudely awakened.

Bobby Dunn was running about in circles holding on to his trousers and his funny boots. A comic born.

I was disappointed because the cactus plants were not in bloom and I had been looking forward to some shots of the flowers.

"Well, I don't see why our property department couldn't arrange that for you," said Ken. We'll just have a few blooms now and over-seas everything that is done, from the building of the story to the management of the men.

The second morning I was up with the troubler and on location by seven thirty.

"We'll show you a few love scenes today," said Ken. "How are you feeling, Edith? Are you up to a love scene this morning?"

"I've arranged for it, and it's so cold I won't have to act a bit to want to snuggle up to you."

More enough it would be very chilly. When everything was all set Joe Brown ordered a few sheets of tin to be held around Edith. "She's blowing away," he complained.

If Joe Brown ever gets tired of directing he can go on the screen as a comedian and I'll wager it wouldn't take him long to get into the first rank. Every gesture used as his comedy to it and he points his words in such a way as to bring a laugh to every line. He was a lawyer for a while while he graduated from Syracuse University. Perhaps he is the only one of humor that made him quit the bar.

Ken and Edith were sitting on a box beside the old freighter. The wagons were used as houses too, and Edith hastened in to get a needle and thread with which to sew on a button that had come off of Ken's shirt.

"Where's the needle and thread?" Mr. Brown asked.

"Ed's got it," said Edith.

"I haven't. Jim's got it. I stuck it in the top of his hat for safe keeping."

"Oh, pardon me," said Mr. Brown. "Give him two hits, Sid. He has an idea that I'm trying to get a list in the cotton.
is Al Rogell, the director, who married Mary Brian. All were talking of a picture they were going to make in Idaho and a Western there. I was going to be the little cowboy's picture. I was talking of the Westerns. The only thing I can think of is the way things are coming home. Black eyes, broken wrisks, collar bones and ribs. I had both arms in a sling. I had been under a wagon and had been unhitched. A little cow boy let me have it right in the face. I was stone blind for days — had to finish directing the picture. Hide, Don't know how many guided other they dog out of my eyes afterwards.

We went to a lower grade where there was a real road to take the shots of the entire train of freighters running away. The camera car loaded on all the cameras — first and second and the Akelsey, which does the panning and trick shots and is operated by William Sicken, and ran right alongside the charging steeds. Mr. Brown and the script clerk were also aboard. Tom Bay rode with the head team because when the horses get going they don't want to top. They appeared in the view the whole of the thing anyway, having to stand perfectly still for hours on end and then for no good reason made to run like the devil and stop just when they were beginning to enjoy themselves. Maybe they feel sorry for themselves, just as humans sometimes do, and think it is pretty tough to be a horse.

Bill Quinlan, head property man, and Mack Wright, the assistant director, stopped rigging one of the freighters to watch. "There is one thing Tom Bay sure can do, and that is manage a horse," said Bill.

A few scenes showing the entrance of the train into camp had to be taken down at the Lone Pine ball ground, and you should see how the villagers and tourists swarmed about. The train was supposed to be at ease for the night when news of the approach of Hollister's men reaches them and they have to jump into a flight and a fight. Hollister is played by Tom Santsch, but that is another story.

The orders are carried out by the two henchmen before mentioned. "Put a character hat on Tracy and let his walk through this," said Mr. Brown. "Tracy is Tarzan's trainer and Tarzan follows every move he makes. Also minds what Tracy tells him to do. Tarzan has a big part in 'The Wagon Master' and a good deal of intelligence is required of him.

Edith had to run up to the bunch of men and tell her 'father,' who was among them, the bad news. In Westerns there is no time for detailed direction. Everything has to be done in broad sweeps. Consequently the actors are left more or less to get through the scene on general direction and as best they may. I noticed that Edith's spontaneous work was convincing and logical and that she put more than the usual fire into her performance of the terrified though courageous girl.

She had to do a lot of jumping in and out of the wagon which she didn't mind this time because it was standing still. "This is the second picture," said a little girl who was an admiring bystander.

I looked around to see what had become of the star and there he was on the truck surrounded by a crowd of little boys who had had the luck to wander by just at this exciting hour on their way from school. Before the men had rolled over books under their arms. They patted Ken's costume and examined the leather fringe on his trousers with great interest. He had just retrieved a game of marbles from when he was called to work, but not before I had moved the gruffex cameraman in his direction.

The stuntman came the scene where the horses broke away and you should have seen the excitement of the children. One little girl hugged herself delightfully while she said in a soft whisper, "My. I'm getting a little scared, I think!"

Another child had left her coat in the car and was just about freezing in a sleeveless frock, but she stuck it out until the scene was over, whereupon she went back and took it. "I'll be out here for a while, but I won't miss anything." I put my arm about her shoulders as a gesture toward keeping off some of the wind but I'm afraid it wasn't much of a help.

"Step on this one, boys," said Joe Brown, clad tier because he had accomplished so much that afternoon. "We'll take it from here and it will be just the right spirit and the last of the sequence. Hot dicky dog!" And whacking his cameramen on their backs, almost bowling them over, he just was to the scaffold and the whole team was glad to see the last of 'the wimmen folk.'

On the way Edith told me about her trip to the South Sea Islands. During the trip she did a picture as a chance to make 'Black Pearls' in Fiji. The company was headed by the King and his court and Edith has a little gourd cup from which she drank and which the King offered to her.

Some snarried gave him some whiskey one evening and he got a little tipsy and began telling how much fun his father and ancestors to a picture to have killing people in different ways. He got quite playful and was all for showing how it had been done so that the Americans were plenty nervous before he finally fell asleep. His slightest word was law on the island.

![Mary Brian exhibits the wedding rings from the Paramount prop room. They were purchased from pawnbrokers for screen marriages.](image-url)
for the kiddies to save their nickels and dimes in, and the question as to who next is taking up the study of navigation and air currents and who has made the solo flight of terrific interest.

"Is Pat (Patsy Ruth Miller) going to solo this Sunday?" Ben Lyon asked me the other day.

"No," I replied, "but she's about ready to.

"Oh! she's been ready for the last year! But I bet if she didn't hurry. We both want to be there with three rousing cheers when she does—will you, if you see her?"

"Yes, that's the way they talk out here now.

Certainly flying has been a boon to the film people who are now able to go places and see things they never could in the old days because of the time it took. It is an ideal way to look for locations—a busy director hops in a plane and covers hundreds of miles of territory in a few hours. He can get a general idea of what the country is like, then his assistant can look into the detail work.

Hundred of men were flying daily, making the air currents of travel the world did not realize it until Lindy hopped the Atlantic. Each additional bit of propaganda has immediate and sweeping results. Since the release of "The Flying Fleet," in which Ramon Novarro starred, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot has gone hay wire.

A good many of the men had seen air service during the war, but afterward, filled with the business of providing a living for themselves and their families, they had dropped out of touch with the air. "The Flying Fleet" brought it all back to them.

Three of them, Ray Binger, a camera expert, Buddie Gillespie and Merrill Pye, both art directors, conceived the brilliant idea of forming a club to be known as The Studio Flying Club. Although it has been in existence only four months its future is assured. The idea was to make aviation possible to people of means. Sunday is the big day. The members bring their families and lunch and have a great time.

At first there was no initiation fee charged and the instruction by army flyers at the Culver City Airport amounted to $12.50 an hour. There are now about fifteen members. Only people of the studios may belong, and at present most of these are from the Metro lot. They are directors, art directors, cameramen, engineers. Patsy Ruth Miller is so far the only star but others are talking of joining. Tay Garnett, the director, and Pat's fiance, is another member. Also there is Douglas Shearer, Norma's brother, who is production manager for sound at Metro.

There have been no accidents and five or six members are now very good fliers; two have orders for their own planes. Others prefer to use the field planes until they are crack fliers. Otherwise the expense of the wrecked plane would fall entirely upon them. As each member makes his solo flight it is up to him to give a party for the rest. Now that the club is growing so rapidly there is to be an initiation fee of thirty dollars and the instruction is to be $25 an hour.

The reason for this additional expense is to raise enough money to build a club house. Plans for a modest one have already been drawn up and the cost of it will be about two thousand dollars. Arrangements have been made with the Culver City Airport so that members are provided with hangars in place for their own planes at nominal charge. And did you know that you could buy a plane for twelve and fifteen hundred dollars? Gosh! I didn't. They are singles, of course, but you can get two and three place ships—that means planes holding two people besides the pilot—for less than the price of a good automobile: twenty-five hundred and three thousand dollars. That's service!

Flying has actually taken such hold on the imagination and sporting instinct of the film colony that executives are thinking of revising contracts which will not permit directors, stars or featured players during the making of a picture. Safety first say the wise men to themselves, figuring in dollars and cents what it would mean to have an important member of a cast hurt in the middle of a picture. The other day a little knot of men were gathered outside the commissary at the Metro Studio. "Come on, let's have lunch," one of them said. "I think I'll fly for half an hour instead," said Clarence Brown. "I'm for that too, been up almost every noon this week"—and off they trooped.

Now can you imagine that?

"It's a fine way to forget your troubles, if you have any," said Frank D. Williams, inventor of the Williams process, a trick in photography. Mr. Williams takes the air every time a knotty problem presents itself. "If you don't forget everything in the world except flying that ship your troubles are apt to be removed permanently!"

Not many players have planes of their own but I don't suppose there are two dozen prominent stars in the industry who do not board commercial planes for frequent pleasure or business trips.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are perhaps the greatest air travelers in Hollywood. Not long ago they chartered a twelve-passenger Maddux plane and headed toward the Grand Canyon. Shortly after leaving the port they ran into head winds and veered off toward Culverta where they landed and chartered the Maddux for a Wasp job and made for Arizona. They were gone twenty hours.

Of course it takes money to do the thing that way. Chartering a twelve-job plane at $175.00 an hour, and good twenty hours—you can figure it out for yourself. On that trip Mary and Doug took little Mary, their niece, Lillian Gish, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks. These trips are not altogether for pleasure with Mary and Doug. They are constantly on the look-out for locations and atmosphere.

John Gilbert is another player who likes to charter planes. He travels with his friends. Recently he has been so busy with "Redemption" that he has not had the time for it, but he will be at it again as soon as the picture is finished.

Now that the enormous Grand Central Air Terminal at Glendale is opened it is flimland's own. At the opening more than a hundred were present. A twelve minute motor run from the center of Hollywood. And it is really swell. The only field in America, I am told, that has a concrete runway; and the field itself is called The Oil is shot in two feet and worked in six times. And who do you think is President in charge of operation? Lieut. D. S. Tomlinson, with the title of 

"The Flying Fleet" with Ramon Novarro. Lieut. Tomlinson was one of the three famous Sea Hawks, the crack Navy fliers, and broke up the truce to take charge of the sport.

The other day Bill Hart went to San Francisco for a book convention. He writes books for boys now, you know. He told Arthur Hagerman, press representative for the Maddux Lines, just before he stepped into the plane that it was his first trip. "I have a colt born and raised on my ranch," said Bill, "that stands seventeen hands high, and that's the fattest I have ever been off the ground." The pilot of his plane was Capt. Jess Hart, no relation to Bill, but he told him that he had a son whom he named after the famous actor. It pleased Bill and he said, "Well, I'll autograph one of my books for the lad if we get back alive!"

Wallace Beery is the veteran among the player-fliers. He owns his own plane and has his transport license which means that he has had two hundred hours in the air and can take passengers in licensed planes either for hire or gratis to any point so long as he observes aviation rules. I don't know whether Ken Maynard and Reginald Denny have his license or not. I don't think they have. They both have their own planes and are experienced fliers, however. Reginald Denny no longer pilots his plane himself because he says it is a thing you should do very often or not at all. You forget things that are dangerous to forget if you fly just once in awhile. But he frequently takes trips in company and goes half way to his ranch in one finishing the trip by motor.

Ken Maynard loves to pilot his plane himself. He has flown in the air but he has had two after the plane landed, neither one very serious and not entirely his fault. Once he landed in a

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**The High Fliers — Continued from page 21**

(C) Gladys McConnell has more flying hours to her credit than any other girl in pictures except possibly Mary Pickford.
grove of eucalyptus trees because of some ill luck. Half a dozen of nerve, the commandos pilots say, and instead of quitting the plane he pulled it out of the trees and landed it right. Mrs. Maynard was with him, and for some weeks there were a good many arguments for and against aviation in the Maynard family! But Mary is a good sport and she was as eager as Ken was when they took the next trip. And it is said of Raoul Walsh that he flew to Caliente to get married, and before he started to dress for the wedding he dashed into the Casino and in thirty minutes won eighteen thousand dollars!

Caliente seems to do things to people. Jackie Logan, it is said, had no intention of getting married when she went there, but I suppose, as Mrs. Maynard has handled her time to the American Aircraft Corporation and takes passengers up for a dollar a person. I suppose I don’t need to tell you that this is not beyond reason. People go to Caliente, Palm Springs, Arrowhead, San Francisco and other places by plane. The Maddux people have reduced their fare, too, so that it is not beyond reason. The round trip to Caliente is $25.00. The trip to Palm Springs is cheaper, but oh, what a long, poky, dusty trip! And you have to remain overnight, whereas you can take the morning plane, have dinner in Caliente and return by the afternoon plane. It would amount to less in the end.

Edna May Cooper is taking aviation very seriously. She is studying all the things that one should take to be a good pilot and expects to do her solo flight within a few days. She has passed her examinations and told me excitedly that her mark was eighty-seven and a half, which she thought was pretty good—and I did too. Two months ago she knew no more about aviation, navigation and all the rest than the average person, which is—nothing.

So with all this excitement going on I don’t know what Hollywood will come to. We even have air police. I suppose New York has too, but I just found it out today when they went after a plane that had been circling for half an hour or so.AVIATION/scoring some kind of闹。It was a loud speaker and singing songs and telling jokes just to show how bright and snappy they were. I don’t think their equipment could have gone much better than the average person, which is—nothing.

The New Technique of the Talkies—
Continued from page 27

"Great guns! I'm not the man you want to see. I'm a babe in arms in this picture racket. Why, if it hadn't been for Mr. West, and Mae Busch and Pat O'Malley, fellowing 'Alihi,' I don't know what I would have done," he explained. 'I've been on the stage for ten years. George Cohan turned me from a nice boy into a stage artist. I gave up my dream of going to 'Yellow.' But stage experience doesn't mean I know anything about pictures."

"Well, at least you can tell me what you think of this talkie," I said. "I mean, has it made you love this talkie, this talkie," I said. "It all seems new to me somehow. Different from the first sound pictures. He has put more action into it than any talkie I've seen."

"Morris" face lit up. "That's right. He has. And I tell you why, 'Alihi' has made a big hit because West has injected talking into the picture without losing the action one jot. That's a terribly hard thing to do. And something that a lot of directors fall down on."

"When talkies first began," Chester went on, "the directors tried to take a play and transfer it whole hog to the screen. But that didn't work out."

"Why not?" I asked.

"That's simple," Morris answered. "On the stage you can watch two or three people talking quietly around a table for fifteen or twenty minutes without feeling any sense of slow tempo. But that won't go over in a talking picture. We are accustomed to lots of action in our movies. And if we don't have it, the picture falls flat. As I've said before, I'm not a talkie expert, but it seems to me that a perfect motion picture is like playing a chromatic scale on the saxophone. Each note rises a half-tone higher than the preceding one. So in a movie, each scene must rise higher than the one preceding it. And in a talkie when all you hear is a knot of people sitting in the same place talking, talking, talking—the picture is apt to be a flop."

"But never for a second does Roland West lose his head. With this talkie he's a wizard, really. He keeps his characters constantly moving. One bit of action rises hard and fast on the last bit of action, involving the whole in tone and tempo until he reaches his climax."

"It's an awfully hard thing to explain, but when you see 'Alihi' you will understand. I mean, it makes the action go by like sequences in the picture when no talking is going on. But here West is very resourceful. Take the time when Eleanor Gore (she plays the place as a darned fine trooper) is preparing dinner for her father. She's all alone. But she's whistling. Then when Purnell B. Pratt who plays the part of her father was shoveling, there was no sound. Naturally a man
screenland

In a good talkie you must supplement your speech with action. Now this is no hit-and-miss proposition. And every word, every gesture is figured out like a problem in mathematics. In the silent film...and now there are two cameras, one to register what the audience sees and one to register what it hears. But maybe you don't know that your feet are moderately certain position and as you speak you punctuate your words with action—motion. So many feet towards the camera. So many feet away from the camera. Now you're identified, the dramatic involved. When you advance or beat a retreat you must step exactly twelve inches—not thirteen or eleven. These simple technical things may not impress an outsider as difficult, but they certainly play havoc with a stage actor unaccustomed to such necessities.

But you can readily understand how necessary this marking to the part it plays in helping the actor express exact dramatic values, suppose we leave off a scene this afternoon. And I am thinking up stage business between the next morning when I began to leave my place up stage left, which anybody might do in a forgetful moment. It would prove ridiculous to the audience that when the two scenes were unrolled one after the other in the completed film.

Yes, I give you my word, I've been on the stage for years but when I began to make 'Alibi,' I felt as callow as the day I started my career.

I'm not really a 'heavy' by nature. I would rather play straight and hope to get back to them some day. Indeed. I'm so far removed from a killer that I must tell you a funny incident that happened while we were making 'Alibi.'

'No matter how hard we tried, we couldn't get the shots to sound right in this talkie. We tried 'fifteen fives' and we tried 'thirty fives' but the sound was awful. Finally we worked it out by getting a thin late and a heavy leather cushion. When I would pull the trigger of the pistol frame and smoothly, but slowly, but no sound. We got the sound by letting the lathe fly back and hit the leather cushion. The report was exactly like the sound of a pistol shot fired into the air.'

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'Simply technical things which may not impress an outsider as difficult, but they certainly play havoc with a stage actor unaccustomed to such necessities.'
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How They Play in Hollywood — Continued from page 29

After dinner we found out about the garter. Maurice Dumond, president of the Breakfast Club, bestowed the article on Bessie, the intimate garment turning out to be a dainty little affair trimmed with fluff of ostrich.

"Why don't they give you a pair of garters?" Polly Moran called out.

"Shall it be the Order of the Garter," Bessie admonished her, but Polly kept right on — "And why do they always give cups and no saucers?"

Then there was dancing and more fun, and the party broke up very late.

"I've been going so hard and so fast I'm tired," declared the hardy-ever-wear'y Polly the Party Hound. "I saw Mrs. Mitchell Lewis the other day — she used to be on the New York stage as Nan Ryan, you know, sister of Mary Ryan — and she and Mitch are going up to Arrowhead Hot Springs for a rest over the week end. They want us to meet them there."

Sounded awfully inviting.

So we packed up and took the seventy-five mile ride from Hollywood in Patsy's car, to the Springs, which are just in the rear of the mountains. With a fifteen passenger bus we took over the rough road and would break up so one can take wonderful little rides on horseback and smart little hiking trips to explore lovely canyons with their ferns and their streams and their sycamores and oaks interlocking overhead.

We found Jack Mulhall and his wife there, and learned that they had traveled on horseback overun Nancy, in the country, and Louise Dresser and her mother had come up for a rest.

We found that Lew Cody was living down in one of the out-of-the-way Spanish bungalow which belong to the hotel. He had gone there to recuperate, and we called him on the telephone to see whether he wanted company. We found that he did, and hastened down there to say hello. We found Norman Kerry there, keeping him company. Norman was on the way to Los Angeles and we enticed him to come out here a short time, in which he was being starred, but had stopped off to see Lew.

Lew was sitting up in a big chair, looking most cheerful, and not at all the pale invalid we had expected to find. He and Kerry kept the ball rolling, about the gay times they had had in Beverly Hills, with all the kiddish pranks they had played on each other.

Once Lew had taken a brass band to Norman's house in the middle of the night and walked into his bedroom playing, whereupon Norman had retaliated by an elaborately planned joke. He took all the beautiful vases out of Lew's house who was away from town and had them replaced with the duplicates in breakaway stuff like they use in the studios in pictures. Then Norman and Buster Keaton had called on Lew, and 'accidentally' upset all Lew's wonderful vases, breaking them one by one. It wasn't for half an hour at least that Lew got onto the joke.

"Then we came to cheer Lew up, and he's cheering us up instead — if we needed any cheering," remarked Patsy as we left for a walk with Mrs. Lewis.

On the way back we met Miss Colman and William Powell, who had gone up there for a rest over the week end, and who were living in a bungalow. They had been playing tennis, and were just going in for a steam bath, they said.

After dinner there was a picture show.
and we found both Colman and Powell, dressed in their tennis flannels, peeping into the window of the auditorium where the picture was being shown. They wouldn't wear evening clothes up there, where they had gone for a rest, and felt they shouldn't show up in their flannels. It was after the picture show there arrived a big box for Mitchell Lewis and his wife. On opening it they found a mechanical dog which Ralph and Vera Lewis had sent them as a present.

I forgot to say that the Lewises had brought their own Scotch terrier, Wee MacGregor, with them, and Wee went along with us on all ourikes.

Now Wee had an awful time with the mechanical pup. He smelt around it, made advances and retreats, barked, wagged his tail, and eventually seemed to say that the mechanical dog, which opened its mouth, barked and wagged its tail in a very natural manner, looked and acted like a dog, but didn't sound like the right.

Even as we were leaving, while I was looking back regretfully at those restful hills, Patsy, all full of pep was planning for the party which a rich admirer of Ona Brown's—Mrs. Brown is the divorced wife of Clarence Brown, you know—was to give the next night at the Roosevelt for Ona and Sally O'Neil.

It did seem as though just everybody in Hollywood was in that huge dining room, which Manuel Sertres, Ona's admirer, had taken over for the party.

Right away, after being greeted by Mrs. Brown and Jane, we came upon Billie Dove, Lily Damita, Raquel Torres, Madge Bellamy, Buddy Rogers and Mary Brown, June Collyer, Jeanette Loff, Lila Lee, Camilla Horn, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. Mr. and Mrs. Pinto Fox, Jane Winton, Ollie Kemp, who is Jane's husband, you know, Irvin Willat, Mona Rico, Mrs. Doris Arbuckle, Matty Kemp, Bess Meredyth and Michael Curtiz, Doris Dawson, Leo's Malone, Polly Ann Young, Albert Conti, Don Alvarado and his wife, Gwen Lee, Molly O'Day, Jose Grespo, Leroy Mason and Rita Carwe, Priscilla Dean, Gordon Clemens, his lawyer, and his wife, Billy Joy, and others.

Nick Stuart of course brought Suce Carroll, and one hears that they are likely to be married ere long, but neither will tell when.

Lily Damita came alone, saying that she was a bachelor girl, and had come by herself because she wanted to pick her own beau when she arrived.

We had supper at the regular small tables of the dining room, but we found one long table reserved for the use of the Spanish and Mexican guests, who chattered away to each other in their common tongue.

"I imagine they must miss their tango music, though," remarked Patsy.

"Of course, didn't speak much English, but, as Sally O'Neil put it, 'Who cares about mere language when any one can dance internationally so divinely as he can!'"

Mrs. Brown is going to Paris soon, and we all wishfully declared we wished we were going with her. Jane Winton was there a few moments ago, you know, and everybody fell in love with her.

We were talking about that, and Sally O'Neil exclaimed, "Oh, did they? Well, one of course I'm a lonely little thing here—glancing about at the admiring masculine faces gathered around her—and I think I'll join you. Maybe I could catch a beau!"

---

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produced hand-raised apple-blossoms for the gardens from the blooming shrubs months before their time in hothouses and transplanting them into gardens where artificial heat could keep them fresh.

When the first call for autumn to sweep across the garden, workmen sprayed liquefied carbonic acid gas from tanks onto trees, flowers and shrubbery, thus creating an artificial frost that nipped the buds and turned springtime to Fall.

Almost everyone knows that Douglas Fairbanks flew about on a magic carpet and bestowed a flying horse in "The Thief of Bagdad," and almost everyone's husband can tell you how he thinks it was done. This is Doug's own explanation:

The carpet effect was expensive as well as amazing. A special derrick with a huge movable crane was built; suspended by piano wires from the crane was the carpet, stiffened with a wooden base so that Doug and one of the stuntmen could sit on in a fair degree of safety. The cameras were on a slightly lower derrick beneath the arm of the crane.

Doug mounted the white horse up a steep incline which was lined with black velvet. When developed, it looked as if he flew in black space. Clouds were superimposed and the effect of flying through clouds was obtained.

All Doug's trick stuff is legitimate and frequently dangerous. Not the least dangerous was the horse and perhaps the cleverest trick, which by the way, he has never divulged before. When he threw the magic rope up into the air and proceeded to climb up it, the audience had this idea: "Oh, I expect I know how that is done! It's suspended on wires!" But when Doug reached the top, he bent the end of the rope under to their horror and amazement. How did it stay up in the air when it wasn't hung on anything?

Listen, children! He did the whole scene standing on his head! The sets were built upside down for this effect, the rope hanging down, not up, and part of the magic consists in the fact that the star remained neutral throughout the proceeding.

When chairs, dishes and whatnot are smashed to bits on the screen, no one is hurt, for yucca, balsam wood and ipecacuanha and the like are used in the making of props and costumes. Yucca stalks, glued lightly together, make the frailest furniture, breaking at the slightest impact, but balsam wood is so soft that a nail may be pushed through it with the hand. Insolux, properly colored, becomes brick, so that an automobile can crash through an imposing wall with no shock except to the nerves of the audience.

An actor leaps through a plate-glass window, but he isn't scratched. That's because the window is made of candy. Sugar is boiled to a certain temperature, then poured on a marble slab where it hardens into the likeness of glass.

Palm trees bend double, over in Universal's prop department, as no real palm would dream of doing. Why? Because Universal's tropic forest giants have cores of spring water.

Cecil Holland, make-up wizard at M-G-M, tells us how to make the fearful looking scars worn by our best screen villains. Just apply "Green Ghost" sacri- ficed his manly beauty to wear a ghastly scar constructed with collodion which dyes the skin and forms a line like a gash.

"In a Mary Pickford picture," recalls Mr. Holland, "I was told to make the leading man's hair so blind. I remembered reading of spies during the Civil War who wrote messages on the lining of eggshell and hid them under the lower eyelid. I took the lining of an eggshell, tore it to fit the eye and put it over my eyelid. The effect was perfect. When I consulted an oculist, he told me it was no way injurious so Miss Pickford's hero became sightless."

In Fox's "Cameo Kirby," action called for a shot of the leading characters reflected at the bottom of a well. When made, it was discovered that reflection was blurred because the water was ruffled.

"Fix it!" demanded the director.

The property man took thought, then poured in nycroene, a preparation pitch black that looks like black Epson salts, and produces beautiful clear glistening water, smoothing out the troubled well.

When the effect was made in it, was around in China Bow's "Red Hair." The water was so clear that it reflected not only the actors, but the cameras, director and all. Therefore, they dyed the water blue, tints thousands of gallons of bluing, and presto, the reflections vanished!

It takes courage to run past a 125-foot monochord of the piano at a second or so before it is doomed to fall, but Dolores Del Rio did it without a moment's hesitation at the behest of her director for "Evangelita." Skilled workmen assured Mr. Carewe that they could tell to a split second when the huge tree would fall; first the wind's direction was ascertained and then the giant was sawed through. Dolores stumbled through the underbrush and crash came the redwood!

Talking pictures have their magicians, too. In "Bulldog Drummond" Ronald Colman gets his man but the sound of the falling body brought a howl of protest from the mixer. "Sounds like anything but a man's body!" he declared. A dummy was hastily substituted. This was even worse. A cement sack and then a sandbag were tried in turn. Finally all the property men went into a shed and emerged with a ripe pumpkin, which when dropped sounded to the sensitive microphone just like a dead man falling to the ground.

In registering the now famous cuckoo clock for this same picture set back Samuel Gold- wyn some hundreds of shekels. It sounded either too slow or too fast or too loud or too faint. "Trying it out costs us $300 a cuck!" complained the worried assistant to F. Richard Jones, the director. In desperation, Mr. Jones called to the mixer: "See how this sounds? Bill!" and pursed his lips around a coy little "Cuckoo-cuckoo!" of his own. Nothing more was needed.

The slow ticking of a clock tortured the wretched victim of the third degree in Roland West's "Alibi" and added to the tenseness of the scene. This effect was not obtained, however, without the addition of a few more gray hairs in the mixer's head. A heavy piece of cardboard in the hollow of the clock where the pendulum would strike it solved the difficulty.

The city's roar in Vilma Banky's "This Is Heaven" was obtained after much thought and effort on the part of the technical staff. For the symphony of an organ horn stems on the streets of the Great White Way, a man sat before a whole battery of 'horns,' playing them like a xylophone. A few bolts in a box provided the necessary sound.
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Helen Twelvetrees—Continued from page 36

No wonder Helen is puzzled.
But she likes it. Hollywood is nice, says Helen—as long as it doesn't make fun of her name. And from now on she is going to show Hollywood that she can speak as correctly as an English duchess and act as intensely as a member of the Russian art theater. There was a title at the end of "The Ghost Talks" in which the leading man asked: "Do you lip all the time?" and the heroine replied: "No, only when I think." As a matter of fact, often during the filming of the picture Helen would entirely forget the lip and the scene would have to be re-made.

She is interested in everything—talking pictures, silent pictures, the stage. California, President Hoover, the Mexican war, men—ah, yes, men. Right now she is getting her greatest kick out of fan letters. She started reading every letter that came to her. And had to stop that when her fan mail mounted to several hundred letters each week. Now her secretary separates the particularly interesting letters and Helen reads just those.

Helen Twelvetrees was born on December 25th, in Brooklyn, New York. As a child she 'played theater' constantly. Her parents observed her talent and sent her to schools destined to bring out her dramatic ability. Her final training came at the Brooklyn Heights Seminary.

After school days were over, she apprenticed herself to the stage and for three years she was a member of stock companies in and around New York City. Her marked ability soon made itself known and she was given leading roles in plays of importance. Her rise since then has been meteoric, culminating with a rich offer from the Fox Film Company to travel to Hollywood as a contract member of the Fox group of actors and actresses.

Perhaps Miss Twelvetrees is the only actress in history who found herself in the position of being offered more money than she wanted. In fact, her agent was asking a price for her considerably below what Fox officials were offering her in person. And while the agent was accepting the offer (without her knowledge), Helen was in another office of the company affixing her name to the larger offer! The smaller salary offered her was equal to what she had been receiving as a stage actress. The salary she actually signed for is considerably greater.

The Spanish Conquest—Continued from page 23

be made. He gathered together a dozen or more of Rio's social leaders and they are now in Hollywood engaged in the making of their first production.

A year ago, Senora Julio de Morales—La Toral—won the Fox prize for being the greatest beauty in Brazil. With the victory was the offer of a free trip to Hollywood. A free trip to that young aristocrat was, however, a joke, and she graciously passed the prize on to one of the other girls.

Now, however, with her dashing husband as producer, she is here with all her charm, jewels and gowns.

If there ever was any prejudice against Spain it has been utterly eradicated by this joyous band of Brazilians, for they are making their picture work one grand lark, and to the joy of the studios, technicians, cameramen and costumers they pay in gold—every night!
but give the hair another shampoo for beauty, going over the whole process again. It is the second process, it is said, that puts in the luster.

Thorough rinsing is imperative. The stickiness, gumminess and generally unsatisfactory appearance of the hair after the home shampoo is often due to the fact that all the soap has not been rinsed out. Formerly, the rinsing was finished with cold water, but the newer way is to finish with slightly warm water which apparently makes the hair lighter and fluffier than does cold water. Dry the hair by hand with towels, and whenever possible, in the sunlight and air.

This is the first step toward cleanliness and beauty. What next? Thorough, daily brushing. The business of a brush is to exercise, clean, air, and polish. So choose your brush with even greater care than you select a new hat. It should have long, flexible bristles, and it should be kept scrupulously clean. The bristles not only over the top surface, but also from underneath, outward and inward with firm even strokes. Between strokes, wipe the bristles of your brush with a clean towel.

Aside from keeping your hair clean, daily brushing will give it life and vitality, and will make it glow with a luxurious beauty you never dreamed possible for your hair.

To go back to oily hair—a cleansing toning lotion is needed. For long hair, it’s help to keep the hair clean between shampooings, it will act as a corrective and beautifier.

To use, pour a little tonic in a saucer. Brush the hair well, and part the hair at intervals. Dip a wad of absorbent cotton in the tonic and rub lightly on the parts. Dry the hair with a hand towel, just as you do after a shampoo. Massage the scalp lightly, then brush the hair well. The tonic may be used every day if the hair is in bad condition.

For occasional, tight scalp, and lifeless falling hair, a tonic with a slightly oily base should be administered and the scalp should be well massaged to bring the blood to the surface. This is the scalp relaxer, an condition of the tiny oil glands and stimulate them to action. You can buy this treatment from a skilled masseuse, and it is a beautiful, restful way to spend money. But it is perfectly possible to massage your scalp at home.

Sit down in a low-backed chair and rest your elbows on your dressing table. If it’s a comfortable height. Beginning at the nape of the neck, work out toward the ears, then all over the scalp, radiating from the center and up with long circular motions. Never massage with loose fingers, but with the palms of the hands and the cushions of the fingers, with a hard pressure against the scalp. Lift and knead the scalp in circular sweeps until the scalp glows with a pale pink color and tingles with new life.

A occasional hot oil treatment will also be highly beneficial to the dry scalp with falling hair. Again—it is easier and pleasantier to have this done by a specialist, but this oil treatment at home if you have the time and the will.

I want to tell you, too, of another quick, effective way to cleanse the hair between shampoos. Movie stars use this method when on location, if the weather is damp or cool or the water hard and conveniences few—to keep their hair clean and well-groomed in one stroke.

Produce a good dry shampoo powder. Brush the hair well, then sift the powder directly on the scalp and hair. Leave on for a few minutes then brush the powder completely out, using a long, sweeping motion. The dry shampoo effectively removes dust and oil from the hair and renders it soft and fluffy.

When your hair has achieved the natural charm of perfect grooming, there is becoming arrangement to be considered. The hair, like hats, should be nice things for your face. The question of how you should wear your hair is not so much a question of fashion, so of chin, nose and contour. It’s impossible to tell you how to dress your hair without knowing something about your profile, the shape of your head, the width or length of your face, whether you are tall, short, fat, thin, and whether your hair is straight or curly, long or short. There is a model for all of you, however, and by careful study and experimentation, you may find that is most suitable for your individual type.

If you are bakerd and wish to remain so, there are ways of wearing the bob which are becoming as keep even the most fickle of womankind from tiring of it. If you are letting your hair grow, there are ways of minimizing the difficulties of this period, by use of a smart transformation, or a piece of some kind, or by clever waving and tucking in of half-grown tresses. There is also the expedient, very becoming to some girls, of simply curling the ends of the hair and letting it hang loosely.

Among bobs, the hair is worn a little longer and is arranged with a softness of line distinctively feminine. The present tendency is to make the bob look as much as possible like long hair, while with long hair, the disposition is to attain so small a coiffure as will most nearly resemble a bob.

When it comes to waving, with very few exceptions every girl needs to flatter her face with curls. There is one of the few exceptions that make the most of it, and will, I thank you. If your hair is naturally curly, cherish it so much gold.

Many find an occasional barrel satisfactory, while women with strong, healthy hair, not too soft and fine in texture, find in a permanent wave a solution to many problems.

If your hair is a bit fluffy, a set of water-wave combs and a waving fluid will help you to train your hair into soft, rounded waves of natural beauty.

In adopting becoming hair arrangement, let your complexion and your mirror be your guide! Don’t, no matter how much you may admire her, try to copy the coiffure of your favorite heroine—unless you happen to be her type. If her hair is colored bewitchingly at the nape of her neck with just one alluring curl behind the ear it is no doubt picturesque and suits her regular features and the shape of her head. If it did not, she wouldn’t wear it that way. But don’t sacrifice your curly bob which may be your most charming asset to a modern pomade that doesn’t suit you.

On the screen, one sees smooth, shining heads that are more like shellac than top knots, but always they are worn by certain

---

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types and seem natural enough on those particular types and become them. But few faces are so pure in outline, so young in texture and expression that they can wear hair that looks painted instead of grown. And no heroine of stage or screen adopts such a mode unless it helps to emphasize her individuality and enhance her charm.

Every heroine learns, very early in her career, to know her own individual type and take the most sincere and honest parts. Concel her bad points and cultivate her good ones. That's why heroines are so fascinating, and so compelling. And heroines in everyday life should follow this example, if they would life be what every girl wants to be—popular.

Mary Brian

(to page 45)

never once allowed to be the hero. I had to take my villainous and stirconous roles and like them or go back to the inspirit entertainment of delivering."
In New York

Continued from page 79

a roof. Most of the guests were New Yorkers, friends of the gown. Music was furnished by Paul Whiteman himself.

Manhattan chuckles over the prospect of some wag first addressing Bill Seeman as "Mr. Phyllis Haver," but the fact remains that Bill is boss of the family, and that Phyllis isn't expected to be simply Mrs. William Seeman from now on. She has even given up her beloved Persian cats because Bill's pet is a dog—a wire-haired terrier. She's heard it over the Seeman-"A slight domestic wire-haired native too say, the exceedingly Seeman And knockout! a first itself. She was in Hollywood. It has been naturally all set to tell a Hollywood star where to go—right back to Hollywood, unless she can show 'em. Leatrice was a revelation. She is a very important star indeed in her own Paris, and in Manhattan also, where he appeared in Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic. But he is new to our movies, and he is exceedingly modest about his accomplishments. He sometimes works very hard, days and nights, making his first talkie. The boy's & excellent. The talkie was perfect. He is being advertised by Paramount. He is a very nice star, too. I declare Claire Windsor seems prettier every time I meet her! It had been several years since I saw her last, she's been so busy making pictures on the coast. And you might think I would be dressed in English beauty. It seems there is a foreign colony in Hollywood which keeps pretty much to itself. Mr. and Mrs. Lubitsch, Vilma Banky, Greer Garson, the Varconis were given time together and naturally speak their native language—or French. The Divine Lady" in which Varconi plays Lord Nelson, was running on Broadway, and so everybody asked how the actor could have made himself up as the uniform naval admiral. With a true professional Mr. Varconi told us all about it: how he had to hold one arm tightly behind him so he could daintily take his sword out, and how he had to minimize his height and stature by slouching, and how he had to experiment with

make-up to give one of his eyes the correct effect of blindness. He admitted it was not easy but he liked the part better than any other he has played over here, with the possible exception of Pontius Pilate in "The King of Kings."
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How To Break In the Movies—Maybe! Continued from page 74

cents a day, found and keep. Better not decide upon becoming a goose, however, as there’s one goose in Hollywood who has the goose neck-acted—next. He’s an opportunity goose named Beto, and he travels to the studios in a limousine. He received thirty-five dollars a day for sharing close-ups with Dorothy Mackrell McKelhail and others.

Of course, there’s the chance that Beto will get old—and that’s just the chance for you, provided you decide to become a goose with you.

There’s lots of easy money awaiting you if you become a cow. Well, why not? If you’re going to get smacky, there’s no sense in me tipping you off to your Big Chance, is there? Just let me tell you that a cow that photographs well gets three dollars a day! You couldn’t do better than that. If you were in the army, Beto is paid two dollars, horses two dollars and a half up, and ordinary dogs find two dollars in their pay envelopes. There you are! Now you can say that you’re not showing me exactly where Opportunity will knock! I told you I was big-hearted, didn’t I?

There’s a man in Hollywood who has a trained chicken. Well, there isn’t any other kind that you can train! This chicken struts her stuff at fifteen dollars a day. Of course, you might not like the man, but that’s up to you. I can’t fix everything, you know. Then there’s a monkey that has played in more pictures than most stars and has earned enough money but I’ve been told that none of this seems to me that this proposition is well worth looking into.

Now, if you prefer to do something big, elephants draw from twenty-five dollars a day up, and so do lions. Think this over! A trained deer earns one hundred dollars a week. Not so bad. I think I’ll look into this myself. I might be just the type. I’ve been told I’ll make a good one. My birthday is my day, and who are you to say that I haven’t?

Are you one of these willing workers, one of these creatures who is satisfied to receive little credit to what you do? Then you’re a true one! Become a bee! There’s a great opportunity awaiting you if you can fix it so you can become a bee. Trained bee-keepers that will not get away and will not sting actors—can be had for a day at fifty smackers per swarm. Now, don’t get temperamental and tell me you are opposed to this swarm thing! If you prove you can act—and Heaven knows there ought to be a lot of people who wish they could be bees and don’t sting the hand that feeds you—you can get a dollar a day at the lowest, which should easily keep a bee alive. What does it matter that kind of a bee you want to be—oh, now?

Up to now we’ve been pretty good friends, and I don’t quite like to go into the things you might know all. When I started, I promised to tell you of all the opportunities, and I don’t feel as though I should hedge at this stage of the game. If—understand, I am only saying if—you can bring yourself to becoming a flea of the trained variety, there’s five dollars awaiting you for each day’s work. If you have any doubts about your historic ability in this field, don’t go into it, as the common, ordinary, dumb fleas can be purchased outright for three dollars a flea. I’m the last person in the world to want you to buy a flea that is so costly.

There was just one good fish, and that was Lawrence,” he declared. “By keeping Lawrence out of the water for a few seconds a day at first, and then a week, and so on, his owner finally got him so that he could stay out of the water much of the time. That fish certainly got a good salary. But you have to know how.

“What was too bad?” I asked him, knowing you would want to know.

“Too bad about Lawrence. About two weeks ago he has into a pond of water and was drowned!”

Clothes Creations Continued from page 75

smocked necklines and bordered the aprons that she inquired from the French needlewomen in the meaning of the patronus and to whom province each belonged. Needless to say there were many careful stitches sewn in these garments by the admiring ladies. It is possible with Marion Davies to make clothes that are quite practical for girls of her type to be influenced by. Being real herself the clothes will not be too far-fetched or too dramatic to be adapted to your own wardrobe.

As she is quite American in her manner and appearance, Madame Jachet’s direct wardrobe is sure to be well suited. Her softness can easily come out in her evening clothes. If Marion floats about the room she is bound to the tinkles about the room she is bound to be wrong. Therefore, in adapting her clothes remember the buoyancy we spoke of earlier in the article and you will find surety.

She is perhaps more essentially the American girl at her best than anyone we have other enthusiasts, tastes and bearing all make her clothes right. You are safer in choosing her gowns as models for your own than most stars because she is very and not too on the top. They are has. Many stars have a tendency to be an entirely different personality when on the stage or off—ultra or not ultra enough off! Therefore, Miss Davies is a happy compromise.

So if your type is the Davies type you are comically happy. I hope the feminine readers of SCREENLAND will call on me to advise them about any problems of costume or colors, whether for the stage or the movies. Just address Adrian, SCREENLAND Fashion Editor, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.
require fixed itineraries, and one stands stiffly before a piano in store clothes and sings.

"Opera is different. There is the glamour of costumes, of scenery, of the drama that goes with it all. And the dramatic appeals as strongly as the music. You see, I like to consider music as drama. Even when I sing my little Mexican folk-songs in my own little concerts, or the monk in the German song cycle, I like to dress up and act the part too."

"Then, after all, you expect really to dramatize your opera roles?"

"Don't we dramatize ourselves in everything we do?" inquired the star, with a whimsical smile. "When we are children we play at being this and that, and every week we go to a theater, we subconsciously put ourselves in the roles of this or that character. We even do it when reading a novel, and we certainly do it in our daily doings. As a little boy, I used to envision myself as the opera singers we saw in Mexico; I hummed their airs and saw myself enacting their parts. Of course we of the Latin races feel far differently about opera then do perhaps you color-blooded Americans. You know, in Italy every little town has its opera; in France it is far more popular then in America, and in Spain opera holds almost the same esteem that it does in Mexico.

"Perhaps you didn't know that Tetrazzini first won fame in my country. The acclaim she won in Mexico attracted the attention of audiences in the United States, and she became world famous. But it took Mexico to discover her. In Mexico City the Opera is a beautiful place; a wonderful temple of music comparable only to the Paris Opera in grandeur."

"So you see, perhaps I learned to look at opera as a child, from a different viewpoint than that of the average American child. When my brother and I came to America, we had to earn our living as best we could. I danced on the stage, but sang operatic roles—only as I did so. I practiced continually—while wondering if I was going to eat. Then came my chance in pictures—and Rex Ingram. I scored success as an actor, only to find I was further from my goal than ever before. I could study, but I had to go into one picture after another so that I never had a chance really to try what I could do on the operatic stage."

"This year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gave me my chance, when the company arranged my contract so that, between pictures, I'd be allowed to sing in opera, and my kind friends in Berlin did the rest."

"Opera in talking pictures? Well, that's another dream of mine. Don't you think that, with a cast of recognized opera singers and a few good screen actors, we'd have a wonderful thing, enhancing the spectacle of the opera with film technique, with great sets and lavish, pictorial effects to match the grandeur of the music? And—this is a business point—good film box-office names combined with great operatic names? It's still a dream of mine—and it all depends on how I succeed in Berlin!"

The 'Stock-Shot' Star

leaving eleven perfectly good and furious opponents fuming in his zig-zagged wake.

Johnny is a strange figure amidst the tumult of Hollywood. He has never tasted liquor. Occasionally he smokes. Seldom does hard language reach his lips. And isn't he a sight to see! Not that Johnny is a prude or lacking in good fellowship. He just doesn't fit into the background.

Johnny's closest friend and chum is old George Fawcett, the lovable veteran who made Johnny quit his football career and go into pictures. If it weren't for Fawcett Johnny probably would be playing professional football or acting as coach on the stamping grounds at the University of Alabama where he first won fame.

It was Fawcett who yanked Johnny by the nape of his neck, and put him up in front of a camera and gave him the test that resulted in his signing a long-term contract with M-G-M. Johnny couldn't possibly have stayed together long enough to do it by himself.

Fame and adulation fall easily upon Johnny's husky shoulders. And when you are seeing that he has been in the public eye since he was fourteen years old, acclaimed a football idol before he was twenty, it is not at all surprising to find this chap so utterly unaffected by his motion picture success.

An athlete since boyhood, Johnny spends most of his time in gymnasiums or in the surf. He also has a great liking for automobiles and you seldom will drive up to his house without finding his long legs protruding from beneath his roadster.

Johnny naturally has a strong yen for corn pones, honey and fried chicken. He despises this healthy longings in a very normal manner. He eats corn pones, honey and fried chicken. In fact, until you have so feasted in Johnny's house you haven't had it right even to mention those three Southern delicacies in the same breath. Johnny also has a weakness for beef stew and it must reluctantly be admitted that he goes in for onions in a big way. Onions, he solemnly tells you, made him big and strong. That's a great ad for onions.

And while poor Johnny's private likes and dislikes are being torn loose from their foundations, let it be further stipulated that he is wild about Laurel-Hardy comedies; shooting galleries; "The Front Page"; old sweaters; dogs of doubtful parentage; revolutions in Mexico and trips to Europe.

Some day Johnny is going to go back home to that dusty Alabama town and the folks will turn out at the station with a brass band to meet him. And the boys will slap him on the back, nudge him with sly winks and say: "How's it feel to be a famous picture star, hey, Johnny?"

And Johnny will wrinkle up his brow and reply:

"Well, a-a-all right, I reckon!"

And that will be that!
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YOU young fellow—you business man—do you chaf when forty! Send me your name. I want to tell you the whole amazing story of MIRACLES IN MUSCLE! Don't turn the page. Man, this is IMPORTANT. When you see what I've done for other fellows, you'll open your eyes. And when you see how EASILY you can become TWICE THE MAN you are now, you'll thank your lucky stars that you did yourself the favor of writing to me.

It's FUN getting strong all over. All the muscle and go of your favorite sport—just a few minutes a day of honest-to-goodness, clean-cut pleasure—right in your own home. But how it builds MUSCLE! I don't care how weak or rundown you are now. I'm going to make you over. I'll change that puny body into a superb model of muscular MANHOOD. Gee, but you'll be proud of your wonderful development! What a picture you'll make in a bathing suit!

And you'll be those when it comes to any physical contest. You'll enjoy grabbing hold of an ear to tennis racket, a cause paddle—or squaring off for a round or two. You'll have speed, agility and POWER. Titus trained men aren't afraid of competition; they never take the dirty end of the stick. I don't care how big they come—we've taught the big, bulky bulk can stand up before the flashing, crashing power of a PANTHER-MAN. There's a science in Titus Training.

I'll Make You a REAL Athlete

What's your favorite sport? Boxing, wrestling, football, baseball, track? I'll give you the MUSCLE COORDINATION that means increased Ability—Success. I'll give you the stamina that stands the test. I'll give you the virility of dominant MANHOOD! I'll give you the body of a young Greek God. Other men will envy your splendid physique—girls will remark on it with admiration. You know what that means, friend—POPULARITY plenty!

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Stop wasting your time—just a few old-fashioned exercisers. Find out about the snappy, sporty Titus way—the scientific method that has developed lending strong men of the world—that has shown the way to other instructors. Titus Training builds up every nerve, every cell, every vital organ, every muscle in the body. And it does it so quickly and easily that you're amazed at the results.

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You're going to be the proudest man on two feet when you see those big, brawny muscles rippling over your back, your arms, your legs. I'm going to put INCHES of solid muscle on your frame. I'm going to broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, trim down that waistline. I'll give you the build of an athlete.

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Why drag along only HALF ALIVE? A run down physical condition makes you an easy prey to colds, asthma, constipation, nervousness, insomnia, headaches, impotence, and many other ailments. If your body is wound but waterproof, let me show you the way to a glorious new life. In just a few short weeks it is possible for you to be the picture of health, bubbling over with energy, filled with the vigor of youth.

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M-G-M TALKIES

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One’s gowns ... one’s jewels ... one’s cigarette. ... These things are so much a part of the subtle web of personality, that clever women choose them as they would a confidante. ... And though every gown is different, and gems vary, their taste in cigarettes is strikingly uniform. They have chosen Camels.

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A Gift From Ronald Colman

Constance Bennett Tells why She returns to the screen

Bessie Love's Summer Sports Wardrobe FREE!
NOT SO LONG AGO, perhaps within the memory of the reader, horseless carriages whirled by at the rate of fifteen miles an hour and innocent bystanders declared that "wonders would never cease". Only yesterday, it seems, the talking motion picture was an illusive hope—something for inventors to dream about. Today it is an actuality, universally known and already regarded by a public, accustomed to marvels, as an accepted and established form of entertainment. In a surprisingly brief period of time the miraculous has become a commonplace.

**A Glance Backward**

Since Movietone is now the accepted method of talking picture production, it may be well to trace the growth of this new form of dramatic expression.

In 1911, Theodore W. Case started to experiment with a process of photographing sound on film. In 1916, Earl I. Sponible joined him and they worked together.

Early in 1926, they presented their idea to William Fox as a workable basis for perfectly synchronized reproduction of sound and action. With characteristic keenness of judgment and foresight, Mr. Fox recognized the potential value of the idea and agreed to finance further experiments in his own laboratories.

In January, 1927, Fox Movietone was first introduced to the public at the Sam Harris Theater in New York. In October, the first all-Movietone newsreel was shown at the Roxy Theater in New York.

Developments came swiftly. June of 1928 saw the first all-dialog comedy in two reels—the Fox Movietone production "The Family Picnic." Six months later, the talking picture emerged as a distinct, full-fledged entertainment with the presentation of "In Old Arizona," the first feature-length, all-dialog talking picture ever made almost wholly out of doors. "In Old Arizona" not only broke all box office records—it definitely established the talking picture as a separate, distinct medium of expression—neither screen, nor stage, nor yet a hybrid combination of both, but a unique, different form, requiring a new technique and offering new possibilities for artistic development.

His judgment in the future of Movietone so completely vindicated, William Fox spared no energy in the development of this new medium.

Fox Movietone News quickly became a three-issues-a-week feature, revealing the vocal images of such famous personages as Calvin Coolidge, Alfred E. Smith, Colonel Lindbergh, Gene Tunney, George Bernard Shaw, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Premier Mussolini, King George Fifth of England, King Alfonso of Spain—preserving not only their likenesses, but also their living voices, their very personalities, for posterity. Today fifty special Fox Movietone News trucks are in service the world over—reporting in sight and sound what happens when it happens in England, France, Germany, Spain, Austria, Italy, India, China and Japan. One unit has actually circled the globe!

At Fox Hills, California, a new $10,000,000 studio has been especially created for the production of talking pictures. This gigantic plant, occupying 180 acres, is actually a city in itself—Fox Movietone City. Here alone, twenty-five complete recording units are now in operation.
World turns to MOVIETONE!

Many of the products of Fox Movietone City have already scored phenomenal successes throughout the United States—"The Black Watch", "Thru Different Eyes", "The Valiant" and "Fox Movietone Follies".

A Pledge for the Future

The tremendous provision of physical facilities for the creation of Fox Movietone productions is impressive. But more wonderful still is the assurance of the future of Movietone.

From the ranks of concert singers and stage players Mr. Fox has recruited some of the most brilliant stars of this generation—John McCormack, Lenore Ulric, William Collier, Will Rogers, George Jessel, Walter Catlett, Dorothy Burgess, Mary Duncan, to name only a few.

To provide the vehicles in which these stars will be presented to the public, Mr. Fox has assembled a veritable host of outstanding dramatists, composers and playwrights. Oscar Strauss, the famous Viennese composer, has composed the first operetta for Fox Movietone, "Married in Hollywood." DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, famous as popular song writers, have written a musical comedy, "Sunny Side Up," in which Janet Gaynor is to be heard. Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of "What Price Glory" have written "The Cock Eyed World" in which Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe will appear under the direction of Raoul Walsh.

Never before in the history of motion pictures has there been marshalled in its service so varied, so magnificent an array of talent! Never before has the theater-loving public been able to look forward to such a feast of rare and excellent entertainment as is now in the making in Movietone City!

And under the intelligent, resourceful and courageous leadership of William Fox, Movietone will live up to the high promise it holds. It will take the place it justly deserves in the realm of theatre art—a place unique and distinct.

This is a pledge to the great entertainment loving public of America. And the entire Fox organization is united in a determination to keep that pledge!

Now Victor McLaglen as Flagg and Edmund Lowe as Quirt
talk in THE COCK EYED WORLD, directed by Raoul Walsh

Janet Gaynor
sings in an original musical comedy
SUNNY SIDE UP
composed by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson

Elinor Glynn's
first talking picture
SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS
enacted by Warner Baxter and Mary Duncan

Will Rogers
talks straight from the screen in Homer Croy's story
THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS
directed by Frank Borzage with dialog by Owen Davis

Norma Terris & J. Harold Murray singing
MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD
an original operetta composed for Fox Movietone
by Oscar Strauss

Lenore Ulrie
in her talking screen debut
FROZEN JUSTICE
with Louis Wolheim

Warner Baxter
as
THE CISCO KID
in a colorful outdoor talking picture
Delight Evans, Editor

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THE NEW SHOW WORLD

Broadway and Hollywood united!
Stage and Screen are one!

These changing times have seen nothing so miraculous as the fusion of all forms of amusement—screen, stage, music, radio—into one. Now, in the talking, singing motion picture you get all that the screen has ever given you—and the living voices of the stars themselves. You get all that the stage has ever offered you—and scenes and action not possible without the far reaching eye of the camera. It's a New Show World and all the arts and sciences are enriching the screen. It's a New Show World; a famous name is leading it! Paramount—with eighteen years of quality leadership. Paramount with the largest and choicest array of talent from all the amusement fields. Paramount, the greatest name in motion pictures, now presents its greatest entertainments—the Super Shows of the New Show World. See and hear them all. "If it's a Paramount picture it's the best show in town."

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of the
NEW SHOW WORLD

• "THE FOUR FEATHERS"
"DR. FU MANCHU"
"THE COCOANUTS"
"GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL"
"THE VAGABOND KING"
"THE DANCE OF LIFE"
"THE LOVE PARADE"
"WELCOME DANGER" & more

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CLARA BOW • MAURICE CHEVALIER
GEORGE BANCROFT • THE MARX BROTHERS
GARY COOPER • DENNIS KING
JEANNE EAGELS • CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS
RUTH CHATTERTON • NANCY CARROLL
WILLIAM POWELL & more

Seen and Heard in Short Features
EDDIE CANTOR • TITO SCHIPA
RUDY VALLEE • JAMES BARTON
& more

PARAMOUNT SOUND NEWS
"Eyes and Ears of the World"

L O T  T A L K

News and Views from the Sound Studios

JIMMY GLEASON has taken the slang center west with him. New York will now have to limp along without this originator of Americanisms. Jimmy wrote the play, "Is Zat So?" and the English language has never been quite the same since. But that was just warming up. Now he charms the technical staff at the Pathé studio in Culver City with his lingo. The funny thing is that they have no difficulty in understanding him.

The other day Gleason was explaining a bit of "business" to one of his cast in "The Garden of Eatin," a comedy in which he is featured with his wife, Lucille Webster Gleason, and which he directed.

"Now get this straight," said Jimmy, as he tried for the third time to give the actor a word picture of what he was expected to do. "We open on a long shot. You ankle in with a nifty Benny on and I take it big when I lay my lamps on it. What we've got to get over is that the Benny has knocked me for a row."

A lady visitor looked bewildered and asked her guide for a translation. "Mr. Gleason is explaining that the person addressed is to enter the scene wearing a handsome overcoat, which Gleason so admires that he wishes he had one like it. 'Take it big' means that he is strongly moved on seeing it and gags in admiration."

Taking a long breath Jimmy again turned on the talk-spatula.

"I'm hearing the traps in this scene and I've gotta gag where a fly lands on the button of the pumphorn player and I sock him with a fly swatter. Get me? Well, then they truck the box back for a long shot and I've got a little gag with the ball-and-chain, but you don't need to bother about that. Don't get your pan so close to the mike this time."

"Hey, Mr. Gleason!" called one of the electricians, "would you mind fudgin' over till I get this nigger set so's to kill that highlight on your knob? There, that's Jake. Now I can shoot you just where you're standing."

The lady visitor was led away, muttering.

The strangest sacrifice ever made for screen realism has just been brought to light in filmdom. Winifred Westover, ex-wife of Bill Hart, who recently emerged from eight years' professional retirement, has added seventy-five pounds to her weight within a few weeks time in order to play the title rôle in Herbert Brenon's all talking production of "Lummox."

Forty pounds excess was acquired by eating fat-producing foods, and the additional thirty-five pounds needed to give her the posture of the servant girl heroine of Fannie Hurst's novel are the result of Brenon's ingenious scheme of concealing lead weights in the skirt hem, collar, sleeves and shoes. The fictional "Lummox" has big feet, so specially built shoes, with fifteen pounds of lead in the soles, are worn by the screen character.

Miss Westover's normal weight is 120 pounds. When she stepped on the scales recently she registered 195 pounds. She plans a rigid diet and intensive exercise to get rid of the excess as soon as she completes the picture.

Evelyn Brent believes in a short while the tables will be turned and film plays will be made into theater productions.

"There has been much transferring of successful stage plays into the films, particularly so since the talkies have come into vogue," says Miss Brent. "There is every reason to believe that a new writingcraft, that of writing directly for the talkie screen, will come into being. That being the case, why shouldn't the stories emanating from this in turn be transcribed to the stage?"

Miss Brent has made three talking pictures.

Does the extra girl in motion pictures have ambitions to become a star, or is she working for daily bread and necessities? William J. Cowen, directing "Half Marriage," a Radio Picture, made an investigation this week while 100 of the prettiest extras in Hollywood were working on his set. This is what he found to be

C. Helen Morgan plays a burlesque queen in Beth Brown's "Applause."

C. John McCormack, world-famous concert star, has at last been lured into motion pictures. William Fox has signed the tenor to a long-term contract at one of the highest salaries ever paid an artist. The first McCormack all-talking feature will be filmed partly on the singer's estate in Ireland.

C. Fay Compton from England is Adolphe Menjou's new leading lady.
Listen!—

"If I had a great treasure—if I had a great petal,
Gladly I'd trade it for—your smiling Irish eye.
There are stars in the heavens—but who'd ever ventures
That they were created for your smiling Irish eye?"

—that's Colleen Moore singing in "Smiling Irish Eyes"... Singing not one, but THREE songs — and Talking for the first time on the screen! Here's the one thrill you've been waiting for Vitaphone to bring you. Think of all the years you've known and loved her ... And now you're going to know her twice as well! ... Just double the entertainment ... As exciting as your first airplane ride!

Come back to Erin!—See Colleen as a "Colleen"... Never a part so made for her! Hitch on behind her funny two-wheel cart and come down to the county fair. Make a wish at the Wishing Well — it can't help but come true. See how the same crooning melody can bring two young hearts together — and then part them ocean-wide. "Smiling Irish Eyes" is chock-full of romance from the Land of Romance — packed with comedy from the home of wit. And when Colleen bursts into song in three lilting new hit-ballads, "Smiling Irish Eyes," "A Wee Bit O' Love," and "Then I Can Ride Home With You," she'll "bust" all entertainment records!

In "SMILING IRISH EYES"
A FIRST NATIONAL VITAPHONE PICTURE
Make a memo in your date-book—
They're married! Joan Crawford became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. at the Church of St. Malachi in New York City, June 3. They came east to be married because Doug's mother, Mrs. Beth Fairbanks, lives in Manhattan. Bless you, my children!

the present situation in filmdom:
85 would rather be married than have a career.
7 would refuse to marry a millionaire.
1 has a desire to become a grand opera singer.
50 want a home and children of their own.
12 are taking singing lessons to help them along in sound pictures; 10 study dancing.
1 is working in pictures to earn enough to study medicine in college.
2 are studying law and hope to practice it.
6 are studying stenography at night.
94 are not married. 4 left college to work in pictures. 16 were winners of beauty contests. 22 have had stage experience. 55 have had some picture experience. 36 are professional dancers. 8 are good swimmers. 43 of the girls live with their families in Hollywood. Only 2 receive a remittance from home regularly.

"Some of the favorites came up through the extra ranks," says director Cowen. "I would rather help a girl who had worked hard for her start than those who have many advantages. Olive Borden, my leading lady, was an extra. Morgan Farley, my leading man, worked for many years on the stage. He had a hard struggle for his success."

Richard Dix has been signed by Radio Pictures. Like Rod La Rocque, also recently signed by Radio, he is to be starred in romantic roles. His last screen appearance on Broadway was made in "Redskin."

In Dix RKO have acquired a star admirably equipped for talking productions. He was leading man for the Morosco Stock Company of Los Angeles before entering pictures. Mal St. Clair, ace director, has been signed on the dotted line to transmit "The Night Parade," an all-talking, all musical feature, to the audible screen. It will follow "Side Street," which he is directing for Radio with Owen, Tom and Matt Moore playing together for the first time, and in the roles they play in life—brothers. Kathryn Perry, who is Mrs. Owen Moore in private life, has the leading feminine role.

"The Night Parade" looms as one of Radio's foremost contributions to the screen this year.
Conquering NEW WORLDS

And now—the achievement de luxe—all-talking VITAPHONE Pictures in full natural COLOR!

Warner Bros. VITAPHONE—soaring to new triumphs daily-brings to you—wherever you are—the great galaxy of world-renowned entertainers.

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Vitaphone has made such famous successes as "The Singing Fool"—"Noah's Ark"—"The Desert Song"—and now that all-talking, natural color triumph "On with the Show."

Bear in mind always—only Vitaphone has the life-like Vitaphone Voice. Watch for local announcements of genuine Vitaphone Talking Pictures.

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GRATITUDE OR FORECAST

Glancing Ahead at the Forthcoming Films

By Evelyn Ballarine

HOLLYWOOD or Hollerwood, as you prefer, is acquiring more importance with each trainload of stages. And it wouldn’t be out of tune to call the Twentieth Century a stagecoach. John McCormack, Lenore Ulric, Helen Morgan, Marilyn Miller, Fay Compton, the English actress, and Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike) are the headliners this month.

John McCormack is going to give us a bit o’ Ireland in his first picture, the exteriors of which are to be made in Ireland. John wanted Janet Gaynor, his favorite motion picture actress, for his heroine, but Janet is too busy.

Lenore Ulric has been signed by Fox Films. Miss Ulric’s first talkie will be a drama of the far north called “Frozen Justice.” Brr-r! button up your overcoat, Lenore. Miss Ulric knows movie technique, having played in silent pictures some years ago. Remember her in “Tiger Rose?” Robert Frazer will have the male lead opposite her. Louis Wolheim and Lina Basquette will be featured.

Helen Morgan, the Julia of Ziegfeld’s “Show Boat,” also in the talkie prologue of the screen “Show Boat,” and Broadway night-club basset, has been signed by Paramount for the role of a burlesque queen in Beth Brown’s novel, “Applause.”

Fay Compton a hit in London, came to New York and Broadway succumbed. Now she is in Hollywood playing opposite Adolphe Menjou in his first talkie, “Fashions of Love.” Oh, you’ll like her all right! Cliff Edwards, better known as Ukelele Ike, is in Metro-Goldwyn’s “Hollywood Re- vue of 1929.” And that’s not all. John Gilbert, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Buster Keaton, Bessie Love, Nils Asther, Anita Page, William Haines, Joan Crawford, Charles King, Marie Dressler and Molly Moran are also among those present.

Better add this film to your list of Musts. Marilyn Miller’s colorful personality will have a background to match it in “Sally.” It is to be done in Technicolor. Joe E. Brown is going to play the comedy role which Leon Errol created in both the stage play and the silent screen version and Alexander Gray, of the stage, plays the male lead.

Among the musical comedies destined to reach the screen are “Rio Rita,” “The Vagabond King,” and “Honeymoon Lane.” Our own Bebe Daniels has the lead in “Rio Rita.” It is said that Bebe has passed her singing tests with flying colors. Bert Wheeler and Robert Welsey will play their original stage roles in the talkie version. John Boles plays Rita’s boy friend. Dennis King gives us “The Vagabond King.” Here is “Honeymoon Lane.” “No, No, Nannette” has Louise Fazenda as the comedienne.

Jack Buchanan, the popular young English star, plays opposite Irene Bordoni in “Paris.” Mr. Buchanan came over from London a few years ago with “Charley’s Revue” with Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence. And now all three have been offered movie contracts.

Mary Eaton is being featured in “Glorifying the American Girl” which Paramount is producing. Olive Shea, a newcomer, also has an important role. Miss Shea has youth, beauty, and ability besides.

Those of you who have been wondering what happened to the Moore boys will be glad to know that Matt, Owen and Tom are to be together in “Side Street.” And what’s more, they are to play brothers. The story is an original by George O’Hara whom you most remember as a movie hero and is directed by O’Hara’s best pal, Mal St. Clair. It should be a good picture with such a chummy atmosphere.

Constance Bennett is in the picture racket.
Radio comes to the Screen

Radio... colossus of modern art and science... now takes its place in the world of motion pictures.

With the release of the first two of its super attractions, "Rio Rita," and "Hit the Deck," Radio Pictures inaugurates an era of new entertainment standards. This new era is the result of the union of great amusement and industrial interests.

Included in this union are such organizations as the Radio Corporation of America; the Victor Talking Machine Division of the Radio-Victor Corporation of America; the National Broadcasting Company; the General Electric Company; and the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company; and such amusement enterprises as RCA Photophone, Inc.; the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit of Theatres, and the RKO Distributing Corporation.

Commanding the cream of the world's talent, and scientific facilities, Radio Pictures will disclose for the first time the true potentialities of electrical entertainment on the screen.

Watch for Radio Pictures' first productions. Be prepared for revelations in investiture, in tonal qualities and in entertainment values generally.

Radio Pictures' Coming Dialogue Attractions

"Rio Rita"... Florenz Ziegfeld's greatest stage hit.

"Hit the Deck"... Vincent Youman's nautical musical comedy.

"Night Parade"... From the stage play, "Ringside."

"The Vagabond Lover"... Starring Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees.

"High River"... A Herbert Brenon production, from the play, "High River House."

"Radio Revels of 1929."... The first annual screen review to be released yearly by Radio Pictures.

RICHARD DIX
A screen favorite who occupies a distinct place in the hearts of all picture goers... Radio Pictures' newest star.

ROD LA ROCQUE
The "always welcome" star, who will appear in two special productions, with all dialogue and music, for Radio Pictures.

BERE DANIELS
To be featured in the title role of "Rio Rita," and starred in three other all dialogue and music dramas for Radio Pictures.

RUDY VALLEE
The voice that lures... a personality that has won the world... To be starred, with his "Connecticut Yankees," in "The Vagabond Lover."
Her little secret!
(Would you care to share it?)

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*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glink Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tinny-lint"—a wee little bit—not much—a hardly perceptible. But know it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!

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C Walter Catlett, Broadway comedian, stepped off the train in Hollywood and was handed a summons for speeding. Just a friendly gag!

Renee Adorée and her French accent and Nils Asther and his Swedish accent are going to play together in a talkie called "The Ordeal." Don't know whether the title is symbolic or not. However, this is more proof that we are going to keep our foreign favorites.

Rosetta and Vivian Duncan will make as their first talkie "Cotton and Silk." Bet Rosetta, the Topsy of "Topsy and Eva," will be the 'Cotton' part of the picture. That's all right, Rosetta, clothes may make the woman but they don't make a comedia- enne. It's a gift, and you have it.

Marion 'Peanut' Byron, the tiniest girl in pictures, and Charlotte Greenwood, undoubtedly the tallest, are to be together in "So Long Letty." Both are fine comedien-nes.

The Cohens and the Kellys are going to make their next picture in Scotland. This story will be probably the one about a pair of tights. (Joke.) George Sidney is Cohen and Charles Murray is Kelly.

Mary Philbin isn't leaving Universal as was rumored, and to prove it the title of her next picture for that company is "She Belongs to Me."

Antonio Moreno will be the lead in "Light Fingers." Is it necessary to tell you that this is a crook melodrama? Dorothy Revier and Carroll Nye are to be his partners in screen crime.

Will Rogers' first talkie is "They Had to See Paris," the story of a rich man who takes his family to Europe. His wife is played by Elizabeth Patterson, stage charac- ter actress; and Owen Davis, Jr., and Marguerite Churchill, both of the stage, supply the love interest.

Alice White is glorifying Woolworth's. In "The Girl From Woolworth's" she plays a salesgirl who 'tumbles' for a subway guard. Can you blame her—with Charles Delaney as the handsome guard? Wonder if she gets paid in nickels so that she may ride in the subway with the b.f.?

John Barrymore and his wife, Dolores Costello Barrymore, are busy at work at the same studio but not in the same pic- ture. Dolores is making "Second Choice" with Chester Morris and John is making
his first talkie, "General Crack," with Marian Nixon as the female lead. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his wife, Joan Crawford, are busy at work at different studios. Doug is making "Spring Is Here," from the current musical comedy, for First National, and Joan is making "Jungle" for Metro-Goldwyn.

Ernst Lubitsch is to direct the next Maurice Chevalier film, "The Love Parade." Lupino Lane has been chosen for an important role in this picture.

Lee Tracy, of the stage, with "Broadway" and "The Front Page" to his credit, is at the Fox studios making "Big Time," a story of vaudeville life. William Collier, Sr., and Lola Lane are part of the program.

Billie Dove is going to play a night club hostess in "Give the Little Girl a Hand," written by Fannie Hurst. It is said to be based on the life of Texas Guinan.

And speaking of night clubs—Eddie Kane, who looks so much like Florenz Zeigfeld, and whose characterization in "Broadway Melody" is said to have delighted the famous producer, has been cast again as an impresario. Mr. Kane will be seen as the producer of the shows at one of Broadway's best-known night clubs in "The Viennese Charmer." Betty Compton, Ned Sparks and Jack Oakie are also in this picture.

Lila Lee has been chosen by Columbia Pictures to play the girl in "Flight."

"Flight," promises to be most interesting. It is a story of mines, airplanes and daring men in Nicaragua. It is to be directed by Frank Capra, and Jack Holt and Ralph Graves have the leading male roles. Lila's part in this colorful story is that of a young girl with flapperish ideas and a great spirit of adventure.

Belle Baker, of vaudeville fame, is to make her debut in talkies. Columbia Pictures have signed her for "The Cradle of Jazz."

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**Screenland**

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*Screenland*
CONFESSIONS of the FANS

Here's the Fans'-For'-Em—or Forum, as you prefer! It is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the movies. Send your photograph with your letter so that the other readers may get a glimpse of you. The most entertaining letters will be printed. Address The Fans' Department, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR.

DEAR EDITOR:

Here's to the talkies! Until recently I tolerated them only because they seemed unavoidable, and because they gave audibility to favorite stars who had too long been silent. But since "The Doctor's Secret," I'm all for 'em. Seldom have I seen a picture with so many genuinely brilliant performances. And what a joy to hear the magnificent voice of one of the grandest troupers of them all—Robert Edeson! And as for Ruth Chatterton, she's a knockout! Then "The Letter" also. Such plays—and so soon—give one an idea of the screen's future capabilities—and the possibilities are breath-taking.

But the talkies certainly sound the death-knell for many of the beautiful nit-wits and handsome numbskull who have so long been getting by with only their looks to recommend them—and who, if they ever heard of Talma, wouldn't have the slightest idea what he meant when he said, "Acting, like every other art, has mechanism," etc.

Of course many of them are very likeable as long as they're allowed to be themselves, but put them in, say, an Arab outfit and see what happens. The results are pitiful, as was recently proved beyond argument.

And as to the voices! Who has not been disillusioned when his pet juvenile boomed forth with an inflexible foghorn—and been forced to compare them mentally with the mellow richness of a Robert Edeson or the delicate shadings of a Lionel Barrymore?

Indeed it does seem as if the sun of the fragile bisque heroine and dauntless hero has permanently set and that the day of the actor is at hand. Who knows but that, in the not so far distant future, instead of a "Hot Lip" or a "Burning Kiss," we may have a "Ruy Blas," "Hernani," or Ibsen's "Ghost" and a "Hedda Gabler," played by actors who have earned the right, not because some director saw them dining at the Montmartre and thought they looked like the author's description of the characters. "Redemption" is a good sign.

And in closing, I suppose everyone has some pet ambition tucked away, which he dreams may someday be fulfilled, if the gods are kind. Mine is to model heads of Ramon Novarro and Nils Asther from life. Who knows? Stranger things have happened!

Sincerely yours,

William Thomas,
815 East 30th Street,
Marion, Indiana.

Heraldine

THEME SONG

Enthusiast

DEAR EDITOR:

Many hearty cheers for the talkie, single, and dance pictures. Long may they thrive! If the majority of the fans find this type of picture, which is still in its infancy, so entertaining, just imagine what a complete success they will be when they are finally perfected!

And oh, the lovely theme songs! Even the most discriminating tastes had to give way before that charming theme song. "Weary River." We fans are chorusing enthusiastically for more and more theme songs. And while I am on this musical subject, I wish to proclaim to the world that in my opinion, Nancy Carroll has the love-liest, the most bewitching and melodious voice of any screen star I've heard to date, even though she doesn't happen to be my favorite actress. "Clara Bow holds that place and Greta Garbo comes a close second. Along the masculine line, the actors I like to see and hear again and again are John Barrymore, Clive Brook, Gary Cooper and Conrad Nagel.

At this time I wish to take the opportunity of figuratively patting Bruce Clausen on the back for his generous tribute to Greta Garbo in the June SCREENLAND. I heartily agree with him that Greta's portrayal of Iris March in "A Woman of Affairs" was a most outstanding performance. I had read Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat" but did not realize the greatness of his story until I saw it on the screen and witnessed Greta Garbo's masterful depiction of Iris March.

And listen, Miss Editor, before I sign off, I wish to unburden myself of a secret grudge I've always held against the powers that be for not recognizing the splendid acting ability of Leslie Fenton and Bruce Gordon. I would be overwhelmed with joy if I saw them come into their own.

Most sincerely,

Lillian V. Boyajian,
121 — 43rd Street,
Union City, New Jersey.

HOLLYWOOD,

Just Another Town!

DEAR EDITOR:

It seems that everyone within close proximity to Los Angeles, and of course that means Hollywood, is envied by the rest of the film world at large. One reads and dreams of beautiful women as numerous as the ocean sands, of Hollywood Boulevard, the Montmartre Cafe, of the star's homes, etc., and immediately envisions himself (or more aptly, herself) in such marvelous surroundings. With the eyes of a fan I have many times visited that greatly advertised burg (someone tells me there is a Los Angeles city limit sign in Nome, Alaska) with the view of tracing its allure. Broadway was jammed—packed—squeezed! There was no show featuring my favorite few, Arlen, Cooper, etc. etc. There were no public appearances at the moment. The celebrated homes were widely scattered—and perhaps I am too discriminating—but I could count the really good looking damosels on my digits—not using the ones en-cased in my number nines, either. Hollywood Boulevard at eleven thirty was desolate—abandoned. The Montmartre on its
second floor has no glamorous exterior, at least. I gave up the ghost, returning home to a satisfying second-run wherein the alluring Lilian Tashman held sway.

But of course, there is another side—the L. A. on display. The Screen Star Gambol—with a galaxy of stellar attractions, most of whom first twinkled on Broadway. Al Jolson sang his Sonny Boy with that famous lad, Davey Lee, on his lap. Charles King, as real as could be, sang *You Were Meant For Me* and introduced Anita Page to us. Anita is better looking on the stage than in canned drama. Conrad Nagel and his golden voice—Ted Lewis and his band—Ann Pennington—Sylvia Fields—Stephan Fetchit—Marion Harris—Buddy Rogers played innumerable instruments to the delight of his audience. Hattie Tucker brought down the house (yes, she's dyed her finger nails scarlet!) and Irving Berlin, one of eight song writers, sang his favorite brain child, Alouatta. Altogether it was a memorable occasion, lasting from before nine till after midnight. And then there have been personal appearances—Sophie again; Irene Ryan; Peter Lawford, mentioning the graciousness and loveliness of her screen self, Agnes Ayres with deep golden hair, Bessie Love, and when I talked with her my heart went splash against my ribs in an unprecedented manner. And Mae Murray, and Charles Murray, and Sally Rand, and—well, just lots of them including Mary Brian, Esther Ralston and many others. But they don't appear every day, and half the time when advertised to appear they disappoint one—so don't pine, little fan, if you live in Pears, Kalamaoo, or Podunk—you're not missing half what you think you are.

But there's one thing Los Angeles has—and that's quite a few movies starting at 8.45 A. M!

Sincerely,
Jack Jennison,
2931 East 15th Street,
Long Beach, California.

Welcome, John Boles!

DEAR EDITOR:

I knew that sooner or later I would just have to add my 'confession' to those of the other fans, and now it's happened— sooner!

The reason for this sudden outburst is none other than Mr. John Boles. Having just seen "The Desert Song," and with *The Riff Song* still filling my thoughts, I must unload my enthusiasm.

Mr. Boles is wonderful and I know you'll all think so when you hear him sing. Good looks and a wonderful physique are among his other assets, so we may all expect to see him at the top of the ladder shortly.

And if you don't mind I'd like to tell you about Frankie Richardson 'The Joy Boy of Song,' as he was billed in vaudeville. Although he has played in only one or two Vitaphone sketchs he was signed by Fox Movietone for five years. I hope we will all see him shortly in a picture worthy of his talents, for after hearing Frankie sing Sonny Boy I was pleased to admit that Al Jolson was a good singer, too.
HAIR REMOVER
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Removes hair in three minutes. Hair takes several months to return. After several treatments the hair stops growing. Simply put it on and wash it off. Can be used on face, arms, legs. Safe, simple, $3.50 by mail.

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It's a little, dainty valued ruby, studded with diamonds, holding up rose and a dainty French ring in the side. It's a repair station for mending missed rings. It's the only ring all the go at the studio. Colleagues and the public will be delighted to work the diamond, tennis court, golf course, theater, on the beach, or in the table. It's the talk of the town and it's spreading like wildfire all over the country. The ring is solid sterling silver, finely chased and finished to a highest standard. The set is modern French design with a combination of colors. Two rings for one ring.

SEND NO MONEY: Just give name, like in advertisement, and remittance $2.00 (plus the postage) on delivery. Wear and see how friendly it is. If not pleased, return ring and get all money right back.

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Addresses, real names, birthdates, weight, color of eyes, etc.

Together with other interesting Hollywood data, such as whether married or single, yearly income, plays featured in, etc., of leading screen and stage stars. Wampas stars, directors. Do you know that one in every five of Hollywood's most popular stars is foreign born?

Address, G. P. O. Box 425 Hollywood, Calif.

That the real name of Al Jolson is Asa Yoelson, that Jean Harlow is Lucille LeSueur, that the Blue Book of Movieland mailed postpaid any where for...

STARS CO.

"Broadway Melody," "Close Harmony,
"The Singing Fool," "In Old Arizona,
"The Wild Party," and "The Desert Song" are by far the most entertaining pictures I have seen for some time and since talks have made these possible, I'm for them.

Sincerely,

Alberta M. Miller,
South 12th Street,

Hail To
The New
Pickford!

DEAR EDITOR:

Hail to the new Pickford!

"Coquette" has made her bow with a wink, and Mary has entered into the glorious ever-new field of versatility, where she is making quite a success in the role of a Southern girl, pretty, winsome Norma Bessant, vocally as well as actively. "Dorothy Vernon," "Rosita," and numerous others were proofs that she could do it. Cutting her hair, she saluted the world. A new Mary had been born! She later had her bob wind-blown. And, lo and behold! "Coquette" flushed us a fascinating smile!

Farewell to the 'Mary' of pigeon-hole inclinations. Coming out into the open butters a 'Mary' whose wings are growing strong, and will become more agile with every flap. And hail to Mary, who bids fair to achieve immortal fame before our very eyes—and card.

Sincerely yours,

John Landers Poole,
1607 Eye St. N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

A Carol
For
Nancy Carroll

DEAR EDITOR:

I might as well confess my weakness for Nancy Carroll. I think she is what you would call an answer to any man's prayer. After seeing her in "Manhattan Cocktail," "The Shopworn Angel," "The Sin Sister," and "Abie's Irish Rose" I feel safe in saying she leads in her line. Just as there is only one Mary Pickford, one Greta Garbo and one Clara Bow, there is only one Nancy Carroll.

I am glad to see Richard Dix back again but would like to see more of Mary Brian. She is a pretty little actress and I miss her a lot. Hoping to see her again soon.

Sincerely yours,

Jack Weldon,
10549 East Jefferson St.
Detroit, Michigan.

A Hand For
Haines

DEAR EDITOR:

Just another fan writing to tell you what I think of the stars.
First—just a word about Alice White. Alice is a cute kid but I think she'd be much nicer if she didn't try to have so much lit. She overworks that poor word! I am very fond of Ruth Elder and I think she is a fine actress. Here's wishing Ruth plenty of good luck for her future success.

Nils Asther! I guess we all idolize him. I never saw him look handsomer than he did in "The Cossacks." I don't see how Renee Adoree resisted him in that picture.

I love to watch Lionel Barrymore, Baclanova, and William Powell. They are finished actors.

Joan Crawford and young Doug make a grand pair and so do Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. The two couples are altogether different, somehow, yet both are ideal.

And Bill Haines! There isn't another person on the screen whose personality I like as well as his. He's full of fun, big-hearted and sympathetic. He's a mighty bright star.

Phyllis Haver, Jason Robards and Colleen Moore are all from Hillsdale, (my town). And we're proud of 'em!

Sincerely,
Billie Haynes,
215 North Manning Street,
Hillsdale, Michigan.

For Dancing Daughters

DEAR EDITOR:

Every modern person admires a few screen idols and I'm not the exception to the rule. Among my favorites are Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, Billie Dove, Vilma Banky and Greta Garbo.

I shall never forget Joan Crawford's perfect performance in "Our Dancing Daughters." She vividly portrayed a modern maiden in a modern age. Joan seemed like a beautiful, alluring doll, tempting and dancing her way into the hearts of her fans.

I want to compliment Nancy Carroll on her work in "Close Harmony." This little lady possesses talent in dancing, singing and dramatic ability.

Congratulations to the lovely youngsters who are making the picture industry an everlasting factor in the world of amusements.

Sincerely,
Dolores Kodaw,
2028-69th Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

The bracelet offered by Corinne Griffith has been awarded to Miss Lucille Pickens
Public Library
High Point, North Carolina

"I wish all girls knew how important this is"

Says a 1929 debutante

MILLIONS of women have learned to depend on Kotex within the last ten years. It has brought better health, greater peace-of-mind under trying conditions. Now comes an added advantage. Kotex scientists have discovered (and patented) a process that deodorizes, safely and completely. After several years of research, the one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

Amazingly absorbent and softer than ever

Cellucotton absorbent wadding, which fills Kotex, is 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture. The identical material used in 85% of the leading hospitals of the country, Cellucotton absorbent wadding is preferred by surgeons for its softness and hygienic comfort.

No more bulky outlines

The feeling of being conspicuous because of the bulkiness of old-time methods is gone, too. Kotex pads are rounded and tapered so there is no evidence of sanitary protection when worn. You may adjust layers of filler as needed—a thing all women appreciate. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of, eliminating all need of laundering—a factor of the utmost importance to every woman!

KOTEX
The new Sanitary Pad which deodorizes
Among the Many Significant Performances this Month, Two Stand Out. Try as We Would to Decide Between These Two, It Just Couldn't Be Done! There Was Only One Way Out—Co-Star Them!

The lovely Loy lady, who comes into her own as the wild gypsy heroine of the talking drama, "The Squall." She is a sensation as well in "The Black Watch."
HONOR PAGE

and Ronald Colman

Presenting Screenland's Double Honor Page, Dedicated to Myrna Loy for her Work in "The Squall" and to Ronald Colman for "Bulldog Drummond." Beauty and Gallantry, Take Your Bow!

Amid all the acclaim that greeted his polished and persuasive performance in "Bulldog Drummond" there was not a dissenting voice. A positive triumph for Mr. Colman!

Colman's contribution to talking pictures carries him to first place among the audible artists of the screen. What a paradox that it remained for the talkies to reveal all the charming subtleties of the ever-subtle Colman!
THE motion picture of the future will be as widely different from the motion picture of today as "On With the Show" is different from "The Great Train Robbery."

And I can prove it! Look around you. See what they're doing, every day!

There's this new wide film, perfected by George K. Spoor, the 'S' of the old Essanay company, and John J. Berggren. There was a private showing of the new special wide film system in a New York studio not long ago. And it was simply amazing. You sat there and watched motion pictures projected on a screen fifty-two feet wide and thirty feet high—motion pictures having a three-dimensional effect, in which images recorded at a range of five miles were displayed. The lights and shades of life itself were there.

You went to Niagara Falls and if you didn't almost feel the spray you had little or no imagination. A Niagara fifty-two feet wide! A bridge two and a half miles from the camera was seen in all its details. Objects five miles away could be distinguished.

The new special lens system overcomes many of the restrictions of the motion picture setting. By means of it a wider vision is possible, and you will see close-ups of groups instead of individuals. It is all pretty exciting, let me tell you.

Why, on Broadway right now—and on the Main Street of many towns—is a new picture called "On With the Show." Crowds are flocking to see it. And no wonder. It is, besides being good entertainment, technically the most satisfactory illusion of life that has yet been presented on the screen.

In natural colors, the scenes seem to have perspective. The players stand out. You are closer to your favorites than ever before—and I'm sure no spectator will object to the illusion of chumminess with Betty Compson or Sally O'Neil.

Of course, coming right down to cases, it is always the personal touch that counts. The inventive geniuses perfect new lens systems and the natural-color experts accomplish wonders. But when all is said and done the public asks, "Yes—but who's in it?" The human equation is ever present. I thought of this when I dropped in to see the honeymooners, Joan and Doug Jr., at the Hotel Algonquin. I thought it was a movie opening, there was such a mob storming the lobby. Then I noticed that interest seemed to center in a telephone booth where a tall blond young man was developing writer's cramp autographing albums and pictures. It was Doug Jr. Finally he pushed his way through the crowd and we went upstairs to see Joan. There she was, writing her name in other autograph books—that is, she was until Doug kissed her. Not since Mary and Doug were honeymooners has a motion picture romance so excited 'blasé New York.' Just two nice kids who happen to be screen stars, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with the whole world wishing them happiness.
A NEW RUDY!

LAST name, Vallee. New idol of New York. Last word in popular orchestra leaders. Panic at the Paramount, Times Square. Crooner and writer of singable, danceable tunes. Star of his own smart supper club in Manhattan. And now—potential movie sensation. RKO has signed Rudy Vallee for film features in which he will act as well as sing. Rudy's first story may be autobiographical. Watch for this Jazz Gentleman in his first full-length talkie.
"WHY

Three Years Ago, on the Threshold of Fame, She Retired to Marry a Millionaire. Now She Returns

we had no point of spiritual contact. The things I thought were funny, he didn't see as humorous at all. And what he considered humorous, seemed to me exceedingly dull.

"Then, as much as I liked the life of traveling and entertaining, yachting and dancing, I found I had too much energy to be satisfied with what I found out were the truffles of life. A truffle, as you know, is a table delicacy. It grows underneath the ground like a potato and is rooted out with great difficulty. Well, after a few months, it became extremely difficult for me to root any pleasure out of a purely social life. For I come from a line of hard-working stage people — people who have been accustomed to creating dramatic roles for a hundred years or more.

"I'm human. I did enjoy yachting parties on the Mediterranean, and having a villa at Biarritz, between the azure Atlantic and the purple Pyrenees. But would you believe it, even yachting and house parties grow dull if you have no interesting work to offset these recreations.

"Of course, entertaining in Paris was entirely different. It was like the dream of a Scheherezade, to be the chatelaine of a wonderful establishment. To have around your dinner table world-renowned diplomats, generals, artists, musicians. And while I never tired of their conversation and diversions — for they were very inspiring people — after my guests had gone home I would sit down at the table, watching the candles melt and the flowers wilt, and say to myself: 'What actual creative work are you accomplishing to keep pace with all these others?' And the only true answer I could give was 'None.'

"For three years I tried to subdue my feelings and carry on the social life. I flung myself into it like an Oriental princess flings herself into a bath of mellow wine. Nobody's laugh was gayer than mine; nobody's eyes any brighter. But underneath, the real part of me was slowly choking, gasping for some real creative work into which I could divert my idle mind.

"Of course, the ideal thing would have been for me to have both a husband and a career. But I knew when I married Phil that he would never consent to that. No man really likes the idea of having his wife work. Nowadays, they may say they do, but they don't really. A man hates to admit that a woman can have a strong interest outside of his orbit. And if you could get a husband to tell the truth, what makes him happiest is having a wife something like little Golden Bells in Messer..."
Marco Polo. A beautiful, delicate counterpart who will tinkle only when the hand of the master pulls the cord.

"At the end of three years, reluctantly, and with real grief because of our unmaterialized dreams, Phil and I separated—were divorced.

"My husband returned to America and threw himself into a business he had inaugurated known as 'Plant Enterprises, Incorporated.' And here I am. Ready and so eager to get back to work—the only sure panacea I have found for disappointment or heartbreak."

In addition to being an extremely intelligent woman, with a sense of humor and a cosmopolitan perspective on life, Constance Bennett is the most sirenic-looking lady I have ever seen—after Greta Garbo. Even her slightly waving blonde hair suggests fire. It isn't blonde really, it's the exact color of Roman gold. Her blue eyes burn, with a deep phosphorescent flame. And her lips purse into a lovers' loop of sensuous beauty. Yet, for all that she is a fluff of flame, Constance Bennett has not one element of coarseness in her whole appearance. She is saved by a gentility which only good breeding can give.

Certainly, in the talking picture industry, Miss Bennett has a great career before her. For besides her beauty, her speaking voice is like a 'cello—low, mellow, far-carrying. This must be a heritage from her father, Richard Bennett, the well-known actor.

Constance Bennett, the daughter of Adrienne Morrison, the actress, and Richard Bennett, the actor, and granddaughter of Lewis Morrison, a celebrated player who toured this country for seventeen years in the rôle of Mephistopheles in "Faust," was born in New York City twenty-three years ago.

Adrienne Morrison, while on a summer vacation, eloped with Richard Bennett and did not return to the stage until her three daughters Constance, Joan and Barbara were past their childhood ailments.

"During all my life," Miss Bennett explained, "I have spent little time at home. (Continued on page 107)
HUSHING

Silence is Golden in Talkie Town.
Here are Some of the Soft-Pedal Tricks of the New Trade.

They’re using the soft pedal on Hollywood.
“Hush-hush!” is the chief expression heard on our lots and everyone who works around the talkies knows that silence is worth much fine gold.

Even the dogs have to learn sign language now that movies have developed vocal organs. King, the beautiful white collie owned and trained by Frank Weatherwax, and King Tut, E. G. Henry’s clever pup, are the ruling monarchs of cinemaland dogdom because their masters saw the day dawning when spoken commands would have to be replaced with signs if their charges were to remain on the screen.

King has a prominent part in Paramount’s “The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu.” “He couldn’t have played this part if I hadn’t re-trained him,” confided his owner. “Now when I want him to bark for a scene, I no longer give the order ‘Speak!’ but simply raise my hand and he barks once or twice according to direction. I trained him with a ball but now he will do it with or without the ball.

“In so many pictures, a dog has to stay with or follow a certain character. In the old days, I taught King to do this with the words ‘Stay with him (or her), King!’ This wouldn’t do in the talkies because of course the mike would pick up my command. So I spent an afternoon in the backyard with my brother to help; he would start off around the yard and I would give the usual order ‘Stay with him, King!’ accompanying it with

Photograph of Miss Shearer by Clarence Sinclair Bull.

©Ruth Tildesley, author of this wax training his dog star.
by Ruth Tildesley

a sort of circling gesture. It wasn't long before I was able to omit the words.

The lions, tigers, elephants, et al, out in Charlie Murphy's zoo at Universal no longer hear their master's voice. Fortunately Mr. Murphy trained all his wild animals with audible direction plus a gesture so it is only a matter of a few rehearsals before the jungle actors learn to obey the arm or whip flourishes minus the voice.

"The only thing I have to worry about is the mike," declared the genial trainer. "The thing's so sensitive that it's continually going bust when my animals howl. The other day I had my elephants over at Metropolitan and for the picture they wanted all the five calls this creature gives. The low rumble in his throat which is friendly like a horse's neigh registered O.K. about five feet from the mike. The snuffling blow when he wants water was fine at ten feet. Two of the other sounds—a trumpeting call for battle and a louder throat rumble which is a message for his mate—meant moving the mike longer distances but before we got his shrill scream of terror we busted a $75 needle in one of the mikes!"

Animal trainers are not the only ones to accumulate gray hairs since the advent of the talkies. The new venture affects each and every department of the huge studios. When the siren blows announcing the start of a scene, all men on construction work must stop until the two-blow siren conveys the welcome news that the silence may be broken. Just as the transportation department must stop all cars at the siren's shriek.

Incandescent lights are in universal use but the studio electricians soon found they had to equip their lights with a rubber deadening to combat the noise of expanding metal. The unhappy cameramen are shut up in sound-proof boxes as a rule coming out for air between shots, sometimes for outdoor sequences when a portable booth is not avail-

(Cont. on page 101)
Whoopee! Free!

Bessie Love chose this sports outfit for herself and wants a fan to have one just like it. Write the best letter and the gift is yours.

Vacation time is here with the same old question — what to wear? Clothes, clothes, clothes! Bessie Love remembers the time when she spent two months (that’s about all she could spend) preparing for her two-weeks’ vacation. Bessie doesn’t have to worry any more but she’s still practical. She wants to lighten your burden by giving away three nice costumes. Just a lovely custom! All she asks is that you have a good time!

A vacation wardrobe isn’t complete without a bathing suit so Fairy Godmother Bessie gives you one of those nice new sun-tan swim suits in which you can cut quite a figure on the beach. For golfing, the ‘Movie-Mode’ powder-blue sports ensemble is just the thing. From Best’s, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., is the tennis outfit — of peach and white. So pack your grip and start out on your trip — this vacation is on Bessie!

And now the sporting thing for you to do is to write a sincere, clear and clever letter answering Bessie’s question and the best one wins the sports wardrobe.

Address:—BESSIE LOVE
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes August 10, 1929.

Typical of California is the ‘Catalina’ swim suit with the flying fish emblem and the sun-line back chosen by Bessie Love for you.
The question you must answer: Do you believe a star should be kept in the same type of rôle in which she scores her greatest success, such as Bessie Love in "Broadway Melody?" Give reasons for your answer.
“Directly above, you see Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone, who gave the party. Among those present—pick them out!—were Ruth Chatterton, Renee Adoree, Billy Haines, Robert Leonard, Gertrude Olmstead, King Vidor, Eleanor Boardman, Marion Davies, George K. Arthur.

The Starry
Read About the Party that Had All Hollywood Talking!

I’ll just bet that man over there, dressed as an army cadet, is Irving Thalberg!” exclaimed Patsy the Party Hound in an inspired tone. “But who can the other one, dressed the same way, be? It just can’t be Norma Shearer!”

But it was! Billy Haines, that terror of social functions in Hollywood, went over and pinched Irving on the arm, and said, “Oh, excuse me! I thought it was Norma!”

Then Norma laughed an embarrassed and astonished little laugh, and we knew her.

“But isn’t it just too gorgeous!” exclaimed Patsy, catching her breath at the beauty of it as we looked around.

Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergere, were giving quite the most gorgeous masquerade party that has ever been held in Hollywood. Or rather this one took place at the Beverly Hills Hotel, just outside Hollywood. The whole lower floor was given over to the Rathbones’ guests, and the Venetian ball-room in particular was aglow with lights and flowers, while even the great terrace was softly lighted and furnished with easy chairs, little sofas and small tables; and the guests in all sorts of gorgeous and picturesque costumes were dancing to the music of the Spanish and colored orchestras which played alternately, or were chatting in groups, trying to guess each other’s identity.

Our hostess, beautiful Ouida Bergere, just had to unmask beforehand, because otherwise her guests were rather bewildered, and besides she was dashing about so hard, seeing to it that everybody was happy, that she confided to us she was just smothering behind her mask. She looked...
stunning in a Spanish grand dame costume, while Basil Rathbone looked just too shirkishly handsome in a sort of Russian peasant costume.

We saw the beginning of a romance, too, though we didn't know it at the time. Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire were meeting almost for the first time. Indeed, they didn't know each other behind the masks, but Jack pursued a small feminine figure clad as Oliver Twist.

“What's Oliver 'asking for more' of?” inquired Patsy. “Why, Jack Gilbert, of course!” answered John Davidson, who was our escort, and who had come dressed as Romeo.

Jack danced with Ina several times before he discovered who she was.

Greta Garbo was there, but we didn't see her dancing or talking with Jack at all. Indeed, I believe there was a distant coolness between them, or at least on Greta's part. I don't know whether Jack even noticed it. Of course Jack and Greta's romance has been cooling for some time anyway.

Greta was clad as Hamlet, and maintained to a big extent the aloofness and somberness of that unsociable prince, who, as John remarked, “never gave a party but once so far as known and that was when he wanted to get something on somebody.”

“That's quite too hard-boiled a remark for gentle Romeo to make!” chided Gertrude Olmstead, who was looking very cunning as the rabbit which Bob Leonard, her husband, as the Nimrod, was gunning for. These two put on a funny act, by the way, with Bob chasing Gertrude. Nobody knew either one of them until (Cont. on page 98)
How is Hollywood Withstanding the Onslaught of Stage Talent? Here's the Answer.

By Rob Wagner

You remember "The Perils of Pauline," "The Dangers of Dorothy" and other exciting serials in which the beautiful heroine was once-a-week subjected to the most threatening experiences? Well, none of those now classic Odysseys of cataclysm are to be compared with the crises of Cinematta, for the fortunes of this beautiful celluloid goddess have been in perpetual jeopardy for the past fifteen years.

When I look back upon the various crises that Hollywood has experienced I marvel at her resiliency and marvel still more that each new crisis is taken so seriously.

The first great crisis came with the perfection of studio lighting which made California sunshine unnecessary to the making of pictures. Then why make them so far from the home office? Lasky-Famous-Players started the exodus back East, followed by Metro, Fox and others. Big studios were opened in New York and Florida and it began to look as if Hollywood would soon be numbered among the casualties!
'ghost cities' left over from the days of California gold.

But the crisis was entirely artificial. There were other reasons why it was cheaper and better to make pictures in Hollywood, and within a year the big companies were all back here doing business at the old stand.

The next crisis was the foreign invasion. Great directors and actors from Europe flocked to Hollywood to the growing alarm of our native craftsmen. Lubitsch, Leni, Murnau, Stein, Sven Gade and a host of other directors soon had Griffith, DeMille and Brenon tossing in their sleep, while Pola Negri, Greta Garbo, de Putti and lesser exotic movie queens sent our local royalty to their favorite fortune tellers that they might learn the worst.

Against this invasion there seemed nothing to do until the same phenomenon was observed in the lower ranks of Filmdom. Here the invaders ran up against real organized opposition. With Russian princes and grand dukes taking the places of the old-time extras, when it became idiomatic that the best credential for an 'extra' job was a foreign accent—then trouble began. The organization of the extras, Equity, The American Legion, trade and fan papers all went to the bat to save our great American film industry from Europeanization.

Then suddenly came the talkies and another crisis was passed.

That is, the foreign danger was past. Producers right away began to exercise great caution in renewing options on the contracts of their foreign stars, irrespective of popularity. The first to leave was Pola, to be followed shortly by the greatest of them all, last year’s winner of the Academy’s first prize, Emil Jannings. Now the exodus of the foreign actors is all the other way. They are headed back to Europe in droves.

Not so, however, among the directors and writers, Lubitsch, Stein, Leni and Hans Kraly, in the few short years they have been here, have so completely mastered our language that they are fully competent to write for and direct our American actors. Paul Stein, for instance, though previously knowing nothing about American newspapers, spent three days in a down-town newspaper office, and returning directed the action and dialogue of what many critics say is the best newspaper story the films have shown: "The Office Scandal." As for Lubitsch and Kraly, they have a finer understanding of English words than most of us who have been brought

(Cont. on page 107)
On Location

By Helen Ludlam

The scene was 'set up' in a grove of beautiful eucalyptus trees on Lot Two, a dominion of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and about a mile from the studio. A sound line was strung from the studio to the location which simplified matters considerably because it did away with the generating wagon which is a necessity on sound locations and raises a terrific hullabaloo. It was a very interesting location, this one for "Redemption," and Screenland's Location Lady was all set up, too, that she had been given an opportunity to cover it!

To begin with—glance at the cast! Eleanor Boardman, Renee Adoree, Lena Malena, Claire McDowell, Conrad Nagel, Tully Marshall, and—oh yes! There was John Gilbert!

There was so much pulchritude and personality that I am sure no indoor stage would have held them all at one time. Even in the big outdoors the air vibrated with this and that—to say nothing of romance. It was the very next night at the masquerade ball given by the Basil Rathbones that the whirlwind romance between Jack and Ina Claire, which culminated in their marriage less than ten days afterwards, began.

Jack wasn't working that first day, but he had come anyway, to talk over some business details with Fred Niblo, his director. He wore a dark...
Fred Niblo directs Jack Gilbert, Eleanor Boardman, and Conrad Nagel and lets us look on and listen.

with John Gilbert

Photography by Pollock

blue suit and drove his favorite car, a new Ford. He always drives himself unless he is going to an opening or some social event. And then his limousine has to work. Mr. Niblo was in his element at the moment directing the crowd of 'gypsies'—well, not exactly in his element, because the crowd was not large enough. The director of "Ben Hur" likes 'em in thousands, not just dozens. But it was enough to bring a sparkle to his eye, and his genial, enthusiastic personality was hitting on all six.

They were taking the early scenes of the picture at the gypsy camp. When Jack, who plays Fedya and is a great favorite, arrives on his snow-white steed they all make a great fuss over him. One girl, scarcely more than a child, throws her wreath across the fire for him to catch. That is a gypsy challenge for him to jump through it, his reward being the maiden's kiss. Jack gallantly leaps the flames amid cheers from his friends and glowering looks from some of the young blades who were not so courageous when the other girls threw wreaths to them. The little gypsy girl was Lena Malena.

But there were other, and distinguished visitors to the camp and just as Jack bends his head to claim the kiss, his eyes meet those of Eleanor Boardman. The gypsies roar with derisive laughter (Cont. on page 102)
The BABY AUTHOR

The Story of Beth Brown

You have heard enough about Baby Stars. Here's a Baby Author! And she is a star, too, in her own field. Beth Brown is a little bit of a girl, but she has written and published six books and has recently received a check some where in the neighborhood of $25,000 for the screen rights of her latest book, "Applause"—and a very good neighborhood to be in, if you ask me!

And she is only in her very early twenties, pretty, gay, and not, by her own confession, very much like an author! To begin with, she always wanted to go on the stage. So—she went! She usually does the things she wants to do, by the way. At the tender age of five she was on the stage! But her mother objected so she retired to private life, convinced, however, that nothing would ever fascinate her as much as the sights and the sounds and the smells of the footlights. And the stage is still her favorite 'location'; she writes about it in her most popular books—"Ballyhoo," and "Applause."

When an executive of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought the movie rights to "Ballyhoo" for Norma Shearer to star in, he looked at the baby author and then at the check he was about to give her, an amazed light in his eyes. "Such a little girl," he sighed, "and such a big check!"

Paramount has purchased "Applause" and thinks so much of its screen possibilities that it is making a feature production of it, signing Helen Morgan of Broadway to sing and act the leading role.

By Sydney Valentine

The manuscript of Beth Brown's latest book is in its finishing stages now, and it is taller than she is! It is about vaudeville life.

Her advice to budding authors is: "First you must have something to say and then you must say it!" and "Write about the things you know." She says of her own work that 'now that she has finished her sixth books she feels she has served her apprenticeship and can begin to write.'

When she was asked to say something about herself she dashed off what she called an 'Autobioglet,' and since it expresses Beth Brown more completely than anything I can say, I'm passing it on:

"I am five foot nothing, do not look like an author, do not live in an attic and have a pug nose. I was on the stage long before my kindergarten days (my father was a showman). But my mother, who is a blue-blood, yanked me off and sent me away to school.

"When I grew up—a little older—no taller (sigh), I wanted more than anything else to be an author. To be an author, so I had heard, required a variety of experiences with life. With this in view, I forged doughnuts in a sandwich wagon, worked as a checkroom girl in a Broadway cabaret, joined a Carnival show, then a burlesque show, went to Hollywood and worked in movie comedies, wrote two juvenile books and three novels, and then 'Applause.' Now I've finished another novel.

"I divide my time equally between writing fiction and (Cont, on page 111)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

NANCY CARROLL in "Burlesque"
"It's Surely

When Billie Dove Deserts the Studio for a Day in an Old-fashioned Garden

Billie Dove must have her day off just like every other working girl. She dons a simple dress, so different from her screen creations, lets her luxuriant raven locks run riot, and tries to forget she is a famous film star.
Summer!

“All on a summer’s day! Billie Dove dreams away an idle afternoon.

“A beauty like Billie can’t hope to evade the eager photographer. Everywhere that Miss Dove goes, a camera is sure to follow. Screen stars have no strictly private lives and they learn, like Billie, to grin and bear it!”
THE movie villain comes into his own! William Powell, after a long career of screen crime, is now a fascinating hero and star.
THE latest and littlest Bennett—Joan, sister of Constance and Barbara, who is now a full-fledged film featurette herself.
Another lovely lady from the stage signs up for screen stardom—Mary Eaton, whose singing and dancing you'll enjoy.
“EVANGELINE” is the latest portrait in Dolores Del Rio’s colorful gallery of beautiful and interesting heroines.
I T must be—it looks like—it is Love! Victor McLaglen and Myrna Loy embrace in the interests of "The Black Watch."
Said Sally Eilers: "If I don't make good in the movies within six months, I'll quit." Read her story.

Then she propositioned father and mother Eilers. It was a sporting gamble she offered them: "Give me six months to show signs of progress," she said. "If, at the end of that time, I have made no forward steps toward screen success, I will quit the movies and go to college. But if I have shown progress, I shall continue to be a motion picture actress."

Probably Mr. Eilers and his wife, looking at Sally's red hair and flashing eyes, decided that if they did not compromise, their daughter would go right ahead without their permission. So they said "Yes."

That was the inception of the first (and as far as I know, the only) "trial film career."

Sally set forth. The first studio she visited was the William Fox plant. She got no further. They needed a fiery red-head for a bit in a picture then in production. Sally filled their need. She created an impression that led to other bits. The first two months of the six months' trial were most productive. Sally would smile at her parents. Of course, they were not exactly angry. They trusted their daughter and if she could make good, why, God bless her.

Then two bad months followed. Sally's good spirits dropped like the red in a thermometer on an icy day. Four months of her six were passed and she had shown little, if any progress. And then dawn came!

Her first opportunity was in "Cradle Snatchers." Her part wasn't great but it was good. Her work was not startling but it was consistent. Her beauty and personality, however, caused comment in the offices of those who produce motion pictures.

"Slightly Used," a Warner Brothers production, came immediately after "Cradle Snatchers." All the time she was working in the studios, Sally had a tutor. She studied nights instead of playing. She earned her high-school diploma by diligent attention to her books.

Among the friends Sally met at the studio was Carol Lombard, whom she had

(Cont. on page 109)
Ronald Colman

Ronnie Serves Doubles! He Offers Two Tennis Rackets, with Balls, to the Winner of this Contest. Write the Best Letter and Hold Court All Summer!

Ronald Colman delivered his Screenland contest gifts in person. He found the time during his brief and busy vacation visit to Manhattan to drop in and shake hands all 'round. He was a huge success in his Screenland special short subject and we wish we had a talkie newsreel of the event! Ronald is a tennis enthusiast, you know, and he selected the two rackets himself—one, a Mary K. Browne model for a feminine player, and the other, a man's racket—both from Spalding's, the famous sporting goods store on Fifth Avenue, New York. Balls are included. Both men and women are eligible to enter this contest. Whichever wins, he or she will be able to invite a partner to play tennis!

Address:—RONALD COLMAN

SCREENLAND Contest Department

49 West 45th Street

New York City

Contest closes August 10, 1929

An Englishman transplanted to Hollywood is still an Englishman.
The Question You Must Answer: Is Ronald Colman at his Best in Romantic Roles Such as he Played in "Two Lovers," or in Modern Sophisticated Comedy Such as "Bulldog Drummond?"
Why Do You Think So?

Get in on the racket! Ronnie offers two—Spalding's best—complete with balls, in khaki zipper cases.

Colman and his fellow-countryman, Clive Brook, on the tennis court of Ronnie's English home in the California hills. What's the score, Clive?
Seven years ago, Joseph Schenck, Caesar of the Cinema, gazed rather gloomily at some motion picture tests of a lad from Lancashire, England, who had come to work at the studio. Schenck looked glum—in fact, particularly glum.

"No chance in the world for a chap like that," he muttered. "Crooked mouth. Impossible nose. Eyes too light and set all wrong!" And he promptly told the young man he had better get through and go into some other business.

The lad, by the way, was Reginald Denny.

But did he take Mr. Schenck's kind advice and hunt around for other fields to conquer? Yes—he did not! He stuck to the films and finally got a foothold in them. Today he is one of Universal's biggest drawing cards.

It is that way. Many of the biggest stars on the screen today have been 'fired' at some time or other. Mack Sennett, Jack Warner, D. W. Griffith, Jesse Lasky, Winfield Sheehan—all hard-headed, far-sighted picture producers, known for their keen discernment in picking potential stars, have 'fired' players that later they probably wished for all the world they hadn't! Screen-ambitious young Lochinvars, would-be Pickfords or Del Rios, taking an ignominious exit through the back gate of one studio, are found rolling pompously through the hastily opened portals of another—perhaps even bigger and better—within the twelvemonth.

One producer may see nothing but a freckled, awkward boy in the lad whom a rival executive will visualize as the personification of impetuous American youth. Or the pretty, slangy, little extra girl may be termed just a little doll by one producer and be recognized as a potential Clara Bow or Alice White when seen by another! It's all a matter of personal opinion and taste.

Josephine Dunn, for example, is thought to have done a particularly fine piece of acting in her rôle as the wife in "Excess Baggage." When the very first 'rushes' were shown, Metro-Goldwyn signed her up on a long-term contract. And

Josephine Dunn was 'let out' by one company because it was said she couldn't or wouldn't act—only to be signed to a long-term contract by a rival producer! Lon Chaney was seen in so many tough mob scenes in Tod Browning's old Universal pictures that he became a trademark. He left the lot and when he next returned it was to star in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Now Chaney is the greatest character star on the screen.
since then there have been many calls from other studios for the loan of her services.

Yet Miss Dunn, a graduate of the Paramount School of Acting, spent many idle months on the Lasky lot before she was eventually 'let out' because it was said she simply couldn't or wouldn't act.

Nancy Carroll was under contract to Fox. She had appeared opposite Tom Mix in a 'western' and had a small part in "Ladies Must Dress," starring Virginia Valli. Then criticism started coming her way. Some hinted that she was too plump; others said that her face was 'too round.' Anyway Nancy didn't play in many more Fox films. Then one day, Paramount officials seeking everywhere for a Rosemary in "Abie's Irish Rose" ran across one of her early screen tests. They sent for Miss Carroll, who was much disgusted with pictures by this time and about ready to return to her first love, the stage. "Make another test for us," they urged her. "No, indeed," came Nancy's answer. "You won't take me anyway and it would only be wasting time." And she simply wouldn't—but like a woman, she finally did! And now she's one of Paramount's featured players and considered a real screen find.

Gary Cooper played a bit in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," for Samuel Goldwyn. After the film was completed, he was told there wasn't anything more for him to do. He wasn't given any kind of a contract. For months, Gary drifted along until Paramount picked him up. At present, he is one of the most popular leading men of the screen. He first won bouquets for a small part in "Wings" and later, for a part in "The Legion of the Condemned." And now bouquets are coming his way with great regularity.

Charles Farrell and Don Alvarado were both dismissed by the Warner Brothers. Charlie was signed up by them one day and put to work in a picture the next. The picture when finished wasn't so good.

"But I was much worse!" said Charlie, "so bad that they tore up my contract and told me 'to git!'" (Cont. on page 110)
The BAD BOY

The original Peck's Bad Boy, Billy Haines surveys the world with considerable amusement and would rather laugh out loud in public than snicker in privacy. And does.

This portrait of William Haines, which Screenland considers the best ever published of him, is by Ruth Harriet Louise.
Here's Bill Haines! What's He Really Like, This Smart-Aleck of the Screen? This Story Tells You.

By Ralph Wheeler

William Haines is the most impossible person in pictures. He refuses to take anything seriously, including himself. Which is all right since nobody takes him with any serious regard.
The first thing that strikes you when you first meet Billy is his enormous size. His booming voice knocks you down with broad vowels at once reminiscent of Ireland and the Mason-Dixon line.
You are completely floored by what first appears to be outrageously brazen flippancy. Then you get up, brush yourself off, and feel silly for being annoyed. For, after all, Billy is just a born clown who looks at the world with considerable amusement.
This workaday life distresses him. He can't see any reason for all the hurry and bustle and mad rush about things commercial. And prudishness—well, Billy would rather laugh out loud in public than snicker in privacy. And does.
Billy was born lazy and in this respect is still in his infancy. It is entirely probable that he will die the same way without growing up.
They say out on the lot that Billy Haines is a perfect fool.
He is.
Anyonw who would announce his engagement to Polly Moran for publication would have to be. Polly told him so. He followed this up by traipsing all over Hollywood with Polly, escorting her to gala premieres and social functions and proclaiming undying devotion.
And now Hollywood doesn't know what to believe. They wouldn't be surprised to learn that he married her, just to make the joke better.
Billy heard that some stars were insisting upon quitting every day at 4 o'clock. The next day he picked up his makeup box in the middle of a scene and pointed to the clock.
"I'm going home, it's four o'clock and I'm a star!" he announced.
The director gasped.
"Come back here and go to work, you big egg—lay off the funny stuff!" he bellowed.
Under protest, Billy went back to work. But he moved off into a corner by himself and scowled until excused for the day. Then he went up to the executive offices and picketed Louis B. Mayer's private sanctum.
"Unfair, shop!" he explained when a passer-by inquired the reason for his strange conduct.
And while Billy was chuckling to himself, executives were wondering if temperament had finally taken hold of Haines.
Now and then Billy is asked to pose for publicity pictures with directors and other studio dignitaries. (Cont on page 112)
Ronald Colman's first talking picture

Bulldog Drummond

Bow-wow! And that's just what I mean, too. "Bulldog Drummond" is a good, old-fashioned wow of a motion picture. I'd come right out and call it a special except that it has no musical comedy chorus tripping down a golden staircase and no flash-backs showing the great lovers of history; so maybe it isn't a special. But if splendid acting, intelligent direction, expert photography and interesting camera angles mean anything—and say they do!—then "Bulldog Drummond" is one of the best motion pictures of this or any other season. In other words, you are entertained. And that's no crime even today, is it?

It is Ronald Colman's first talking picture. He becomes, as far as I'm concerned, the miracle man of the movies. The Colman charm was always something to make me a little feverish, but now that he talks—well, let it go. What are mere words when confronted with a great emotional crisis? All I can say is that with one grand gesture Samuel Goldwyn, Ronnie's picture papa, makes up for all the silly roles he has handed his star in the past by presenting him with this custom-made part of the bored and gallant Englishman in search of adventure.

And Mr. Goldwyn, increasingly noble, surrounds Mr. Colman with a great cast. Such picturesque personalities as Joan Bennett, as the persecuted heroine; Lilyan Tashman, as a smart schemer; Claude Allister as the only funny representation of a stage Alg; and Montagu Love as First Plotter add to the entertainment. At no time does the director, F. Richard Jones, nor any member of the cast take the plot, which is practically endless, too seriously. That's what makes it all so charming. Colman, his tongue in his cheek, strides through the fantastically melodramatic scenes with incomparable savoir faire—in fact, I think he invented it! Miss Bennett is a delicious sprite. I can't say more about "Drummond" now because I have to go out and see it all over again.

The Movie of the Month

Montagu Love menace's Joan Bennett and Ronald Colman in this scene from the all-talking production of "Bulldog Drummond."
Mrs. Mulhall laughed with amusement as she recounted her early and brief experiences in the movies. She was graduated from a girl’s school in Menlo Park and wanted to become a picture star—nothing less.

Her mother got no peace, and finally Evelyn Winans talked her into taking an apartment in Hollywood. Well, she finally won a bit in a picture—she can’t even remember the name—but Jack Mulhall was the leading man.

“The first day I was on the set he came over and offered some advice: ‘You’ll pardon me, Miss,’ he said, ‘but that makeup you’re wearing is much too dark, I’m sure.’

“Honest, I never was so flattered in my life! I could think of nothing else but Jack Mulhall.

“He never looked at me again during the making of the picture. And I learned he was married and had a child and that he was perfectly happy at home.

“Well, that let me out!

“I was still trying to get into pictures. Finally, I got a part with Rudolph Valentino and we were on location at San Francisco.

“Whom do I run into but Jack Mulhall!

“How’d you like to go to dinner with me tonight?” he asked.

“I told him I was sorry, and then, kidlike, I blurted out: ‘And besides, you’re married.’

“He told me that his wife had died since he saw me.

“But my company was returning and I couldn’t go. He wanted my phone number, but we had just moved and hadn’t had a telephone installed. So he promised to call me up at the studio.

“He didn’t call.

“In the meantime, I asked everyone I knew all about him; I was just crazy about him! Two months passed; finally, I couldn’t stand it any longer. I knew one of his boy friends who lived at the Los Angeles Athletic Club and told him if he saw Jack Mulhall to ask him to call me at such-and-such a number.

“The funny part of it is, he gave the number to Jack, but Jack didn’t call!

“Several months later I met him on Broadway, near Eighth street, and he wanted to take me to dinner. I asked him why he hadn’t called and he said he didn’t know where to find me.

“He didn’t even know my name!

“That night we decided we were going to like each other and Jack escorted me home. The next day, he took an apartment in the same house and in a week we were married. Jack’s impulsive, like that. But with me—why I knew his history backwards and forwards!”

Mrs. Mulhall is frank about things. She manages Jack’s affairs, because he hasn’t any understanding of business. They own a business block in Hollywood and she keeps the rents and all that sort of thing straightened out.

“We want to take a long trip,” said Mrs. Mulhall, “and we want to travel in fine style—just indulge ourselves in the greatest of luxury when we do go.

“Jack hasn’t had a vacation in three years, and really he works very hard. You know, between pictures there are things to be done. Jack has always worked hard and I guess he just doesn’t know how to take it easy. So I try to make things as comfortable for him as I possibly can.”

Mrs. Mulhall has some old-fashioned ideas about keeping a husband comfortable.

“If a man comes home from the studio tired and finds his wife home tired, also, there are likely to be some battles,” is her way of putting it.

Mrs. Mulhall is a great admirer of her husband’s ability and hopes that some day he’ll get a ‘great picture,’ one that will give him tremendous opportunities to show his histrionic possibilities.

“Sometimes girls call Jack up, only rarely, though, because it is hard to reach him on the telephone. But they all seem to feel that he’s just a genial, good-natured, handsome fellow. He doesn’t get ‘sheik’ letters very often. They don’t seem to feel that way about Jack. ‘I guess he’s just a handsome Irishman that everybody adores!’

Mrs. Mulhall says Jack isn’t the type that makes a woman jealous. He doesn’t do the things that worry a wife. He likes to play golf, and tennis, or go swimming, but evenings —unless a few friends come in—he would rather get his rest.

Nights find him studying lines since the talkies came into vogue.

He isn’t interested in romantic novels. He likes biographies and his favorite magazine is “Time.”

But enthusiasm! His is boundless. Mrs. Mulhall marvels at it.

His latest diversion is singing. He has a baritone voice which the music teacher says

(Continued on page 111)
The Story of Sweet Joyce Murray—'Cinderella of the Iron Slippers.'

Meet Cinderella of the Iron Slippers, the little dancing doll who tapped upon the doors of fame with her toes!

Joyce Murray is the name. Never heard of her? Probably not. But of course you remember that amazing toe-dance number in "Broadway Melody." That was Joyce.

When this 98-pound Irish girl drifted out to the Metro studio when the big musical show was being filmed, she was just another hoofer to the powers-that-be in the casting office.

Today she is a regular long-term contract player at the studio, and as busy a mite as ever was born with a bit of the Blarney in her voice and the smile of Killarney in her eyes.

Just a chit of a girl, elfish and feathery from fingers to toes, no bigger than a minute and almost as fleeting as a second, she is able to perform dancing steps of startling intricacies and tremendous endurance. She can stand on her toes for forty-two minutes at a time and holds a record of steady toe-dancing of seventeen minutes' duration, the usual toe-dance number being about two minutes.

And she scarcely had a lesson in her life!

In fact, Joyce made her debut as a professional dancer when she was four years old and has been on the stage almost continuously since that time. And yet, until she came to Los Angeles three years ago, she never had instruction.

Like all Cindercillas, Joyce had a fairy god-mother.

It was Bessie Love who waved the magic wand.

Joyce was dancing in "Sunny," then playing at the Mayan Theater in downtown Los Angeles. One night the ensemble was ordered to report at a film studio to work in a back-stage scene for "Sally of the Scandals," of which Bessie Love was the star.

(Continued on page 110)
CHARLES 'BUDDY' ROGERS and Mary Brian in a tender scene from "A Man Must Fight." Yes, and a man must love.
CHARMING and blonde and clever, Nancy Drexel adds a sweet clear voice to her other screen equipment. Listen!
ONE of Hollywood’s most popular young men, in or out of the studios—Ben Lyon, aviator and fiance of Bebe Daniels.
DOUGLAS MacLEAN—a new portrait.
And his new talkie is "Divorce Made Easy," a Christie comedy.
MARIE PREVOST is Doug's leading lady, and she sings the theme song of the film—"So Sweet." So's Marie!
Among the youngsters scheduled for stardom William Bakewell stands out. He is an actor of genuine promise.
SWEET Sally O'Neil! She returns to the screen from vaudeville in a blaze of glory, scoring in "On With the Show."
THE musical version of "Rose-Marie," now being filmed, is graced with the vocal and optical charm of Carlotta King.
And So They Were Married!

They met at a party! She asked his advice about the talkies, and when he gave it to her, she being a woman, didn't agree with him at all. Several heated arguments followed this first disagreement, until Jack Gilbert probably decided that women and talking pictures are more or less alike — just an enigma! Yet he was impressed by Ina Claire's knowledge of the spoken drama gained in her long experience on the stage, and he listened to her in spite of himself. Then came the Basil Rathbones' masquerade. Ina was there. So was Greta Garbo. And so was Jack. Somehow or other, before very long Jack and Ina found themselves together, and, before they knew it, desperately in love. As soon as Jack could be spared from the filming of "Redemption" they went to Las Vegas, Nevada, to be married. And now they're living in Jack's beautiful home, and very, very happy. Maybe some day Jack and Ina will make a picture together. We hope so.
What is inspiration? What makes a painter paint, a musician immortalize melodies that have the power to bring tears or smiles to our eyes although they were written years, even centuries ago? What magic is it in a poet's musings that will send the reader out into a world of sunshine or a world of woe? What enchantment does a dramatist call to his aid to make his argument so real; what gives the actor the ability to interpret all of these things and play upon the hearts of us who weep or smile with him in his good or evil fortune?

It was said that scarcely a week passed during the time Clara Morris played "L'Article 47" that someone was not carried out of the theater in a faint, so terribly had her magnificent performance stirred them.

The witchery of Julia Marlowe and the beauty of her voice sent people from her theater in an ecstasy of romantic vision.

Do you remember an early scene in "The Last Command" in which Emil Jannings reached for his precious medal that a fellow extra had put at the top of a sword far above his head? I have heard several people say that it seems to them the most important thing in the world that the pitiful old man got that medal back again. Evelyn Brent was one of them. She told me she found herself thinking that if he didn't get it, she would have to get it for him!

Remember Bessie Love in "Broadway Melody?" Wishing Bessie's dream castle crumble was a thing no one could do impassively. It wasn't the situation, because we have looked at many tragic situations on the screen quite comfortably. It was what Bessie put into the scene that made it almost unbearable. In her performance was the grief of all the women in the world who have loved unsatisfactorily, and have lost with shoulders squared.

I saw "Topsy and Eva" seven times on the stage and twice on the screen in New York. Poor as the picture was, ridiculously as it was handled, the words of Topsy's prayer alone had in them sincerity and truth. Tears streamed from the eyes of men and women in that New York theater as Rosetta Duncan
Inspires Stars?

By Helen Ludlam

drove the agony of the lonely little slave child's heart home to her audience.
How do these people get that way? What gives them the power to reach into your heart and twist it until you cry for mercy either from laughter or from tears? What is their inspiration?

Well, various things, so they tell me!

One of her directors asked Norma Talmadge how she was able to cry so easily. "That is simple," Norma is said to have replied. "All I have to do is to remember how tired I was when I had to wash the sheets!" Those early days of poverty made Norma weep for the little girl who bore such a bitter burden. So far removed is she now in fortune that the feeling of sympathy is quite impersonal, as though she pitied some other little girl, and not herself at all.

This, according to Betty Compson, is a sure sign that there is something wrong with the scene. "If a scene is so uninspiring that an actress has to think of something in her own life to bring reality into her work, she is playing in bad luck.

"I used to think that you had to feel a thing terribly in order to act. I declared that there was no such thing as technique. An actress was born and not made, and all the other platitudes a young person is apt to indulge in. These ideas were argued out of me by my first director, George Loane Tucker, who made "The Miracle Man." As an example he pointed out that if an opera singer got all wrought up over the misfortunes of the character she was playing she would not be able to sing. Her voice would be so choked with emotion that she would have no control over it. The power to sway her audience lay in her technique, her ability to project the personality she was portraying through to her audience by means of her voice. She must understand so well that she loses all consciousness of self. It helps an artist if he or she has known life—has suffered perhaps, and has become tolerant of human failings. I don't think anyone can rise to true greatness in art unless they are understanding and selfless, in their work at least."

George Loane Tucker gave Betty the grounding that has carried her safely through perilous artistic waters. Like Bessie Love, Betty has been (Cont. on page 106)
A few hundred years from now, I suppose they'll still be saying that just because Lizzie Doakes, née Lizette Duchess has her name above the theater in a glitter of mazda, she is different from her Cousin Susie who may sell cold cream across a counter in the five-and. Or, just because Lizzie earns her living by obeying the orders of a director on a movie lot and Cousin Susie earns hers tapping a typewriter eight hours a day in a broker's office, all the world concludes that Lizzie has a corner on the charm market and Cousin Susie is just one more girl with the shorthand formulas. It may have been a swell idea once, but today it's just so much hooey, to put it vulgarly.

When your editor asked me to tell what I have 'learned about women' from my stage and screen experiences, I was torn between two impulses. I didn't know whether to mail in a blank sheet of paper or immediately send out an emergency call for a corps of stenographers and compile a volume.

An individual woman is still just one huge question mark to me, to which I have found no answer. She is still the source of shock, dismay, and bafflement. I don't understand a single woman I know. But, when I consider as a group all the girls with whom I've worked on the stage and all the girls with whom I am now working on the movie lot, I realize that I have learned one thing about all women—there isn't any real difference between the types who make whomp for your amusement on the bright sides of the footlights and the girls who watch from the darker side.

For every girl I know in the theatrical profession I know another whose intimacy with the theater doesn't extend beyond a seat in the tenth row. And I've gradually become sold on the idea that, whatever she may be doing, a woman is essentially true to certain feminine characteristics.

Just recently, while working on the lot in my first talking picture, "Gentlemen of the Press," I had still more experiences to convince me that my observations are authentic.

After all, each of us possesses about the same set of emotions. It shouldn't be such a startling declaration for me to say that the personal lives of actresses vary hardly at all from those of women who are non-professionals.

I never have understood the theory that the mere fact of Lizzie's having chosen to dance or sing or act to earn her pay envelope miraculously differentiates Lizzie's hopes and ideals from those of the rest of her sex. Why, in the name stardom, should her aspirations differ from those she would have possessed as a clerk, a stenographer, or a school teacher?

I don't want to imply that Lizzie is not a pleasant, and often a fascinating, young person. However, you may accept it from one who has known dozens of Lizzies, that she certainly does not move about her home and dressing room or on the streets in a cloud of glory. Off stage, she is the Lizzie who shares a common bond with every woman watching her in the audience.

She loves and hopes; strives and sacrifices; blunders and gets 'blue'; is stubborn and contrary; giggles, envies, and pities—in fact, she entertains all the varied moods to which all women apparently fall heir. And equally, the very same sort of thing that makes you happy, has the power to make her happy.

The next time you watch your favorite actress or your favorite movie star, don't forget that she gets just as vexed as you do over runs in the best stockings; over a scorched dinner; or when her 'boss' reprimands her.

And she gets exactly the same kind of kick that you do when her boy friends invites her to lunch or when she discovers an unexpected raise in the pay envelope. And twenty-four out of twenty-five of the Lizzies I know want to get married, with the same eagerness for the 'right person.'

Their heartaches are carbon copies of yours. At this very moment there is being featured in most of the moving picture houses throughout the country the latest film...
In Which a Famous Stage Comedian
Makes his Debut as an Author and
his Bow to his New Public. He
Writes about Ladies First!

in which a very promising young woman is gaining new laurels.
I was working on an adjoining lot during the making of my last picture, "The Lady Lies," and had occasion to see a great deal of this particular girl. For two days she spent her lunch hours crying until her nose was red and she had to change her makeup. Why should one of the highest-salaried, most popular screen favorites weep?

Her boy friend hadn't written for two days! He was on the road with a play and she just knew that a certain blonde hussy in the cast had vamped him away from her. No one could console her. She knew it!

And then on the afternoon of the second day, she received a special delivery from the delinquent boy friend, explaining that his family had descended upon him and he hardly had a moment to breathe and would she forgive him. Her relief and joy at reading this explanation made the finish of her latest picture the wow of that is.

How many actresses I know are skimping along on fractions of their salaries, because they are helping in their homes. Many of them are saving so that they may marry and start their new life unburdened by debt. One famous screen star is sending all of her brothers and sisters through college. She never attended more than six grades in a grammar school.

And it isn't only in the most flattering ways that the personalities of the ladies of the stage and screen parallel those of girls who think it is a perfect life.

Innumerable times I have seen Lizzie drop her dazzling smile when she comes off stage and stamp her foot, impatiently upbraiding a long-suffering maid. And Lizzie constantly grumbles about the monotony of having to smile night after night, when she would give all of her fame just to be going to a movie with her best boy friend.

It's an old story that many a great actress would exchange places with the simplest little girl, if she had her choice. The majority of stars have reached their enviable positions despite heartache and denial.

If you wandered through their dressing-rooms and if they would reveal to you the real women behind their stage masks, you would appreciate that you share practically all the emotions and ideals of these glamorous ladies.

Of course, you must not forget that I have been writing about the real Lizzie, not the girl who appears in the play and creates an image of beauty or tragedy for you from eight-thirty in the evening until eleven p.m. And make no mistake about it—the Lizzies of theater and studio are just hard-working girls! Underneath the glamour that you see, there is layer upon layer of slavish devotion to duty. To the weekly pay-check too, you say! Perhaps. But the fervor that some Lizzies put into their best performances cannot be purchased. It is the flash or the flame or the spark, whatever you choose to call it, that can't be bribed or bought, but that lifts Lizzie above the mob. But I digress! I was saying that the Lizzie, who seems so far removed from the humdrum irritations of your life, slips on the gaiety and romance when she puts on her make-up.

It is all a part of her job, just as your smiling pleasantly to your employer's client and looking neat and capable may be a part of yours. It keeps your name on the payroll.
The only woman director to wrest consistent success from a megaphone job. The only woman director under long-term contract to any studio in Hollywood. The only woman to rise in the span of a few years from a typist’s job to that of making Clara Bow’s first dialogue picture.

Would you like to meet her?
Would you like to know what sort of a person this Dorothy Arzner is?

Of course you would! So through the pages of Screenland let me introduce you to a quiet-voiced, dreamy-eyed girl, just under medium height; heavy dark brown hair worn smartly off forehead and ears; small mouth and nose; enormous gray eyes. Very attractive, you say?

You discover that she is gracious without any studied effects with which to impress new acquaintances. But where is that dominance, that aggressiveness, you ask? Is she cleverly hiding her generalship and putting on this artful feminine fantasy?

No, the Arzner dominance is entirely mental; and as for aggressiveness she shrinks from its contact. Field-marshals tactics have never been employed by Dorothy Arzner, on the set or off; but cleverness, a great capacity for absorbing knowledge, and a genius for accomplishing grinding, nerve-crushing mountains of work have brought very satisfying results.

Now you will want to talk to her, but be prepared to do most of the chattering yourself. Naturally, the first question will be: on her break into the movies. Yes, ask her that one—everybody does!

“Very colorless, I assure you,” she will answer. “A visit to the Paramount Studios with the Commander of the Los Angeles Emergency Ambulance Corps.”

Yes, yes, but what had that to do with her career?

“Well, I had never felt any desire to visit a studio, although I had lived in Los Angeles all my life,” she will reply very slowly and softly, “and when I first stood on a klieg-flooded set I suddenly knew that my future was inside those studio gates.”

Now there is an interesting story about Dorothy’s many and conflicting ambitions before that eventful visit to the Paramount studio, but you will never get her to elucidate on the subject so I’ll tell you.

During the war Dorothy enlisted in the Ambulance Corps and was about to embark for the front when the armistice was signed. When she returned to Los Angeles she enrolled in the University...
The Story of the Only Woman to Achieve Consistent Success as a Motion Picture Director.

By Julie Lang

of Southern California.

After graduation came the dilemma. "Where do I belong? I must do something." Although Dorothy's family was anxious that she stay at home and elect the playful routine of a debutante, she cast about for an occupation. The business world loomed up as a colorful globe to conquer, so she hied herself to secretarial school (lucky thing she did as we shall see later) and got herself a job secretarvng. But business proved to be a mundane affair of musdy carbon copies, dull letters, uninteresting indexes and innumerable filing systems. So Dorothy pleased her family for a few months by attending social gatherings. But that old germ ambition gnawed at her

of typing brought about an opportunity to get on the studio payroll as a typist in the scenario department. After four months of exhausting work, a spark of encouragement brightened the horizon in the form of promotion to the reading department. Step number one, said I!"

"I knew that every day's work brought me a little nearer that canvas chair lettered director; each task finished was that much knowledge stored away for the big job that would come some day. A year later I found myself back of the cameras as a script clerk. Step number two! Out on the sets at last, at the side of a director, thousands of new details to learn. I asked questions constantly, of the electricians, the prop boys, the cameramen and the director when he was not too busy. I suppose many of those boys put me down as a dreadful pest!"

Script work lead to cutting, and although that was a step away from the sets, it meant more valuable knowledge to Dorothy for her ultimate job. Every successful director knows how to cut his productions. As a cutter she won unusual fame. James Cruze heard of her prowess and asked her to cut "The Covered Wagon." From that time the sailing was a bit smoother.

While working on this production Dorothy confided her secret to Cruze, the first person to know of this very young person's astounding ambition. "Well, if any woman can direct, you're the one to do it, Dorothy," was his encouraging reply.

The next year was spent cutting and writing, while she patiently waited for that opportunity. (Cont. on page 112)
One of the happy families of Hollywood—H. B. Warner with Mrs. Warner, the former Rita Stanwood, and their children, Joan, H. B. Jr., and Lorraine, in their Beverly Hills home.
UNDER a brilliant flood of light a tall man, his back toward us, worked desperately over a telegraph key.

A wireless apparatus crackled.

Beside him stood a beautiful woman.

Against a door, bracing himself with all his strength was another man. The door was slowly being forced open.

It opened. An East Indian prince strolled through with a drawn revolver and without a moment's hesitation, fired point blank at the tall figure over the key board.

The woman screamed and the tall man, turning slowly, slid half way to the floor, his body going limp over a chair.

The Indian prince was George Arliss. The beautiful lady was Alice Joyce. The 'other man' was Ralph Forbes and the tall villain with a splendid finish was H. B. Warner, paying the price of his villainy by dying a villain but a good sport.

The picture, when exhibited, will be known as 'The Green Goddess,' starring Mr. Arliss and featuring Mr. Warner who is setting what is almost a dangerous precedent by making villainish roles popular while keeping him just as devilish as any director can desire.

And if Mr. Warner is as successful in this part as 'The Green Goddess' as he has been in many past roles, you may long remember the part of Major Crespin while you may quickly forget that H. B. Warner created it. That is the price he pays for exceptional ability.

No player in the motion picture industry more completely loses his own very interesting personality in a part, heavy, hero or character, than Mr. Warner. Incidentally he has played all of those kinds of roles with marked success.

From villainy to divinity and back again! That is the long and interesting road that H. B. Warner has traveled on the stage and screen.

Famous first for his role as a gentleman yegg, sandpapering his fingers to find the combinations of safes in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," famous too, for the role of Jesus in "The King of Kings," he is playing 'heavies' now for Warner Brothers, completing one swing of the pendulum.

If H. B. Warner does any one thing better than any other, it is to bury his own very marked personality under the cover of his stage or screen characterizations. Noted though he is, there are more people who remember the calm and spiritual Messiah of "The King of Kings" than remember who played it. There are more people who remember Sorrell, the elder, of "Sorrell and Son" than know the name of H. B. Warner or that he played the part.

His present villainy will go down as suave and polished meanness, not anchored particularly to the man himself. His is the peculiar ability to make his roles remembered and have himself forgotten.

It is passably difficult to play villain roles. It is harder to make villains interesting and attractive, but never-the-less villains. It is consummate skill to play a villain and have the memory of that villain stand out in the public's memory.

To start where most inquiries about H. B. Warner start, he is not one of the 'Brothers' for whom he is now making pictures. He has, however, contributed to their success and they have paid him well for his labors. A forgetful public may remember his work and forget his name, but not so with studio officials. When an actor has pleased he is never forgotten. In Hollywood, where pictures are the bread and butter as well as the cake and icing for many thousands, H. B. Warner is a well-known and highly regarded player.

Undoubtedly the role of Jesus (Continued on page 108)
When a young woman takes advantage of all of her possibilities she is great. When she takes advantage of some of them she is interesting. But when she lets most of them slide into oblivion she is stupid.

Gwen Lee is rapidly grasping all of her possibilities. She is developing them quickly and surely. She has reached the 'interesting state' and it is with admiration that we look at her hoping she will use all of them.

Gwen Lee is on that peculiarly balanced line, being both interesting to look at and almost beautiful. I say almost because I am glad she is not really a dazzling beauty—the hair breadth between saves her from being uninterestingly gorgeous. It is the indefinable something that makes her interesting to look at and a bit uncertain. You do not get all of her with your first glance; she keeps a little of herself for herself.

This is a powerful quality for all women to remember: keep some of yourself for yourself. You are all, optically at least, on sale, therefore keep a reserve stock in case of a sell-out!

Gwen has the knowledge of the grown cat, the wisdom of the grown animal rather than the silliness of the kitten. The kitten we understand at a glance; we never understand fully the self-sufficiency of the cat. It is one animal that keeps a bit of herself for herself!

Gwen is regal. She could be radiantly so but her desire to be free from all aloofness brings her continually to earth with rapidity. If she had been born in Europe, lived in Paris or some great capitol she would feel more free in expressing sincerely the quality of austere beauty that would go so well with her personality. The American girl is always afraid of the well-known remark “How do you get that way?” Therefore, she remains down to earth and human, which is charming, but she could be so fascinating otherwise!

And now to clothes! Her gowns can have any amount of dignity, restraint, daringness, simplicity—almost anything she cares to put into them. I find numbers of American girls admiring strenuously that sophisticated, worldly
knowledge, so much in evidence with foreign-born women, desiring to be like them and then feeling affected and self-conscious when they try to be like them. It is a matter of tradition and atmosphere. Here in America our manners are more wholesome but less interesting. We desire to know sophistication rather than to be sophisticated.

Gwen can wear the most formal evening gowns, gracefully and naturally. She never forces a gown. They acquire her personality. She never loses by the gown; she is seldom overpowered by it. She sells her personality first; the gown goes into the bargain. She usually makes it and herself one, and then one is conscious of nothing but a smart whole.

She is charming in black—velvet particularly. Blues are perfect for her, browns not too interesting.

The Gwen Lee type is tall. Her movements are slow. She is much more herself on the screen than off. By that I mean from a standpoint of clothes.

Her sense of humor prevents her from taking herself seriously. She knows she is decorative but she doesn’t dare be as decorative as she might.

She can be terribly smart, and when she is she brings the atmosphere of great cities with her. She would be much smarter away from Hollywood. But so would most women who live here. They adapt themselves to the sports atmosphere until finally it absorbs their personalities into nothing but a sweater and skirt.

The sunshine, wonderful as it is, melts the smart snow-lady to a pool of stagnant water!

The Gwen Lee Girl has a great many fascinating qualities which mean really opportunities. She is grown-up girlhood—still a long way from womanhood—and yet with a mixture of both.

If you are like her you can be really smart.

My final advice to the Gwen Lee Girl is to be daring. Don’t be afraid to be different! Any girl can follow; you are among the fortunate few who may lead the fashion parade.

C. Adrian, Screenland Fashion Editor, discussing a new costume with Gwen Lee.
Baclanova came back to Broadway. What, didn't you know she was a sensation on the New York stage several years ago? Why, she was the bright particular star of the Moscow Art Theater which was brought over here by Morris Gest and which delighted the eastern intelligentsia for quite a spell. Olga Baclanova was particularly impressive in "Carmencita and the Soldier." Then Hollywood called and she answered and—you know the rest if you know your movies at all. She has made good on the screen and, what's more, in talking pictures. She is said to be the only foreign star under long-term contract in Hollywood. Paramount is proud of its 'Backy,' to use her nickname, and only granted her leave of absence for a big-time vaudeville engagement because she was between pictures.

Baclanova played the Palace on Broadway in an act with her charming hoshan (husband), Nicholas Soussanin. Yes, he's Russian, too. It's Baclanova's second matrimonial venture but I'm sure that it's permanent. The Soussanins are indeed devoted. She is not in the least the temperamentally type of foreign 'artiste,' but an obliging blonde lady who evidently wishes to please. She was affable about interviews and photographs and everything. And she has a sense of humor. She admits she is thirty years old and doesn't care who knows it. "In Europe," she smiles, "a woman is not expected to become an actress before she is at least thirty years old. She is not supposed to have enough experience of life before then. Over here, it is different."

But Baclanova may change our styles in actresses. Already she has found enough staunch admirers among the American audiences to make some of our little ingenues sigh for stage experience and a few extra, glamorous years.
By Anne Bye

Just try to keep Dick Barthelmess away from New York for any length of time at all! Whenever First National grants him a vacation Dick grabs his wife and jumps on an east-bound train. And while some stars embark on a regular publicity campaign when they hit Manhattan, Barthelmess forgets he is a movie star for a while and becomes a private citizen. For instance, instead of attending the first night of one of his company's special pictures on Broadway, he was in the midst of a family birthday party, with a cake with candles, and everything. Just to show you the kind of a boy Dick is—he was persuaded to sit for some photographs while he was here, and his wife and his mother went with him. The photographer thought it would be a dandy idea for the senior Mrs. Barthelmess to join her son for one of those mother-and-child portraits. Dick grinned. “It will be all right if you don’t use any of them for publicity,” he said. “But I think people are tired of seeing movie stars posing with their mothers. It looks as if you’re using your mother to get into the papers.”

The movie and real-estate queen, Hedda Hopper, visited her beloved New York for a grand and glorious vacation. But such is fame—she was just beginning to enjoy herself when she received a wire from a coast producer, offering her a fat part in a new picture if she’d catch the first train to Hollywood. Hedda sighed, phoned her friends a hasty goodbye, and promised to be back soon.

You know Hedda sells California houses and lots in her spare time, and her commission from the sale of Frances Marion’s hilltop mansion was what is known as a tidy sum. Hedda is one of these rare women who might have stepped from the pages of a smart English novel. She has everything—(Cont. on page 111)
Hands

Hands are Second Only to the Eyes in Revealing Personality. Here are Simple Rules for their Care.

float," sang the poet lover to his lady-fair. But those were the days when ladies had little more to do than let their hands float or idle over an embroidery frame or the silver strings of a guitar. Lady-fairs are different nowadays. They work, most of them, at something useful. If they don't work in shops or offices, they do their own housework, or drive cars or airplanes, or play golf and tennis, paint their own furniture and work in the garden. These things soil and coarsen the hands only if you let them. And paleness, even in hands, has gone out of style.

Today, the beautiful hand is the useful hand—hands marked by the character they gain from effort and accomplishment, their fineness conserved by constant care. A graceful hand, finely grained and smoothly white, is a beauty asset much to be desired, and it is a business asset as well. The business world requires that a girl have well-kept hands. And

Every normal girl wants to be popular—and popularity, as you'll agree, is made up of several kinds of charm. There is physical charm, the charm of perfect manners, the charm of personality; and then there's the charm of careful grooming. The latter is within the reach of every girl, no matter how limited her purse. After all, charm and popularity are pretty nearly synonymous terms. You can have both if you give yourself the confidence that perfect grooming brings.

The hair and the hands may be the greatest asset—or the greatest detriment—to one's personal charm. Last month we talked about the hair, so now we're going to talk about the grace and beauty of the hands.

Hands are second only to the eyes in revealing your habits of thought, and your personality. They may betray a discordant state of mind, worry, fear or anger, or they may create an atmosphere of repose, contentment and charm. Hands show breeding, just as surely as they show character.

Time was, when it was supposed that all patrician hands were slender and long with slim, tapering fingers. A square, stubby hand was the hand of a laborer, never of an artist. But finally, we woke up and looked about and found that half the patrician fingers do not taper and half the artists have square stubby fingers.

Time was, too, when no one could be considered a lady who did things with her hands. "Pale hands, pink-tipped, like lotus buds that

This Department is Not Only Informative—it is Entertain-
be glad to answer any beauty questions you may care to ask. dress: Anne Van Alstyne, Screenland Mag-
of Charm

By

Anne Van Alstyne

the charm of lovely hands in the world of music and drama is not to be denied.

The hands of a dancer, too, are as fascinating as her dainty
feet and no less beautiful and graceful. They seem to have a
life of their own—to exist as bits of beauty all by themselves.

And nowhere are seen lovelier or more expressive hands
than are seen upon the screen. During an interview I asked
a clever young artist the inevitable question: "How did you
get your start?"

"My hands helped most of all," she re-
p lied. "An artist asked to let him use
my hands as models. Many promi-
nent artists came to me after that,
and they all liked my hands. Such
careful attention I gave my hands
to keep them smooth and white!
I kept my fingers supple by
doing exercises with them,
quite like the five-finger
piano exercises and scales
of our childhood—only
that I did them at odd

Moments on my dressing-table! This
modeling experience was a great help
in my screen work. It taught me
poise and it helped me to be un-
selfconscious before the camera. I no
longer had a longing to put my hands
behind my back, or sit on them, any-
thing to get them out of the way—
as I had at first."

And I met a young woman in quite a different field of work, a
specialist in beauty culture. Her hands may not be perfectly shaped
according to the standard of perfection, but they are trained, magnetic
hands and by their healing touch bring hope and loveliness to women
who trust themselves to their skill. And so valuable are this pair of
hands to their owner that they are insured for fifty thousand dollars.

We might go on, showing you hundreds of equally busy, equally
beautiful hands. Hands of musicians and artists, of stenographers and
modistes, of debutantes and lady policemen! But we won't. What I
want to do is to help you to see that your hands from typewriters to
teacups play an important part in every day's activities. That you
can if you will, create beauty through the care and grooming of your
hands. That you can make your hands so expressive, so much a part
of your personality that you need go no further in your quest for charm.

How to go about this? Well, of course you want to do your work
whatever it is, and you want to skate, coast, play hockey in winter
and go in for all summer outdoor sports and use (Cont. on page 100)
Let's Go to

"Is It Worth Seeing?" is the Question Everybody Asks About You. Follow This Department of Short and Snappy Re-

Bridge of San Luis Rey

Filmed from Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer, prize-winning novel. This picture is beautiful. It's a story of glorified love: sensual love of Lily Damita for her torreador; half-fatherly, half-satyr love of Ernest Torrence for Lily, his dancer protegee; semi-mad, semi-motherly love of Emily Fitzroy for her daughter, Jane Winton; primitive, inarticulate love of the brothers Don Alvarado and Duncan Rinaldo—and the unworldly, throat-choking love of the convent girl, Raquel Torres, for Alvarado. Finely filmed by Charles Brabin, five stories weave into a colorful, stirring whole showing us that even the tragedies which must come to every one are all according to a divine plan which works out ultimately for our happiness. Henry B. Walthall, Damita, Torrence, Alvarado, Rinaldo, Torres and Fitzroy give splendid performances.

Voice of the City

Willard Mack, of stage fame, wrote, directed, and played an important role in this corking crook talkie. Robert Ames, innocent of murder for which he is serving, breaks jail. Mack, the detective, goes after him. John Miljan, gang leader, Clark Marshall, dope fiend, Sylvia Field, heroine, are fine in supporting roles. But especial praise goes to Beatrice Banyard.

Betrayal

A morbid story of Tyrol life with Emil Jannings as the husband and Esther Ralston and Gary Cooper as the sweethearts. Jannings learns his wife had been loved by Gary before her marriage and that one of her two children is Cooper's. With Esther dead and Gary dying, he almost kills his own son. It isn't worthy of Jannings, and it is his American swan-song.

The Loves of Casanova

This costume picture in color, deals with that portion of the famous Casanova's career when he was forced to leave Paris, travelled to Russia to give Queen Catherine the once over and arrived in Venice in time for the carnival season and its seductive opportunities. A slow moving film whose only bright spot is Diana Karenne, a beautiful young actress.

Mother's Boy

Morton Downey's first starring talkie. He plays an Irishman who goes out to fight the wicked world, armed only with his golden voice. He very nearly falls for a Ritzy young lady who in real life is his wife (Barbara Bennett) but returns at last to his first humble love, Helen Chandler. Morton Downey is a good trouper, with a fine, flexible voice.
The Donovan Affair
Jack Holt wins a laurel wreath as police inspector in this new murder mystery which hinges around the killing of John Roche, playing a gambling gentleman who mixed amorous antics with other games of chance. Many had motives for wishing his death: Agnes Ayres, who had been having a fling with him; Virginia Brown Faire, who loved him; Dorothy Revier, trying to protect her mother and suspected by William Collier, Jr., her fiancé; and, of course, Alphonse Ethier. Complicated! Guests are seated around a dinner table when lights go out and Roche is found slouching in his chair—stabbed! The solution is worked out with suspense and a nice interspersing of humor.

Ethel Wales as the mother of twins and Hank Mann, her husband, an innocent bystander, contribute plenty of laughs.

Hot Stuff
Alice White as a not-so-hot collegiate number. Auntie, Louise Fazenda, sends Alice to college. But when Alice gets to college, the film fails to live up to its title. The liquor turns out to be tea and the sexy heroine tells the hero (William Bakewell) that she is just an old-fashioned girl after all. Bake-well is interesting.

The Leatherneck
Three marines in a pretty bad way: one dead, one insane, and the third, William Boyd, charged with murdering his buddy, Alan Hale, Robert Armstrong, Fred Kohler, Philo McCullough and others form strong supporting cast. Diane Ellis provides the romance. Talking court martial sequence shows Boyd’s voice pleasant and Joe Girard’s excellent.

Not Quite Decent
A night-club story with Louise Dresser doing a black face, Mammy-crooning act while her heart is breaking. Reason for break is she must let her daughter (June Collyer) pass out of her life without recognizing her because of mama’s sordid past. Pretty trite hokum revived by Dresser’s acting and June Collyer’s sympathetic beauty. Allan Lane proves a suitable hero.

Shipmates
The able comedian, Lupino Lane, is out in front again, twice as serious and three times as funny. This trip he takes to the salt air joining up with the sailor lads on a big battleship. Here he engages in a naval battle where the guns fire charges of laughter and the only catastrophe results not from death but from dough! Very, very funny!
The Latest Talk from the Land of Talking Pictures!

Well, the Duncan Sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, alias Topsy and Eva, have returned to Hollywood. The first thing they did was to buy three red Auburn cars. Rosetta’s is a roadster, Vivian’s a cabriolet and Harold’s—their brother who acts as business manager—a sedan.

We looked like three fires sailing out of there,” he said.

Rosetta declared she could only drive with Vivian once in a while. “Since lamb chops and pineapple put me in the hospital in London my nerves are not what they were and Vivian drives—well, that girl simply can’t read what it says on the stop signals!”

I don’t know what it is about Rosetta that makes so many people want to mother her—whether it is the dramatic quality in her husky voice or just something lovable in the girl herself; but she certainly tugs at the old heart strings! Even Vivian feels it. She always mothers Rosetta.

They are looking around for two houses. “Why two?” one asks.

“Oh, well,” said Vivian, “Hime (her nickname for Rosetta) has my brother with her and a housekeeper and a secretary and a couple of maids, and I have father, and—well, we just have to have two houses because I can’t bear all the excitement that Rosetta attracts. We are going to have one little beach house, though, for the summer.”

The girls signed their contract to appear in one picture for M-G-M and the present plan is for them to start work in July. So far only the theme has been decided upon and the girls are a little disappointed that it is a stage story. “How can we top ‘Broadway Melody’?” They both want to know. “ Nobody could be better than Bessie Love.”

The night they signed their contract they were in a state of great excitement. They always are over everything they do, or over any friend’s good fortune. We happened to walk in that evening about an hour before their act went on at the theater. You could feel the electricity in the air before you got off the elevator. We went to Rosetta’s dressing room first; Vivian’s is on the floor above. There is a tiny bath off Rosetta’s room and she was taking a plunge. The enormous St. Bernard dog you saw in “Topsy and Eva” is with them still, travels from coast to coast with them, and he was spread all over the dressing-room floor. Mervyn LeRoy and Harold Duncan were playing crap in the hall.
By the time we got in, it was time to close the lid on the sardine can. But the girls don’t mind; the more the merrier—and it is usually merrier.

* * *

While Evelyn Brent’s director, supervisor and scenarist argued about whether her next picture was to be started on Monday their star ran off to her charming Malibu beach house and let the men folks fight it out between themselves. As far as Evelyn is concerned, she doesn’t care how long they put off the picture. She was enjoying a much needed and well deserved rest, and looked like a little girl with her snugly fitting sweater and pleated skirt.

Her house is perched on a bluff. It is a lovely, woodsly brown with odd gables and shingles and turrets and cupolas sticking out every which way, and over it run orange nasturtiums, in glorious profusion. At the foot of the retaining wall bursts a lime-green sea, and nothing to stop one’s view but China!

Evelyn is getting a great kick out of being domestic. She said she couldn’t understand it, but it’s the first time in her life that she has ever enjoyed a home. She told me that arranging a Christmas tree and preparing for Christmas dinner gave her more fun than anything that she could imagine. Harry Edwards, her husband, was like a little boy with his presents. He hid them all in a closet up-stairs and wouldn’t let anybody see them, and he went up later all by himself and opened them!

When we left her, Evelyn was standing at the gate looking down the Malibu stretch toward Hollywood, because she said that it was almost time for Harry to come home.

* * *

I think we will have to call Herbert Brenon “Herbert the Great.” The day Fannie Hurst left for New York she had a headache. Mr. Brenon at once recommended a relief for it and sent an assistant out for a bottle of medicine. The assistant came back with the wrong thing. Whereupon Mr. Brenon rose in his wrath, and rent the air with his protestations.

“­This is not what I sent you for—this is of no use to anybody. Take it back—go to other stores—go to Los Angeles, if need be, but bring back what I told you to. Miss Hurst,” he turned dramatically to the author of “­Lummox,” “the medicine will be at your house in an hour!” Mr. Brenon is always like that. He was gorgeous. You would have thought that the Battle of Waterloo was being fought.

They were taking the most beautiful scene of the picture the day I was there, and I was so touched by it that tears came to my eyes. If that scene is any criterion of the production as a whole, the world will hail Winifred Westover as an artist to be reckoned with. Mr. Brenon says that she is, and he is also delighted with the work of Dorothy Janis who plays Cheta, and who is, he thinks, a perfect type for the part.

Between ‘takes’ Winifred removed one of her shoes and asked me to lift it. It was heavy! “The first day I worked in them, said Winifred, ‘I felt like a cat that has its feet tied in paper. I lifted them so carefully! And of course that wasn’t the thing to do at all. I had to practice the shambling walk natural to Lum­mox.’ Then when I took those shoes off! Well, you know how a runner looks in slow motion pictures—that’s the way I felt.

“I was just determined to play this part, so determined
that Mr. Brenon said the other day he hoped I wouldn't take a notion, later, to play Peter Pan!"

** * *

To prove that life is just one of those things after another in talking pictures, this remark was heard on the "Redemption" set the other day:

"The M. P. D. A. is ready; the A. E. A. is ready; the A. S. C. is ready, and the only thing that is holding us up is the D. S.!"

Which, translated, means: the Motion Picture Directors Association, (Fred Niblo) is ready; the Actors' Equity Association (John Gilbert) is ready; the American Society of Cinematography (Percy Hilburn, head cameraman) is ready; and the only thing holding up production is the Damn Sound!

Neither has the bitterly mentioned sound any regard for the tickle in an actor's nostril. When John Gilbert was rehearsing the last scene of the picture, right in the middle of a sentence he sneezed. "That's not in!" he called, with an upward glance at Jim Brock sitting in the mixer's box.

* * *

Democracy and Henry have won! A Prince takes his girl friend home in a Ford! The other night while parking outside of the Chateau Elysee, about ten o'clock, to finish a conversation with a friend, I saw one of the new biscuit-colored Fords drive up on the other side and a young lady and a young gentleman, who was very tall and slender and wound up at the top in a dark blue beret, climb out. We were so taken with the stunning American beauty ensemble that the young lady wore that we did not glance at her face until one of the party said, "Why, that's Lily Damita and Prince Ferdinand!" Sure enough, it was! In a few moments the Prince appeared again, said 'hello' to us, climbed into his new Ford and steamed off!

* * *

Johnny Farrow, who is writing the screen stories for most of the Paramount hits these days, gave a housewarming at his Malibu Beach cottage. Everybody went in swimming before luncheon which was served on the sand. Bessie Love was greeted with a shriek of joy when she skipped out in a cream-colored bathing suit, a blue and white rubber bracelet—a necklace of blue, spongy rubber beads, and what stayed the rest of us was a little blue sponge flower that she wore on her shoulder.

"Well, I'll certainly have to take you for a walk down the beach in that necklace," said Lila Lee, who had oiled herself that morning and flopped in the sand for a couple of hours to get a nice tan. She wore a scarlet bathing suit with one of those new sun-tan backs that are so popular.

George Abbot, the author of "Broadway," who will direct Dick Arlen's first starring picture, cut his toe on a shell. When she noticed that it had been hurt, Lila sauntered into the house and came out with a neat little box which she handed to Johnny Farrow. It was the cutest little first aid kit you ever saw and John, in his element, began dragging out gauze, cotton and things. Lila appeared on the scene again, dangling a little pint-sized, green watering can. "Hold out your foot," she said to George, who was burying it in the sand, and when he did so she sprinkled the wounded member with the water. Just as the bandage was finished, we heard the drone of an airplane, and Johnny said that it was probably Howard Hughes whom he expected that afternoon.

"Look at him stunt," said Carlotta King, as the plane looped and turned and zigzagged over the water.

A little later Chink, Johnny's valet, announced that an airplane had landed on the front lot.

"I guess I will go out and show them my toe," said George Abbott, "and tell them that this is a dangerous world."  

Who do you suppose has the largest character wardrobe of any man in pictures, and next to Adolphe Menjou, the largest private wardrobe? None other than Oscar, the Paramount booteck! You have probably seen him in many pictures, because he has a contract and everything.

* * *

Maurice Chevalier had expected to see New York when he went there to make his second Paramount picture, but he worked so hard that all the seeing he did was between

![A Swedish reunion! "The Single Standard," under John Robertson's direction, brings Greta Garbo and Nils Asther together again. Note the twin profiles of Greta and Nils.](image)

![Meet the members of Roland West's "Alibi" Club—standing: West, Gilbert Roland, Rod La Rocque, Ben Lyon, Sitting: Chester Morris, Buster Collier, and Gary Cooper. What's it all about, boys?](image)
his hotel and the studio. At the finish he was hustled on a train and arrived in Hollywood, just in time to learn that they wouldn't be ready for him for almost three weeks, so he and his wife hopped the Chief and raced back to New York to keep some of the social engagements they had been forced to turn down.

**

Kay Francis landed in Hollywood with the reputation of being the best-dressed actress in New York City. Of course everybody wanted to see what she wore, how she wore it, and what she thought of the Hollywood mode. The night of her arrival she started on her picture and for three weeks the light of day did not see Kay Francis. However, she has emerged and I happened to meet her on a flying trip from San Francisco where she had gone to see the Golden Gate, while Paramount waited for 'retakes' on her picture. She had on sea green pantaloons, an orange sleeveless sweater, a green blazer, and a batik square around her head. With her flashing black eyes and red lips, she looked like a pirate straight from pirate-land, and what a handsome one, too! I don't know how long Kay is going to stay, but everybody thinks she is swell.

There is one couple who have adapted themselves to the inconsistencies of sound picture life. They are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen. After Dick was on his tenth week of night work, Joby began to plan how she could salvage a little of her husband's society. He was just coming in to bed as she was getting up in the morning and just going out before she was ready to eat her dinner, so they never saw each other.

One evening Joby said, "Dick, I think I will come to the studio with you and sleep days just as you do, because it is so lonesome never seeing you any more." So Joby came to work with Dick every night, bundling herself up in all sorts of coats and blankets. But it wasn't enough to keep the penetrating cold away and not long ago she got pneumonia, which she has since recovered from. It ain't all honey, and it ain't all pie, this being married to a moving picture actor these days!

'Dynamic' furniture seems to be what's in order now in Hollywood. Charlie Mack has moved into an eighteen-room modernistic mansion, with modernistic swimming pool, modernistic garages, modernistic landscaping. And the furniture especially designed for this quixotic abode is named by its creator 'Dynamic.' So you can expect anything from Charlie from now on.

A new personality has come to Hollywood. She is little and dark with big wistful brown eyes and a sweet smile. Her name is Liska March. She was lunching at the Montmartre with Margaret Ettinger one day and Gloria Swanson and Edmund Goulding sat at the next table. They kept looking over at Liska and finally Mr. Goulding took Margaret Ettinger aside and asked her who the beautiful brunette was. "Gloria thinks she is wonderful, too," said Eddie; and the result was that Liska is booked for the next Swanson picture which Eddie will direct.

If you watch out you will see her in "Melody Lane" first, and hear her too, because it is a Universal talking picture, and Liska finished her bit of it last week.

Reginald Denny, with his bride, the adorable little Bubbles, motored to their mountain cabin atop the San Bernardino mountains near Big Bear last Saturday. They took with them several guests for the week end, and with Earl Snell Reggie expected to remain throughout the week while they collaborated on his next and last picture for Universal.

Reggie's contract after that will be held by an English company and Reggie will make two pictures there and return to film the rest in America.

What a place he has! The cabin is made entirely of logs, the furnishings are made of logs, even the lamp and ash tray standards are twisted branches, all treated with some sort of varnish that makes the bark smooth to the touch. There are three master bedrooms in the cabin and over the garage one huge room and bath with seven beds and seven dressing tables for the men of the party when
there is a crowd. Then there is a barn with four horses and there are three dogs, and chickens and everything.

There are five acres fenced in by a split rail fence, and they overlook the world from an altitude of seven thousand feet, as far as the eye can reach. On a clear day San Diego is plainly visible and it is over two hundred miles away. There are pines of every description, some of them 100 feet high, and at least twenty different varieties of wild flowers. Carpets of wild iris, that look like Japanese iris, and of tiny fuzzy lupins growing about three inches high and including in their color scheme all shades of opalescent purple; Wild Sweet William, orange in color with perfume like a jasmin, and many others. A perfect fairyland!

Next to Reggie's place is Hoot Gibson's, with about the same amount of land. As we were turning in the private road which leads to the two places we met Hoot and hailed him. There was a little boy in our party, Bobby, the nephew of Reggie's business manager Vernon Wood. When our car passed Bobby breathed a heavy sigh: "Gee," he said, "I saw him in person!" Hoot, it seems, is Bobby's idol next to Reginald Denny.

Bubbles had no sooner settled herself on the couch in front of the great log fire than she remembered that the last Mayfair dance was to be held the following Saturday. "We'll have to go back in time for it, Reggie," she said. "No, darling," said Reggie. "We have a whole week's work to do on the story and we won't be able to make it."

A mutinous look came into Bubbles' brown eyes and her little chin went up. "Well, we won't talk about it now, but we'll see," she said and settled her little head more comfortably against her husband's shoulder.

And personally, I bet on Bubbles. It looked to me as if Reggie would never deny her anything she set her heart on even though it put him to some inconvenience.

It looks as if Ben Lyon and Bebe were not to be married just yet. When Bebe started work on "Rio Rita" at RKO she decided commuting to the beach was too strenuous a job so she has taken an apartment in Hollywood and furnished it in her own good taste. Ben Lyon has taken an apartment in a new building across the street, also buying new furniture, and with Bebe's help has fixed himself a very attractive place indeed.

Ben is a very neat person and if anything is out of place or disorderly he is miserable until it is tidied up.

The other evening a friend called him up and asked that Ben join him at a party. "I can't," said Ben, "I'm busy."

"What are you doing?" asked the friend.

"Well, at the present moment I'm holding a blotting paper over some candle grease stains on my new couch, and over the blotting paper I'm holding a hot iron. And from the number of spots I judge it will take me most of the evening."

Ben has one of those enormous cathedral candles in his living room, and a friend who did not understand the technique of snuffing it gave a mighty blow that sent the wax flying in every direction. Hence Ben's busy evening.

By the way, Ben is a sensation over on the United Artists lot where he is playing in "Lummox." His voice registers one hundred per cent over the mike and it looks as if he could stay at U. A. as long as he wants to.

All gossip to the contrary, while this is not the first time Patsy Ruth Miller has had an engagement ring bought for her, Tay Garnett's is the first she has accepted.

Pat is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood with the gentlemen of the community because she treats them like a lot of brothers: swims, rides, hikes or plays tennis with them and invites the whole crowd in for a bite which she makes them help prepare. No low-lighted, perfumed rooms for Pat. Fresh, pure air and plenty of sunlight is her diet, and sleep when she can get it: if anybody in Hollywood can sleep these talking picture days.

Pat and her Dad and Tay turned the lights on the tennis court last evening so that I could see the roses, and I must say they were a gorgeous sight. All around the high wire fence climbs a variety of English Rambler rose which is now in full bloom. It is different from our rambler in this: each rose is the size of an ordinary one but they are in clusters. Some of the sprays they picked for me had ten or twelve roses on one stalk—a whole bouquet in a spray. Pat told me that they have found as many as
twenty-two on one spray. They are a rich, deep red, almost the color of a Liberty rose.

Pat has just finished the talking version of a picture made at Tiffany-Stahl many months ago and will begin work on "So Long Letty" at Warner's within the next few days. She has definitely set her marriage with Tay Garnett for September.

Olive Borden's bob is the neatest thing I have seen. Her head is very small and well shaped and her hair being thick and lustrous and just wavy enough hug her little head in a most attractive swirl.

"That Borden girl sure has a mean figure," said a fellow actress admiringly watching Olive's lissom little body clad in a tight-fitting yellow satin evening gown whirl into a fox trot.

Olive came bounding off the set, her black eyes glowing with exuberance. "Look at my slippers," she said, holding up her tiny foot for me to see. "They have to put felt soles and rubber heels on my slippers so that they will make no noise, and they are awkward to dance in. They won't push." * * *

Back of Mary Pickford's bungalow on the lot there is a large cage, about four feet wide and six feet high, which is the summer home of Joe, a handsome cockatoo given

William Boyd, the stage star—no relation to the screen star of the same name—who was brought from Broadway to play in George Fitzmaurice's all-dialogue picture, "The Locked Door," sees the end of the big legitimate theater in the near future. He does not say that stage shows will be killed off entirely by the popularity of sound pictures, but he believes that artistic Little Theaters will supplant them.

"The reason for this," Boyd explains, "is that the so-called talkies are able to give us all that the stage has and much more for a smaller admission price. I should be the last to say this because my ancestors for generations have been of the theater, but I have noted with regret the almost complete decline of the stage. If I had thought the theater was as permanent now as it has been in the past I would not have left Broadway for Hollywood."

Red Grange, the galloping ghost of the gridiron and one of the greatest football players in the history of the game, has been signed for a musical feature of college life by Universal, according to announcement by Carl Laemmle, Jr. The story is titled "College Heroes."

Except that it has a college locale the story of Grange's picture has not been announced but it seems certain that Red will be seen again as a football star. "College Heroes" will be all talking.

Leo Carrillo is in Hollywood to make his first talking and singing production for Tiffany-Stahl entitled "Mr. Antonio," the stage play by Booth Tarkington played for a long while on the legitimate stage by Otis Skinner. Mr. Carrillo is the stage star of "Lombardi, Ltd.," "The Bad Man," and other well known productions. After finishing his first picture, he leaves for a tour of the Antipodes, his first stop being Melbourne, Australia, to be gone about 22 weeks. He will then return to the United States to make his second picture, the title of which has not yet been announced.

John Boles has been raised to stardom by Universal and will be heard in three talking-musical pictures during next season. "The Song of Passion" will be the title of the first of these three pictures.

Mary by her mother about five years ago. In the winter Joe occupies one of the stars dressing-rooms on Dressing-room Row, so that he won't freeze to death.

Joe is a grumpy old soul, but he seems to like attention and usually grunts a welcome to any one who stops to pass the time of day with him. It seems to be a tremendous effort for him to open his eyes at all, but once open the little orange optics take you in from head to foot. Then Joe swallows a couple of times as he settles himself more comfortably for another snooze, and the eye that seemed so wide awake a moment before sinks into placid slumber.

Mary and Doug have started tests for the first all-talking Shakesperian picture, "The Taming of the Shrew." I hear that there are to be no liberties taken with the text or plot, just some judicious cutting here and there.
Even a Screen Villain was a Pretty Baby Once!

Little did Chester Morris' doting parents think when they persuaded their darling to pose for this picture that he would grow up to be an eminent portray of crook and criminal roles on stage and screen! (P.S. They're mighty proud of him, though.)

Chester Morris, one of the sensations of the talking screen as the craven killer, Chick Williams, in the melodramatic "Alibi." Chester has worked hard and found fame and fortune as America's foremost young actor of mean underworldings.
Before a Famous Ingenue Climbed the Ladder

Little Anita Pomares, with her bright gold hair hanging in curls down her back, went to school in Long Island, N.Y. Then she went to dancing school and finally, they say, tried to enter the Paramount School, only to be told, 'No room.' So she went to Hollywood.

Today Anita Page is the leading ingenue of the screen. Her blonde beauty, unaffected charm, and incidentally hard work have made her a world figure—and she is scarcely twenty! In her grown-up picture Anita is wearing the last Hollywood word in beach adornment—necklace and bracelet of sponge!
The Stage Coach

Amusing Comments on Current Broadway Stage Plays

A Night in Venice

A handsome and, in the main, a happy Shubert revue. Ted Healy steps into his own as one of the brighter of the Broadway comedians, assisted by his now famous trio of Beau Brum- mels. The Chester Hale girls are comely wenches, executing graceful steps with robot-like precision. The Milles. Beth and Betty Dodge imitate birds, swans and roosters, in addition to whistling, dancing, and singing in French. Joe and Pete Michon engage in a series of acrobatic stunts proving that some human bodies, at any rate, contain a high percentage of rubber. Betty Rees dances on her toes, and up and down staircases. There is a jungle dance that has thrills in it. In short, here is a high, wide and handsome entertainment for the summer.

Stepping Out

Presented by Charles Dillingham, in association with Eddie Dowling and Edgar MacGregor, "Stepping Out" is offered as a "new and modern comedy" by Elmer Harris, who used to write things for what was known in our day as the silent screen. "New and modern" it may be, but you've seen it before in "Cradle Snatchers" and "My Girl Friday." If you liked those—and we didn't—you may gather for yourself some chuckles at the tale of two men who went philandering, and whose wives came back just in time to spoil the party. The wives, of course, go philandering themselves in revenge.

Our objection to this sort of play is not a moral one. Indeed, here and there, we found ourselves giving vent to a few chuckles of our own. But our main objection comes down to one thing always: that the play was not written by the late Avery Hopwood. Hopwood could do these things with a light touch. Most of our other non-Gallic playwrights are a shade too heavy-handed.

The Grand Street Follies

Not perhaps quite as up to snuff as some of the earlier Grand Street satires, this, nevertheless, turns out to be an amusing revue. As usual, the apes win: Dorothy Sands' and Paula Trueman's impersonations of certain celebrated names in the theater are gorgeous; Albert Carroll, for once, is not quite as happily placed, though even he has his moments. The ideas—every single one of 'em—are grand: it is in their execution that something is definitely lacking.

For instance, to take a matter near to our heart, take the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers as done by the Four Marx Brothers. There is, certainly, material for a frolic. And when Marc Loebell enters, wearing the Groucho mustache, you are in the mood to laugh at anything. Anything, that is, except the lines that follow. The idea disintegrates right before your eyes, and your fun with it.

Still, Paula Trueman as Ruth Gordon in "Serena Blandish" will make up even for that disappointment.

White

Joseph Letona and Charlotte Woodruff in a scene from the new musical comedy, "Music in May."
By Morrie Ryskind

Congratulations

Here is pure hokum, lightly done and quaintly spread. And it makes a pretty summer dish to set before the king.

Every once in a while no great shucks of a play comes out and admits it, and pulls the audience along by saying “You’ll have to get into this if you expect to have a good time.” Often the audience says, “We can’t be bothered.” But in the case of “The Last Warning,” the audience did bother. And so it does with “Congratulations.”

A tale laid in the theater with the audience as audience. Some nice cracks, some wise ones and a tale of an actor who was elected Mayor. Nothing to write home about, but a good entertainment.

Music in May

Whatever would have happened to this romantic operetta without the broad German dialect and non-romantic attitude of Solly Ward is not even matter for speculation. The show would have gone immediately from the try-out period on the road into the storehouse where all shows—good and bad—wind up eventually.

The fact, however, remains, that Solly Ward is in the show. And for that let us be grateful and stop bringing up silly ideas. Solly Ward is in the show and Solly Ward is funny. That is, he is funny to us.

Though it ought to be admitted, by one who claims to love the truth as much as we do; that we are just a sucker for a German comic. Lew Fields has to do nothing but mispronounce one word to knock us off our seat; when Jack Pearl fumbles for a phrase and finally comes up with ‘Dumkopf,’ that terrific peal of laughter designates where your correspondent is rolling in the aisle; and when Solly Ward gets involved in a speech, those hysterical shrieks are emanating from no one but SCREENLAND’s middle-aged dramatic critic.

Of course, some people will go to see this show just because it’s a romantic operetta wherein a prince marries a commoner and they spend all their time singing love duets right after the worst song cues anybody ever wrote. Even we liked the students’ songs and the settings and the Chester Hale girls and the string orchestra. But don’t let anybody kid you. Anybody can write song cues—except for this show; they were special ones—but this is the only show in town with Solly Ward in it.
Photographs of Miss Hyams by Clarence Sinclair Bull.

Leila is one of Leo's pet actresses. Leo? Why, don't you know? He's the fierce old Metro-Goldwyn lion who roars at you from the screen at the beginning of every M-G-M feature.

Leila Hyams gives the breakers a break when she isn't working before the camera.
AND THE Beach

Photographs of Miss MacKail by Harold Dean Carey.

"Talking pictures have given Dorothy MacKail's career a new lease on life. "Mike" took a fancy to her from the start and she returns the compliment. Her latest is "The Great Divide."

Dorothy MacKail battled successfully with the sound waves and then tackled the Pacific.
Ask Me!

An Answer Department of Information about Players and Pictures.

By Miss Vee Dee

SCREENLAND'S Answer Girl will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture players. If you wish an answer in the magazine please be patient and await your turn, but if you prefer a personal reply from Miss Vee Dee, enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

Since Ruth Etting has appeared in Paramount talking shorts, Miss Vee Dee has been receiving letters asking about her. Miss Etting is an important feature of Ziegfeld's "Whoopee" and makes singles in her spare time.

ORTHON R., of Arkansas Pass, Some people have all the luck—I've always wanted to live in a town with a name like that but Texas will have to get along without me until flying is made easier on commuters. William Hart hasn't been in pictures for a long time. He has been making cowboy poem records for a talking machine company. He may do a talking picture. He was on the stage at the age of 19 and played with many noted stars before going into pictures. Pearl White is no longer in films, having retired some time ago. She lives abroad. You can write to Philippe De Lacy at 904 Guarantee Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.

Connie, Sassy and Tom Boy of Chicago. Wouldn't that just kill you? But there's safety in numbers. As the Windy City is so well represented this month, we'll make this a 'get-together' meeting and I'd like to see any one stop us. Jane La Verne played with Reginald Denny in "That's My Daddy." She is 5 years old. She appears with Mary Astor and Charles Morton in "New Year's Eve." You can reach Carl Lincoln and Alberta Vaughan at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Step up, Sassy, with the rest of the orchestra; it's your turn. You saw Billie Dove with Larry Kent and Lowell Sherman in "Heart of A Follies Girl." Billie is one of the beauties of the screen and it is no wonder you boys skipped a note now and then on your trusty Saxies. As far as I know, Billie has been married but once and her husband is one of Hollywood's most devoted. He is Irvin Willat, the director. Now Tom Boy, get in the magic circle while I pour out another round of wisdom. Buzz Barton is 13 years old. At the age of 6, he gained the nickname of 'Buzz,' after riding an unbroken horse and completely subduing it. You can write him at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Junior Coglan was born in New Haven, Conn. He has brown eyes and light hair. He gets his fan mail at Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. Jackie Googan is 14 years old.

Marion M. C. of Kalamazoo, Mich. Do I ever take a long vacation? Well, for the love of silent pictures! As long as I'm the world's well-known 'this and that' of information, vacation will be a mere word to me, nothing more. Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson were born in Sweden. Renee Adorée was born in France; Dolores Del Rio and Ramon Novarro in Mexico; George K. Arthur in England; Jobjna Ralston in Tennessee, and Colleen Moore in Ohio.

An Admirer from Montreal. I think I have the answer to your inquiry about Norma Talmadge. She hasn't made a picture since "The Woman Disputed" for she has been vacationing in Europe—so don't lose hope, you may get her photograph yet. Anita Page plays with Bessie Love in "Broadway Melody," one of the most convincing of the talking pictures. She has big parts and good breaks in "Our Dancing Daughters" and "The Flying Fleet." Your story would have to be a sure-fire-hit to be accepted by any picture producers as they have their own writing staffs.


Miss Betty from Westville, N. J. You want my impression of Buddy Rogers—he is as nice a boy as you'd ever hope to meet. Good looking? I hope to let you know he is. In his next picture with Nancy Carroll, called "Close Harmony," he will tease the megaphone and bring happy smiles to all tired business girls. Buddy played with Marian Nixon in "Red Lips."

Eddie of Boston, Mass. So you are going to be a popular bird in the movies, are you? From your descriptive expression, you have everything a high salaried star should have and plenty of it. Janet Gaynor, John Gilbert, and William Haines are "all American." Janet is 22 years old, John...
Dot of Indianapolis. You turn a very neat phrase or two about SCREENLAND and why shouldn’t you, we deserve it? Viola Richard is not Charles Rogers’ sister; neither is Richard Dix the brother of Mary Brian. Billie Dove’s husband is Irvin Willat. Little Davey Lee is a star at the age of 4 years, in “Sonny Boy”—supporting him are Betty Bronson, Gertrude Olmstead and Edward Everett Horton. Davey was born December 29, 1924.

Curious Virginia, Pocatecct, R. I. Yes, you might call me mrs-information but I ask you, is that nice? Mary Astor is 23 years old and the wife of Kenneth Hawks. Mary has auburn hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. You can reach her at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Audrye Ferris was born August 30, 1909. Write her at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Mary Philbin is one of the Universal stars. Her latest release is “Port of Dreams.” Address Nancy Carroll at Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marge of Sioux City, Iowa. You can always have the key to my department if all your letters are as charming as the first one Corinne Griffith’s real name is Corinne Scott. She was born November 25, 1897, at Texarkana, Tex. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her husband is Walter Morocco. Gary Cooper’s latest film is “The Virginian” with Mary Brian. Gary was born May 7, 1901, at Helena, Mont. He has dark blue eyes, brown hair, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. Nancy Carroll plays with Gary in “The Shopworn Angel.”

Waneta from Chester, N. H. Of course I’ll be a rainbow round your shoulders and we’ll go places and ring door-bells. You want a picture of Charles Rogers in SCREENLAND—that’s nothing, but to see an issue without his picture, that’s news. Janet Gaynor gets her fan mail at Fox Studios 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Richard Barthelmess at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

La Von J. of Sunger, Cal. You’re twelve years old and have had the movie fever for three years—you should have consulted me before this. I can’t give you Richard Barthelmess’ life up to the present day—he and little daughter Mary Hay will have something to say about that. You’ll hear his voice in his new picture, “Weary River,” Betty Compson is his leading lady and that makes two good excuses for stacking the dinner dishes when Dick and Betty come to your theater. Richard was born in New York City in 1896. He has black hair and brown eyes. A few of his older films are, “Nabey Married,” “Broken Blossoms,” “Way Down East,” “Experience,” and “Tolable David.”

Kenneth D. of Bristol, N. H. You are one of the ‘show-me’ boys—you want your finger in all the movie pies, don’t you? Dorothy Kitchen is now Nancy Drexel in pictures. She plays with Janet Gaynor, Barry Norton and Charles Morton in “The Four Devils.” You can reach George Hackathorne at Hotel Palomar, Hollywood.


A Ralph Forbes Fan from Brooklyn. There isn’t anyone I’d rather say things about—nice things, of course, than your favorite, Ralph Forbes. He has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Some of his films are, “The Masks of the Devil” with John Gilbert, “The Whip” with Dorothy Mackaill, and “Restless Youth” with Marjorie and Ruth Chatterton appears with Emil Jannings and Barry Norton in “Sins of the Fathers.” Juliane Johnston, who played with Douglas Fairbanks in “Thief of Bagdad,” was born in Indianapolis, Ind. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes.

A Buddy Rogers Fan, Parkersburg, W. Va. You’d like me to slam a few words around with you about Buddy Rogers—one of the nicest things I do is to talk about Buddy. He is very musical, having earned

C”Is Clara Bow popular?” “Ask Me” says Miss Vee Dee who received more letters about Clara than about any other girl this month.

C Joan Crawford Fairbanks is proud of her high standing with the Ask Me readers (So is Doug., Jr.!”

C You’d smile, too, if you were as popular as Richard Arlen is with Miss Vee Dee’s correspondents.
but it did not keep Malcolm MacGregor, Jack Ludden and Barry Norton out of the movie industry. Your inquiry about Neil Hamilton is answered elsewhere in this department. Owen Moore and Harry Crocker played with Sally O'Neil in "Becky." Sally Rand was born in Winchester, Ky., and was in Gus Edwards' Revue before going into the flickers. She is a gray-eyed blonde, is 5 feet tall and weighs 114 pounds.

A Canadian Fan. Many happy overtures and a heigh-ho for Montreal and all other movie fans, silent or loud speaking. Dust off the old ear muffs and listen in. Renee Adoree was born in Lille, France, in 1901. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Hugh Allan was born in Oakland, Cal., Nov. 5, 1903. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Barry Norton played with Emil Jannings and Ruth Chatterton in "Sins of the Fathers." You can reach Barry at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mickey from Lowell, Mass. If I said all I think, I'd be speechless but what's one speechless among friends? No, I don't think that's so funny, either. Gilbert Roland was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, in December, 1905. He is not married. He is to play the hero in Norma Talmadge's first talkie film for United Artists, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Ralph Forbes is a native of London, England. He was born September 30, 1902. His wife is Ruth Chatterton who was very well-known on the stage before going into films. Ralph is playing on the stage in Los Angeles right now, but will doubtless be making pictures again soon.

Allie from San Ysidro, Cal. I may have dreamy eyes but I'm always wide awake. I have to be to hold this job, take it from me! Norma Shearer is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. Sally Rand weighs 114 pounds and is 5 feet tall. Joan Crawford is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Beside Love has light brown hair, weighs 100 pounds and is 5 feet tall.

Marjorie W. of Indianapolis. Our next offering for your pleasure will be a little ditty entitled, "The Age Limit." Larry Kent is 26. Barry Norton is 24. William Collier Jr., is 27. Conrad Nagel is 32. Marian Nixon is 24, Dolores Costello is 23 and Dorothy Mackaill is 25.

An Admirer from New York. I'm not tossing myself any bouquets but aren't you neglecting me in your pean of praise? William Boyd can be reached at Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. Barry Norton is loaned to other companies but has a contract with Fox Studios. At this writing he is working at Paramount Studios, filming "The Command to Love." Barry has black hair and brown eyes. George Lewis can be addressed at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. He is married to a non-professional, Mary Louise Lohman. Address Ralph Graves at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ralph plays with Ramon Novarro, Carroll Nye, Edward Nutgen and Gardner James in "The Flying Fleet."

Bebe of British Columbia. When all others fail, try my department—I guarantee my line, all questions answered in time and you'll all have a whale of a chance to get inside of something big. John Mack Brown was born in Dothan, Ala., Sept. 1, 1904. That is his real name. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He played with Greta Garbo in "A Woman of Affairs" and in "A Lady of Chance" with Norma Shearer. You can write to Johnny at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Dorothy Sebastian plays with Buster Keaton in "Spite Marriage." Dorothy is a southern peach, I mean she actually is. She was born in Birmingham, Ala., on April 26, 1903. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes with long dark lashes.

Marjorie of Toronto, Ont. You're crazy to see what I look like? Well, you would be! Alice White has reddish-gold hair and brown eyes as we go to press, but you never can tell about these modern girls and the color of their locks. Ronald Colman and John Gilbert are not related. Raquel Torres played with Monte Blue in "White Shadows of the South Seas." Her real name is Guillermina von Ostermann. She is in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" with Lily Damita and Don Alvarado, a forthcoming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

C. W. T. of Chattanooga, Tenn. Have we any rich men's sons in pictures and why not? Pretty soft to have lots of dough

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schilckraut in their Beverly Hills home. She is Elise Bartlett of stage and screen.
THEY might be twins, but they aren't, really—except insofar as they are both features of Mr. William Fox's motion picture program. Mary Astor and June Collyer are sisters in celluloid but until it happened that both girls worked together on the Fox lot, nobody noticed the amazing resemblance. Both are tall, brown-eyed. Though Mary's hair is titian and June's brown, they photograph the same. And now we suppose they will be getting one another's fan mail!
they had taken off their masks.

"Oh, who is the sixteenth century knight who has been playing his mandolin so badly, and whose sword I have been falling over whenever I’ve danced with him?" demanded George. The mystery was explained when everybody unmasked and Ralph Forbes was revealed as the knight. He had come with his wife, Ruth Chatterton, who wore a charming costume of Colonial days.

"Oh, there’s the newest romance!" whispered Patsy. Just then Lily Damita walked by with Prince Louis Ferdinand, the Kaiser’s son, both having unmasked, and the Prince paying devoted attention to the fair Lily.

"I really want to stay in California," the Prince told us wistfully. "But I’ve got to go to South America to attend to some business. Then, perhaps—and he glanced at Lily, who blushed sweetly. And when Lily blushes it means something, as she is usually a very self-possessed young lady. The Prince is a modest young chap with big brown eyes that seem to be appealing to you to like him.

"For all his faraway, wistful look," put in Patsy when he had gone, "I’ll wager he is as practical as any other man. I heard he doesn’t in the least want to go into pictures, and that he would love to own an automobile business.

We walked out under the cherry trees, covered with blossoms, which our hostess had brought to the terrace as decorations, and found—whom do you think?—our host and hostess embracing under a cherry tree. They explained it quite comically that this was really the celebration of their fourth wedding anniversary, and that they had just purposely waited four years before saying it with a party, because people were always so ready to say caustic things about wedding anniversaries, especially first ones.

Gloria Swanson was there with a costume—she is a friend of both Gloria’s and her husband’s, and we found that our hostess considers Ivan one of the most interesting of the foreigners in our midst.

Fred Burt, Helen Ware’s husband, got a lot of laughter with his costume, which represented The Spirit of Real Estate, the upper part being a sort of box, representing a real estate office, covered with signs.

"There’s Jetta Goudal," observed Patsy, "and though she often dresses a bit as if she might be going to a masquerade any minute, she shows what she can do when she really goes to a masquerade.

Miss Goudal wore the dress of a Hindoo dancer, even to the painted toes and little bells and bangles. She looked lovely and won a prize.

The legends wittered that the cherry-blossom romance was Romance Lane, when we found another couple holding hands. About as very nice and very steal away, Blanche Sweet called out. "Oh, come on in and sit with us!"

The man was Micky Neilan, from whom Blanche is supposed to be about to get a divorce.

Micky, we found, was very grateful to Mrs. Rathbone for inviting both himself and Blanche, and couldn’t, we heard, thank her enough. Evidently he thought she had arranged for the two to be brought together, but she confided to us that she hadn’t even thought of it.

Marion Davies was there, wearing a gorgeous costume, and looking lovely. She made her appearance uniquely in a basket.

Florence Vidor arrived with her husband, Jascha Heifitz, both clad as Dutch children, looking very picturesque. Florence is delighted over the prospect of visiting all the musical centers of Europe this summer with her husband, and of meeting many noted artists.

"There’s one girl I’ve been following about all evening," John Davidson confided to us. "She is wearing a most bizarre and fascinating costume, with lace stockings and green wig. I simply must find out who she is before we unmask. That’s the thrilling part about this kind of a party. Besides.

"Sally Starr from the stage makes her screen debut in the first all-talking campus picture, ‘College Days.’"

Romeo met Juliet at a masked ball; didn’t he?

But alas, when he finally managed to make the lady disclose a bit of her face—she turned out to be Lilayan Tashman, and of course Lilayan’s husband, Eddie Lowe, was close at hand.

"Dear me! I might have known that Romeo wouldn’t have any luck in love!" exclaimed John.

Adrian, the fashion expert, came as a tattooed Zulu, and was highly effective. "And he must be much cooler dancing than we are, for though his tattoo marks are all on silk, still silk is a lot cooler than velvet," sighed Sir Knight Ralph Forbes.

Blanche Sweet was wearing a costume made up entirely of feathers, so no wonder if she found the terrace an alluring place. However, she and Micky Neilan danced together almost continually.

I forgot to tell you that Billy Haines wore an acrobatic costume, and brought his troupe of acrobats with him, doing some funny burlesque stunts after supper and unmasking.

King Vidor and his wife, Eleanor Boardman, were amusing in costume, King as a Russian peasant and Eleanor as a mediaval princess—King gold dress, sandals and all.

"But if anybody ever looked cute, it is Rene Adoree," cried Patsy, as Rene swung by, dancing with Larry Gray. She wore a Paris Apache’s outfit, and was as amusing as a wife.

"Ah, here’s another budding romance!" ejaculated Patsy, as we sat in the balcony watching the dancers, and she pointed out Fay Compton, the English actress, and Sidney Howard. Neither of us knew Fay Compton, but we nodded to Howard—when he could take his eyes off his partner for one little minute.

One of the most striking costumes was that of Helen Ware, who came dressed as a red nun with a halo of red around her head.

"There’s the pony team—George K. Arthur and his wife," cried Patsy, as the comedian and his sweet spouse waltzed by. George as a Scottish Highlander and Mrs. Arthur as a Scottish lady of long ago. We chatted with them, and found that George is looking forward to a summer in Europe and to making a few British pictures.

Jack Conway, clad as a clown, and his wife also in clown’s costume, hailed us, and presently there joined us Lenore Bennett, Mrs. Conway’s sister, looking lovely in a colonial costume.

Jack said that he knew he hadn’t disguised himself much by putting on a clown costume, but it was cool and light at any rate.

John Cromwell and his wife, Kay Johnson, were charming, Miss Johnson in Colonial dress and Cromwell in a military costume, and Miss Johnson said that she didn’t know how a lady in tight corsets and hoops ever got up gumption enough to dance with anybody, or how she could think of anything but the moment she would get home and get her corsets off.

Mrs. Mitchell Lyon wore a Spanish bride costume, white satin with yards of train on the floor. She sang for us after supper in that lovely voice of hers.

Charles Brabin came as the Duke of Wellington, and Theda Bara in a striking Venetian gown.

There was a lot of fun when the guests began imitating the entertainers. When the Spanish dancer, for instance, wore his suit, Billy Haines, Renee Adoree and others thought they must go Spanish, too, and drew out shouts of laughter with their burlesque Spanish dancing, while, when the girl sang her Spanish songs, everybody joined in the singing whether they knew the words and music or not.

A lot of the guests enjoyed themselves hugely and were very funny, riding on Maurice Revnes’ little boy scooter. He wore pants like a kid’s, with little boy’s underpants written all over them, and took everybody riding on his wagon.

King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman made an amusing couple on the scooter, King pretending he was scared to death, and Eleanor putting on her most high-and-mighty air as they sailed past.

Fred Niblo wore Lord Dundreary whiskers and Turkish trousers, and his worsted fez, so we couldn’t quite make out what he was intended to represent, unless it was Bluebeard, and we forgot to ask him, but he was amusing and a little off-color, especially when doing a Russian dance.

Lois Wilson was there, and so were Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Max Reit, Robert Castle, Kathryn Bennett and others.

"It is an odd little assortment of people
seats, I thought, 'Oh, dear, they aren't coming in!' But the seats were soon all filled.'

Thalberg, we learned, had been sent post haste to the telephone to tell his servants to prepare salads and sandwiches, so that the partygoers could feast in honor of Norma.

'I've never been so nervous in my life,' our hostess glowingly admitted. 'I heard somebody sneezing, and I thought, 'Now, here's somebody who doesn't like me, who has come to grab my picture,' but the sneezer turned out to be that very nice person, Gus Edwards, so I knew that he had a sincere cold.'

Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire were there together at the opening and at the party afterward, and Norma has since confided to us that she feels sure she had something to do with the success of the romance between the two, inasmuch as she had finally persuaded Ina Claire to come to the opening after that young lady had explained that she was afraid she couldn't because she had to study her first talking picture rôle, since she had to go to work next day. She and Jack had come together, and Jack seemed very attentive.

'Personally,' whispered Patsy, as we watched them that evening, I'm awfully glad. Somehow Ina seems more like Jack's kind than Greta Garbo. She's a bright, cultured American girl, and seems to me awfully well suited to Jack.'

We had a nice little chat with H. B. Warner and his wife, and with Raymond Hackett and his wife, Myra Hampton.

Lilyan Tashman come with her husband, Eddie Love, and there were Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere, Moon Carroll and her husband, Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, Clifton Brookes; Sylvia Thalberg and Larry Weingarten, Miss Thalberg's husband; Norma's mother, Mrs. Edith Shearer—her children all call her 'Edie';—Mrs. William Thalberg, Irving's mother; Norma's brother, Douglas Shearer, and her sister Ethel with her husband, Howard Hawks; Mr. and Mrs. William De Mille; Cecil De Mille and his daughter, Cecelia; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hatton, the playwrights; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Earle; Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg; Gertrude Olmstead and Robert Leonard; Gus Edwards and his wife; Winfield Sheehan and Mrs. Laughlin; Marion Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Franklin, Charlotte Greenwood and Martin Broone, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Conway; Eddie Mannix and his wife; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rapf, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, and a dozen others.

Norma laughingly told us a joke on herself.

'Ina Claire sat next to me at the opening,' she said, 'and a woman dashed up to Ina after the performance, and, totally ignoring me, exclaimed to her, 'You're Ina Claire, aren't you? And you're going to do 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,' aren't you?' Yes, I'm Ina Claire, but Miss Shearer here is going to play "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,"' Ina answered. 'Well, I do hope,' said the woman turning to me, 'that she shows you how to do it!' Oh, dear, how that did take the wind out of my sails to be sure,' Norma laughed, 'but I only answered faintly, 'Well unfortunately those things aren't learned overnight.''

Norma had taken all sorts of comfortable chairs and sofas down to the big living room for us, but everybody was so excited that nobody sat down, but stood about chatting and even ate their sandwiches standing up.

Norma told us how at one time she had adored going to openings, but that lately she had dreaded them, because something terrible always happened just as she was getting out of her car and everybody was staring.

'Once,' she laughed. 'I was just stepping out of my car in grand fashion, and I also stepped right out of my shoe! The crowd had started to applaud but stopped to laugh! I'm sure I'm going to do a funny fall some time just as I'm going into the theater.'
your hands just as hard as a boy does. Yet, you don't want them to look as a boy's does, to look like some modern day's, no one wants a pair of softy, white, helpless looking hands, but neither do you want to sit at lunch or the tea, or card table with rough, red hands with badly manicured nails.

The rules of keeping the hands in order are extremely simple. There is the nightly treatment, the daily treatment, and there is the occasional special treatment.

I know a girl who gives her hands what she calls a 'facial' when she wants them to look especially well. She uses a cleansing cream, an astrigent cream and gesso, all as though in truth, her face she was treating. While giving this treatment, she massages her fingers with a quick, firm, downward movement as though working on a pair of gloves.

In summer time, if she wants her hands to appear whiter, softer and cooler, she soaks her hands for a few minutes in cool water to which a few drops of benzoin have been added. And she has a trick too, in summer, particularly when 'making up' for a day in the open, of using on her hands and arms (and quite often her face) a foundation cream and liquid powder which combine to give the fashionable sunburn-shade so much to be desired by athletic girls. And the beauty of it is, it not only is an attractive makeup, it protects the skin and keeps it from acquiring real sunburn.

But let's go back to the nightly hand treatment which is, after all, most important. First, comes perfect cleanliness. Don't use harsh soaps on your hands, even if they are very soiled. Use a mild soap and warm water and use a handbrush to scrub off cosmetic stains. After drying carefully, if your hands are still grimy, work cold cream into the skin to let the oils loosen the dirt. Wash the hands again with soap and water and they will be clean and soft. Rinse thoroughly in warm water, then in cold. Dry carefully, never wringing them or pulling the skin, but stroking them gently from the fingers to the back. Do not leave a trace of moisture. Hands that are carelessly dried are hands that age rapidly and become roughened and chapped. Every night massage a few minutes using a good cream. Rub with light, circular movements into the backs of the hands, the fingers, taking care that as much cream is pushed into the knuckles as they will absorb. Pinch the fingertips between the thumb and forefinger to coax them into tapering lines.

If your skin is unusually sensitive, almond meal is a delicate substitute for soap for daytime use. Many women too, use corn meal in place of soap during the day. A tablespoonful of meal rubbed well into the hands will remove stains and leave the hands soft and white. After drying hands carefully, use a good hand lotion, no matter how many times a day you wash them. Pour a little of the lotion in the palm of one hand and rub your hands together, smoothing it into the skin.

Not so long ago, glycercine and rose water was a favorite hand lotion, and lemon or orange juice was used to remove stains and sunburn. But many skins do not take kindly to glycercine, and lemon or orange juice are not always conveniently at hand. The hand lotions of the specialists and cosmetic manufacturers of today are kinder to the skin, and you can find among the many excellent hand preparation one just suited to your skin. There are many delightful hand lotions to be had, on the market. Most of these, incidentally, are drying. So if you massage your hands with a bleaching cream, massage again with an oily cream to prevent dryness.

If your hands are often in water, the skin of them may become very dry. Or, it may be naturally dry. Care of your hands, therefore, must aim to replace the oils which keep them soft and smooth. About one night a week, hold them for about ten minutes in a bowl of warm olive oil which should be massaged gently in, as much as can be absorbed. On this night, wear a pair of clean, loose gloves to bed.

Dung things with your hands wreaks particular havoc on your fingernails. If you do you manicure, do it with care, and attention to tiny details of immaculate perfection in grooming.

In shaping the nails, it is in better taste not to leave the nails too long or pointed. If you curve your nails to follow the curve of your fingertips, you will find this an excellent length both for good looks and convenience. Use great care in pushing and training the cuticle edge back from your half moons. Use a good cuticle oil or cream. If you keep your nails and cuticle always soft and pliable, they will seldom break, split or crack.

The color of your nails, like their length, is also an expression of good or bad taste. A polished nail just a bit pink is smarter, in most cases, than a brilliant polish. If you are a bit extreme, this might be the sort of polish for you.

One of the late improvements in nail polishes is a perfumed liquid polish. This imparts a fine lustre to the nails and leaves them smooth and dainty. A little of this polish will add greatly to its wearing qualities.

There is little we can do to change the actual bone and muscle formation of the hands, but there's one thing you can do, girls. You can be careful about the rings you wear. Don't wear a ring that is too tight. The glistening so pleasing to the woman of refinement. Two coats of this polish will add greatly to its wearing qualities.

In the old days, gloves were standardized and it was hard to go wrong. But in these days of frilly cuffs and heavily embroidered backs, it is easy to go farther and fare worse. Never wear a glove that is too tight, or one that isn't speckless. Plain beige or a grey suede pull-on are always in good taste. And whether you get the kind that goes to the cleaner or the kind that you wash out in the bathroom and hang on the rack—you will have the consciousness that your hands are smartly dressed.

There are so many things to tell you about the hands that I could not possibly get it all in this space. But if you will write to me, I will send you detailed directions for the home manicure, and exercises for beauty and symmetry of the hands.

I am so glad that my department has pleased you; and I hope all feminine readers will feel free to tell me their problems, so that I may help them.
able, felt muffling is used on the camera itself.

Wardrobe or costume designers are gradually becoming accustomed to the shocks of hectic hushing. There was the lovely gown designed for Norma Shearer in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." This was made with a taffeta lining for the buoyant effect desired but when Miss Shearer entered the scene, the recorder phoned down that her dress made a noise like a boiler factory in action. Back went the offending garment to Mrs. Halle Piper of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's wardrobe department. A flannel-like lining saved the day.

Stiff brocades are out until some way is discovered to deaden their swashing rustle. All beads must be sewn on firmly; if one should fall off and an actor step on it, the resulting slight pop would sound like a gun shot and possibly blow out a valve.

Over at Paramount, they have experienced no difficulty with taffeta. For "Magnolia," twenty girls in taffeta period gowns with double taffeta petticoats danced the minute without a murmur from the microphone. The chorus girls' tulle skirts in "Backstage Blues" were also lined with taffeta. In this studio, hair cloth is used as a lining to deaden sound. But, alas, Pola's famous dress of pearls hangs discarded in the wardrobe. "We'll never be able to use it again—it clanks and clanks as they sigh.

"No bracelets or tinkling earrings, no long pearl necklaces or beads, no jeweled trims," shriek the sound experts. A bright clothes creator out at M-G-M dipped the jingly ornaments in paraffin which is not picked up by the cameras but which nevertheless obliterates the jingle. Johanna Mathiesen, head of Universal's wardrobe, tackled the problem in a different way. Six or seven bracelets were added to the delicate afternoon frock designed for Kathyn Crawford who was promptly sent back with a request to remove the clinking jewelry. Miss Mathiesen had duplicates made in amber which doesn't tinkle; she

avers flexible rhinestone may also be used

"Oh hush, hush, hush!" runs the eternal song of Talkie land.

The felt industry must have had a boom since all actors' costumes, most tables are topped with it and all floors are lined with it. A shiny wooden floor that looks like parquet in a picture is composed of masonite wheels.

No paper must rustle and no fire must crackle. For when the heroine crumples the telegram from her false lover it sounds like a storm on a tin roof and kindling on the family hearthburns up like a forest fire. What to do? Oh, they dampen all paper used and substitute photoframe for the blaze because this is not only practically noiseless but brilliant.

Sound experts are constantly on guard against squeaks. In the "Hollywood Revue of 1929," a platform on wheels had to be moved on the stage, bearing Marie Dressler, Bessie Love and company. It protested loudly, and the wheels had to be padded heavily.

In this same picture, girls danced on a flight of stairs. The sound of their feet tap-tapping was desired, but the instant any girl stepped from the last stair, she was ordered to stand motionless on the padded floor, as extra footsteps were found to record like the advance of the German army.

It's one thing to snap: "Shut up—YOU!" to human actors and quite another to make the same remark to frogs and fowls.

The other night they were making an outdoor scene at the old Vitagraph Studio, when the frogs set up their evening chorus. "Chunk-a-chunk! " Chunk-a-chunk! " They bellowed above the dulcet tones of Alice Joyce.

Before Al Green, the director, went quite mad, a property man had a thought. He turned a bright light on the swamps, automatically turning on singing frogs, who apparently decided that day had arrived.

Turning lights on roosters, however, has a different effect.

Over at Pathé, Benjamin Glazer was directing George Barrar and Lee Patrick in "Strange Cargo," action taking place in the cove's nests of a ship at night. "Lights Camera!" called Mr. Glazer. Eight sun arcs penetrated the dark.

Simultaneously, flapping of wings came from the other side of a fence. "Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!" shilled a neighbor, under the impression that the 'dawn had come.'

Nothing could quiet him. After wasting the night and running up an expense of $3,000, the company was dismissed. They bought the rooster for $3 next day . . .

He screams no more.

Anyone who can capture an echo will find a big job open for him on a Hollywood lot. No matter how carefully built a sound stage may be, one of these polky little creations can come in. During the making of a Gleason comedy recently, a maddening echo was caught by the mike, although inaudible to the naked ear. What happened? Mr. Echo was hiding in a hollow column gracing the entrance to the stairways on the set. Stuffing said column with pillows evicted the unwelcome tenant.

In "The Mysterious Island," the sound of men pounding on boilers was called for in the script. Actually, such a racket would wreck the recording outfit. What happened? Robert Barnes, expert in charge of sound, doubled the boiler factory by tapping a knife on an air bottle.

According to Russell Gausman, chief of Universal's property department, hushing Hollywood is nothing to make merry over.

You can get musical instruments that date back to whatever period you desire, but just try to make 'em sound the way they ought to sound! The calliope in "Show Boat" was a real, sure-enough calliope from the "Golden Rod," once the pride of the Ohio River, but the poor old thing had the asthma and developed so many squeaks and discords that it could be used only in silent sequences, and an air calliope had to be substituted for sound.

The piano in this same epic, although authentic as far as looks were concerned, was merely pathetic to the ears of the recorder, so they muffled the strings and let a modern piano double behind the scene.

An outdoor talkie gives a thousand times more grief than one on a sound stage. Over at First National's "Isle of Lost Ships" set, a marvelously realistic lagoon crowed with lost ships, a single scene was shot in one afternoon. First, a train whistled and action was suspended; then came an airplane roaring overhead, by the time the aviator had hummed out of hearing, the second section of the train had come along. The director, after this interruption, ordered: 'Interlock!' But the contractors on the lot had confused their signals and began mixing cement instead of stopping, which ruined that take. When the contractors were straightened out, the airplane was back again, and when the airplane zoomed off, along came two mocking birds to hoot and jeer at the perspiring crew that tried to warn them off.

It'll be a great day when they finally hush up Hollywood, or else invent a microphone with brains that will pick up only the noises indicated on the script!
On Location with John Gilbert—Continued from page 31

as he puts Lena out of his arms and walks quickly towards Eleanor.

She had come with Claire McDowell, who plays her mother, and Conrad Nagel, who plays her fiancé, for the amusement of watching the dances, and while waiting for them had been told by a fortune-teller that she would marry a dark man. Eleanor had uncritically taken to Conrad saying that she is engaged to marry him, and that if he is dark, so is the sun! And she is very much put out because the gypsy still insists upon the 'dark man.'

Which all goes to show that it is never safe to be sure too soon, no matter what appearances may be. Just look what happened to Jack Gilbert not two weeks after this. And he certainly had no idea that he was going to fall in love the very next evening. Yet he may have had a subconscious idea, because the next afternoon when everyone was freezing someone remarked that his hands were warm. "That means a cold heart," he said quickly, and then added, "Well, perhaps, it isn't really cold—just marking time." So you never know your luck. In less than six hours after he made that speech Jack's heart had broken into a gallop.

Conrad Nagel and Jack are great friends. Conrad told me that they used to have so much fun with their boats "in the good old days when actors had week-ends. They bought them about the same time and sold burning hard, would sound like thunder and they no longer had the leisure to enjoy them.

It takes forever to 'set up' for one of these sound scenes, and in the open difficulties involved add anywhere from seventy-five to one hundred years to a director's life. There are so many more things to think of. Just listen to a few of them told me by Virginia Kellogg and Jim Brock, the 'mixer.' (Virginia is Mr. Niblo's personal press representative and also does his script work. She is one of the most efficient and conscientious people I have met out here and she is only twenty-one years old.) Here are some of the trouble makers.

We will begin with the fires that Jack jumps through. The cinder foot logs were stripped of bark and lighted from beneath by a gas pipe that had been run from the main line to the location. It was controlled, just like a gas stove, by a lever about thirty feet distant. The reason for this was to keep the fire under control. The roar and crackle of such big logs, once they got burning hard, would sound like thunder and entirely drown the voices of the actors. And in order to have the flames photo-

graphically right a chemical called 'photo-flame' was put into the pipe.

That being taken care of, there were the Santa Monica trolleys which run just outside the fence. They are almost as heavy and noisy as trains and their toot is as loud as a locomotive's. These California trolleys scare the heart out of you when you are on the road. You think you are going to be mown down the way they thunder at you.

The trolleys pass the lot at thirty or forty minute intervals and to avoid their inter-
ruption a schedule of running time had been made out as accurately as possible and handed to Bill Ryan, production manager for the unit.

Then there were the ditch diggers. And they were hard! Being employed by the city the studio had no control over their activities except such cooperation as the city cared to give. It was arranged that just the minute the company was ready to shoot someone would signal the studio cop who would blow his whistle for the workmen to stop.

Those three details taken care of, there wasn't much to worry about except the English sparrows. In the first place, it seems that English sparrows do not live in Russia and in the second place their chirping wouldn't do at all in this particular sequence. Chasing them away became the steady work of two prop boys and the birds scolded them plenty. Jim Brock said he was perfectly certain those birds would vote against sound pictures in the next election because a few scenes of Cecil De Mille's picture "Dynamite" were taken in the same grove a few weeks ago and the birds had to be chased away from that. Jim who was 'mixer' for "Dynamite," and also "Broad-
way Melody" said it was all right at first because there was a canary in the picture, but then it was supposed to die, and after this fact had been registered by a close up of its little feet curled heavenwards it didn't do to have chirpings from a dead bird. So they had to be chased.

Then there was the sun. Just because they didn't want it to, it shone! Aside from these few things all was perfection, except the usual troubles of course. And in case Wall Street wants to know—these are some of the reasons why pictures cost money.

Over on the left of the set there was a barouche in which were seated Eleanor Boardman and Claire McDowell. Conrad Nagel, looking very natty, stood leaning against the side listening to the gypsy woman tell his flame-
nee's fortune. Under the trees and at the right of the fire sat the rest of the tribe, laughing and singing and joking. A few were playing stringed instruments. Jack Gilbert was not in this scene and he and Irving Thalberg were walking up and down another part of the lot deep in con-
versation.

The 'mike booms' were adjusted over the actors and the assistants stood below to give the test-
ing formula over the wire. It was picked up by the receiver at the studio and two buzzers told Jim Brock when it was okay. This is the formula, said over and over again. "Four, eleven, forty-four, fifty-five, Mississippi!" That's the one for test-
ing the quality and a clear line free of static. "One-one-one-wuff-wuff," he went on.

"What's that? Is he just being funny?" I asked.

"No, that's the formula to test the volume of the voices. It is called peaks (pro-
nounced peaks). The formula for quality is called pees (peeks)," said Virginia.

"Everything is okay, Mr. Niblo," said Jim Brock.

Mr. Niblo sprang into action. "All right, girls and boys, let's have some chatter, chatter, chatter! And let's hear some gypsy singing." The 'gypsies' snapped into character.

"Button up the dog house, boys, we're all set," said Harry Bucquet, Mr. Niblo's assistant. "What he means was, put the metal sound hood over the cameras and fasten them down. Instead of taking too many unwieldy camera booths on a loca-
tion these dog houses are driven in more and more, so that the grinding of the camera will not register over the sound wire.
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Whenever you're mad," said Percy Hill-hurn, head camera man. And what he meant was, in case you are not up on the latest interpretation, that he was ready when they were. No one seems to know where the expression came from. It is just one of those things.

"How much time have we, Virginia?" asked Mr. Niblo.

"Twenty-five minutes, Mr. Niblo," Virginia replied, looking at the trolley schedule. "Fine!"

Harry Buckett gave the signal to the officer to relay it to the ditch diggers and with his other hand gave the boys the high sign. Silence was called. Everything was ready. The "mixer" started his various buzzers of communication with the studio recording room while every eye was upon Mr. Niblo and all of us held our breath. Just as the signal for action was being given we heard a droming sound which grew louder and louder!

"An airplane overhead, sir!" breathed a property boy.

It is an everlasting credit to Fred Niblo's self-control that he did not at this point burst into flames.

Instead he turned on his heel and took three quick steps, at the same time running the fingers of one hand through his hair. "Hold it, everybody," he called. The droming sound was heard again. The signal for the action was given and the scene progressed smoothly to a close, at last.

Eleanor Boardman was waving to me from behind the carriage. "Will you tell Claire McDowell's numbers?" she asked of me. I had told her fortune by numerology a few days before and we had had a lot of fun bargained into the bargain and she had wanted to work that out. It was too much for Mr. Nagel, evidently, for he walked away. But I didn't get far because in a few minutes they were ready to shoot again.

Eleanor leaned over to me and whispered. "Get out, but come back!" as I scrambled hastily out of camera range. The group worked steadily all afternoon so Miss McDowell is still waiting to hear her numbers, but I promised to do them for her when the picture was finished.

When the light turned yellow we listened to the play backs right there under the trees. It was quite thrilling to hear the voices coming from a little black box, and the recording was the best I have ever heard. If it is possible to keep the whole production to that level "Redemption" would beat all sound pictures so far in perfection of tone.

Next day Jack Gilbert was there in costume. He wore a smock of the most gorgeous shade of scarlet—almost a cardinal red—which several members of the outfit had their eye upon. "They're going home with me all three of them," said Jack. "Oh, you might spare one," said Virginia Kellogg. "Why, what do you want to do, Virginia, go swimming or smoking? You'd swim in the gutter, certainly."

Jack Gilbert was not up to this. "Barrymore, the dark man," was unconvincing.

Lena Malena was pacing up and down, cramming her lines like a school girl before an examination. I loved her a few times before she was called. Lena is working hard on her English and singing, so that her already clear voice will lose its accent.

She had mounted the prancing white horse he was to ride into camp. The gypsies stop singing "Dark Eyes" when they see him and all stand to give him a rousing welcome. Eleanor Boardman looked to see what all the fuss is about. Seeing Jack for the first time she never takes her eyes from his face during the scene that follows. The "dark man," although the girl is hardly aware of it, had stepped into her life.

Lena, who was a little nervous at first, made a mistake in one line, and I expect she was tremendously relieved when Jack made a mistake, too. When he sees Eleanor Boardman he takes a wreath of flowers and walking over to her says, "It is a custom here to give flowers to strange ladies.

That was the line. Imagine our amusement when we heard him say, "It is a custom here to give ladies to—oh!" and Jack joined heartily in the laugh against himself.

And I don't want to rob him of a graceful gesture by mentioning it, but I have a sneaking suspicion that Jack spoke the line deliberately, to make Lena feel more comfortable. It would have been like him to do it.

Someone was humming a tune on the side lines. To my astonishment I heard the words, "Interlocking, papa, you can't soft wax me!" Virginia came to my rescue. "That's our college song," she said. But even after her explanation it was all too technical for me.

I went over to a wooden horse and draped myself over it to rest my bones. You become so interested in the scenes that you forget you are tired. Very soon, Mr. Gilbert joined me.

I told him I had held something against him for over six years. He wanted to know what it was. Someone told me, I said, that after he made "The Count of Monte Cristo" he had gone on a location to San Francisco and on the hotel register had signed that title instead of his own name.

If I had shot him Jack couldn't have been more startled. "What do you think I am? Do you writers think we are all a bunch of concerted jacksaws?"

That made me mad! My father was a Shakeperian actor, teacher and scholar, and I've been mixed up in the theater one way or another all my life, so I thought I knew something of its people. Jack and I almost knocked each other off the horse, metaphorically speaking, before we remembered that this was a location and not a squared circle! But we ended good friends.

Jack said the talking pictures almost had him kicked out first. He didn't think he would ever be able to adjust himself to them. He even thought he would liquidate all his holdings and step out of pictures, forever, and then he decided that was not the thing to do. "I realized that talking pictures could give me up with much less tragedy than I could give them up, and that the thing for me to do was to battle it out." I have been told that John Gilbert is conceited, but that didn't sound to me like the speech of a conceited man. Does it?

He is dying to play "Journey's End," the play now running in New York with only one cast and no love interest. And Metro will buy it for him, too, if Samuel Goldwyn doesn't get it for Ronald Colman first. For a talking film I suppose Ronnie would be a better choice because the characters are English and Ronnie is English and Jack isn't, although he doesn't roll his r's the way some American do. He is very much interested in doing "Redemption," too, but he is not giving it just the interpretation he wanted to, because there is always Mr. Thalberg reminding him that this world is filled with box offices and that one has to give the public an interpretation that it will like and understand. And Jack has tried to do this. He never saw John Barrymore do the piece on the stage, so his impression of Fedya is not biased by traditions of any kind, and it is a very definite one.

"All ready, Jack," said Mr. Niblo, whereupon Mr. Gilbert excused himself to me and made for the snapziest dressing-table I ever saw on location. The makeup case stands on a steel tripod and contains brushes and combs and heaven knows what, as well as makeup. It has a little contraption for holding a mirror in place. You could put the whole thing up anywhere with as little trouble as you would have to unfold a card table.

"If this is a good one we can go to lunch," said Mr. Niblo, and all the boys and girls brightened. But there was some line trouble that no one could locate so we went to lunch while they worked on it. We piled into cars and went to the studio because it was so near. Everyone had either conferences or wardrobe to worry about so Virginia and I trotted off by ourselves. The studio commissary was jammed to the doors. There was a big scene on the Marion Davies set that filled the cafe with extras. We then trotted to a little cafe across the street where we dined with the quality. For who should be there but Nils Asther looking very bright and cheerful and

< Polly Moran and Marie Dressler are reunited in the Metro-Goldwyn extravaganza, the "Hollywood Revue of 1929." >
eating a delicious looking chicken sandwich. They don’t slice the chicken, large juicy chunks are well covered with pepper and salt and make a swell sandwich on rye bread. Nils, you know, is playing with Greta Garbo in “The Single Standard.” The work was trying but everyone but me. The sun was shining brightly and because these scenes were supposed to be at night a cloudy day would have been ideal. Night scenes phasing up much better on a cloudy day than when taken at night with flares. Percy Hilburn had a face a mile long, so he must have been feeling desperate because he is such a jolly fellow.

“Can’t you think of anything funny to say?” asked Nelson MacEdwards, another caster to whom I introduced myself. He had remembered that he was out of old days. He is the nephew of J. Gordon Edwards, who directed “The Queen of Sheba” and “Salome” with Theda Bara, and any number of William Farnum pictures.

“No, I can’t think of anything funny to say,” groaned Percy, and “I don’t think I can.” This is just she hasn’t been champs. Look at that sun pick up Nagel’s hat. Makes him look like an archangel,” and forthwith he started in to correct the archangel look of all the gentlemen whose straw hats had been targets for the sun’s rays.

“What would you do with these?” asked Eleanor Boardman, holding out several thin golden disks, gypsy bangles that could not be used because of their metallic sound. All the jewelry is made of cardboard, gilded and painted. “Well, do you ever go to church?” someone asked wickedly. Eleanor laughed. “What a mean trick that would be,” she exclaimed.

Eleanor’s costume was the most heavenly shade of blue. With her red-gold hair and deep blue eyes she was a picture. Miss Boardman has such a charm of manner and is so straightforward and sincere. And what an intelligent person she is! “Well, it was a farce. There were times when everyone’s nerves were waving about like ferns, but making talkies is hard work. You must be always on the lookout for your tips-toes to see that the thousand and ten things that can go wrong about them don’t happen. And by the way—none of the voices in this picture are original. You'll find all the genuine article, and you’ll be delighted with the beauty of them.”

**Why I’ve Come Back**—Continued from page 21

My mother established a home for my two sisters and myself, first on Washington Square, later on Park Avenue, and in between, for vacations and the like, in the country in New Jersey. But since father’s work took him to every city in the country, the home had to be broken up from time to time mother had to divide herself between her husband and her children.

I was twelve, and the time came to go away to boarding school for the first time. For a while I was at Miss Merrill’s School in Mamaronock, in Westchester County, New York. From there I spent two years in a French convent, and completed my education with several years in England.

“At the age of sixteen I returned to America and entered the Greenwich Academy for all I had been educated at good schools, my mother looked on me as a baby. One night I went with father to an Equity dance. Equities as most fans know, is the association formed by stage people for mutual protection. Here I met Samuel Goldwyn. ‘Why, you should be in a picture,’ he said to me, a marvelous role for you.”

Mother didn’t like the idea and tried to draw me away. But I was thrilled. And the result was the next day I went up to the Biograph Studio where I began work.

“I had only worked for two weeks, when one of those sudden changes of plans we were ordered to leave for California to complete the film.

“Mother, lost with anxiety. But father said: ‘Oh, let her go. It won’t do her any harm.’ And so it turned out. I hadn’t been there a week before I wrote Mother to stop worrying about me. After New York and Paris and London, Hollywood seemed like a sleepy country town.

“Two and a half years I spent in different pictures: ‘Cytherea’, ‘Sally, Irene and Mary’ with Joan Crawford and Sally O’Neil who were just starting out in film work; ‘In the Net’; ‘Code of the West’; ‘Goose Hangs High.’ There were so many I can’t remember them all now.

“Of course I came back to New York on trips to see my mother and two sisters—Joan and Barbara who later started in pictures, too—and it was during one of these trips that I met Phil Plant. A friend of mine from Miss Merrill’s school introduced us. Ten months later we were engaged. But four different times the engagement was broken. Even then we were both stubborn, I’m afraid.

“About four years ago I came east preparatory to going to Florida to make a picture for Oscar Price. Phil and I planned to be married only during January, but on the afternoon of November 3rd—the day before I was to leave for the south—Phil said: ‘We’ve been separated long enough. We’re going to get married now. This afternoon.’

“Piling a few things into a dressing case, we got into his roadster and drove to the Everglades Club in Greenwich where we were to perform. One week later the religious service was held in New York with the family and a few close friends present. The next day we sailed for Europe.

“All that first early happiness is like a dream now. As far behind me as the snow on top of the Pirrenes which I could easily see from the balcony of our villa at Biarritz.

“Are you sorry you ever married?’ is a question very often asked me now. And I can only answer, ‘Not one jot.’ Loving and being loved warm the heart and feed the intelligence. Even if disaster overtakes two people who have sincerely tried to turn a deep passion into a companionable permanence, like Willy Wonka who escapes from a newly opened bottle of wine, a fine fragrance remains. And that fragrance remains with me as I start for California to make my first talking picture.

“Despite the trouble and the unhappiness of the past year or two, I am no longer troubled nor unhappy. For I am back in the place where I am a child of the theater. I’ve come home!”

Soon after she gave this interview Miss Bennett left for Hollywood, where she reported at the Pathé Studios. Her first story will be a rousing yarn called “The Rack-eteer,” and she is fortunate in her choice of supporting players—Robert Armstrong, who will play her leading man, and the title role; and Carol Lombard.

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"I think the thing that first inspired me to go into pictures and has kept me sticking at it in spite of several failures, was that I wanted self-expression, and still do. I find it, curiously enough, by trying to express what another girl would do in a given situation. As for inspiration in certain scenes—well it is all by itself given, for it should. I also get inspiration from the people with whom I play, and just from acting. I love it. I love to try harder and harder, to see if I can, if there is a glorious feeling of conquest in it.

"I would like to pass on to younger actresses the thing that has helped me so greatly. George Loane Tucker told me that the most important thing to learn was how to relax. Speak from your diaphragm, not your throat. If you are properly relaxed you can do it. Make yourself a channel for the emotions of the scene that you are playing. Listen to it. Get inside of her mind but don't be bowled over by what is happening to her."

He told Betty that if she couldn't learn to be conscious of everything that goes on to make a good performance she would never be worth anything as an actress. She should be able to step out of a scene, realize that her hair was not so good and fix it, or that her dress was not doing its stuff as it should and fix that, and still keep her mind within the character.

Achievement inspires Conrad Nagel, too. He often works on two pictures at a time because work interests him keenly. In spite of the fact that he loves sports and his yacht, he loves the studio more and whether you like him or whether you don't, he certainly has to doff cap and bell to Mr. Nagel as a fine workman. You know he loves it or he could not do it so well.

Evelyn Brent says that as nearly as she can tell, all acting is the thing that inspires her. She feels that her best work is dragged from her by Josef von Sternberg. They are always scrapping. Liking and admiring each other tremendously, their scrapping is without malice or bitterness. "But don't make any mistake that it isn't real," said Evelyn, or Betty, as her friends call her. "There isn't a foot of the Paramount lot that doesn't remind me of a fight I have had with von Sternberg. We argued for half a day about whether I was to sneer with my top lip or bottom lip. Sometimes we start on the set and wind up in my dressing-room, and sometimes we start in my dressing-room and wind up on the set, and between the two places we cover every inch of space in a battle royal.

"But we understand each other perfectly and I often think he does it on purpose just to get me into the mood to 'show him,' and I always rise to do it, in spirit at least," added Betty laughing.

"Jannings was the same. I think I did the best work in 'The Last Command' that I have ever done on the screen, and what I suffered doing it! The picture was one long nightmare. There was a scene, the one where I am trying to make up my mind to shoot him, during which Emil pressed the life out of me. Nothing I did was right. It went on for hours. When he saw I was breaking under it he stopped instantly and became all kindness and sym-

pathy. But he had gone too far! I was in such a state of nerves that I literally could not move from the chair I was in, and two of the boys had to carry me. Emil was terribly upset but I wouldn't let him come near me. How I hated him at that moment! Yet deep inside of me I humbly thanked him, because I knew that he had helped me to a priceless thing—the ability to express the mood I wanted to express.

"When we played the scene he was very

With Rosetta Duncan and her sister Vivian—well, they went on the stage just as they were. They are both pretty, but they are not pretty enough to demand, and they admire it. It is more than love and breathing to them. The whole family have been on, more or less, but 'Him' and 'She' are the old rich people. They work through thick and thin. There have been times when both girls thought they were in love, but when it came right down to choosing between a man and love of their work and of each other neither could make up her mind to the break. Rosseta can't imagine what it would be like to carry on without Vivian and Vivian can't imagine what it would be like to do anything professionally without Rosetta.

I asked Rosetta what inspired her to put such feeling into Toppy's prayer. She swore her eyes up in the funny little heart and soul Clara well into pictures about Eva, of course, and Eva is Vivian. I never thought to put it into words before but just as Toppy thought she could not live without Eva, I suppose to me the scene as much as I can, what I would feel like if something happened to my sister."

Olive Borden says the work and the studio inspire her. She loves it. She loves working with a studio, with all the people. Sometimes she is criticized for being too friendly but she feels that all the studio workers are one family. If the scene is good the she tries to think of the character she is playing, getting her inspiration in this way. If it isn't she tries to do it anyhow.

At first Olive never went to see her rushes. She has never yet seen a rushes of her own pictures completed. She saw the rushes once or twice when she first went into pictures because she was told that it would help her to find out her mistakes. Instead of that it depressed her so terribly that she wanted to give up the screen. That was because she didn't know how to handle the faults she knew she had. Now she does, so it helps her to see the rushes.

Music inspires little Sally Blane. "I have only had one emotional scene to do, but music helped me to do it. It takes away some of your strain, and freedom you need. On a sound stage music is impossible so the lines will have to supply the inspiration or it is going to be pretty hard on the actors. And on the audience!"

And then there is Clara. Clara Bow never does a scene half way. When she plays a scene she plays it with her whole heart and soul. Clara will throw pictures because she needed money. She remained in them because she loved the work and because she was a woman. She will stay because she has never been trained to do anything else and if she didn't work she would be bored to tears. "What would I do? I could travel around the world in three or four years and see everything in it. I do not like idleness. What would I do then? My work is all the inspiration I have. Sometimes I love the girls I play and then I love the character I play. Sometimes I love them too, and so I try to make them just as clear as possible. That inspires me to do the best work I am capable of doing."

I remember Elmer Clifton, who directed Clara first in 'Sailors' Ships,' told me that Clara lived her character every moment she was working, but she stepped out of it just as easily. While
Broadway Invasion

(Continued from page 29)

up in the language.

So with the foreign question settled, the crisis that now confronts Hollywood is the influx of stage dramatists, song writers, dialogue hounds and what not that is now inundating the once silent calm of Movieland. With the usual hysterics of this as yet unstable industry the producers have again gone haywire and are signing up the out-of-work as well as the successes of New York.

But the crisis will soon pass and after the storm is over I think it will be found that many of the invaders have returned to New York's Rialto and Tin Pan Alley. For it must be remembered that the big Hollywood directors—the two De Milles, Fred Niblo, Brennon, Lubitsch, Ford, Borzage, Griffith and a host of others, have come from the stage, and besides knowing stage-craft are masters of motion picture technique.

The same holds true of the actors and writers. Many of them were of the stage before coming into pictures years ago, and this latter training is invaluable in the present change to the talkies. No Broadway dramatist could possibly have better equipment for screen authorship of talkies than the appraisations of stage plays that is possessed by Hans Kraly, Marion Fairfax or Jane Murfin.

I think when the crisis is passed you will find the old guard still on the job. There will be a few new actors, writers, and directors who will be equal to learning the technique of the cinema, but for the most part your future pictures will be made by the present masters of that difficult craftsmanship.
in "The King of Kings" is an impossible role to live up to in a theatrical sense; it is also a difficult role to live down. Mr. Warner takes his work seriously and he took that assignment seriously and with sincerity and reverence. This gift will be remembered as nearly satisfactory as it is possible to make a picture representation of the Man of Sorrows.

"Overseas enthusiasts in Los Angeles and Hollywood became almost fanatical in their approval of Mr. Warner in the sacred part. He found it nearly impossible to shed the reflected light of sanctity which became him so well in that picture and serious embarrassments often followed."

"For a time he was followed on the street. Women crowded to reach him, to touch his clothes, as though some of the spirituality of the part he had played, must have clung to him. Men became uncomfortable in his presence and in awed silence greeted him when he passed on the street."

"It took time and the part of Sorrell in "Sorrell and Son" to overcome the handicap that his part in "The King of Kings" had given him. Sorrell in "Sorrell and Son" was nearly the natural H. B. Warner than any other. Sorrell was English and a gentleman. Mr. Warner is both."

"Long before this, however, Mr. Warner had played heavy roles. His first great stage success in the minds of the American people was "Alias Jimmy Valentine." There he played the part of a blackguard and later a reformed and beloved ex-convict. He played many other parts on the English and American stage, starring in such productions as "The House That Has Everything," "Susan in Search of a Husband," "Salome Jane," "The Battle," "The Ghost Breaker," "Sleeping Partners," "DANGER," "You and I," and "Silence."

"Following the success of "Sorrell and Son," a picture which for once at least satisfied the admirers of the novel from which it was adapted, Mr. Warner entered into consultation with Warner Brothers regarding a contract for a number of pictures. Mr. Warner, the actor, thus describes his conversation with Jack Warner, the vice-president of Warner Brothers.

"'Why do you want me to play 'heavy' roles?' the actor asked.

"'Because you don't look like a heavy,'" the executive answered.

"And when I thought that over," Mr. Warner, the actor adds, "I decided it was a good reason."

"If all villains looked the part, as they once did on the stage, there could be little successful villainy. There would be no successful confidence men. The real-life villain is often enough a peculiarly likeable fellow, popular, gentled, capable. I think sometimes a rascal is more interesting than a reputable citizen, often has more attractive qualities, often is a good fellow."

"I'm interested in this new type of stage and screen villains. When my father played on the English stage and I was with him, there was never any doubt in the audience's mind as to which actor was the villain. We had regulation villain music. His entrance was always accompanied with the minor chords, he wore distinct distinguishing clothes. It seemed to be necessary to give him the mark of Cain before his first lines were spoken."

"Of course this is not a true nor hireless characterization. Even a born villain has redeeming qualities as well as attractive angles."

"'My present role in "The Green Goddes" that of a good man who is unhappy with his wife as is major Crespin in this story, is to be classed as a villain. The Major was a really good sportsman who had to lose."

"There is an interesting background behind this interesting man. He was born in England, the son of Charles Warner, a large-ventured English actor. For a brief time he believed he had been raised from his father's profession and studied medicine in English colleges. Before completing his course however, the professional blood in his veins manifested itself and he left college to join his father in London in the production of "Drink" which was breaking records then. He played minor roles and understudied parts in his father's company for a number of years and in 1905 came to the United States to play "Merely Mary Ann. About the same time came George M. Cohan, another young star. For years the two of them played in different shows in New York and the bigger cities of the country, but it remained for "The Great Godden" to make Warner Brothers to eventually unite them in one company."

"The H. B. Warner family is one of the most delightful to know in all Hollywood; or rather Beverly Hills, for it is there they have their home."

"They have a garden, not one in which a landscape architect has put his hand to, but one which Mr. and Mrs. Warner turned themselves loose and secured highly satisfactory results. Their house is rather a farm as is their house; they rear many of their own fruits. They have an orchestra and as clutter the hills of their town, but neither is it a modest cottage. There are not many Hollywood professional people who rate a higher weekly check than H. B. Warner. He lives comfortably with his family, his hobbies and his profession."

"That family is his great pride. Three children, Joanne, Joan, and Lorraine make his house as sunny as his garden and are first in his long list of treasures which are found therein. Like all well educated people, and much traveled, he has collected many interesting and valuable things and some are strange and different and valuable for their associations only."

"Among the former are a collection of rare antique carved ivories, bought in Vienna following the war and the collapse of a fortune there which threw them on the market at a time that H. B. Warner was handy with his check book and his accurate knowledge of values."

"Two other items of which he is passionately proud are a pair of lamps, made from ancient Chinese lamps, hand carved and engraved and known to have graced an oriental temple of Confucius more than a thousand years ago. His radio is encased in an antique Louis XVI cabinet, and so effectively hidden that the program seems to come out of thin air.

"Among the items of little intrinsic value but valued for its association is a framed presidential pardon for a condemned man in whom Mr. Warner interested himself. He was pardoned from President Taft. The actor feels few such documents are out of the hands of the pardoned and consequently not many framed. All of Mr. Warner's long and successful career has brought to Mr. Warner a wealth of friendship and interesting association. He is a delightful conversationalist never at a loss for interesting anecdotes and
reminiscences. He is as much at home in the Savoy of London as in the Biltmore of Los Angeles or the Rialto of Hollywood. He is more familiar with European watering places than with Agua Caliente.

His whole house is filled with artistic pieces which he and his wife have gathered because they liked them and knew their value and beauty. His library is comprehensive and somewhat thumb-worn. By no possible stretch of the imagination can the H. B. Warner home be called a show place—yet few others in the film capital have more to show to a guest.

In pictures H. B. Warner is not a new comer but an old timer. He started once for Thomas Ince and then, after making several altogether successful pictures he returned again to the stage. He remembered sitting seven pictures at that time. Perhaps the public was thinking best "The Beggar of Cawapore."

In New York, while starring in "You and I," he began working simultaneously in pictures not yet as an old timer. He first was with Gloria Swanson in "Zaza." Shortly after that Cecil B. De Mille sent for him to offer him the role of Christ in "The Ten Commandments." This was followed closely by "Whispering Smith," the screen version of "Silence" which won for Warner the rating of one of the ten best performances of 1926.

Next in importance came "Sorrell and Son" with a characterization that will never be altogether forgotten. For Warner Brothers' "The Iron Horse," he has played important roles in "Conquest," a heavy villain part with a compensating sacrifice at the end; "Stark Mad," "The Gamblers" and "The Argyle Case" for Paramount; "Doctors Secret," and the role of director attorney in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" for M-G-M; and, last, to date, is "The Green Goddess" again for Warner Brothers.

From villainy to divinity and back again. Perhaps the next picture will return H. B. Warner to other types of roles. Chosen for heavy parts because he does not look like a heavy he has made screen history by taking the villainous roles still further away from the kerosene circuit days of riding boots and windy music.

Someday he may again play heroic leads because he doesn't resemble an Arrow Collar advertisement, either.

Only one thing more. I am not sure what H. B. stands for. His friends call him Harry and that is probably the name of his horse. He has made his place on stage and screen as "H. B." Warner. His sons are "H. B." junior. It is a part of his personality; a part of his personal magnetism that lose his own personality in the part he plays.

He never remakes a role to fit H. B. Warner. He works with H. B. Warner until he fits the role.

Her Trial Career—Continued from page 41

known slightly at school. At Carol's invitation, Sally visited the Mack Sennett studio for luncheon. There she was introduced to Mack Sennett. He immediately offered her a stock contract with a salary of fifty dollars weekly. She refused to sign it.

Undaunted by her refusal, Sennett telephoned Miss Elers and asked her to come to his studio and talk business at a higher salary. The outcome of this conference was that Sally signed a contract with a big "If" in it. The "If" was this:

If Sennett decided to use Sally in an untold picture known as "Number Five-ninety-six," she would be paid one hundred and fifty dollars weekly. If not, then her salary would be seventy-five dollars weekly.

During the sixth month of her "trial career," Sally began work in "Picture number five-ninety-six." During the filming of the production, it was given a title—"The Goodbye Kiss.

This distinct step toward success convinced her parents. All objections to her career as an actress were withdrawn. Like good parents, Mama and Papa Elers took hands with their daughter and offered cooperation. They have been helping her ever since.

In fact, one of the first things Mr. and Mrs. Elers arranged was that when he arrived for the interview with Sally was: "We knew our gal would make good."

All parents are like that, you know.

But everything wasn't so rosy for the little blonde. Following completion of "The Goodbye Kiss," Sennett ceased production of feature-length pictures and devoted his activities to two-reel comedies.

Sally did two of them. Patty Kemp, who played opposite her in "The Goodbye Kiss," did three. Johnny Burke, another member of "The Goodbye Kiss" cast, is still doing them.

Sally's two and Patty's three were punishable. Sennett would say to the cast of "The Goodbye Kiss": "Anyone late on the set will have to do a two-reeler." It was just like the school teacher saying: "Those not getting the arithmetic answers correct must remain after school." Sally was late twice, Patty arrived behind time on three occasions.

Following these pictures, Sally found herself under contract to Sennett with no work to do. Other studios wanted to borrow her. "The Goodbye Kiss" had established her as a real trouper. But Sennett, not then certain whether he would make other feature pictures or continue as a two-reeler comedy producer, asked a very high salary for her. Other producers would not pay it.

Only a few months ago, she and Sennett destroyed the "trick by mutual agreement. He was making no feature pictures and Sally would do no more two-reelers. The fair thing to do, quite naturally, was for Sennett to do "Stark Mad."

Her newest pictures, made almost immediately after she parted with Sennett, were "Trial Marriage" (very coincident with the theme of this interview) and "Broadway Babies." Her next assignment will be the leading feminine part in Reginald Denney's picture.

A red-headed go-getter, that's the way she appeals to me. I've heard people who know predict stardom—not just leading lady parts—for her. I only know that she is a bundle of wit and ambition and pep. She is extremely pretty and has a most attractive personality.

She tells me Sennett never used her in a bathing comedy. That, little boys and girls, is Sennett's biggest mistake as a film producer!
The Dancing Doll! — Continued from page 56

"The kid's good," Besse told the director after watching Joyce's nimble grace.

"We'll let her do some bits," agreed the director, and Joyce made her film debut. When "Broadway Melody" was shot, Besse again saw Joyce among the dancing girls.

"The kid's good," she whispered to Harry Beaumont. "Catch that tap—dance routine!"

Beaumont, I am so sure. The first act was released from a contract after just one picture was very, very good for one's prestige. Charlie couldn't find a thing for me to do for many a day. Then—at last Mack Sennett put him in a picture. The first day's rushes were shown and then there the famous comedy producer went way up in the air:

"He's terrible—awful," he shouted.

"Somebody fire him!"

And somebody did. Then somebody—yes, another somebody on the Fox lot took pity on him. They thought he might be valuable some day and so he was invited to sign a contract, at a small salary, about one hundred dollars a week. Then came James Cruze's big picture "Old Ironsides." Since then, Charlie has risen to the very top of the ladder. Don Alvarado has fared pretty well, also.

Out on the Universal lot one day, Tod Browning, directing various pictures, reviewed Joyce and offered her a small role in his head glory of the time. You're using one man in your tough moh scenes so much that he's getting to be a regular trademark of your pictures, and of course he will. But it was the order. The trademark was none other than Lon Chaney, then playing small bits and whose make-up was so good that Browning said he would give Joyce the chance of being one of the tough moh scenes. So Chaney left the Universal studio and when he next returned it was to star in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame".

"You're not worth a cent more than you are getting and never will be," Harry Carey was told when he asked for a raise to seventy-five dollars a week in the old D. W. Griffith days. "You're—stuttered the 'big boss'. "I'm not fured," shouted Harry.

"I quit!" And he did. And soon he was starring in Westerns and getting several times more than the raise he asked for. Pard, he has that way of convincing people that of John Gilbert, at the time playing a part for William S. Hart. Hart was so distrustted with one scene that he lost his temper and told the director:

"You'll never make an actor. You're through right now. Go get your check!'

But Gilbert kept right on talking and talked so fast and buoyantly that Hart was persuaded at last to retake the bad scene and also to keep young Gilbert on his payroll.

William Wellman, director of that epic, "Wings"; Joseph Sternberg, responsible for "Underworld" and "The Last Command"; the late Mauritz Stiller, who directed "The Way of All Flesh"—all successes. They could be fired—and are fured—just as easily as anyone else. But in some cases, certain producers would give a lot if they hadn't hired certain players just when they did.

"I love to make up difficult dance steps and master the triple-wing, web-foot and fast rattle on my toes. It's mighty strenuous work but I love to do it and get a big kick in springing new steps of my own manufacture. Joyce, who looks like Viola Dana, by the way, has ambitions to go in for dramatic acting and confides a wish to be another Norma Shearer. She has the blue eyes you ever saw and a finely-chiseled profile. She is a beautiful girl. She is only five feet tall, slender and trim, with muscular grace.

And why do they call her the Cinderella of the Hollywooders? She's so light and tiny, you see, they had to nail metal cleats on her dancing shoes so she would make enough noise to suit the 'mike.'
In New York—Continued from page 77

beauty, charm, clever brains—and, perhaps more than any other movie personality with the exception of Mary and Doug, is the pet of 'society'—and all that sort of thing. But Hodd is not spoiled. She'll tell you all about her handsome young son who is taller than she is, and how she felt when she was cast to play Tony Moreno's mother. She is the most amusing woman in pictures, and when some smart producer gives her a chance to talk in pictures, she will create a new type of polite screen charmer; and then—beware, Bactrona!

Broadway welcomed back Charlie King, one of its favorite little boys. Charlie has been a musical comedy and vaudeville favorite around town for a long time; then he went to Hollywood—but not Holly-wood, and there's a difference. He's the same Charlie King, as he proved when he made personnel. He turned up at the Capitol. He is absolutely won over to pictures—well, he should be since 'Broadway Melody.' And to prove he is a real native son now, he left his wife and daughter in California and hurried right back as soon as he could. He attended theaters here with his beautiful blonde sister, Mollie King, and her husband. Mollie, you may remember, used to be a movie star herself.

The George O'Brien company, under the direction of John Ford, played hide-and-seek between New York and Annapolis, Maryland, when they came east on location. Mr. Ford, as you know, is a master of story and direction, and his pictures always have the mark of his artist. "San Antonio," "Girl of the Streets," "Shanghai Express," "July Eve," "Lonely Are the Brave," "Tobacco Road," "Drums Along the Mohawk," "The Big Trail," "Red River," "The Plough and the Stars," "Rain" are but a few of the masterpieces that have come from the Ford studio. Mr. Ford is now working on "The Painted Desert," which he describes as being "the most exciting thing I've ever done," and in which John Wayne, the cowboy, plays a significant role.

Meet the Missus—Continued from page 55

has great possibilities and well, if it hasn't succeeded, the Mullhalls will be forced to move from their apartment soon. "And in five years from now, Jack will be just as enthusiastic about singing! That's the marvelous part about it—his fads don't wear off!"

Jack's son, Jack Jr., lives with his grandmother in Los Angeles and visits frequently with his father. He's a dead ringer for Jack and despite all the music he is learning, all the baseball he plays and all of his father's preaching against acting, the son, aged eleven, is going to be an actor, or Mrs. Mulhall has missed her guess. Jack's brother, many years his senior, is an engineer on the railroad, driving a crack-train and he simply dotes on the famous boxer.

Mrs. Mulhall says her husband possesses none of the major vices, but he had one failing that she believes will be cured shortly—he always leaves the cap off the toothpaste tube. And believe it or not, some inventor with a new toothpaste container wants him to finance his putting the product on the market. "And when Jack does that," said Mrs. Mulhall with finality, "he'll be my idea of a perfect man!"

The Baby Author—Continued from page 32

writing for the screen. My name has appeared in nearly every theater in the United States and practically every theatre in Broadway. Pictures alone do not satisfy me; I feel the need for black and white words; that is why I do both. They seem to be a scale that balance.

"I love writing best, and am never happy unless I love dancing next; because with dance steps I have danced my way into many, many stories. I love the piano third, but my teacher says I am hopeless since I am always dancing with my feet instead of with my fingers. I love the colors of the most beautiful, most jubilant, most gratifying faces, the ten cent stores, harmonicas, watermelon, corn on cob, red shoes, swimming, polo, cooking, my red-haired mother, night-times, and she has made good. Since my organism is that of film- cement, a certain young man, vaudeville shows, bright oils of bull fights and fine etchings of boats, midnight movies, a log fire, bon-bons and six pieces of soap in a soap dish!"

And now you know Beth Brown!
Directed by Dorothy Arzner

Continued from page 71

Juno Cruze again summoned her help on “Old Ironsides.” During this production Cruze told Dorothy that each time she tried her hand at directing, and then they let the subject drop. But when the last inch of film had been cut and spliced, Dorothy was called to the offices of B. P. Schulberg, general manager of west coast production for Paramount.

“We have watched your work for several years,” Schulberg told her, “and we have all the confidence in the world in your ability to direct. Your first assignment will be Esther Ralston’s next production.”

That is the story of one girl’s success. Now perhaps you would like to go out on the set and watch her work.

A petite woman in charge of a company of several hundred persons with the responsibility of a tremendous production on her shoulders and the popularity of a famous star palm of her hand, Dorothy Arzner is as quiet on the set as in the drawing room. Her natural poise is always evident. She dresses in quizzically clever styles that blend perfectly with her personality. A vagabond felt hat is usually pulled down to shade her eyes from the glare of the lights. She sits back in the chair of an art director or walks about slowly talking with the players or the crew. She keeps herself and her personality in the background, for she believes that the players should dominate the set, never the director.

When a scene is about to be shot, Dorothy talks over the work at hand with the players as they go through the gestures or repeats the lines for them to illustrate the tempo or the effects desired. Through subtle suggestion she gets the players to feel the mood of the scene so that their work will have the spark of spontaneity and not the woodiness of imitation.

How simple it all appears to the onlooker—all those men and women to assist her with the work! Yet the most simple things have complicated foundations. Let us delve into the simplicity of Dorothy Arzner’s job. First of all, Dorothy’s film is shot on any production she is working in her office at the studio from nine every morning until ten and eleven at night. Doing what, you ask?

Story conferences, outlining work for sets, making out shooting schedules, okaying wardrobe, selecting casts, and a thousand other unified details that go into the making of our movies.

During actual shooting, Dorothy averages a sixteen-hour working day and uses卡通 images to help with the cutting and editing. After production is over comes the labor of trimming and finishing the film. Hours in the projection room running the reels over and over again, catching every incorrect detail, revising, rearranging, until the last nips of the scissors is heard and the films packed in the respective cases and shipped to the exchanges for the date of distribution.

Then a few days of rest and she’s off again on another production. No wonder the girls are asking her about marriage and her future plans.

“Marriage is natural for both men and women, and does not interfere with one’s career,” she will say, “but it will be her answer.”

“Matrimony travels a much less rocky course when both parties are occupied in some sort of work during the day. But the subject of marriage to a woman is such a hackneyed one that I try to avoid it. I will probably marry some day, and I hope I will make a success of it when I do.”

But there is little need for conjecture as to whether Dorothy Arzner will make a success of marriage or any other job she tackles. Her spirit will ever be restless; she will always be searching for mental stimulation; but she is gifted with the patience and the intelligence to work, struggle, and even suffer to attain her ideals. And it follows that she does attain them, and what is more important, retain them.

The Bad Boy of Hollywood

Continued from page 47

When the negatives are developed they usually show Billy sticking his tongue out or making apish grimaces behind the other’s back.

Just a few days ago Billy was sitting on Marion Davies set when Major, the caricaturist, was sketching her. When the drawing was finished Billy looked at it and let out a wild whoop.

“Ah, Louis Chaney be shotroted,” said Major.

Marion motioned to the caricaturist to go on to work on Billy. A brutal effort resulted.


Frankly, Billy loves to “rib” people. The maddener they get the better he loves it.

For instance, when he was making “Tell It To The Judge” Billy observed the strict attention paid to rank and seniority at the Marine station in San Diego where many of the scenes were shot. He watched the clicking of the clock and the salute until he broke under the strain. Then he walked up to the most dignified major he could find, saluted and clicked his heels as smartly as an Annapolis upper classman.

“Morning, sergeant!” he said.

This smart-aleck, wire-crawking practical

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For instance, when he was making “Tell It To The Judge” Billy observed the strict attention paid to rank and seniority at the Marine station in San Diego where many of the scenes were shot. He watched the clicking of the clock and the salute until he broke under the strain. Then he walked up to the most dignified major he could find, saluted and clicked his heels as smartly as an Annapolis upper classman.

“Morning, sergeant!” he said.

This smart-aleck, wire-crawking practical

A Hot List of Cards

Latest Handy Size.
50 Perfect Name Cards and Case for 25c or 50c a set.
500 copies.
Made of good quality.

BROWNE’S NAME CARD CO.
55 Main St., Geneva, N. Y.

Who Will Tell Her?

When the negatives are developed they usually show Billy sticking his tongue out or making apish grimaces behind the other’s back.

Just a few days ago Billy was sitting on Marion Davies set when Major, the caricaturist, was sketching her. When the drawing was finished Billy looked at it and let out a wild whoop.

“Ah, Louis Chaney be shotroted,” said Major.

Marion motioned to the caricaturist to go on to work on Billy. A brutal effort resulted.


Frankly, Billy loves to “rib” people. The maddener they get the better he loves it.

For instance, when he was making “Tell It To The Judge” Billy observed the strict attention paid to rank and seniority at the Marine station in San Diego where many of the scenes were shot. He watched the clicking of the clock and the salute until he broke under the strain. Then he walked up to the most dignified major he could find, saluted and clicked his heels as smartly as an Annapolis upper classman.

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500 copies.
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BROWNE’S NAME CARD CO.
55 Main St., Geneva, N. Y.
"Save me, Cyril!" Cried Susie the Sewing Machine Girl

You don't go to see magic lantern shows any more, do you? Then why waste time and money on ordinary talkies? M-G-M, in marvelous pictures like "The Broadway Melody" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan," has made the early talking pictures seem just as old fashioned today as the old stereopticon pictures of our grandfathers' day.

—and now

The NEWEST and GREATEST ALL-TALKING PICTURE

"Sinner? ... Yes! ... but in the eyes of humanity she is an angel!"

The world's most famous emotional drama now truly immortalized by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the sensational all-talking picture—MADAME X. For power, pathos, and gripping humanity the screen has not had its equal. RUTH CHATTERTON, in the finest performance of her career, makes it one of the greatest attractions of all times. Lewis Stone, Raymond Hackett and a great supporting cast perform brilliantly under Lionel Barrymore's direction. Don't miss this truly remarkable drama. You'll never forgive yourself if you do!

Madame

From the play by Alexandre Bisson. Dialogue by Willard Mack

She sinned, and the world exacted a heavy penalty. Follow the tragic, heart-breaking career of the mysterious woman known as "Madame X!"

Other M-G-M Successes Now Playing

"The Broadway Melody"—conceded to be the greatest all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing picture ever made.
"The Trial of Mary Dugan"—greater even than the sensational stage success.
"The Last of Mrs. Cheney"—the famed stage play, With Norma Shearer.
"Thunder"—Lon Chaney's greatest dramatic success.
"Marianne"—the new starring hit of Marion Davies.
"Wonder of Women"—Clarence Brown's sensational romantic drama.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
You, too, can have EYES that Charm!

A touch of "MAYBELLINE" works beauty wonders. Even light, scant eyelashes are made to appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. All the hidden loveliness of your eyes, their brilliance, depth and expression—is instantly revealed.

The difference is remarkable. Millions of women in all parts of the world, even the most beautiful actresses of the stage and screen, now realize that "MAYBELLINE" is the most important aid to beauty and use it regularly. Perfectly harmless in every way.

Solid or waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at All Toilet Goods Counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO
The NEW
JOHN GILBERT

TRICKS OF THE TALKIES
"That talking comedy alone was worth the price of admission!"

Everywhere you hear it in the lobbies of the country's leading picture theatres. They come out still laughing—they wouldn't have missed that comedy for anything!

Of course it's one of Educational's new talking comedies—the pictures in which the sound film is at its best. There's a new kind of amusement for you here, more entertaining, far funnier than the best comedies of the old silent screen.

And you can see and hear a new one every week. For the Mack Sennett pictures are just one group of Educational's Talking Comedies that have brought the comedy back into style in the best theatres everywhere.

MACK SENNETT TALKING COMEDIES
"THE LION'S ROAR"
"THE BRIDE'S RELATIONS"
"THE OLD BARN"
"WHIRLS AND GIRLS"
"BROADWAY BLUES"

LLOYD HAMILTON TALKING COMEDIES
"HIS BIG MINUTE"
"DON'T BE NERVOUS"
"HIS BABY DAZE"

JACK WHITE TALKING COMEDIES
"ZIP! BOOM! BANG!"
"COLD SHIVERS"
"LOVERS' DELIGHT"
"LOOK OUT BELOW"

LUPINO LANE TALKING COMEDIES
"SHIP MATES"
"BUYING A GUN"

CORonet TALKING COMEDIES
with EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
"ASK DAD"
"THE RIGHT BED"
"TRUSTING WIVES"

MERMAID TALKING COMEDIES
Jack White Productions
"THE CRAZY NUT"

TUxedo TALKING COMEDIES
Jack White Productions
Watch for first release soon

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
SHOWERED WITH HONORS
Fox pictures, actors, directors receive bewildering array of awards for artistic merit

FOX wins Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences First Award
This organization, composed of the leading stars, directors, producers, writers and technicians, headed by Douglas Fairbanks as President and regarded as the representative voice of the motion picture industry, awarded the most coveted prize in the screen world to FOX for the most unique and artistic production of the year 1928, "SUNRISE". They also bestowed upon Janet Gaynor, petite Fox star, the first award of the Academy for her artistic performance in her portrayal of the role of Diane in "7th HEAVEN," this being adjudged the best screen performance of the year. Miss Gaynor's other noteworthy performances during the past year include "STREET ANGEL", "FOUR DEVILS" and "SUNRISE". Frank Borzage, director of "STREET ANGEL" was similarly honored by the Academy, who bestowed upon him the first award in the field of dramatic directors. The awards for the best adaptation was also won by FOX with Benjamin Glazer as the cited author.

FOX wins the Photoplay Gold Medal
One of the most important awards of the year is the annual PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL, presented by the publishers of Photoplay Magazine as a result of a poll of their readers made each year. The American public, as represented by the readers of Photoplay Magazine, voted "7th HEAVEN" the best motion picture of the year.

FOX Pictures receive important awards throughout the world
In a nationwide poll among dramatic critics, conducted by the Film Daily, three FOX pictures were named among the ten best of the year 1928—this poll included 295 critics in 188 cities representing 326 periodicals. The FOX pictures selected were "STREET ANGEL", "FOUR SONS" and "SUNRISE". In a WORLD-WIDE survey of 25 countries, "SUNRISE" was adjudged the best picture of the season by Der Deutsche, famous German publication. In Japan, "7th HEAVEN" won the contest conducted by Kirewa Jumpo, most popular motion picture magazine in Japan, for the best picture released in 1927. In 1928 the first award was won by "SUNRISE".

FOX Movietone is Americanizing the World
FOX MOVIE TONE Talking and Singing pictures also have an important place in international education. As an example of this world-wide influence FOX Talking pictures are being used in the Orient to educate school children and salesmen to speak the English language. English being the commercial language of the world, FOX all-talking pictures are everywhere in demand for educational purposes. Artists who will be both seen and heard in the forthcoming season's FOX all-talking Movietone productions include some of the most famous from the ranks of the concert, musical and dramatic stage. You will HEAR and SEE John McCormack, Lenore Ulric, Will Rogers, to name only a few among the many famous personages appearing in FOX Movietone Pictures.

Watch your local theatre for the latest FOX MOVIE TONE ALL TALKING PICTURE. Don't miss it! And you will realize why the entire world is showering Fox pictures and players with awards for artistic merit.
# SCREENLAND

September, 1929

Delight Evans, Editor

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The Whole Show on the Talking, Singing Screen!

With Paramount Short Features of the New Show World you see and hear The Whole Show on the Talking, Singing Screen. And what a show it is! A Paramount Talking Picture, rounded out with Paramount Sound News, and talking, musical short features. Bringing the biggest stars of The New Show World—stage, screen, music, radio—to you. Christie Talking Plays featuring outstanding stars of stage and screen. Paramount Sound News—eyes and ears of a new world. Paramount Screen Songs—the whole audience sings! Paramount Talk- artoons—humorous novelties—the cartoon figures actually talk! See and hear The Whole Show on the Screen—by Paramount—your guarantee of quality entertainment from the first moment to the last!

“If it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in town”
Alan Crosland, who directed 'On With the Show,' the first all-color, all-talking production for Warner Bros., is an expert on color photography, despite the fact that this film is the first color production over which he presided. A careful study over a period of many months of the color camera makes him one of the few authorities in the picture business on this new and engrossing subject.

"With color photography the latest rage of filmdom, Hollywood studios have run up against an extraordinary situation," he said. "There are but ten cameras in the world capable of producing color. Eight months are required to build a color camera. Even the ordinary motion picture camera is three months in the building. Instead of the one strip of film used in the latter, the technicolor camera operates with two. One is green and one is red. They pass simultaneously before the eye of the camera, each recording the colors to which it is sensitive. In the final process, the two films are printed on one.

"In the old days bright, harsh colors were attempted and as a result the films were a strain on the eye. Through a long series of experiments, suitable combinations have been evolved until the technicolor process reaches its highly satisfactory state of development in 'On With the Show.' As a general rule, colors with white in them are the most amenable to photography. "New colors continuously are being added, however. For instance, yellows were seen for the first time on the screen in 'On With the Show.' It had been believed even by the technicolor people themselves that yellows would blur, but their cameraman and mine solved the problem in this picture. The brilliant red of the coats of the chorus in the fox-hunting number also is a new color. Still another is the blue of the sky in the final stage sequence. Never before have you seen real blue on the screen. There have been green blues, but no genuine shades.

"Cameramen worked three days photographing different bolts of colored silks to find out which shade would produce that tint. The expense of photographing a picture such as 'On With the Show' in natural colors runs $250,000 more than the same film in black and white."

■ ■ ■

Guests at Hollywood dinner parties order their menu ahead of time. To the poor hostess! Few people eat real meals in Hollywood today. All because of the 18-day diet in vogue.

At a dinner party given by Monte Brice eight different meals were served to as many people. Each was on a different day of the diet. Some had hard-boiled eggs; one fortunate man was on the steak day and carried his half pound of red meat about proudly. Brice was on the lamb chop day. Dorothy Dwan was unfortunate enough to be at the sliced orange and cup of tea stage. Mrs. James Gleason and Robert Armstrong were both at the shrimp cocktail place on the list, and Mildred Webb was eating cold chicken!

The longest perambulator 'shot' in the history of sound motion pictures was filmed for 'Taming of the Shrew' which is to bring Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks to the screen as co-stars.

Through a maze of streets on the huge set, built as an exact reproduction of the fifteenth century Italian city of Padua, the cameras and sound equipment picked a pathway continuously for a distance of more than 300 yards, a record in the making of sound-recorded productions.

Not a bit of colorful activity on the busy thoroughfares was lost by Director Sam Taylor. The 500 extras, rehearsed for days...
NOW COLOR TAKES THE SCREEN

Warner Bros. present
The first 100% Natural Color
ALL SINGING PRODUCTION

IN TECHNICOLOR

"ON WITH THE SHOW"

Now Warner Bros. pioneer again with another radical development in motion picture production —COLOR! Full colors — natural colors — real colors, reproduced direct from life!

Color breaks the last barrier between you and Broadway at its best. Now the Screen can give you everything the Stage can offer — and more...

For at "On With The Show" you can sit "out front" and revel in all the color and rhythm of the spectacular singing and dancing numbers of a Broadway revue — than step behind the curtain to listen in on the strange drama and romance that wings and dressing-rooms hold secret... see heartbreak hiding behind hilarity because — "the show must go on!"

A $2 Broadway Hit Direct to YOU at POPULAR Prices

With 100 per cent Talking and Singing, an all-star cast of 14 famous names, a glorified beauty chorus of 100, and 3 brand-new hit songs — "Am I Blue?", "Let Me Have My Dreams", and "In The Land of Let's Pretend" — "ON WITH THE SHOW" would be superb picture entertainment, even in black and white... But the added thrill of Technicolor makes it an artistic event of commanding importance in entertainment history. Make — or break — a date to see it!

You See and Hear VITAPHONE only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures
in their respective bits of business, portrayed a range of characters from nobles to peasants. The recording instruments picked up every noise from the chatter of housewives to the cackling of geese.

The opening scenes of the "Taming of the Shrew" also saw the introduction of a unique signal system designed by Assistant Director 'Lucky' Humberstone which was used in directing and controlling the group of players who formed the background action. Microphones and amplifiers, of course, were out of the question in the filming of a sound production, so Humberstone was forced to fall back upon a combination electric flasher semaphore system handled by a corps of men which gave the players their cues.

With production on "Taming of the Shrew" now under way, Director Taylor estimates that at least seven weeks will be consumed in its filming. Those who have important roles in support of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in the all-talking picture are Dorothy Jordan, Clyde Cook, Edwin Maxwell, Joseph Cavethorn and Geoffrey Wardwell.

The most valuable piece of furniture that has ever been used in a Billie Dove picture is on the set of "Her Private Life" at the First National Vitaphone Studios in Burbank.

It is a teakwood desk, formerly owned by the late Czar of Russia and presented to him by King Edward of England. The desk was purchased in Europe recently by a Hollywood collector, and is valued at more than $10,000. It was built to order for the king, and is only the desk of the kind in the world. Constructed of teakwood, with intricate brass inlays, it has small porcelain plaques showing the coats of arms of the various reigning houses in Europe, and the members of the various noble families.

Because of its value, the desk was guarded day and night by special watchmen. It was rented for the picture, and its debut before the cameras cost First National a tidy sum, * * *

Struck by a midnight cloudburst the African camp of the "Trader Horn" motion picture expedition was washed away and about ten thousand dollars' worth of personal equipment lost, according to word received by cable from Butiaba in the Uganda Protectorate.

Director W. S. VanDyke, caught in a swirl of water was carried bodily to the edge of the river—the Victoria Nile, where he was saved by being wedged in a group of three stumps at the water's edge.

Thirty-five white persons and about a hundred natives were in the camp, which had been established about sixty miles up the Victoria Nile near Murchison Falls. All were rendered temporarily helpless when the deluge swept away tent supplies and foodstuffs and leveled the radio set that had been erected outside the camp. Harry Carey, who has the part of Trader Horn in the picture, lost his entire wardrobe and all of his personal belongings.

The loss of supplies, including films and cameras, will delay the company about two weeks, it is estimated, until more are brought forward from base headquarters in Nairobi. * * *

The most unpopular woman in Hollywood, at least among the fair inhabitants of the screen colony who are trying to keep their weight down to certain proportions, is 'Cupid' Ainsworth, the two hundred-fifty-pound vaudevillelly who has arrived at cinematic headquarters. 'Cupid' also has a figure to maintain but the treatment it demands is different from that of her more sylph-like sisters. When she lunches at the Montmartre Miss Ainsworth demands plenty of butter, the richest salad-dressing in the place, oodles of whipped cream and the biggest piece of chocolate cake she can wheedle out of the waiter. Small wonder, cry the girls who sit at neighboring tables nibbling on a lettuce leaf and sipping unsweetened tea, that they hate Cupid bitterly. Their lot is hard enough, they declare, without the torture of watching Cupid's very evident enjoyment of her feast. The hefty young comedienne will first be seen in "Big News," a Pathé picture.
INCANDESCENT with “IT”... One million watts of what millions have come miles to see... Every film-foot flaming with the Spirit of 46—and Broadway... NO WONDER “BROADWAY BABIES” HAS MADE THE MAIN STEM JEALOUS!

All Broadway’s best stuff stolen for The Talking Screen. The Street of Streets transferred to celluloid and Vitaphone as it’s never been before! Girls and guns and glare and glamour... Honest-to-Ziegfeld songs and dances and stunning stage effects... Then back to the dressing-rooms of glorified beauties—off to their parties after the show.

Wait for “Broadway Babies” before you decide how perfectly the screen can mirror the wonders of world-famed revues. Tell the folks right now that the night “Broadway Babies” comes to town is going to be your night out!

A First National Vitaphone Picture

Vitaphone is the registered trademark of the Vitaphone Corporation
There seems to be a trend toward pictures with a newspaper background. Pathé started it with "The Office Scandal," with Phyllis Haver. Paramount gave us "Gentlemen of the Press" and First National followed up with "Drag" with Richard Barthelmess. Metro-Goldwyn is preparing "Tabloid." Howard Hughes, young millionaire producer, has purchased the movie rights to "The Front Page." I don't know when this will be along since "Hell's Angels," which he started two years ago is still in the making. Meanwhile Pathé is coming through with "Magic News," featuring Carol Lombard and Robert Armstrong.

A few thousand girls will soon 'go gob.' And four good good reasons! Billy Haines is going to be a tar in "The Gob." Jack Gilbert will star in "Way of a Sailor." "Allan Hale is making "Sailor's Holiday." George O'Brien just completed a role as a 'middle' in "Salute." Heigh, Navy!

Was it Colonel Lindbergh or Rudy Vallee who started the vogue for blond heroes? Anyway, what I'm getting at is that J. Harold Murray, of the stage, is blond, handsome, and then some! He has been signed by Fox Films. You will see him in "Married in Hollywood" with Norma Terris. Don't take the title too seriously. girls-Mr. Murray is a bachelor.
The Treat of Treats in Music - Beauty - Drama

RADIO PICTURES
PRESENTS
FLORENZ ZIEGFELD'S
Outstanding Success

"RIO RITA"
Featuring Bebe Daniels as "Rio Rita," Dorothy Lee, as "Dolly," John Boles, as Jim, the Ranger Captain... and Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

Produced in the original settings of the play with exquisite color sequences... "Rio Rita's" scintillating music, and new interpolated numbers.

"HIT the DECK"
The play that gave the public "Hallelujah" and "Sometimes I'm Happy."

At lavish Radio Pictures' musical extravaganza, in which flashes of sheer humor mingle with stirring drama. Glamorous scenes of Chinese revolution. Swinging choruses of gorgeous girls and gallant gobs. The rattle of distant gun-fire blends with lilt ling melodies.

Master of melody... monarch of comedy... producer of "Hit the Deck," the charm and glamour of which have been translated to the screen by Radio Pictures.

OTHER COMING RADIO MUSICAL AND DIALOGUE ATTRACTIONS

"Radio Revels of 1929"—The first annual screen review released by Radio Pictures... A song and musical spectacle comparable to anything on stage or screen.

"Street Girl"—An eye-filling, heart-stirring musical drama. Cast includes Betty Compson, Gus Arnsheim's Cocoanut Grove Band, Jack Oakie, Joseph Cawthorne.

"The Vagabond Lover"—Starring the inimitable Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees... A romantic musical comedy, full of color and action.

"High River"—A Herbert Brenon production... A majestic story of conflicting wills and passions in the river-threatened levee country of the Mississippi.

RKO DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America

For pictures that forecast the screen of tomorrow—see Radio Pictures of today.
We probably won’t lose Ramon Novarro after all. He threatened to desert the movies for the concert stage but the talkies will give him plenty of opportunity to use his nice voice. “A Singer of Seville” is his pre-talkie Spanish romance and Ramon —what a devastating combination!

Sally O’Neil and her sister, Molly O’Day, have been signed by Columbia Pictures for “Sisters.” Naturally they will play sisters in the picture which shouldn’t be at all hard for them or on us. Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, are making “A Woman Afraid” for Pathé. Tom, Owen and Matt Moore are playing brothers in “Side Street.” Dolores and Helene Costello are to do a sister act in Warners’ “The Show of Shows.” Not forgetting Mary and Doug Fairbanks in “The Taming of the Shrew.” Mervyn Le Roy is directing his wife, Edna Murphy, for the first time in “Little Johnny Jones.” Then there are the Four Marx Brothers but that would only be news if they weren’t playing together.

Richard Dix’s last picture for Paramount will be “The Love Doctor.” This film will probably cause the rise of Dick’s stock and feminine temperature. Dix has been signed to a long-term contract by Radio Pictures.

Warner Brothers are planning “The Show of Shows,” a revue with sound and color and many stars doing special numbers. John Barrymore will do a sketch from “Richard the Third.” Al Jolson, Charlotte Greenwood, Ted Lewis, Dolores and Helene Costello, Irene Bordoni, Winnie Lightner and Monte Blue are scheduled to do their stuff. With that line-up it will probably be the talk of the talkies!

Robert Armstrong and James Gleason are to be co-starred in a picture called “Oh Yeah!” Yes, zat’s so! And so’s Zacu Pitts in it.

Lupe Velez is making “Tiger Rose.” It’s the same picture that Lenore Ulric made in pre-talking days.

Harold ‘Red’ Grange, the galloping ghost of football, and George Lewis, star of “The Collegian” series, will be co-starred in “The Varsity Show.” This will, of course, include a thrilling football game, as well as other activities of college life. It will be Grange’s first talkie.

Since Evelyn Brent has been made a star she is stepping out in “Fast Company” with Jack Oakie, Lucille Ballinger and Chester Conklin for talkie reasons, of course.

Little Sally Blane, a very modern young lady, is making “Tanned Legs.” This film should be made in color to make the title authentic. Don’t know much about this picture but it sounds promising.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are blossoming out as musical comedy stars in “Sunny Side Up.” Both Janet and Charles are said to possess very fine singing voices. The talkies are revealing a lot of heretofore unknown accomplishments among our former silent stars.

Tiffany-Stahl has acquired the talkie rights of “Journey’s End,” a war play, which is the sensation of New York and London. To our mind, the most sensational thing about it is that there are no women in the play.

Charlotte Henry made a hit in “Courage,” the stage play on Broadway, and on the strength of her success signed a talking picture contract. Prepare to surrender to her youthful charm.

Leila Karrnelly is another newcomer. She’s Russian and Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen will probably be rushing her in the interests of “The Cock Eyed World.”

Rod La Rocque’s first talkie will be a sea story called “The Delightful Rogue.” Incidentally this will also be the debut of the sea in sound. A swash-buckling pirate, the distressed heroine at sea and the sound and fury of the ocean’s storm are all part of the plot. Sounds exciting already.

The “Our Gang” talking comedies are a huge success. Robert McGowan, director of the gang, believes in giving each of the kids a chance for a star part in these comedies. Farina gets his turn next in “Lazy Days.” As a lazy colored child, Farina furnishes most of the fun of this comedy.

When Al Jolson isn’t working on the stage or before the camera he manages to keep active writing theme songs. He wrote Evangeline for Dolores Del Rio’s picture, “Evangeline,” and the theme song for Norma Talmadge’s first talkie, “Tim Pan Alley,” called A Year From Today. Al seems to be a master of all trades.

Clive Brook is going to give us his interpretation of that famous detective, Sherlock Holmes. Raymond Hatton, back on the Paramount lot for the first time since his co-starring days with Wallace Beery, will probably play Watson. This will be the third time the characters of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle have been revived for films. This revision will be in sound, of course. “Kibitzer,” Paramount’s all-talking comedy drama based upon the Broadway stage play, has Harry Green, who was so swell in “Close Harmony,” in the title role. Mary Brian and Neil Hamilton supply the love interest.

George Bancroft will have two blonde ladies in his next, “The Mighty.” Esther Ralston will get her man and Dorothy Revier will be the ‘menace.’

It’s all off between Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall, cinematically speaking. And it’s official this time! Dorothy is going her way and Jack is going to co-star with Lois Wilson in the future. “The Great Divide” with Ian Keith is Dorothy’s next and Jack Mulhall and Lois Wilson are making “In the Next Revue” together.

Marian Nixon knows what it means to be a favorite of the ‘mike.’ Marian is kept busier than a swarm of bees. She steps from one studio to another. It’s all very nice —in a way—but it sort of cramps one’s style when one is trying to find time to go on a honeymoon. Yes, Marian is engaged! Edward Hilliman, Jr., he’s not in pictures, is the lucky man. Miss Nixon has just completed “General Crack.”

C. George Jessel arrives in Hollywood with his props for his next talkie, “The Hurdy Gurdy Man.”

C. Two straws and a soda! Eddie Quillan’s financial resources must be low or maybe it’s a collegiate custom. Eddie plays with Jeanette Loff in “The Sophomore.”
Paramount has signed Fay Wray on a long-term contract because of her fine performance in "Thunderbolt." She is now rehearsing for "Behind the Makeup," with Hal Skelly, of the stage. Then she is to be co-starred with Richard Arlen in "The Lost God."

Musical comedies seem to be the most popular talkies. Universal bought "Hold Everything" and "Here's How" for Merle Kennedy and Glenn Tryon. Radio Pictures are producing "Hit the Deck."

Ronald Colman is working on "Condemned to Devil's Island," with Mary Duncan, borrowed from Fox, for the feminine lead.

Monte Blue is back in the South Seas again. This time he is a beach comber in "The Isle of Escape." Myrna Loy supplies the South Sea sex appeal.

Helen Kane and her baby-talk blues voice are in Hollywood and all set to begin work in "Sweetie" with Nancy Carroll.

Bessie Love and Charles King are to be featured in another back-stage-life talkie, called "Road Show." Colleen Moore's new talkie, "Footlights and Fools," is also of back-stage atmosphere. Lee Tracy, of the stage, is working on "Big Time." This is a tale of vaudeville doings. Stepin Fetchit, the colored Fox contract player, will contribute his clever comedy to this picture.

Fox Films are using the world as their studio. The locale of John McCormack's first talkie is Ireland. "The Cisco Kid" with Warner Baxter is to be filmed in Mexico. Will Rogers' forthcoming film, "They Had to See Paris," has France for a background. The cast of "The Girl From Havana" have just returned from the West Indies. "The Sky Hawk" will have sequences to be made in London. So if you want to see the world—go to the movies!

Universal Pictures has acquired the screen rights to "All Quiet on the Western Front," the sensational war novel written by a German soldier, Erich Maria Remarque. Maxwell Anderson, co-author of "What Price Glory?" is to adapt it for the screen and prepare the dialog. And now prepare yourself for some gripping entertainment!
CONFESSIONS of the FANS

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the screen and its stars. Beginning next month, we will discontinue the use of readers' photographs, offering instead $50.00 in prizes for the best letters: first prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. The next best letters will be printed by way of honorable mention. This prize offer will be in effect in the October issue of SCREENLAND and every issue thereafter. Letters must not exceed 200 words in length. Sign your full name and address, please!

The Editor

He Met Dolores Del Rio!

Dear Editor:

You Americans are fortunate in having the stars in your country. They are always making personal appearances in your towns. In Belgium we never have such opportunities so you can imagine how thrilled I was when Dolores Del Rio put in her appearance.

I went to the station to see her arrive as did many others. Her winsome smile and sparkling eyes were enough to make any mortal lose his head. I went over to her and expressed my great admiration for her and her picture work. She answered me in a few delicious words which I shall never forget. Being a Mexican myself, I asked her whether she knew my family in Mexico. I felt that the gates of heaven were opening when she replied that she did!

Later I went to her hotel and talked with Miss Del Rio and her mother. They were very kind to me and Dolores gave me an autographed photograph in remembrance. I sent her a drawing of herself and she thanked and congratulated me for it.

My impression of Dolores Del Rio is that she is more beautiful off the screen than on. I shall never forget her. She will always be my favorite actress.

Sincerely,
José Manero,
34 Rue Du Siege,
Antwerp, Belgium.

Dear Editor:

Ruth Chatterton, blue-eyed, fair-haired child of the theater has gone 'movie' with glamourous results! She has slipped into starland without fan-fare of trumpets and has become over-night Hollywood's 'Q. O. P.' (Queen of Pathos).

My memory goes back to her as a cute little girl on the stage in Boston. I laughed with her that day as only one little girl knows how to laugh with another. Moons have waxed and waned and the cute little girl has turned into a charming young woman with a delightful voice and an ingratiating personality.

Those who are in love with the 'one and only' man in the world will appreciate the heart-break in Ruth Chatterton's voice in "The Doctor's Secret." It is unforgettable!

Scornfully I had viewed talkies, hating them bitterly. But I hadn't heard Ruth Chatterton's gorgeous voice!

When in mimosa-scented Hollywood bigger and better pictures are made Ruth Chatterton will make them! But how anything could be better than her artistry in "The Doctor's Secret" is a mystery to me! I'm not from Missouri, but I have to be shown!

Greetings and kindest wishes, Miss Chatterton. We learned about genius from you!

Sincerely,
Adele Louise Simonds,
P. O. Box 1232,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Editor:

May I enter my protest against the talking motion pictures? Thanks! I am not old fashioned, prosaic, or biased, but frankly I do not like talkies. What a disappointment to hear some of our heroes and heroines break in with some untimed, commonplace remark in a tender love scene!

The cinema must portray the romantic, the ideal. We have enough of the matter-of-fact and the practical in our mundane lives. There is beauty and sentiment in silent pictures. To me, the talkies are a cheap and unfavorable substitute for the speaking stage.

To quote Mr. Emerson: "Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat." There is beauty and beauty. Certainly there are fewer beautiful voices than faces! So let us have none of this 'babel' in our photoplays or

The Play is the Thing

Dear Editor:

What slays me is this business of movie fans allowing their favorites' social life to enter into their screen work! I have heard at least five different girls, at different times, say: "I adored Gary Cooper—until he started to go around with Lupe Velez."

Just why do we do it? Why do young girls prefer their movie heroes unmarried, and as free from real romance as possible? Is it because, when we're sixteen, we have nothing but dreams and ideals, and usually actors are our make-believe heroes? I blithely remember feeling terribly disappointed when I heard a certain star was in love with a certain foreign actress.

Now that I'm no longer sixteen, it seems foolish to worry about an actor's private life. It is the play, and the actor, that interest me—not the man!

Sincerely yours,
Barbara Rowe,
5639 Goodfellow Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.
You'll see things you never saw before in "Broadway." You'll be plunged deep into the blazing heart of New York's mad night life! You'll see people you wouldn't believe existed doing things you wouldn't believe possible! You'll hear songs you'll never forget—songs like "Hittin' The Ceiling," "Sing a Little Love Song," and others! You'll be amazed at the biggest set ever built, as you're entertained by the most extravagant girlie revue numbers ever staged! You'll be charmed and thrilled by the color scenes in Technicolor.

As a stage play "Broadway" was the outstanding success of two seasons; as a talking picture it swept blasé New York off its feet when it ran at the Globe Theatre at $2.00. Now you can see it at your favorite theatre exactly as shown on Broadway.

The cast includes Glenn Tryon, Evelyn Brent, Merna Kennedy, Otis Harlan, Robert Ellis; two members of the original stage cast—Thomas E. Jackson and Paul Porcasi, and many others.

A CARL LAEMMLE, JR., PRODUCTION
Directed by PAUL FEJOS

SHOW BOAT

"SHOW BOAT" keeps rolling up new records everywhere. It is truly a talking and singing triumph. The receipts at box offices in every part of the world are almost unbelievable. Never was there a picture with such Universal appeal for grown folks and youngsters of every nationality. You simply MUST see "Show Boat."

The cast includes Laura La Plante, as "Magnolia"; Joseph Schildkraut, as "Ravenal," Otis Harlan, Alma Rubens, Emily Fitzroy, Jane La Verne. Music from the Florenz Ziegfeld stage production of EDNA FERBER'S great novel, with the singing hits of Helen Morgan, Jules Bledsoe and Aunt Jemima.

A HARRY POLLARD PRODUCTION

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
if it must come, why not a process of selec-
tion and elimination?
Why must we poor fans be subjected to
such torture and discomfiture when we set
our hour of rest, art and beauty?
So much for the talkie facile.

Where are some of the beautiful faces
we need to watch? Our "souvenirs" may in-
clude memories of such talented persons as
Olga Petrova, Louise Glau, Barbara La
Marr, Kitty Gordon, Carlyle Blackwell,
Bessie Barriscale and Nazimova. I would
welcome interviews and pictures of these
old favorites.

Of the present-day stars I enjoy Greta
Garbo, and I've Nash. Gilbert Astor, Gary
Cooper, Gilbert Roland and Jack Gilbert.
It is sad that we have lost the glorious,
glamorous Negri. And what's happened to
Arturo Cortez?

I'm a Garbo fan from start to finish. I
consider the Garbo-Astor combination the
greater duo in the history of the movies,
even eclipsing the Garbo-Gilbert team.

Sincerely,
Gerald Rhines,
Oil City, Pennsylvania,
(South Side.)

Seeing Stars

Dear Editor:

Some people get all the breaks! How-
ever, I am not one of them—in spite of
my being Irish. I have gotten so close to
elbowing stars, but—no closer. Let my
friends and family take the bow!

My sister-in-law's college boy friends
from the University of California met Joan
and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., coming up on the
train. They unanimously agreed that Joan
is nothing short of an optical knock-out
and that Doug Jr. is a nice kid. And
— that the two are madly in love with each
other!

A nautical but nice friend, who has
appeared in several naval pictures, was sta-
tioned at Camp Lewis, when Richard
Barthelmess was making the "Patent Leather
Kid." He deplored the fact that "our
Dick" of necessity used a double for the
more dangerous scenes, but said that
Barthelmess was a good scout and a real
actor.

The boy-next-door, who dances profes-
sionally, met Bebe Daniels while he was an
extra and doted upon. King Vidor's pro-
duction, Bebe was working on "Senorita"
with James Hall. She is not only pretty
but clever—and listen, my star-struck chil-
dren who have a godly space reserved for
him in the cardiae region—James is amiable
and natural and not one bit upstage.

The first time the mater, one of the few
residents of L. A., who did not sell real
estate, ever saw Miss Daniels, Bebe was
powdering her nose publicly—and in those
days public nose-dabbing was too common
upon. But Mom decided that Bebe was
nice enough to trespass upon etiquette.

The maternal parent used to act as big
menu and rosette woman at the Beverly
Hill Hotel. In the course of her daily
hoofing from table to table she met many
of the silversheet's stars—people for which
we'd cheerfully give the gold-mining rights
to our back teeth to the nearest pawnshop
to see—but she wasn't properly thrilled.
She usually served Elliott Dexter in his
room. Of all the male notables she met he
was the most charming and gracious. Jack
Pickford and Tom Moore were two of
her steady customers—pleasant chaps both
of them.

Mom was strolling one day when she
saw Douglas Fairbanks hop over the cow
catcher of a streetcar and a few other things
by the way of morning exercise, while Mary
Pickford remonstrated gently. True to type.

Six years ago my one and only sister
was fresh from the last grade of high school
and was drawing what she considered
an immense salary. Kenneth Harlan dropped
towtown unexpectedly and announced that
he was looking for a girl to act as both
secretary and extra. He spent so much time
trying to convince my sister that she was
just the girl he wanted that he missed his
train. I know you wouldn't believe this be-
cause it is the fashion to believe that stars
are temperamental and fussy creatures, but
he didn't even show annoyance at her
renunciation of art as he had a right to do.
But he did show his disappointment.

Jeanette Loff was a back-door neighbor
of Mom's for several years outside of the
city proper in a little locality called Rose-
way. One Hallow'en Jeanette was sadly
in need of a large rose ribbon to wear in
her hair as a part of her party costume,
so she ran to Mom's for one. There was no
ribbon, since her rise to fame, has since been
used as an embellishment on a boudoir
pillow—and my sister-in-law is the proud
possessor of what we refer to as the Loff
pillow.

Jeanette has blue, blue eyes and golden
blonde hair and is small and sylph-like. But
in spite of her loveliness she has no conceit
and her feet are planted squarely on the
ground.

A theatrical girl friend had the honor
of being introduced to Eugene O'Brien
and Virginia Valli when they filmed a pic-
ture here several years past. Easy if your
uncle's a film executive. They were most
graciously received, had her memory book.
She's quite ambitious. She num-
bers among her autographs that of Anna
Pavlova.

While another acquaintance was bemoan-
ing the fact that she cannot attend the theater to see
Sally O'Neil in person—this winter—Molly O'Day
and Sally herself declared that she could
have touched them had she reached out
her little finger. The two were dressed in
sawgur fur coats which only emphasized
their Irish charms.

Not long ago in San Francisco, her
sea-going musician brother had the pleasure
of meeting Sally—and she gave him a personal
gift of herself and autographed it, to boot.
Her family must have been born under a
lucky star—the whole tribe of them. Her
other brother is the one who met Bebe
Daniels and James Hall. And her family
used to flock to see William Powell when
he played stock in the City of Roses.

The train pulled into a small and sleepy
hamlet one drowsy afternoon. A fairly tall
and looking good chap in a dark way,
disembarked, got out his camera and started
taking pictures of the town—or lack of it.
A press agent scowling nervously into the
station restaurant. "Know who's outside?"
he asked the mater. To her "no the p.s.,
father's going to the library, you who?"
He replied: "Rudolph Valentino." At that
the entire force made for the great out-
doors.

Mom, who had met Valentino through
one of the large theater owners of L. A.,
had not seen him since his marriage to
Natacha Rambova, but he spoke to her as
if he had seen her only yesterday.

Buddy Rogers, girl of America's secret
sorority, used to attend the University of
Kansas with a couple of musicians friends
of the girl who met Sally and Molly on the
main drag one evening. The three youths
renewed old acquaintances just recently
while making "Close Harmony."

Buddy and I have one thing in common
we were both born in the Sunflower State.

Most sincerely,
Margaret Pangborn
720 East Morrison St.,
Portland, Oregon.

Lois Moran's Career

Dear Editor:

I do not think a word or two to the fans
about Miss Moran will be amiss. Her
sweet simplicity blends into one of the
most charmingly beautiful personalities I've
ever been privileged to meet. I've followed
the career of Lois Moran, from her very
first entrance into the Land of Pictures.
Since her first rôle in "Stella Dallas" which introduced her to the world as a promising actress Lois has had very few roles that have been worthy of her talents, and yet she has given us every enthusiasm, and every effort for her very best. She has not fallen down, so to speak, in a single part entrusted to her interpretation.

Lately, after coming out in a few 'different' roles under the Fox banner, Lois is showing us what she is capable of doing. In "True Heaven" bits of a genuine actress were given to us. She was superlatively emotional. Given the proper chance in her field Lois Moran is going to surprise all of us. Right now, she's beautiful. Life has not left its mark on her as yet; she is like the exquisite rosebud, crying to be picked from its bush, and sent upon its mission in the world.

Two years have affected a most remarkable change in Lois. One watches her talents unfold, as each new picture is released. I warn you all to watch for her first 100% talkie picture and see if I'm not correct. I predict that this first 100% talkie Lois does is going to shine as one of the pictures of the year! Bravo, Lois, for your patience, your persistence, your sincerity!

Sincerely,
Genevieve A. Larrioux-Loundace, P. O. Box 272,
Wilmington, Calif.

Her Favorites

Dear Editor:
I liked "Broadway Melody" and "On Trial." I think that Lois Wilson and Bert Lytell have very fine voices. However, one of my favorite pictures was a silent one, "Forgotten Faces" with Clive Brook and Bachanova. They acted so realistically one could hardly believe they were just playing a part.

Clive Brook and Lewis Stone are my favorite actors. "Evangeline" is also a lovely picture and Dolores Del Rio makes a charming Evangeline.

Thank you for letting me contribute to this department.

Sincerely,
Mrs. E. Hyatt,
1720 W. Cahuarras St.,
Colorado Springs, Colorado.

A Clara Bow Booster

Dear Editor:
I want to say a few words for Clara Bow and the talkies. Clara is my favorite star and I don't care what kind of a picture she takes part in just as long as she is in it. In my case it's Clara and not the play that is the thing.

I think Mary Brian and Charles Rogers are two darlings. In my estimation they come next in line after Clara.

Talkies are wonderful! The first one I saw was "In Old Arizona" and I certainly enjoyed it. I'm for talkies! I wish for Clara Bow the best of luck always.

Sincerely,
Miss Roslyn Millar,
218 Durocher Avenue,
Montreal, Canada.

A Feather for Jeanne Eagels

Dear Editor:
Now, if I don't get something off my chest, I'll simply burst! You've guessed it? The talkies, of course. Talkies, talkies—no "ferocious" brook, they seem destined now to go on forever. Even cross-word puzzles didn't get such a Her-culean hold on us, the dear public. At first I was rather reluctant and loathe to enthuse in the talkies' favor, dismissing the efforts I had seen as a hodge-podge of cacophony; a tinnitus intensified by the seemingly wretched voices of our famous stars. "Bravo, Jo and behold!" Along came such capable persons as Jeanne Eagels, Ruth Chatterton, and, yea, Sophie Tucker, Fannie Brice and Belle Baker—recruits from the food-wars who wanted to make a new contraption. "Something in it after all," opined I.

One day, with sixty cents in my pocket and after a fruitless search for a job, I stopped in front of a local theater where "The Letter" was being read to capacity audiences. I hesitated, then, with the usual 'I-don't-care' attitude assumed in such trying circumstances, I parked fifty cents of my paltryittance with the lady at the box office and hid myself inside the theater. Was I repaid? Never, in all my cinema-going days (with a little effort at reminiscing, I can place their incidence about my tender age of five years) have I been lifted to such lofty heights of thrill-dom as when Miss Eagels retaliated to her husband's decree that her punishment should be her life imprisonment way out there in—was it Singapore? Perhaps Jeanne will do "Rain" (see "Sadie Thompson") in dialog—though only the dialog would make it any better (then, would it?) than Gloria Swanson's brilliant portrayal of that interesting, albeit meretricious femme.

Later (after I had a job) I saw and heard Ruth Chatterton in "The Doctor's Secret." Please allow me to use that sadly abused, often wrongly applied adjective—sprint. I register keen anticipation for "Madame X," which madam, it would seem, is exhumed every other year.

But, let us not forget our own cinematic artists. Mary Pickford was magnificent in certain episodes of that poorly photographed "Coquette." Corinne Griffith in "Saturday's Children," brought her lovely drawl to us, one that is indeed in keeping with her languid charm. Margaret Livingston, Betty Compson, Bessie Love (and those terpsichorean prodigities!), Bachanova—all that vibrant, pulsating Russ—these ladies talk, sing, laugh, scream or what have you, with profound feeling, intelligence; their voices permeate the atmosphere with that evanescent spirit of good showmanship. We have yet to hear from Swanson, the Great Garbo and Gish. Yet, all in all, theater love hath no man than to stick by his favorites, whether in silence or in sound.

Provincial and trite an expression as 'tis, and for no reason at all, I say there, "let's go!"

Sincerely yours,
George Wilson, Jr.,
230 Noe Street,
San Francisco, Calif.

Beginning with the next, the October issue of SCREENLAND, we are offering cash prizes for the best letters to this department. Get busy!
Dick Arlen is no over-night screen sensation. He has slowly but steadily worked his way to the top. Starting in small roles, he has risen to gradually greater parts through the consistent exercise of a splendid talent. The fact that he has become a matinée idol of stellar proportions is a mere incident in an interesting career.
Bravo, Richard Arlen, for Your Fine Work as the Hero of “Four Feathers”

Seldom has Screenland presented an Honor Page with more pride than this one! For one thing, this Magazine has always liked Richard Arlen: for his staunch ambition, his willingness to give of his best no matter what part he had to play, and his genuine ability. He flew away with “Wings.” He contributed a real characterization to Clara Bow’s picture, “Ladies of the Mob.” He can play comedy or drama with equal facility. He is a dependable actor—but he is more than that. Ask any one of the thousands of young ladies who applaud him and she will tell you that he evokes her hearty admiration chiefly because he doesn’t look or act like an actor: he is a young American, stalwart, hearty, honest, who happens to be in the motion picture business! His work in “Four Feathers” has raised him to stardom and his success is well-deserved.
We take issue with our esteemed contemporary, for which we have as much respect as it has for us. Photoplay Magazine has 'revealed' the fact that some of the stars have had doubles singing or speaking for them in the talking pictures. What our august contemporary hoped to gain by such an expose is not precisely clear.

Screenland has no quarrel with the great industry which makes its existence and success possible. In fact, Screenland is openly and unashamedly pro-movie. Screenland is an ally, a friend, a champion, a lover of motion pictures; it believes in upholding the traditions of the screen and preserving the illusions of the millions who go to the movies. If the exigencies of the talking pictures have made it necessary occasionally to practice technical deception on the public, what of it? Consider the motive: to provide good entertainment. The secret of the success of these deceptions is that the audience is really deceived. Since motion pictures appeal to our emotions, we love them for what they appear to be rather than for what they are.

If the audiences really wish to poke and pry into the mechanical processes making this successful deception possible, let them look into such trade magazines as The Scientific American and Science and Invention. But Screenland believes that motion picture audiences are interested primarily in being entertained. When an actress cries we cry with her.

Why should we wish to know what means her director uses to induce those pitiful tears? All we know is that as we look at that girl on the screen she tugs at our heartstrings—she plays upon our emotions—she makes us weep with her. And that's all we need to know. Why should we care whether it is glycerine or art? Don't tell us!

After you have been roused to emotion by a splendid scene do you want someone rudely to knock you out of your exalted mood with a withering, "Aw—that's all hokum!"? When you have thrilled to the sound of your favorite hero's melodious tenor singing a song from the screen do you long for Willie Wiseacre to step up, cup his hand and whisper in your ear: "That's a voice double!"? No! You want to preserve your illusions! This art of the motion picture is founded on the innocent and happy illusions of a million children, grown-up and growing. Why shatter that illusion? The whole world is built on belief and faith. Rob people of their illusions and what is left? Nothing worth having. We need these trips into another land. We want our fun! Why take make-up away from a pretty girl? Why strip the circus of its glamour? Let us alone, you wise guys. The kill-joys who 'expose' the mystery that goes on behind the screen and makes possible our enjoyment are the same people who go about telling children there isn't any Santa Claus; and who would want Peter Pan to grow up!

But let them come! Screenland is ready for 'em! Because Screenland knows the real truth about motion pictures and motion picture audiences: that when people pay to be entertained they want to be left alone to enjoy themselves, in an enchanted land.
TAGGED for GLORY

New Candidates for Film Fame

« The lovely Adrienne Doré, who contributed so much to "The Wild Party."

« Clever Joyce Compton, protegée of Clara Bow, now in "Dangerous Curves."

« You’ll see Liska March in "Melody Lane" and Gloria Swanson’s next film.

« Left: Owen Davis, Jr., in Fox Movietone’s "They Had to See Paris."
« Right: Phillips Holmes, one of Paramount’s promising juveniles.
TRICKS

‘How is it Done?’ You Ask. This Story Tells You What You Want to Know About the Making of Talking Pictures

They're clever, there's no getting away from it. These talkie makers, I mean.

Look at “Dark Street,” wherein Jack Mulhall plays two brothers, one a crook and one a policeman, arrests himself and takes himself to jail, all the time talking back and forth to himself. And Jack does all the talking, mind you!

How does he do it?

It's simple when you know.

The photography is managed as a usual double-exposure, with half the lens opened at a time and positions carefully marked to match up. The voices are recorded likewise, thus:

A young stage actor was engaged to ‘stand in’ as crook when Jack was playing the policeman and to ‘stand in’ as cop when Jack essayed the part of the crook. Together the two rehearsed lines to that tempo and spacing were exactly the same—in fact, the ‘stand in’ was a carbon copy of Jack in the reading of each rôle. Then the recorder opened the microphone for Jack's rendition of a scene as the cop and tuned out while the ‘stand in’ replied, opening up again with Jack’s answer. When the reverse side of the scene was photographed, the ‘stand in's' remarks were not recorded but what Jack as the crook had to say was avidly picked up. Then the two scenes were merged, just as the two halves of the film are merged, and there we have Jack talking and speaking to himself!

It seems that animal actors are frequently too temperamental to part with their English accents at the psychological second demanded by the ‘mike.’ The donkey may bray or the parrot may indulge in light persiflage before or after the fatal ‘Interlock!’ but this picking up of cues—oh, too boring, don’t you know!

But no dumb actor can fool the talkie men, No, sir!

Peter Kelly, former vaudeville favorite, who can imitate birds, animals and reptiles so faithfully that their own mothers are fooled, is called on. Over at First National in “The Great Divide,” Kelly has been doubling the voices of parrots and other birds.

Count Valencia, a Spaniard of royal blood, is another animal imitator earning at least $25 a day on Hollywood lots.

Fred Newmeyer, directing “Sailor’s Holiday” for Pathé, needed a parrot. One answering to the name of Billie, whose repertoire included the singing of Blowing Bubbles and Over There, was brought in for a test, but he did so well that Newmeyer decided nobody would believe he was really doing it.

“No, get me a bird that can’t talk. At least he won’t spoil any scenes,” ordered the director. However, after the parrot had been registered in several scenes it developed that he must scream: “Clear the tracks for action!” What to do?

Fred Newmeyer doubles for the bird!
They don’t always double these animal actors, though. In “Smiling Irish Eyes,” Colleen Moore is supported by a two-months-old pig christened Aloysius. As pigs of that age are delicate, a double was provided, but it never worked. Aloysius liked the limelight and insisted on doing his own stuff. The thoughtful authorities had also arranged that Peter Kelly should squeal if Aloysius failed to pick up his cue, but he wasn’t needed. The pig developed an uncanny sense for talkies.

The elusive echo sheds its adjectives when confronted by the talkie cohorts. If a musical repetition is necessary, an instrument is played fortissimo into the ‘mike,’ the echo being played on a muted instrument farther off. If a voice is to be echoed, someone shouts into the mike and at a greater distance the same shout is gently repeated.

If you walked into the sound effect department at a studio and found three or four huskies playing on the floor with a roller skate or a child’s pop-gun, what would you think?

Nothing of the kind!

They’re trying to discover something that sounds like an ‘L’ train or a machine gun—they’re not goofy!

“One of the idiosyncrasies of sound recording is that often the actual sound does not record as it is,” explains Scott Littleton, director of Pathé’s sound effects. “Many noises break the microphone so we have to create others that will record more like the subject photographed than that subject would record.”

For William Boyd’s picture, “The Cop,” it was necessary to get the sound of an ‘L’ train. The actual sound made a deafening roar more like an avalanche, but by tying an iron pipe to a roller skate and dragging it across a bare floor the problem was solved.

Two great ships scraping against each other in “Strange Cargo” blew out some tubes so a cigar box and a piece of resined string was substituted to advantage.

Sometimes a discovery for sound effect is made by accident. In “High Voltage,” the drone of an airplane was needed. Nothing quite satisfied the experts. Bill Boyd was eating salted peanuts as he waited for his cue; when it came he threw a handful of nuts aside—they fit on a drum.

“Country’s saved!” shouted the sound expert, leaping forward. He snatched up the peanuts, plopped them down on the drum again, then bore both props away. An hour later he returned. The bottom was torn out of the drum and an electric fan installed inside. Setting the fan going, and dropping peanuts, aspirin and dice made just the right brree-tee drone of a plane.

Speaking of accidents:

When Universal was making “Climax,” canaries played important roles. Five or six hundred were engaged to sing a sort of theme song throughout the picture, but when cages of the yellow songsters were delivered on the sound stage the (Continued on page 93)
RUDY

Here is a New Idol with Sax Appeal. Watch Out!

“WAT a man!”

“He looks like the Prince of Wales.”

“He certainly does. But he’s more like Lindy.”

“I’ll say. And how!”

The scene was the Paramount Theater at Broadway and Forty-third Street, New York. Four of the hundreds of girls in the audience were discussing Rudy Vallee, who, with his orchestra, had been breaking all attendance records at the Paramount for six weeks.

Up on the stage, Vallee—who looks like a composite picture of Lindy and Great Britain’s Prince—was singing in his tender impassioned voice:

“I’m just a vagabond lover
In search of a sweetheart, it seems
And I know that someday I’ll discover her
The girl of my vagabond dreams.”

As the tall, bronze-haired orchestra leader brought his song to a close, he reached for his gold saxophone and began to play. At that moment, from the thousands of enraptured women in the audience there swept a sigh. A sigh as strong and as fervent as a tropical monsoon!

Rudy Vallee had conquered. A new idol had been born. A new star had risen in the motion picture heavens.

In January of this year, Vallee was broke. Out of a job, and practically unknown. Five months later, owing to his tremendous popularity over the radio and in vaudeville, Radio-Keith-Orpheum signed him to go to Hollywood. There he is to make his first big singing and talking picture, “The Vagabond Lover.” This is presumed to tell the true story of his life.

New York—as well as points south, north, west and east—has fallen for the twenty-six year old Rudy like Napoleon fell for Josephine, but with happier consequences. It all began back in January when he started singing and playing the saxophone and directing his orchestra over the National Broadcasting Chain. He had been working before the microphone on and off for nearly two years without raising any blood pressure. But over night, women became fascinated with him.

Early in February, he played a three days’ engagement at the 81st Street Theater. This is what is called a split-week house, the program being changed twice weekly. However, so many radio fans stampeded the place, that Vallee was held over another three days. The only time such a thing has ever occurred in that theater, I am told.

Shortly afterward he began a tour of the large movie theaters. And just before he started

[C. Rudy Vallee crooned his songs in the New York theaters and supper-clubs and over the radio and became a national celebrity. Now he is making his first film feature, “The Vagabond Lover,” for Radio Pictures. He’ll sing, play the saxophone, and act.

[C. Rudy has no time to spare, so he sets the alarm for five-fifteen—P. M.]
By
Rob Wagner

attracted to a brilliant spot of red or blue, and would follow it at the expense of pantomime.

When Doug Fairbanks decided to make "The Black Pirate" in color, I spoke to him about this problem. "If you can gently insinuate color you may get by with it," I said, "but you'll have to be careful to soft-pedal brilliant spots which the color-cameramen are so anxious to register."

"I've thought that all out," replied Doug, "and so I've told them that they are to forget we are using color and shoot for black and white."

It was one of the few color pictures that was not spotted with flaming gobs of color jumping all over the screen.

In general, however, color was 'out' in most studios. The fans were attuned to practically perfect black and white pictures, so why invite trouble in the more or less imperfect color processes?

Then came sound. And in one year the motion picture industry has gone through the most intensive experimental period of its existence. The fact of sound had been demonstrated; it then became a matter of testing various processes and perfecting the best. It is a long way from perfect yet, but it has gone so far that the sound and dialog picture has practically displaced the silent drama.

Curiously enough, the triumph of sound pictures are at the present moment found in two extremes—individual performance, such as lectures, short talks, songs and dances; and in great musical comedies and Follies shows. The latter, however, absolutely require color. No matter how photographically perfect, or how ravishing the music, color is a major motif to such spectacles. Thus we find the studios turning back to that very much neglected factor in picture-making. At last in Warners' newest production, "On With the Show," we have approached appreciably nearer the perfect—mechanically speaking—motion picture. After viewing "On With the Show," Ernst Lubitsch told me that in his opinion in another year there would be no more black and white pictures.

(Continued on page 112)
You Don’t Know the Real Gilbert Until You Read This Story!

“I wonder what Jack Gilbert is really like?”

How many times I have heard people ask that question! I have learned the answer. I know the real Gilbert. And I want you to know him, too.

To my complete surprise he is the exact opposite of the opinion I had formed, through idle gossip and the things I had read. They had prejudiced me to the extent of hoping that I wouldn’t have to write about him. The gossip about him was that he was conceited, arrogant and unreasonable. He hated interviews and would only see writers he knew and had confidence in. It is an accident when he talks to a reporter new to him.

He won’t pose for publicity stills and rarely for off-stage pictures of any kind. Consequently a wall of antagonism was erected between Gilbert and those whose job it is to supply the public with anecdotes about the players.

I found that the conceit attributed to Jack Gilbert is a passionate desire to be understood. It seems inconsistent then that he should refuse to meet people. I told him he has a terrible reputation for being upstage because of it.
"I know it," he said. "But I'm not going to talk to people who go out and, to make their story a sensation, magnify all the human failings of an actor and create a few that he hasn't got. This after we have had a very friendly visit. I had liked them and they, apparently had liked me. I had neither wanted nor expected a flattering interview, but I was unprepared for the violence of the attack I received."

Yet writers are human, too, and some have found that they can pen constructive things until the crack of doom with nine out of ten players, producers or executives paying not the slightest attention to the story or even looking to see who wrote it. They have accepted the words therein contained as their just due, placidly, and have never thought of the matter again. But oh, the fireworks when something unpleasant comes out! The story is passed from person to person, from lip to lip; the writer becomes famous, and his bank account grows. After all—someone has said that the business of this life is to get food and shelter and a good many people believe it. I pointed that out to Jack.

"I know that is true, too. But at least those who don't abuse their position and power can keep their self-respect, and that lasts—the rest may be swept away over night."

And there was no argument to that, either!

The most cruel articles against him are usually written by people who are total strangers or whom he has (Continued on page 98)
Those Healthy

An Old-Fashioned Outdoor Barbecue is Often the Height of Hollywood Hilarity!

Isn't this exactly like the romantic old Spanish California days! exclaimed Patsy the Party Hound ecstatically, as she gazed about her at the big sycamores, the little rills, the huge clumps of fern, of the Santa Monica Canyon. "And somebody is playing a guitar under the trees!"

Leo Carrillo was giving an old-fashioned Spanish barbecue in the Canyon, on the wide grounds where he is going to build his Spanish home. It is to be a real Spanish house, too, of adobe, with a great patio and fountain. Leo has been playing "Lombardi, Ltd." for years, but now he is going into pictures.

Leo stood in the shade of the trees to welcome his guests, while already the barbecue was beginning to sizzle in the huge oven.

"Well, I choose Leo to play the guitar to me!" exclaimed Patsy. "You know I..."
knew him when he was a little boy living in Santa Monica, where his father was a township Judge. No wonder he wanted to buy a home in this canyon, where we used to hold our picnics when we were children. Everybody adores Leo for his Latin charm and brightness of spirit."

Don Alvarado arrived just then, which we voted another perfect touch, and there were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Porcasi, Alice White, Armida, and Harry D'Arrast; but most of the guests were people from the stage, come to Hollywood for talking pictures, and they were (Continued on page 96)
Arthur! Arthur! His Public is Calling for Young Mr. Lake. Here's his Story

By James M. Fidler

Arthur! Arthur! His Public is Calling for Young Mr. Lake. Here's his Story

By James M. Fidler

Lunching with Arthur Lake, I expected to taste salt in my coffee. I didn't, but it must have been because Arthur didn't think of it. He's full of pranks. Just a great, big boy!

The day Arthur enrolled in high school, so his sister tells me, he walked up to a dignified, be-whiskered gentleman and asked: "Where's the guy who runs this dump?"

Fortunately for Arthur, the 'guy who ran the dump' possessed a sense of humor. The be-whiskered gent was 'the guy.'

I interviewed Arthur on his birthday—his twentieth birthday. His mother and sister were seated with us at the table. A birthday cake with a single sparkling candle adorned the centerpiece.

A telegram arrived. It was from an act touring the Publix Theater circuit, an act in which Arthur's sister, Florence Lake, had been a principal prior to her contract for motion picture work. The telegram read as follows:

"The waiters of the Bubbles Restaurant (name of the act) wish to serve you a birthday dinner consisting of health soup, wealth salad, happiness entrée with tremendous success for dessert. Also a la carte order of love and kiss cookies for sister and mother."

Arthur was born in Corbin, Kentucky, but the event should have taken place in Knoxville. That sounds funny. I'd better explain.

Arthur's parents were of the stage. His mother is Edith Goodwin. His father was Arthur Silverlake. It so happened that his mother, soon to bring Arthur into the world, decided that Knoxville should be his birthplace.

His father was then a principal in a traveling stock company and was forced to go on to Corbin for a one-week stand. Arthur's mother, lonesome and somewhat frightened, decided also to travel to Corbin in order to be with her husband when the crucial moment arrived. That's how it happened that Corbin, and not Knoxville, now hangs out the 'Our Own Boy' banner when one of young Lake's pictures hits the town.

Arthur has spent practically his entire life in the show business. His first stage part was as the baby in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Arthur was less than six months old then, unable to come forth and take his bows. As the years rolled by, he played baby, child, and finally boy roles.

During their travels, Arthur and his sister were taught by their mother. She underwent an examination in Atlanta that won her permission to act as tutor to her own children. Their fourth and fifth grade schooling came under their own mother.

Vaudeville brought the Lake troupe to Los Angeles. The act disbanded there. Everywhere they had played, critics had commented: "The two kids (Arthur and Florence) are clever. They should be in pictures." So when the act ended near Hollywood, the Lake family took the critics at their own words.

Florence liked motion pictures; Arthur did not. He cared nothing for a screen career. In fact, he took a job in his uncle's dye works. His uncle wanted him to start at the bottom and dye up. Arthur liked the work and gloried over the princely salary of twenty dollars per week. All went well until he (Continued on page 102)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
DOROTHY MACKAILL and IAN KEITH
in "The Great Divide."
Marion will sing and dance in her next picture—her first talkie, by the way.

The Davies Lady is Lovely and Lively!

She is one of the best dancers in all Hollywood.

Try this on your own toes sometime!
Maid of Moods

"The Davies dash and gaiety will be at its best in the new audible entertainment.

"This isn't as easy as it looks, either!"

All photographs of Miss Davies by Ruth Harriet Louise, posed expressly for Screenland Magazine.
FROM "The Circus" to "Broadway"; or The Rise of Merna Kennedy. Chaplin's discovery is now a Universal talking picture!
WHEN Glenn·Tryon plays a trouper on
the screen you know you are looking at
the real thing. He knows his stuff.
BACK to the primitive! Joan Crawford—Mrs. Doug Fairbanks Jr.—is the heroine of "Jungle"—oh, so barbaric and beautiful!
ILMA BANKY is studying hard to perfect her English. Don't let your star lose that accent altogether, Mr. Goldwyn.
A LOVELY lady from Broadway becomes a sensation in the sound studios: Kay Francis, artiste of lines, and lines!
GOTHAM'S GIFT to HOLLYWOOD

Kay Francis from Broadway Conquers the Film Colony

By John Engstead

Right now, one girl has Hollywood in the palm of her hand.
Everyone who knows her, women as well as men, immediately falls into her legion of boosters.
Everyone who hasn’t met her—well, that’s just his loss.
She’s Kay Francis, a lovely New York stage girl, who has crashed Hollywood in a big way.
Six months ago, she had seen only two silent pictures in her life and hated them both.
She never gave talking pictures a thought until a friend at the Paramount Long Island Studios suggested a screen test for a leading rôle in “Gentlemen of the Press.” The only difficulty which lay between her and the part was the fact that the executives, the director, the authors and the supervisors of the production had definitely decided to find a blonde for the same rôle. There was one showing of the Francis test. The result was that this black-haired, green-eyed girl made her first appearance on the screen in the feminine lead in “Gentlemen of the Press.”
Kay’s just that way—instantaneous! (Cont. on page 106)
I don't have to work unless I wish," says Charlie Chaplin. "I work for fun! And I don't think it is fun to make talking pictures!"

So says the Napoleon of funny pictures; the greatest clown of modern times. But will he stick to his decision? Will the talkies lure him on until he follows Mary and Doug and all the rest into the sound fields? He swears he won't. But he has taken just one little step in the direction of the talkies. He has had sound equipment installed in his studio! This doesn't mean that he himself will ever speak into the microphone for talkie purposes, he insists. Just that his comedies will have sound effects in them. He himself will remain solely a pantomimic character. But even Napoleon was known to change his mind!

Chaplin must be more interested in talking pictures than he will admit, however. They have forced him into arguments and discussions. Voice culture, he thinks, is over-rated. "Either you can put lines over, or you can't," he declares. "And some of the funniest voices in the world have been the most popular on the stage."
Change his Mind?

The Great Little Clown Vows he will Never Make a Talking Picture. But There’s Sound Equipment in That Chaplin Studio

"Charles Chaplin, the musician, at his pipe organ. He hates jazz!

"A scene from one of the most popular Chaplin comedies, still being shown today. "A Dog’s Life."

Edna Purviance, Charlie’s beautiful blonde leading lady in so many of his pictures, has since retired from the screen."
The Swedish Sphinx

La Garbo Speaks her Mind on the Talkies—and Other Topics. The First Interview She Has Granted to Any Magazine for Months

Greta Garbo is going to speak her little piece—right out loud! Back from her jaunt home to Sweden, setting at rest rumors that the talkies banished her from the movies, Greta is head-over-heels at work catching up on production schedules and getting ready for her Big Moment.

Her talkie debut!

According to official word from the studios, Garbo is to do "Anna Christie" as her first audible screen role, a characterization of drab grimness made famous upon the speaking stage by Pauline Lord and later enacted for the silent films by Blanche Sweet.

"I hated talking pictures when they first came out," said Greta, stimulating a shuddery gesture by way of adding emphasis to her words. "They screeched and scratched. They were neither of the stage nor screen. Just monstrous nightmares. I thought to myself, if I have to appear in anything like that I ought to go home to Sweden and stay there. Ugh!

"Now—" and Greta threw her head back and laughed, "I am bored to death when I see a silent picture. It seems that something is lacking; life is gone when the players fail to speak their lines. Yes, you might say I am 'sold' on the talkies. Since I have been in Europe, wonderful strides have been made technically. They are so far beyond the experimental stage that anyone unwilling to recognize their superiority to silent pictures is either hopelessly old-fashioned or plain stubborn.

"For myself I have heard and read much of the 'terrible Garbo accent' that was supposed to have sent me back home to retire. It may interest some of my sympathizers to know that I signed a new long-term contract with M-G-M just a few days before I sailed on my vacation trip and that 'Anna Christie' was already in mind at that time.

"I suppose I have something of an accent but I do not notice it. It seems to me that I speak pretty fair English, especially considering the way I have heard English spoken by many others. At any rate I am not afraid of the talkies and can scarcely wait to get working on the Eugene O'Neill play. I worship the part and wish I could do it now instead of having to make another picture first.

"I am really tired of doing the same old thing, over and over again. To me it will be like escaping binding fetters to be able to speak my lines, to live my parts more naturally and more expressively. I do not know how my voice will record since I have made no tests, and do not intend to make any until I have my part to play. I am not taking voice culture or staying up nights practicing Shakespeare. I will speak naturally and as I feel the lines should be spoken, just as I play..."
any character now. If I cannot play a rôle naturally and without artificial devices, I cannot give a sincere performance.

"When I was in Europe, looking back toward America I was able to obtain a different perspective upon motion pictures. All the more I realized that whatever fame goes with stardom is quite impersonal. The public likes or dislikes a player solely upon what it sees of the player on the screen. I do not think a star's private life exposed in intimate detail serves any other purpose than to satisfy curiosity. I am just a human being like anyone else. I resent prying into my personal affairs just as much as anyone in any other station or position rightfully resists similar intrusions.

"I realize, of course, that by placing myself before the public on the screen I invite the attention of the curious. But after all, my private life is all I have left to myself and I feel I am entitled to guard it jealously. I do not want to live like a fish in an aquarium and I suffer no delusions that my opinions on any subject are of any particular interest or concern to the public. I remember, just before I went on my (Continued on page 95)
Now We Can Hear, as Well as See, the Ripping of the Groom’s Trousers, the Breaking of the Cane over the Head of the Girl’s Father, and the Splash of the Mud into which the Well-Dressed Man Falls, in our Favorite Comedies. But Oh, for the Squish of the Good Old Custard-Pie!

How Does Custard

It’s mighty hard to get underneath the crust (figuratively speaking) of a custard pie, and discover how it feels three seconds before it is doomed to destruction, but it had always seemed to this discerning eye that the lowly long-suffering pastry was pretty well resigned to its fate. Even when balanced in the palm of a comedian’s hand, with inevitable demolition ahead of it, it appeared to bear up courageously.

Obviously, we’ve been laboring under a delusion, for now we know the custard pie is not quite as emotionless as we had suspected. It does put up a stiff upper lip, to be sure, but at the moment of its demise, it sends up a pitiful cry of death. Indeed, that comparatively new contrivance, the talking picture, has been causing so much disillusionment that soon we’ll be as free of illusions as pocketbooks are of shekels after Christmas. At every turn we find our most devastatingly seductive screen sirens piping up in ingenue lisps, cunning little blonde soubrettes waxing kittenish in deep basso and wax-mustached villains sounding more like adolescent youths than the treacherous demons they are portraying.

In the case of the delectable confection, however, the synchronization of the ‘splish-splash’ indubitably lends a note of realism to the pie-throwing act. Mack Sennett, equally well-known for his custard pies and bathing beauties, has already tried it out in his all-talking comedies, and his success has been phenomenal. In “The Lion’s Roar” and “Jazz Mamas,” two of his all-dialogue comedies, the pie (we’re not sure whether it was custard or Boston Cream) was given an important play. He admits, however, that shooting a comedy scene with a pie the principal character is no longer the simple
Out Hollywood way where most of the stories of over-night successes are written by high-salaried press agents, there has come a blonde conqueror. They call her Joan of 'Art'!

And it's all because Joan Bennett, with only one year on the stage and three months on the screen, has acquired a success that it took other members of her distinguished family many years to attain.

Joan's father, the noted stage and screen star, Richard Bennett, worked 25 years before he became famous on the American stage. Her sister Constance, formerly the wife of the millionaire Phillip Plant, has been in pictures for several years, and has just recently become a star. Her sister, Barbara, danced on the stage for two or three years before she finally received recognition and has only just been made a leading woman of the screen.

Yet, in less than three months, Joan Bennett, who came to Hollywood, entirely unknown in films, and with only one stage rôle to her credit, has become one of our most sought-after leading women.

For this 18 year old girl, the great star George Arliss and Warner Brothers studio held up production eight days on "Disraeli," the reason being that Miss Bennett was working on "Three Live Ghosts" for United Artists, and neither Mr. Arliss nor Warner Brothers could find her equivalent for the part. This is something that has happened to few stars and hardly any leading women.

All this for Joan, who is as yet unknown to the film fans, and whose only completed picture, "Bulldog Drummond," has not been generally exhibited except in the larger cities.

It all began when "Bulldog Drummond" was previewed. It was Joan's first rôle on the screen. Her statuesque beauty, the timbre of her voice and her blonde appeal, were shown to such an advantage in this film, that producers demanded her services. Immediately, United Artists cast her for the leading feminine rôle in "Three Live Ghosts," the talkie version of Max Marcin's stage success.

Oddly enough, Joan came to the screen from a stage play about the screen, as she was playing the leading feminine rôle opposite her father in "Jarnegan," Jim Tully's satire on Hollywood, when Samuel Goldwyn selected her for Ronald Colman's leading woman in "Bulldog Drummond." Before this film was released, she played on the Los Angeles stage with Doris Keane in "The Pirate." After the play had ended she started work on "Three Live Ghosts," and that is about all that Joan has done until now. But there is "Disraeli" in the air, and two other rôles which she will be signed for by the time this article is in press.

Up to about fifteen months ago, Richard Bennett had seen all his children except Joan acquire distinction on the stage or screen. Often he would look rather wistfully at this strange child of so famous a stage family, thinking not of the heritage she received from him, but one that went back more than a century. Back through her mother's, Adrienne Morrison's, Bloodstream, to Lewis Morrison, and the English actors, the Wood's family, (Cont. on page 111)

She is only eighteen, with a year on the stage and a few months in the talkies as her whole career!

Kenneth Alexander
Just a Hollywood Boy

William Bakewell
Grew Up in the
Shadow of the
Studios

Among the great legion of famous motion picture stars in Hollywood, there are scarcely half a dozen who were born and spent their childhood in the cinema city.

William Bakewell is one of these exceptions. Cradled in the very shadow of the film studios and dreaming of fame on the silversheet since early childhood, this aspiring young actor has just reached the threshold from where he can view his early visions being transformed into realities.

“You know,” he said the other day, “I’ve been a picture fan all my life. I remember when I was about seven years old I used to buy those penny packages of candy just to get the enclosed picture of a screen star. Florence Lawrence was my favorite then; so much so that I’d swap five pictures of Arthur Johnson, another old-time player, for one of Miss Lawrence.”

A slim, colorful, handsome youth, just under six feet in height, William Bakewell has the sparkling eyes which betray a volatile and energetic character. Fresh from a marked triumph in “The Iron Mask,” lauded by D. W. Griffith and Doug Fairbanks as a film ‘find’ and contracted for several pictures ahead, Bakewell has the happy naivete of a child who has been let into a store full of wonderful toys, with which he has been given unexpected permission to play.

His attitude towards the films is particularly refreshing. Plainly Bakewell revels in motion pictures—in their blistering heroics, their swashbuckling romanticism. One could read the thoughts in his shining eyes as he watched the movements of each actor who crossed the set. For he had transformed it into a stage upon which he was the leading player, the hero of this little world of make-believe. It didn’t matter if the outstanding character be prince or pirate, (Continued on page 108)
WHY, NORMA!

Miss Shearer Steps Right Out. (We Like It!)

Photographs by Ruth Harriet Louise

*Norma has always stood for poise and dignity and charm in pictures. Now she adds an interesting piquancy to her already imposing equipment.*
JUST another leading man until the talkies came along, Warner Baxter is now a real star, thanks to Mr. Fox's magic Movietone.
No wonder she is laughing! Lila Lee, grown-up and gorgeous, has staged one of the greatest come-backs in picture history.
LOIS WILSON was prepared when the talkies hit Hollywood. With stage experience behind her she has a new career ahead of her.
MATINEE idol, new style! Robert Armstrong's highly individual performances have helped make this hero business human.
DOROTHY GULLIVER, after a long reign as the queen of "The Collegians," has graduated into full-length features. Watch her.
Edward Everett Horton is unique in Hollywood: a comedian with a leading man's appeal, a hero with a sense of humor.
MARION BYRON has justified Screenland's long-standing faith in her ability. She is the ingenue appeal in "So Long Letty."
LIONIZED!

Nils Asther Adds Lion-Taming to his Other Accomplishments

Colga the leopard, is M. Asther's particular pet.

Colga

Photographs by
William Grimes

Nils has his hands full with Leo Jr., descendant of the famous trade-mark lion of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Maybe Leo Jr. isn't fierce. Maybe his trainer is just behind him out of camera range. Just the same, Nils Asther is no coward. His latest screen play is "The Single Standard," with La Garbo.
Carol Lombard is the Latest Sennett Girl to Indulge in Drama

It is an axiom of science that if you travel long enough in one direction on this earth you will ultimately arrive at the point from which you started. But science had nothing to do with the application of this theory to a career in Hollywood. Carol Lombard did that. As a matter of fact, Carol could not have made the trip faster around the enchanted circle of what is coyly referred to as Cinemaland if she had had a bicycle.

In a little more than two years, with six months out for accidents, Carol has swept through an itinerary of ingenue leads, Mack Sennett custard, screen vixens, sophisticated characters and

Carol when she was still helping Mack Sennett put over his comedies, casting a longing eye toward drama.
Unlimited!

By Erle Hampton

back to leads. According to the log of the trip, however, the little blonde beauty veered a trifle from her course because instead of becoming an ingenue lead again she became a much more interesting one, a leading lady with a past.

And this seems as good a point as any to start from the beginning!

Fort Wayne, Indiana, was the town Mr. and Mrs. Lombard decided upon to add one cute little Hoosier to its population. That was about nineteen years ago and for seven years a lively tow-headed youngster played dolls with the girls and prisoner’s base with the boys.

The street that Carol was born on evidently was predestined to be significant in motion picture history, because a few years before that important event a two-fisted little roustabout saw the light of day and was christened Charles Gebhardt. That youngster became Buck Jones, cowboy star.

Carol was brought to Los Angeles when she was seven. California grammar schools and the Los Angeles High School supplied the necessary intelligence and then came the dramatic urge. A course in a dramatic school conducted by Miriam Nelks was the result. Small parts followed in productions at ‘The Potboilers,’ a little theater organization.

About this time Carol met Cecil B. De Mille, the godfather of so many of the present screen great. ‘C.B.’ was impressed.

“How old are you?” the producer asked.

“Fourteen,” replied Carol.

“Go home and grow up. Then come back and see me,” said C.B.

“Yes, Mr. De Mille,” said Carol, unconscious of the fact that her answer was to go down in history as one of the by-words of the great motion picture industry.

So Carol went back to her dramatic knitting under the guiding eye of Miriam Nelks. More parts in stage productions. More complete training. Better recognition. Then another opportunity at the gates of screen fame. This time it was at the William Fox Studios through, it is said, a sister of William Fox who was interested in the Little Theater movement in Los Angeles and had been impressed with Carol’s dramatic aptitude.

This time the age question did not interfere. Carol was seventeen years old. A small part with Edmund Lowe followed the (Cont. on page 108)
On Location

Watching Harold Work is Almost as Much Fun as Seeing the Picture Itself

By Helen Ludlam

Harold Lloyd was shooting all-night scenes out at Westwood Hills. Although a good many directors take night scenes in the day time because, by a special camera process, they think they look better on the screen, Harold believes in realism. When you see night scenes in his comedies you know they are night scenes!

It was bitter cold, with a west wind blowing that was, as Irene Bordoni says, "the business of nobody." Far enough from the set so that its noise would not disturb the actors was a huge generator pumping 'juice' for the lights—the sun arcs, kleigs, and incandescents. Near the set were stoves burning charcoal for warmth, the usual supply of cables for every one to trip over, and location chairs for the convenience of a favored few.

Everyone was bundled up in heavy coats and as many as could stood in front of the sun arcs to get an idea of what it would be like out there if it was warm. This luxury was, of course, denied the actors who, because of the nature of the scene, could only wear the ordinary business suit.

All the scenes that evening were between Harold and Noah Young, whom you have seen in almost all the Harold Lloyd pictures. During his career Noah has played five hundred cops so he should know all about the force. He was the cop in "Safety Last" and the tough sailor in "The Sailor Made Man."

In the story it seems that Harold had taken on himself the task of doing a little detective work to save his girl's father, which led him to Chinatown. Noah was supposed to be a green cop who acted as guide.

Almost anything can happen to a green cop and an amateur detective, and in this case it does.

In the first place they didn't know where they were going or why, which is always a help when you are trying to get to the bottom of anything. They only knew that somewhere in Chinatown there was something they had to find out; so they just let events carry them along.

The set was swell—blocks of Chinese dwellings with balconies lined with flower pots and decorative Chinese lanterns. There were sudden corners, sudden stairways, mysterious doorways, as there always are in Chinatown. Everything you would want for a comedy setting.

When we arrived Harold was doing a clog dance to warm himself up. Mal St. Clair, the director of these sequences, clad in a camel's hair coat reaching almost to his feet, was pacing up and down swinging his arms as hard as he could and slapping the back of his shoulder blades.

"Why weren't you here last night?" asked Harold after he had greeted me. "It was warm and lovely and there were lots of visitors. You're pretty game to come tonight. I don't think anyone else will venture."

"Oh, I don't mind with this heavy coat," I said.

"Clara Bow might be out later," said Mal. But Clara didn't show up, at least not while I was there, although I left early, a little before twelve.

Joe Reddy, Harold's press representative, tried to take Harold aside to talk over some business.

"They never let you alone, do they?" I asked.

Harold laughed. "No, and when I get home there are a thousand and one questions to answer and papers to sign about that bungalow I'm building on my hill."

"The bungalow" is what most people would term a mansion. It has about twenty rooms, all large, all with a superb view of the city, hills and ocean. To be really in the hills of Beverly is a most ideal heritage. The canyons of California, particularly after the rains, are intox-
Come Along With Screenland’s Location Lady to the “Welcome Danger” Set

eating retreats. Then the pungent sweetness of the wild, yellow azalea fills the air, and stretches of purple lupins and native poppy color up the landscape. There are carpets of yellow violets and tiny cream-colored flowers that look like miniature oriental poppies, only they aren’t. And dozens of other flowers that I don’t even know the names of!

“All ready, Harold,” said Mal. Harold stripped off his leather coat and entered the scene. A wind had started up again and the lanterns were jiggling, ropes from the latticed screens of the balconies were fluttering and a state of confusion prevailed generally. After a few minutes’ wait Harold became curious because the cameras hadn’t started to grind.

“Hey,” he sang out. “What’s the holdup? It’s cold out here.”

“The wind’s blowing,” said ‘Dude’ Lundin, head camera man. (Continued on page 105)
The PAJAMA

The Picture Girls Approve the New Vogue

Evelyn Brent's pajamas are as modern as Evelyn herself.

Raquel Torres contributes the Mexican influence and Hollywood likes it.

Alice's are satin and lace and demure and White.
Hollywood Embellishes the Pajama Idea

Olive Borden’s pajamas have designs—well, who wouldn’t have designs on Olive?

Nancy Carroll, right, didn’t know she was going to be included in this parade. She says we’ll have to excuse her while she goes and puts on her other pajamas!

Anita Page wears these lounging pajamas and that wicked wink to the beach. Don’t overlook the very latest in modern metal beach chairs—that is, if you can tear your gaze from Anita long enough.
Above: Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and his bride, Joan Crawford. Next, Claire Luce, who’s just signed for talking roles. And Mae Murray, coming back to the screen after a long absence.

Hollywood Stars that Shine on Broadway

Joan and Doug Junior! I want you to meet them. I know you’ll like them as much as I do. Of course, Manhattan is pretty keen about these kids, because they chose to come east to be married. I wonder how Hollywood feels about that?

Young Doug’s mother, Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks, lives in New York, you know; and that’s why the youngsters decided to be wed here. The whole thing is awfully romantic—even if, contrary to report, Joan and Doug planned the event before they left the west coast; it wasn’t a last-minute decision when they arrived here. And while they were still in town, Doug’s mother was married, too—to Jack Whiting, a very handsome and talented young musical comedy leading man. Isn’t love grand?

Well, Joan is a complete surprise. She’s so young, and impish, and freckled. Far from the sophisticated lady she sometimes seems to be in pictures, she is a gay little girl with a healthy coat of tan, an apparent disregard for frills and fuss, and a disarming honesty. She is madly in love with Doug and makes no effort to conceal the fact. No vampish tactics for her! No—“Kiss me, darling!” she cries when she feels like it. Young Doug obliges. “Give me a cigarette!” she says; and aside to me, “Watch this. Every time I ask him for a cigarette, he lights a fresh one and then forgets I asked for it and absent-mindedly begins to smoke it himself!”

The Junior Fairbankses stayed at the Algonquin where the senior Doug and Mary used to stay. And their sojourn reminded me for all the world of the triumphal tours of Mary and Doug some years ago. Crowds in the lobby; flowers; telegrams; page boys buzzing; reporters arriving and departing; the stars upstairs trying to find a moment to themselves amid all the mad rush. I think Joan and Doug Jr. enjoyed it all the first
few days. But soon it became almost too much for them. After all, flattering and soothing as adulation is, after a while it palls, and the cry is for peace and quiet. Joan autographed literally hundreds of pictures—and each one with the personal touch. More than any other great star, she seems to get a genuine kick from her fan mail. She disregarded no request and when Doug Jr. told her about a little girl in a red coat who had been waiting downstairs for hours hoping to see her she phoned down and had the child paged and talked to her a long time—while personal friends waited. Doug Jr. is an interesting young man. He's very tall and blond and casual. He went to school abroad, you know, and that may account for his rather amazing background. He's only twenty-two, yet he has the poise and mental outlook of a man of thirty-five. A bit of a high-brow, Doug—he yearns to do "L'Aiglon" and "The Jest" in talking pictures. He is different. Joan says so, he gave her her wedding ring, a slender diamond circlet, first, then when they were married he presented her with a huge diamond engagement ring! She gave him a beautiful platinum watch with diamond hands. And all visitors had to be shown the watch.

Joan looks forward to her first talking picture. She believes she is fortunate in waiting so long to make her talkie debut. "I've been able to stand on the sidelines and watch," she says sensibly. "And perhaps I've picked up a few pointers."

I asked Doug if they weren't sorry that their first picture together, "Our Modern Maidens," made them 'play opposite' other actors. Doug is a keen psychologist—and a good business man! "No," he said. "If Joan and I had played happy lovers in that film it would have taken the edge off the co-starring (Cont. on page 110)
The Eyes

Screenland's Charm Department

The poets who seem to be particularly susceptible to feminine charm and who talk about it, have given us some pretty good publicity on eyes. Noses, mouths, complexions and hair all have come in for praise from makers of verse, but they have given us no real help in telling us whether we are beautiful or in what way. In the matter of eyes, they are no better. We don't know whether they prefer eyes to be brown, blue, grey or green. We only know that the poor versifier has been rendered speechless by his adored one's beautiful orbs. The eyes have it!

When all is said and done, it is the youthfulness and the expression of the eyes that count more than color. The girl who is most admired has young, clear eyes. They may be languishing or laughing, quizzical or demure; they may be of any color; but they must shine from her face happily, the compelling charm of her personality. You can camouflage some of your features, but not your eyes. You can train your mouth to smile while you're seething with anger inside. You can brighten your pale cheeks or colorless lips with a discreet touch of rouge. But there's no camouflage for eyes dulled by fatigue and lack of care.

How disappointing, then, that hurried glance in the mirror as you add a hasty dab of powder preparatory to tea, dinner, or the dance. You wanted to look your radiant best. You wanted somebody's eyes to linger on you with just a bit of love and pride. But those tired eyes—they're a real giveaway.

And what to do? If you want your eyes to be young and brilliant, don't abuse them. You spend time and thought on your skin and hair, but how often do you think of the delicate nerves and muscles of your eyes? You play tennis in the blazing sun. You sit on a glaring beach. You motor long hours in dust, wind and sun-glare. You read or embroider in a poor light. A fatiguing day at your desk sends you home with aching back and head. These
Have It!

By Anne Van Alstyne

spasms of pain and annoyance register on the delicate skin and conspire to weave a network of unbecoming lines about your eyes.

The ‘ounce of prevention’ applies to the care of the eyes, as well as to the care of the skin. Cleanse your eyes as regularly as you cleanse your face. The eyes are just as open to dust and dirt as the skin of your face is. Rather than waiting for a large cinder to announce the fact, it is wise to wash the eyes after any exposure. Cleanliness is an important factor in eye beauty.

Choose a good eye bath that will cleanse the eyes thoroughly, and also serve as a tonic to strengthen them and keep them youthfully clear and sparkling. Buy an aluminum or glass eyecup. When ready to bathe your eyes, fill the eyecup half full of the solution, throw the head back, hold the cup pressed tightly against the socket and open and shut the eye at least a dozen times so it may be well bathed in the soothing fluid.

Cleanse the eyes in the morning, at night before retiring, and upon coming in from an outing, for comfort’s sake. And if you are going out and want to rest and brighten your eyes, reserve ten minutes for an eye treatment for beauty’s sake.

To cope effectively with the annoying fine lines due to fatigue or eye strain, keep on hand a nourishing eye-cream. After cleansing the eyes, mold the cream gently into the skin around the eyes and leave on for a few minutes. A good astringent should then be used. The most effective way to apply this is to use smooth pads of cotton. Squeeze these out in ice water and sprinkle well with the astringent lotion, then mold over the eyes. Relax for as many minutes as you can spare. Remove all traces of cream with the astringent. When you look in the mirror you will find that fatiguing lines have been erased, and that your eyes are clearer, larger, brighter. This is the quick, just-before-going-out (Continued on page 103)

© More eyes! Reading from top to bottom: 7, Dorothy Sebastian. 8, Marion Davies. 9, Clara Bow. 10, Eve Southern. 11, Baclanova. 12, Bebe Daniels.
DOES HOLLY-

Five Years Ago Bad Taste was Running Rampant in Hollywood. Today, for the First Time, the Film Capital is Becoming of Value to the Fashion World

really has a chance of becoming of value to the fashion world. Women of taste are arriving in the midst of the obviousness and are impressing the rightness of simplicity upon the staring and rather tired-out motion picture fashion-plate.

There is no such thing any longer as that bugaboo, ‘dressing for the screen.’ That died with over-acting and red plush and gold rococo furniture! 

One does not need to spend one’s time creating revue clothes for private life.

People who created for motion pictures spent too much time creating effects and too little time creating smartness. To be sure, a great many of the bad gowns one sees in motion pictures is because the director demands smartness without knowing what smartness is. His background may not always correspond with the real meaning of the word and his idea of a smart woman may be more Broadway than Park Avenue; but generally speaking the motion picture now has a chance to do really smart things.

The first reason is because a few motion picture stars know smartness and insist upon it regardless of the director’s or any other’s influence. Another reason is that stage actresses are usually better dressed—not more grand, but more elegant, more distinguished. The influx of stage actresses to Hollywood has brought about an interest in the gown depending upon its line and cut rather than its explosive powers in the form of trimmings or bizarreness.

Personally I am grateful for the arrival of the stage actress. Hollywood has needed someone who could raise eyebrows at the tight-fitting ‘burlesque’ costumes so prevalent here, and ask “But why?” Surely they are not more alluring. Tightness until it reaches practically a bursting point always makes the wearer look as if she were spilling over the top!

If it is bad taste to be conscious of one’s clothes in real life it is equally bad to be thinking about their effect on the screen.

When we can become absolutely unconscious of clothes and of the camera we can have smartness, just as when a star becomes absolutely unconscious of the microphone we can have genuine acting.

The stage has never lacked its gowns with dramatic fire, yet it has depended more upon subtlety than a ‘knock-em-down and drag-em-out’ crudity which seemed to be the only raison d’être in motion pictures.
By Adrian
Screenland's Fashion Editor

Three years ago Greta Garbo's clothes were the acme of the most artificial and forced manner. Their artificiality was supposed to maximize the intensity of the situation. Today Garbo gowned conservatively and with restraint. Many of the same situations are in evidence and the fact that she looks human and genuine in no way halts the intensity of the drama. There is no doubt that she has become a reality recently, whereas in the past she was a curiosity. Her elusiveness has not been obliterated because it is impenetrable anyway. Through really genuine dressing she has survived and continues in the manner of today.

Norma Shearer has moulded herself skillfully and with unfaltering sureness into one of the best-groomed women in America. She could be picked up on Hollywood Boulevard by an airplane and dropped in Place de Vendome without apologies, which is more than can be said of many of Hollywood's stars—simply because they specialize in emphasizing their lack of inter-

(Cont. on page 102)
When you get out to Hollywood, look me up," James Gleason is writing these days to his friends in New York. "You won't have any trouble finding me. I'm the only guy here with long pants."

It is true the popular comedian and playwright has shifted his stamping ground westward from Broadway to Hollywood Boulevard in order to write, direct and act in pictures. But he has not succumbed to the film capital's love of knickers. "The men out here seem to think the big way to show they are citizens of Hollywood is to wear short pants," grinned Gleason. "It doesn't matter whether they have limbs of an Adonis or limbs like apple tree branches. They all wear 'em. And don't think for a minute that the knicker fad is limited. Oh my, no. They wear them to 'first nights,' to dinners. You bump into them everywhere on the legs of our best people.

"The next time I'm invited to be master of ceremonies at a movie premiere, I have given everybody fair warning I'm going to wear a Tuxedo and a pair of golf pants. Everybody will laugh at me, of course. They won't see that it's me laughing at them!"

In practically every respect, New York and Hollywood are as far apart as the continent that divides them, says Jimmy Gleason. Take the girls of the two cities, for instance.

"New York has beautiful girls. Hollywood's girls are healthy-looking young creatures — potential beauties but lacking the chic which the New York girls possess."

According to Gleason, a stranger coming to Hollywood very often feels like an interloper. There is so much of everything. If you have a diploma from New York, you are all set for success in the film city. Otherwise, you are just another Hollywoodite with day-dreams of fat money bags and applause.

"New York gives a person the comfortable feeling of being wanted and welcome," said Gleason. "I say this in spite of all that has been said about the loneliness and unresponsiveness of the Big City. I would like to recommend New York to the young person trying to get a foothold in the acting or writing professions. Be quiet, I am not hired by the New York Chamber of Commerce as a ballyhooer. Hollywood is a great place for the person with money. But New York is the best training ground I know of.

"You can drop in the library building almost any hour of the day or evening and listen to lectures on really worth-while subjects. Not some..."
"I think I'll just be a Hollywood-to-New York commuter," remarks Mr. Gleason. "In that way I'll be sure the California rose bushes are watered and I'll be on hand for our Broadway first nights."

The three Gleasons in the patio of their Beverly Hills home.

thing useless like the sex life of the polyp or a dissertation by a mushroom faddist. But something that will give you a boost along the line you are following."

Hollywood Boulevard might just as well be the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway these days, says Jim. Talking pictures are a powerful magnet. The best material in New York's theatrical world is being picked up from The Great White Way, whirled 3000 miles across the continent, and set in front of Hollywood microphones.

The group of New Yorkers who have 'turned Hollywood' increases with each transcontinental train that streams into Los Angeles. Sooner or later these New Yorkers meet at one of the famous Gleason Sunday morning breakfast parties. Ralph Morgan, Elizabeth Risdon, Frank Faye, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Harding, Harry Bairstow, Wells Root, Al Jolson, Irving Berlin and Arthur Caesar are frequent callers at the Gleason's hillside estate.

Mrs. Gleason, known always as a charming hostess whether within the four walls of a New York home or the unbounded area of a Hollywood patio, has introduced something new in luncheon parties.

"After luncheon Lucile lets her guests enjoy a shampoo or amuse themselves in any way they wish," explained Gleason, who has never got over being amused at the luncheon party innovation of his wife's. "It's not at all unusual to see half a dozen ladies dotting our garden, drying their locks. I wouldn't be at all surprised to come home some afternoon and find them all playing jacks on the stone flagging in the patio. Informal, you know—like East Forty-ninth Street! Only much grander."

Practically the entire cast of "Strange Interlude" were old New York friends of The Gleasons. The production played for part of its run in the Hollywood Music Box Theater. This theater is located on Hollywood Boulevard at the foot of the hill where the Gleasons live. It became a very usual sight, or the Gleason limousine to be waiting outside the theater during the dinner hour intermission to take the players up the hill to the Gleason dining-room for a dinner table reunion.

"Harry Bairstow said that 'Strange Interlude' came to have a new meaning for him," laughed Gleason. "You can imagine how eating dinner from a hillside dining-room during the intermission of the O'Neill play would be something new and delightful to a New York actor."

Hollywood is the most glorious place in the world as a background for home life, declares Jimmy Gleason. Film work has meant more regular hours for the Gleasons. They are a family who loves to be together, whether working (Continued on page 112)
Let's Go to

"Is It Worth Seeing?" is the Question Every-Silent. Let Screenland's Revuettees Guide You

Honky Tonk
You've heard of sermons in stones, but Sophie Tucker is the only jazz-shouting mama who can put over sermons in songs and make you like it. This picture brings the real Sophie to us—the big, voluptuous figure, the big, voluptuous voice, and a heart that matches both curves and contralto. The story is poor: about a night club mama who sings to drunken crowds so daughter can have a continental education. But Sophie did what she's been doing on the stage for 20 years. She put so much heart into her husky singing and talking that the first night audience was alternately weeping and roaring. Lila Lee, as the daughter, and Mahlon Hamilton, as a waiter in love with Sophie, did good work. But when Soph struck up "Red Hot Mama" and "Some of These Days," everything faded out but Tucker. It was her big night!

Two Weeks Off
Dorothy Mackaill, who seems to be stepping out these days, plays the rôle of a sales-girl away on her vacation. At the beach she meets with Jack Mulhall, a plumber, who gets identified as a movie star. It requires endless feet of film to inform you that despite his plumber's plunger, Dorothy loves him still. Eddie Gripbon, Jed Prouty, and Gertrude Astor are good.

College Love
Collegiate? I'll say. Love? Ummmm! If college is like this new talkie, a lot of high-schoolers can look forward to Life's Great Thrill. A bunch of your old friends: pretty Dorothy Gulliver, handsome George Lewis, and that sex-appealing juvenile villain, Eddie Phillips, backed by a hummin', playin' Collegiate Quartette, make "College Love" amusing.

Constant Nymph
This English prize-winning picture taken from Margaret Kennedy's popular book has been sensitively conceived and directed. The one great drawback of the film is that it's silent. As a talkie it would have been magnificent, since it deals entirely with music and musicians. Ivor Novello, as the thoughtless composer, and Mabel Poulton, as Tessi, are splendid.

The One Woman Idea
A nice, old-fashioned romance about a Persian Prince, Rod La Rocque, in love with a beautiful English lady, Marceline Day, married to a bounder, Douglas Gilmore. Of course, friend husband gets killed off and Marceline falls into the princely arms. Miss Day plays a dual rôle, doubling as a half-caste dancer. Both characterizations are clear-cut.
body Asks about a Motion Picture, Sound or to the Worth-While in Screen Entertainment

Behind that Curtain
From the Saturday Evening Post’s splendid detective serial by Earl Biggers, this is a distinguished talking picture, sensitively directed, finely cast and acted in finished fashion, down to the smallest bit. Lois Moran, as an English heiress, elopes with a cad. Warner Baxter, a renowned explorer, loves Lois. When unfaithfulness, blackmail, and finally murder drive her away from him, she joins Baxter’s camel cavalcade, and crosses the great desert with him, thus starting a flame of action which sweeps half across the world. It’s seldom an actor can realistically translate to his audience the profound passion of love. This Baxter does simply and movingly. Lois lives up fully to the promise given in “Stella Dallas.” Philip Strange, Gilbert Emery, Claude King, and Boris Karloff contribute excellently balanced performances to one of the sincerest screen efforts of the season.

The Big Palooka
Have you ever wondered how spaghetti would sound if it were eaten in talking pictures? See “The Big Palooka” and you will hear Harry Gribbon vocalize this well-known victual. It’s a new note in the comedy scale. In addition, Thelma Hill, Andy Clyde, bricks and a shotgun wedding give a new Mack Sennett version of “Get Your Man.” All-talking, fast-moving.

She Goes to War
Eleanor Boardman, hoity-toity society girl, goes to France looking for glory. She winds up a heroine, taking her cowardly lover’s place in the line-up, accidentally killing Fritz, machine gunner. Big kick comes when the enemy start rolling liquid fire on helpless Yanks who crowd into tanks which soon become red-hot and pass through flames to safety. A good cast.

Studio Murder Mystery
This hodge-podge of comedy and tragedy isn’t such a thriller but you’ll like it because it’s shot almost entirely back stage on the Paramount lot in Hollywood. An actor is shown unsuccesssfully rehearsing a murder scene. Shortly afterwards four people threaten him with murder. At midnight he is killed! Warner Oland and Neil Hamilton steal the show.

Father and Son
This interesting talking picture with Jack Holt as the father and ingenious little Mickey McDan as the son is concerned with what happens when Papa goes to Paris and returns with Dorothy Revier, as a stepmama for Mickey. The once happy household becomes embroiled in a murder. Miss Revier and Mr. Holt are excellent, and Mickey is appealing.
Give a Thought to Father! He's All Right, Too

Right: William J. Cowen, Radio Pictures director, with his daughter, Joyce Antonia.

Below: Alan Hale, master villain, amusing his four-year-old heiress, Karen.

Above: one of the most famous father-daughter combinations in the world: Richard Barthelmess and his pride and joy, little Mary Hay Barthelmess, in the garden of their Beverly Hills home.

Left, below: Milton Sills with his small son, Kenyon, and Mrs. Sills. Below: Noah Beery and Noah, Jr.

OH,
Some Famous Picture Papas in their Favorite Rôles

Fred Niblo, famous director, with his children—Loris, age seven; Peter, age five, and Judith Beryl, age one. Their mother is Enid Bennett, the popular actress.

DADDY!

DADDY!

Left: Conrad Nagel with Ruth Helms Nagel on Conrad's yacht.

Below: Monte Blue and his hobby, Baby Blue, otherwise known as Barbara.

Below: director Millard Webb and his little daughter. Right, below: Jean Hersholt and young Allen Hersholt.
Louise Fazenda has gone to Alaska for her vacation. The last time I saw her I had just returned from a location in Lone Pine. "The best I can do in the way of a location," Louise said grimly, "is Yuma in July!" Everybody howled. Yuma in summer is a synonym for the place where all naughty people go. Louise would pull a joke like that on herself.

She had brought the most luxuriant-looking angel food cake, covered with an inch-thick creamy icing. All the fortunate ones got a piece and the ones left over got cookies. Louise’s cookies are something to write home to mother about, too. Husband Hal Wallis is lucky and he knows it. I spent an evening on the “On With the Show” set with Louise, just to see the color and costumes. Hal came to go home with his wife, but how do you suppose they had to work it? Louise had her car and he had his, so they drove along side by side as much as traffic would permit! Every once in a while he would turn on his big police spotlight just to let her know that he was still there.

“I can always tell when Hal is a mile away from me by that spot,” Louise said.

Speaking of cars, Nick Stuart has a new one, a swell Cadillac job. It is light fawn with the fenders and trim of a color suggestive of raspberries well squashed in cream. Nick is inordinately proud of it and drives his little girl friend Sue Carol about a lot. We all went to a picture together and after it was over, dipped in to the Pig’n Whistle for a sundae. Sue had a fresh strawberry and I think Nick had a chocolate sundae—anyhow, he had been rather thoughtful and just as he was about to put a large spoonful into his mouth, he halted it in mid-air and said, solemnly, "Oh Sue, you are so cute. The more I see of you the sweeter I think you are!” and went on eating his sundae!

Mary Brian’s laughing voice floated with silvery sweetness out of her dressing-room window. Two visitors were startled to see the demure little star’s head appear through said window and hear her shout: “Dick! Come here! Look at my pants!”

“Ohoo!” said the visitors, with a sharp intake of horrified breath. “And I thought Mary Brian was such a refined, nice girl!” Dick Arlen sauntered down the steps of his dressing-room, and Mary shook a pair of old fashioned pantaloons at him, part of her costume in “Magnolia.” “Aren’t they a scream?” she cried. The visitors, I am happy to say, enjoyed a good laugh on themselves.

Two little girls were laughing and joking with the rest of the chorus in a corner of the “On With the Show” set, while Betty Compson worried through the rehearsal of her tricky lines. An extra burst of mirth from the girls threatened the ‘mike’ with ruin. "Quiet, Sally..."
HOLLYWOOD

All the Talk from Talkie Town

O’Neill and Molly O’Day!” said an assistant. Sally giggled like a school-girl caught in a pillow fight. Molly stuck out a saucy pink tongue at him.

* * *

The Ken Maynard outfit was ready to shoot the star with his pet horse Tarzan. Well, you know what I mean—it isn’t just what it sounds like. The moving pictures will be the death of the English language. Anyhow, everything was all set, but although Tarzan had been called twice, he hadn’t arrived. Ken looked out and saw his favorite and the five other palominos with their heads together.

Ken grinned. “Guess we’ll have to move to the other set-up, boys. Tarzan seems to be in conference!”

* * *

Girls and boys, you are going to see the New York Follies right in your home town. Yes sir! Sam Goldwyn is going to send them to you and Florenz Ziegfeld is going to put them together. You will see the most beautiful girls, the most beautiful gowns, and hear the most beautiful music and the funniest jokes, just as New York does for ten dollars a throw! And there’s going to be color, too—Technicolor! Better sharpen up your eyes so’s you won’t miss anything.

* * *

Said to be the largest set ever constructed for a talking motion picture the concert hall sequence in “Lummoxy,” directed by Herbert Brenon, was shot on the newest United Artists’ sound stage. I guess they weren’t lying either. It looked the largest I have seen and while I haven’t been on every set of every picture, I have covered considerable ground.

A seventy-five piece symphony orchestra under the direction of Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld played several numbers, while a large audience of extras listened. Twelve cameras and heaven knows how many ‘mikes’ recorded the action and sound, while Winifred Westover, as Bertha, crept in and stood at the back, a pathetic, dowdy little figure, to listen to the great pianist whom she does not know is her own son. He is played by William Bakewell.

“T’m so nervous,” said Winifred, offering me an icy little paw. “Do hold a good thought for me, won’t you? I need as many as I can get. There isn’t much to this bit, but it is a most important scene psychologically and everything depends upon my giving it just the proper expression.”

I couldn’t wait until it was over because of an appointment, but Winifred thought they would be working half the night. As I went out I asked one of Mr. Brenon’s assistants whether they would or not. “What? When we’re paying these musicians thirty-five dollars an hour? I guess not! We’ll finish up at six, don’t worry!”

* * *

On the strength of Ben Lyon’s ability as a flier and his recent pictures on this subject, he has had an offer to star in a series.
of flying pictures.

Edwina Booth, the plucky little girl in the African jungle for the filming of "Trader Horn," in which she plays the heroine, sent the following self-explanatory postal to Screenland's correspondent:

"Isn't this glorious? Back to nature! No shopping. No white skirts! (She had tried all over Los Angeles to get the right kind the day before she left). Tomorrow begins my second week in Africa. Wish you were here to enjoy it all with me." (So do I, Edwina, my dear.)

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett) have started upon a seven-thousand-mile tour of America. Mrs. Niblo thinks it is about time. Their work has taken them to almost every other country in the world. This trip includes the United States and Canada.

It will be a second honeymoon, for they have left the children at home and gone just by themselves without chauffeur or maid. They will take turns driving and have a camping outfit so that they can, when they are in the humor for it, sleep and eat in the open that they both love. They also have a complete camera and gráfex equipment and Mr. Niblo has his eye peeled for locations on the way. They are to be gone three months, then back to work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in September. It is Mr. Niblo's first vacation in three years.

Won't they have fun?

Lon Chaney has a new Lincoln. It's a one passenger coupe, and it's grey. So has George Hill, only his is dark blue; and Dorothy Sebastian steamed into the MGM gate the other day as sassy as you please in a dark blue Chrysler coupe.

There are six new Paramount stars! You know and love them all. They are Gary Cooper, Evelyn Brent, Richard Arlen, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton and William Powell. Three of them, Gary, Dick and Evelyn, are mourning over Paramount's decision which they fought for weeks. No fun being a star—too much responsibility. The only thing is the money and they all plan to save it.

What happened I don't know, and no one will tell, but with Metro fighting for "Journey's End" for John Gilbert, and Sam Goldwyn fighting for it for Ronnie Colman, who should get the prize New York play of the year but Tiffany-Stahl? They don't know whom they are going to get to play in it, but they have it anyway.

Eve Southern has recovered completely from the motor accident she was in months ago. One of those crazy drivers came dashing out of a side street and struck Eve's car, completely overturning it. She was in a plaster cast for weeks, but is now quite right again and everyone on the
lot is delighted.

Hollywood's Club de luxe, The Mayfair, which is held monthly at the Biltmore, closed its season for the summer. Filmland turned out en masse in the most brilliant attendance of the year. Renee Adorée and Robert Vignola were the two members of our party of interest to fans, Renee looking very beautiful in a close-fitting panne velvet gown. Her favor was a little porcelain dog that was having its tail bitten by a fly, and its expression was very droll. She named it Chico and took it home with her.

Evelyn Brent, all sun-tanned from her stay at Malibu Beach, looked perfectly fascinating in an ivory satin gown, very low in the back. And there were Irene Bordoni and Fay Bainter, both of whom have recently arrived in Hollywood to appear in films. There was June Collyer dancing with Buddy Rogers. Lina Basquette did a very clever solo dance. Bob Vignola asked Estelle Taylor why she didn't dance too, and Estelle said she didn't think she had better, because she didn't have on nice lace panties like Lina's.

But leave it to Bessie Love to do the clever thing! She appeared on the dance floor in a lemon moire gown that blended perfectly with her sun-tanned skin and golden hair. Her 'act' was a pantomime of a young person walking into a restaurant, waving to this acquaintance and that, powdering her nose, receiving an overture from an admirer to whom she had not been introduced, her surprise and complete ritzing of the young man, and haughty exit. She wasn't on the floor more than two minutes at the most, but it was a performance. Bessie has a way with her! Besides being an artist, she is a fine technician, and everything she does is intelligent.

* * *

In the beginning of "Four Devils" you will see a little girl who takes the part of Janet Gaynor when she was a child. Her name is Dawn O'Day, and you want to watch Dawn, as she grows up. A good many people think that she will be one of those who will last. There is a wistfulness in her face and an atmosphere about her that makes her stand out from the other three very talented children, among whom is Phillippe De Lacey.

Seven years ago Dawn did her first picture. She was three years old and her part was almost as long as that played by the star, William Farnum. Dawn was called temperamental on occasion. It was her first picture, she wasn't a very experienced actress, and there were times when things had to be explained to her by her director, Mr. Herbert Brenon. Then Dawn would decide that she just couldn't act, and would leave the company flat—the $10,000 a week star, and all; and there was nothing that anybody could do about it!

Miss Garbo is not the first actress after all to say, "I go home now." Dawn's version was, "I am going to my

...
gaily colored silk? Well, it hangs there, and if you think
that Rudy was any weakening, you should lift that cost-
tume! It weighs forty pounds. In another corner is a
coat of mail worn by Wally Reid in "Joan the Woman,"
carefully marked and hung up on a peg, perhaps never
to be used again.

Along with these of precious memory, are thousands
of costumes worn in "The Ten Commandments" in the
ancient sequence; the trick costume of Chester Conklin;
the dog and cat that delighted you in "Peter Pan," and
many, many others.

Tom Jackson from Broadway will probably remain in
Hollywood for some time, now that "Broadway" has
opened. What a reception his splendid work received!
Every scene of his was applauded enthusiastically. You
will see him in his original part of the detective. Tom
began his career as the Property Man in the original
company of "The Yellow Jacket," during its initial run.
Arthur Shaw, who is in the present revival, was the
original Property Man, but he left the cast before the
season closed and Tom succeeded him.

By the way, "The Yellow Jacket," the American clas-
sic written by George C. Hazelton and Benrimo, opened

in the Los Angeles Repertory Playhouse with many of the
film people present. Mary and Doug were there, and we
also saw Jetta Goudal looking mysterious and gorgeous
in a flame-colored, gold-embroidered velvet cloak that
seemed to serve as a gown as well.

There are some very clever children in Hollywood.
One interesting family are the Johnsons—six of them
—all in pictures off and on. Carmencita plays in almost
every picture Victor Fleming directs. In one she was
to be a Cupid, and she had an idea, because it was to be
a fancy dress ball, that there was to be a very festive
costume. Her hopes rose accordingly.

"Where is my costume?" she asked the wardrobe
mistress, and when a bit of gauze was handed to her,
hers little face fell in disappointment. Looking it over
for a few disgusted moments she said, "Well, I can tell
you right now that Kenneth won't like it!" (Kenneth
being her brother.)
The gorgeous Irene Bordoni has come to the films via "Paris," a picturization of the play she did on the stage. It's a talkie, in Technicolor, too. Irene was getting her first taste of sound-picture life out at First National the day I was there. Because of a few technical errors the scene had several false starts.

"Zeez lights!" said Mlle. Bordoni. "I am dizzy! Do not register zat I am dizzy, will you?"

Zazu Pitts plays her maid. Just as Irene is slipping on a very gorgeous Chinese green gown the bell rings and she says to her maid, "Open ze door." The gown was very tight fitting, and being so occupied in trying to get into it she said, "Open ze dress!" and then burst out laughing, the scene being spoiled of course.

"I was so annoyed wiz ze dress—I got my lines all mixed up." Then Zazu forgot a word too, which made them even in the matter of spoiling scenes. Finally it was taken to the satisfaction of everyone; but the director let the camera grind on, while Irene wriggled and squirmed her way into the silken prison. Suddenly she said, "Well how long do I do zis?" Whereupon everyone laughed.

* * *

Carmel Myers was married on June ninth at the

Temple B'nai B'rith in Hollywood. The modern Hebrew marriage is a very beautiful ceremony. They don't promise to love, honor and obey for life, but they do promise to keep in their hearts the same friendship for the loved one that they now have. Surely that is putting as small a tax on restive human nature as one could expect in a contract.

May McAvoy was married on June twenty-sixth to Maurice Cleary. Hollywood has been going shower crazy what with Carmel and May. An interesting shower was given by Mildred Davis Lloyd to May at Mildred's new home in Beverly Hills that Harold Lloyd built for her, to which all the members of Our Girls club were invited.

* * *

After a lapse of 21 years, Mike Donlin, a former big league baseball player, is back in talking pictures. On a Saturday afternoon in October, 1908, Donlin and his wife, Mabel Hite, put on their vaudeville act as a talking film for the now extinct Cameraphone Company. Today the ex-ball player and vaudevillain is appearing in the cast of "Thunderbolt," a 100-percent dialog production. It is his first rôle in the modern audible pictures, although he has played parts in many silent films.

In that audible production made 21 years ago, Donlin and his wife first sang their songs, spoke their lines and did their tap dance for phonograph records. Then, while the records were played back again, they rehearsed their act to synchronize with the spoken words, the songs and the dance. When they had it down to a fine point, they did it before the cameras. When the film was released the phonograph records accompanied it. Staring of the picture and the phonographs was perfectly timed, resulting in fairly accurate synchronization. The film was made at the Cameraphone studio at 4th Avenue and 43rd Street, New York.
Sharon Lynn is one of the movie girls who is glad that Mr. Microphone is ruling the Hollywood studios. Fox Movietone gave Sharon her great chance in "The Fox Follies" and she sang and danced and vamped her way into the hearts of her audience. Yes—Sharon has arrived!

Photographs of Miss Lynn by Kohle.

Miss Lynn had been in pictures for a long time in more or less inconspicuous roles; but it remained for the talkies to bring her real fame.

THE RISE of SHARON!
Lenore Ulric made her movie debut some years ago as every good fan will remember. But she deserted the studios for her first love, the stage. Now the films have found her again. She is the talking and emoting star of "Frozen Justice." She's come back home!

Photographs of Miss Ulric by Fox Films.

She is an idol on Broadway as a Belasco star. Her art will reach new millions as a star in the talking picture drama. Welcome, Lenore!

LENORE
Lost and Found!
ASK ME!

An Answer Department of Information About Players and Pictures

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine please be patient and await your turn, but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

Miss Personality of St. Louis. You'd like to reach Ronald Colman if he is very unhappy! I can't promise how unhappy you'll find him but perhaps your letter will cheer him up anyway. His latest picture, "Bulldog Drummond," is a sure fire hit with the fans, so I figure that everything is a little bit of all right for Ronald. You can write to him at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

D. E. G. of Rialto, Cal. West meets East and SCREENLAND makes the whole world kin. And I'm your great-uncle Sonny Boy. Lina Basquette is the wife of Peverell Marley, Cecil De Mille's cinematographer. She was born in San Mateo, Cal., on April 19, 1907. She has black hair and dark brown eyes. She played child parts on the screen at the age of 9 years. Later, at the age of 16, she was premiere danseuse of the Ziegfield "Follies." In 1927 she signed with FBO and made "Ranger of the North." She played with Richard Barthelmess in "The Noose" and in Cecil De Mille's "Godless Girl." You can reach her at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Renee, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y. Many thanks for your kindly interest in my complex. If I'd confess my age you'd say I didn't look it. My eyes reflect most any color—anything but black; that I won't stand for. You can reach Gary Cooper at Paramount Studios, 451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.; Lon Chaney and William Haines at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gloriana from Vancouver, B.C. You've had your wish—we now have a loud-speaking department for the fans and by the fans. Speak up. Gloria Swanson's next film will be an original by Edmund Goulding—the saga of a stenographer. "Queen Kelly" will be remade at some future time. Johnny Mack Brown is a native of Dothan, Alabama, born September 1, 1904. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is married but his wife is not an actress. He played in "Coquette" with Mary Pickford; and with Greta Garbo in "The Single Standard." You'll find Vilma Banky at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. After being a movie fan for twelve years, you find our magazine the best on the market—do I agree with you? I never dispute the word of a lady.

Anna from Stockton, Cal. It is true that several prominent screen players have answered their last call during the past two years, among them your favorite, Ward Crane. Others who played their last fade-out are, Arnold Kent, Larry Senon, George Beban, Fred Thompson and that grand old man, Theodore Roberts.

Irish Kate from Manitouwoc, Wis. Times have changed. We used to say, actions speak louder than words but the talkies have changed all that. We are now having our nerves stimulated with sound accompaniment. William Boyd is Elinor Fair's husband. He was born June 5, 1898, at Cambridge, Ohio. His first screen work was in 1919 as an extra in Cecil De Mille's "Why Change Your Wife?" He has blond hair, blue eyes and is 6 feet tall. Since "Doomsday" was released in January 1928, Gary Cooper has appeared in "Half a Bride" with Esther Ralston, "The First Kiss" with Fay Wray, "Lilac Time" with Colleen Moore, and "Shopworn Angel" with Nancy Carroll.

Elise M. of Buffalo, N.Y. Who is happier than a satisfied subscriber to SCREENLAND? William Haines uses his own name in pictures. He was born January 1, 1900, at Staunton, Va. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. His first talking picture was "Alias Jimmy Valentine."
write him a bang-up-good letter and I'll bet he 'sads it. And he may even answer it!

A. M. from Kansas. A. M. post-cards just one question. Ask two the next time and letter it. Playing in “A Thief in the Dark” were, Don Dawson, Owen Lee, Marjorie Beebe, George Meeker, Evville Alderton, Michal Vavitch, Noah Young, C. M. Belcher, Raymond Turner, James Mason, Yorn Sherwood, Frank Rice and Tom McGuire.

Horace N. Y. of Farmington. One of the Maine events, aren’t you? This is your first letter to me but see to it that it’s not your last. In “The Poor Nut” Jack Mulhall was John Miller, Jane Winton was Julia and Glenn Tryon was “Mapie” Welch. John Mack Brown played opposite Marion Davies in “The Fair Co-Ed.” In “Sorrell and Son” Mickey McBan was Kit Sorrell as a child and Nils Asther was the adult Kit. Mary Nolan was the childhood sweetheart and bride of young Kit. May McAvoy was Esther in “Ben Hur.”

Mrs. Helen E. C. of New York. With praise as sincere as yours and a boost so high SCREENLAND should sit on top of the world. Mah-ha-may! You can write Ruth Elder at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Paul Lucas appeared in “Wolf of Wall Street” with George Bancroft and Olga Balianova. Mr. Lucas was born May 26, 1895, at Budapest, Hungary. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 182 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He had a very successful stage career in the large European cities before he came to Hollywood. He played with Billie Dove in “The Night Watch,” with Richard Arlen and Nancy Carroll in “Manhattan Cocktail,” and with Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll in “Shop-worn Angel.” You can write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Betty of Piqua, Ohio. Too many letters ahead of you to get your request in the very next issue but think how lucky you are to break into print in this famous department. Sally O’Neil gets her fan mail at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Clara Bow’s last pictures are, “Three Week-Ends” with Neil Hamilton and HarrisonFord, and “The Wild Party” with Freddie March. Write to Clara at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wm. A. K. from Halifax, N. S. So I’ll hear a lot from you, will I? Can I depend on that? Gertrude Omstead played opposite Richard Dix in “Sparring Goods”, but in “Easy Come, Easy Go” Nancy Carroll was the lucky girl who ‘supported’ Richard. You can reach Estelle Taylor at 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Her latest picture is “Where East is East” with Lon Chaney and Lupe Velez.

Roxie from Grand Rapids. You couldn’t be busier than I am watching my vitamins and trying to collect my scattered thoughts. Ambrose, my land-ing net! Robert Frazer can be addressed

at 6316 La Mirada Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. He was born on June 29, 1891, at Worcester, Mass. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 168 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. His wife is Mildred Bright. William Bakewell is the younger who made such a big hit in “The Iron Mask” with Douglas Fairbanks. He appears in the Warner Bros. natural-color, talking, singing and dancing picture, “On With the Show.” With him you’ll see Betty Compson, Sally O’Neil, Louise Fazenda, Joe E. Brown, Arthur Lake and several other favorites.

June from New Jersey. I’m happy to be your favorite answer lady so come on with your questions. I’m cub-racee about questions. Victor McLaglen was Spike Madden and Robert Armstrong was Salami, his rival and pal, in “A Girl in Every Port.”

Mercedes from Orlando, Fla. I’m not familiar with prices on large photographs of the stars, such as you see outside the theater and in the lobby. Why don’t you inquire at your nearest photo studio? Nancy Astor can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Virginia Cherrill, the blue-eyed blonde who is Charlie Chaplin’s leading lady in his next picture, “City Lights,” was born in Carthage, Ill., on April 12, 1908. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weighs 110 pounds.

Put from Charlotte, N. C. I’m glad to welcome you to our cosy nook (printer, now don’t you make that, crazy nook). You read me to the last line, do you? What’s the matter with the first line? Charles Farrell has been in pictures for five years; no stage experience. He was born August 9, 1902, at Onset Bay, Mass. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 182 pounds. Charles’ notable films are, “Old Ironsides,” “Rough Riders,” “Seventh Heaven,” “Street Angel,” “Fazil,” and “The River.” Janet Gaynor was born October 6, 1906, in Philadelphia, Pa. She has red hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Her appearance with Charlie Farrell in “Seventh Heaven” was a sensation and established her well-deserved success. She has played in “Sunrise” with George O’Brien, “Four Devils” with Nancy Drexel, Barry Norton and Charles Morton, and “Street Angel" with Charlie Farrell. Her earlier films were, “The Return of Peter Grimm,” “Pigs,” and “The Johnstown Flood.” Janet and Charlie are not married.

The Girl Friends from Duluth, Minn. You think Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are plenty hot but Gary Cooper just naturally burns you up—and Gary, with his usual tranquility, keeps on opening his fan mail! But does he answer the thousands of letters personally? Search me! I can tell you without batting one of my famous eye-lashes that I do not know his home address, but he will receive your letters at the Paramount Studios. Just

C. Loretta Young, very popular with the 'Ask Me fans.'
AND still they come! And when 'they' are as charming, as young, and as gifted as Miss Zita Johann, they're welcome to our city—Cinema City, or Talking Picture Town, or whatever you choose to rename Hollywood. Miss Johann scored a terrific hit in a play called "Machinal" which had a rather brief but artistic run on Broadway not so very long ago. Now Metro-Goldwyn has signed her to a contract to be featured in talkers. Here she is listening to a 'play-back' of her remarkable voice at the M-G-M Studio in California. You'll like Zita.
Tricks of the Talkies—Continued from page 21

Clare Kummer, the famous playwright, is now in Hollywood writing dialog for Fox Movietone productions.

The Swedish Sphinx Speaks—Continued from page 45

inmates merely hopped about and chirped a bit.

"It's their tin cages," decided the director. "They make such a noise the 'mikes' can't pick up the warbling.

You can't put rubber boots on canaries, so the cages were lined with felt. Still nothing doing.

A violin player who had had great success with obstinate songsters came over and played them a Nocturne. A flute player arrived to charm them into melody.

They sounded like a pan full of chickens.

Several big arc lights not required for a close-up in progress were pushed back out of the way and their warmth fell on several cages. This was in winter and the birds were shivering. Beneath the welcome rays of the arc lights, they plumped themselves and burst into song!

One of the difficult talkie shots in "Show Boat" proved to be that of Laura La Plante sobbing at a table with her head on her arms. The 'mike' simply couldn't catch her sobs, until the sound expert cut a hole in the table, put a small 'mike' underneath and covered the table with a thin cloth.

It seems to be agreed that a violent noise, such as a pistol shot, will wreck the recording system. Out at Universal they substitute a leather auto seat and a rubber stick. At Pathé, a heavily draped, soundproof booth has a tiny outlet through which a pistol is thrust to be fired within the booth, then the camera man made the courtroom scene in "Coquette" at United Artists, the gun was fired into a barrel with the 'mike' at a determined distance.

But there's more to all than recording. Technicians may do their darndest and the result, shown in the studio projection room, may be perfect. But you may see the complete picture in a theater where the operator fails to follow his cue sheet and the best efforts will be lost.

With every sound film goes a cue sheet containing instructions for the theater operator. He is provided with a 'fader,' a dial with 15 points of amplification. Suppose most of the dialog is dialled for 5 points; a tender love scene may be run with instructions to 'drop the fader.' (That means viewing both at the same time. Mr. Brenon devised a dual set plan whereby he can guide voices and action on both sets with the aid of telephone and signals.

According to the story, Lummox (Winifred Westover) has been seduced by the poet son of the house where she works; as she goes upstairs, she can hear the poet's sister playing while his mother recites one of his poems. Voices and scenes can be faded in and out.

In "Big News," players had to talk above the clatter of typewriters, telephone instruments and falling rain. The machines were deadened, but the real volume of sound would smash the vibrator: but they tried water on a tin roof. A battery of Gatling guns couldn't have roared louder, so the rain was permitted to fall on a layer of felt.

Water is a ticklish element to the listening microphone. Some experts claim that a drum full of rice equipped with a screen and wheel will give any water effect desired. By running the rice over the screen at the proper tempo, waves on a beach, rain in a window put out or water in a fountain can be recorded.

For the scenes in "Coquette" Mary Pickford runs across the brook the mikes wouldn't record, but quickly closed when it was discovered that the babbling brook made a racket like the ocean surf. A prop boy stirring a barrel half full of water made the gentle murmur for which the director yearned.

A convict on Devil's island sent Sam Goldwyn a practical little model of a gull loft while it was announced that Mr. Goldwyn was about to film "Condemned." Just a curiosity, until the sound experts began to prepare for the effects in the new picture. Then it was discovered that the real gullolite made many weird noises not associated in the public mind with the murderous machine, so the small model was set before the mike with advantageous result.

There's nothing the sound experts can't do.

They're clever. Didn't I say so?

vacation, that someone wanted me to write an article giving advice to girls on how to break into pictures. Who am I to give any such advice? What could I say that would help any beginner to get a start? Marriage is another question that constantly springs from the lips of interviewers. I answered that once and for all a long time ago—"I do not see how marriage and a professional career can be happily mixed. That is all there is to say, it has been said better and still the questions keep coming. And the very next time I am interviewed it will be asked all over again!

Since returning from Sweden Greta seems to have reached a tranquility sharply contrasting her previous restlessness. She seems to have whipped the melancholy moods that frequently gripped her. She is more the girl and less the woman, spirited, bubbling with good humor, enjoying work and play with a fresh vigor.

The yacht location trip she took on "The Single Standard" revealed this to those of the company. She swam, rowed, climbed in the ship's ropes, sang, clowned and romped like a schoolgirl on an outing. To see her perched upon the stern of a speedboat, wind and spray lashing her face, devoid of any make-up, laughing and singing rollicking canties in Swedish, was like catching a glimpse into the real heart of this strange creature who has spun a spell of magic lure upon the screen that has enraptured thousands of worshippers. Glad in men's white flannels, her boyish cap pulled rakishly down over her pushed-back hair, a sweatshirt over her bathing suit top, Greta cut a striking figure pacing the ship's deck as the old schooner lumbered along under full sail.

Her eyes struck new fire as the hard-shelled Scandinavian crew hoisted the topsail with a creak of straining blocks and chorus of 'Yoo-hoo's' and they seemed to reflect the opalescent blue of the waters that slid by the bow as it wallowed through a fleecy trough of foam like a peasant's plow in a potato field. Seagulls wheeled overhead as Greta tossed them bits of her tuna sandwich, screeching chagrin at her poor aim. The evening wind whistled through the ratlines and halyards and the great canvas spread cracked like pistol shots when the old skipper jibed to change his course.

As the sun dropped behind the horizon with a last crimson splash of glory, the San Pedro breakwater hove into sight just off the port bow.

"Isn't that lovely," asked Garbo.

John Robertson, the director aroused from a cat nap, nodded.

"Gosh," sighed Greta, showing first signs of petulance. "I had a chance to go aboard the boat, 'can't we do some retakes?"

She is not the strange weird woman of some of her screenplays. There's nothing erotic about her. She has a curious childlike quality—an almost boyish enthusiasm, a real zest for life—that sets her apart from the hot-house variety of Hollywood sirens. She is as frank and clean as the clear wind of her native Northland.
more than enthusiastic over their introduction to California.


We all climbed down to the beautiful little stream with its artificial pool under the great sycamores, its rustic seats amid the ferns, and even its old well and windlass, all making a most picturesque scene. Leo pointed, rather sorrowfully, we thought, to some workmen who were preparing the little plateau across the stream on which the house is to be built.

"Their grandchildren," he told us, "owned everything from here away over to Topango Canyon once upon a time."

Wong Ling, Lee's Chinese valet-actor-cook, arrived on the scene just then to call us to lunch. He is a privileged character, swears like a pirate, and has a sense of humor that is always on the job. I don't wonder Leo feels that he cannot do without him.

While the musicians played the concertina and guitar under the trees we sat down at the long tables, supplied with paper plates and napkins, and prepared to enjoy the enchiladas and tortillas, the chili beans and barbecued mutton. We watched Leo to see how to eat the tortillas, which are soft like pancakes, and look like them, except that they are thin and flatter, and we noted that he nonchalantly scooped his beans into the tortilla, wrapped the tortilla around like a napkin, and proceeded to devour it.

Through the trees we could catch glimpses of the bright blue sea, a quarter of a mile away, on which the Canyon gives, and overhead the mocking birds were singing.

"In the moonlight," suggested Patz, "with an outdoor platform bearing a roof of boughs, we could imagine this old Spanish dance place, made to house a gay fancy, with the battle of the medallions on, the boughs, and whirling, the ladies on, the boughs, and whirling, the dancers in, the boughs, and whirling."

We learned that romance was not lacking even if we weren't in the old California days, since report went around that Skeets Gallagher, who had brought Pauline Mason, is engaged to her.

We met little Armida, after luncheon, wandering about looking for wild flowers, and decided she looked like a little sprite of the woods.

Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough did a funny little burlesque Spanish dance, though admitting they were a bit weighted down with tortillas, etc., with perhaps the accent on the etc.

"Of course if it were the old Spanish days," I reminded Patz, "we could just say 'Estas manana,' and let it go at that. But this year 1929 and we are brin—or at least pretty brin—Americans, please remember you're due at four for a permanent wake, while I've got things to do for a tyrannical editor."

So we bade Leo and his guests a happy adios, and were—regrettably—on our way.

"Well, I'm glad there's to be a gay reception right after Carmel Myers' wedding," Patz whispered, "because I must admit that a wedding in a huge synagogue like this is too awfully impressive for my frivolous nature to bear. But doesn't Carmel look lovely?"

The bridesmaids had just tripped down the aisle, along with the bridal attendants and the matron of honor, all looking stenographically beautiful.

Anyway, Patz's romantic soul was thrilled when she observed that the bride and groom exchanged wedding rings, and that a line in the wedding service read, "Friends and lovers to the end of your lives."

After the ceremony, we all hurried over to Carmel's house, where the bride and groom are to live. It is a charming bungalow place in the fashionable Wilshire district, and we all decided that it was a very sensible thing for the young people to do, to live in Carmel's house.

"Besides," remarked Helen Ferguson, "I think it makes a bridegroom feel altogether too independent when he takes the poor little bride to live in a strange house.

We found a lot of guests ahead of us when we arrived, including Louis B. Mayer and his wife. Mr. Mayer was kidding Bessie Love, telling her that she should find herself a nice Jewish husband.

"But Bessie, I hear," whispered Patz to me. "She is engaged to a nice businessman in Chicago. Only she won't tell us his name."

Bessie was quite equal to the occasion. "Find him for me," was her smiling retort to Mr. Mayer.

Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead were there, Gertrude delightfully chatting about her new house at Malibu Beach; and Blanche Sweet was among the guests: also Paul Bern, Harold Lloyd and Mildred, Ruth Roland and Ben Bard, Mary MacAvery and Maurice Cleary, Arthur Caesar, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Patsy Ruth Miller and her fiance, the director, Tay Garnett; Mae Murray and Prince David M'divani, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rockett, Lois Moran, Carl Laemmle, Sr., and Carl, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard warner, Colleen Moore and John McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Lesser, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, and a dozen others.

Nearly all the guests of our group fine, went out into the garden at the back of the house, and we found that the buffet wedding breakfast was being served under the trees.

Taking our plates some of us found a nice shady nook outfitted with a table and some rustic chairs, with the turf underfoot, instead of being what Patz called 'sincere grass,' a huge mat of property, and grass.

"I do hope," said Bessie Love, "when somebody dropped some crumbs on the grass, 'that they won't have to send the lawn to the dry cleaner's after we finish our breakfast!"

Paul Bern came along just then, bearing Bessie's bouquet, and explaining in mock coyness that he wanted to announce his engagement to Miss Love.

"That's all," he said in Gertrude Olmstead, "but I think you'd better, in that case, take the bologna off your plate, Bessie!"

Carmel and the bridegroom were too busy receiving good wishes and congratulations, as they stood on their lawn, to have any breakfast, but Carmel, in spite of all
The excitement, looked as fresh as a rose when she took her leave of her guests to go and change her dress for her wedding trip.

Suddenly she appeared above us on the little roof garden of her house, bearing her bouquet in her hand. She tossed it, and Edith Mayer caught it, blushing furiously.

"Now throw down the groom!" admonished Harold Lloyd, "and see what happens!"

Oft, Reginald Denny is inviting us up to his mountain cabin in the San Bernardino mountains! exclaimed Patsy in glee. There is no doubt that it's a regular palace of a cabin, though it's all made of logs!

That did sound intriguing, and it was with delight that we traveled the hundred miles from town, through Pasadena, Alhambra, the desert, between orange groves and vineyards, and then through thirty miles of the most beautiful mountain roads to the very highest peak in the San Bernardinos.

The house is set on the very edge of a plateau, and overlooks the most gorgeous view of mountains and canyons, to the valley below, where you catch a glimpse of San Bernardino and Redlands.

Reginald and his wife, Bubbles, are the most delightful hosts in the world, and we found a huge fire awaiting us in the great fireplace, grateful enough after the frosty mountain air, cool even in summer.

But that so-called cabin!

It has polished floors all over the big living room and its three bed-rooms and the quietest of quiet in the whole house. The floor is placed, in the living room, big bear skin rugs, while the bedrooms have beautiful Indian rugs.

There are lazy easy chairs and sofas, and the big rustic dressing-tables in the bedrooms are polished and have great mirrors.

Outside is a large guest house, also of logs, where the men guests sleep when the house is full of people.

There is a big corral, with horses for riding purposes, out in the natural park surrounding Denny's cabin; and there is an electric house where the electricity for use in the house is generated. Gas for cooking is stored in a huge tank under the ground.

The beauty and cosiness of the living room, with its cheerful chintz curtains, its ceiling smoked and polished so as to look very old, its comfortable chairs and sofas, its table with the covering entirely of fox skins, envelops you the moment you enter.

We had lunched down in the valley during the trip, so the moment we had deposited our wraps and warmed ourselves at the fire we felt we just couldn't remain shut up in the house, and sallied forth for a hike and exploring expedition.

Helen Ludlam, of Screenland, was with us, and we all at once turned into girls of the big outdoors. We discovered some bow and arrows in a corner of the living room, and so tried our hand at archery, with Bubbles easily ahead of us all, and then we wandered about the five acres which Denny owns, under the pine trees, gathering the beautiful yellow wild primroses, the wild irises, and last but not least the gay scarlet snow-flower, which blooms, you are told, in the fall, on the Pacific slope.

You have to clamber down Denny's front yard to get to the springs, but it is worth the climb. We did find all the space down there, however, cruelly blackened from the forest fire which threatened, a few months ago, not only destruction of Denny's cabin, but tragedy to our hosts. It was only by desperate fighting of all hands at Denny's house, including our host himself, aided by a hundred fire-fighters supplied by the mountain rangers, that the place and probably the lives of our hosts, were saved. Denny told us all about it at dinner that evening.

"I was awakened," said Denny, "by a light shining into my eyes. I thought the girls had gone to bed and left the light burning on the porch. Then I took another look! A wall of fire was advancing up the valley before me!"

I aroused everybody, including my caretaker and his wife, sent the women away in an automobile to Big Bear, and had Art Manning, the cowboy who was living with me, get the horses out of the stables and away.

"I have no telephone, but I sent another guest to a forest ranger who lives a few miles away, and who I found was already on the job. He sent out to his men and to the Indians at the school, and after two days and nights managed to put out the fire."

Then Art Manning, who was with us in the living room where we were talking, after dinner, in the glow of the big logs on the hearth, told us how Denny had accommodated all the fire fighters in his house and the guest house, how they ate and drank and slept there, and then—how he washed the dishes himself!

"My wife and I went to bed the second night dead tired," said the cowboy, who left a whole ocean of dirty dishes. In the morning when we got up, we found that Mr. Denny had himself arisen early and washed them that mountain of dishes."

An old trapper lives three or four miles away on a mountain side. That is, his cabin is still there and he did live there up to a few weeks ago. Then he decided that living neighbors as close as three miles to him was making the place too noisy, and he moved further into the wilds.

We danced to the music of the radio after our chat, and then Patsy went outside to look at the moon. She would. She called us, but we had seen the moon so many times that it didn't really seem to matter. However, we went, and there, sure enough, was a sight worth seeing: a hundred mountains. All the mountain tops were clear in the silvery light, while those clouds, bathed in the moonlight, looked like some sort of unearthly beautiful sea.

We proposed to take a hike next morning, followed by a ride over to Big Bear Lake, seventeen miles away. All but our host, that is. He had to get up at four o'clock, he said, to assist his brother in law, who was moving in on the top of Grayback, twenty miles away. No automobiles there, just horses and mules.

Art Manning told us that Denny is such a willing worker on these trips, besides understanding so much about mountain craft, that the rangers are always grateful for his help.

Little Bubbles wasn't at all pleased about Reggy's getting up early, because he always insisted on waking her up and bringing her a cup of coffee, while he told her it was time to get up. She never does get up, she says, but doubtless it brightens his way to think that some day she may.

Big Bear Lake sparkled in the sun, and children played about the doorways of the cabins. They are building a hotel up there, and then the place will never be the same again.

Back at the cabin again, the housekeeper was supposed to be having a day off, so we proposed to cook it ourselves and get a cook. Craft, Reginald's director, had arrived while we were gone, and he took a hand.

But we all got in each other's way, couldn't find things, and finally the housekeeper, hearing the turmoil from below, decided to come up and do things herself. Bubbles and Patsy had both decided that the only thing they could do was to fry ham, and both had decided they wanted to contribute that offering to the lunch. At which trying moment the housekeeper appeared.

Lunch over, we all went in for target practice, with the weapons which our host has stowed away in a gun rack, but there were no casualties.

Our host came back early in the afternoon, and all went horseback to seek out the lovely canyons and valleys, and then back to supper and an evening gathered around the big fire of logs, with Denny telling us stories of his stage days, after which bed. And we were so tired that not even the roar of the wind through the pines, sounding like the noise of a tumultuous sea, could keep us awake.

In the morning we hunted for wild-flowers, and then hopped into the car, and took a fast, invigorating trip around that curved road, down to the valley and home again. After bidding our beloved hosts good bye.

"We shall never," we both declared, "forget that!"

C Well, well—and if it isn't Marguerite Church! She is one of the most popular of the little Broadway invaders of Hollywood.
not even met. They get their 'facts' from gossip, and you know how any story changes in two or three tellings.

"There are only two things in the calendar of license of which I have not been accused, and I am expecting the worst at any time!" said John Gilbert.

Personally I do not think the yarn Jim Tully wrote about him in Vanity Fair a year ago did him any real harm. His admirers, and his friends only railed about the more likely. I know they did out here and I think Jim Tully knew they would. Not meaning to paint either Jack Gilbert or Jim Tully as a saint, I'm sure Jim had no malice in his heart when he dipped his pen in vitriol with Jack as the victim. He knows human nature pretty well, and he probably knows that--a double dose of poison counteracts itself. Inquisitions are dangerous and deadly, but an open attack usually brings to the fore thousands of crusaders. In the meantime, the yarn probably increased Jim Tully's popularity as an interviewer.

As a little girl said after eating two dinners: "I'll have it over, or not, I am still hungry!" And a popular young actress who was climbing but had not quite reached the top told me: "I would rather be interviewed by Jim Tully than by anyone I know. I could stand what he says." Why was she so eager? Because she knew that every producer in Hollywood would read it, and that she would probably get a contract out of it. Well, Jim didn't and she didn't, but that is another story.

At the time his Gilbert article appeared, I asked Jim why on earth he wrote such a scurrilous attack. "Because I am Jack's enemy. As a matter of fact I admire and like him very much. There is another side to him that is extremely fine. But that side was not the basis of my song. The story worked on him." And it hasn't. Not with the box-office, at any rate. But you can well imagine what torture it was to a sensitive mind to read such stuff about himself.

Jack might have caused a lot of trouble over it, but he went no further than to tell Jim, as man to man, just what he thought of him. And Jim apologized.

Yes — Gilbert is a provocative person from a writer's point of view, because he takes everything big—good news or bad. In spite of his wise resolutions, small things continue to get a rise out of him. He is a child of moods, one minute bursting with joy, radiating it, uplifting everyone around him with the happiness that is greater than he can control. The next minute, for no apparent reason, he may be down in the depths of despair. And when a nature as strong and magnetic as Jack's is at it, he is not the only one who knows it! Though he may think he is keeping it entirely to himself.

He is always good copy and he always will be. The fact that he is married may have arrested, but will not change the rest- less, searching vibrant strength of his per- sonality. With the passing of his flamboyant style, many maidens may have written fins to their dreams; yet I am sure, Gilbert being what he is, their interest will never stray far from him.

Born under a mysterious sign, no one will ever know just what Jack will do next. His friends know one thing about him— that he is a swell guy—but how he will react to any given circumstance, that they can never be sure of. Neither can he.

And that is perhaps the secret of his great success on the screen. Things and people we do not quite understand fascinate us.

Although beginning his stage career at the early age of one year, Jack Gilbert had a whack at several professions before going into pictures seriously. In the first place he didn't think he would make good. He overheard Irvin Willat say he never would, because his nose was too large. This blow, coming as it did just when he was rising out of the five dollars a day class, and had high hopes of a career, depressed him for days. In fact, he decided to commit suicide, but his sense of humor saved him. He wrote a scenario, directed pictures and then determined to get the best of his nose, with what success we all know. He plans to return to his writing when his days before the camera are over.

He is very intuitive. "Sometimes it is uncanny," he told me. He will arrive at a conclusion when other more 'practical' minds are still groping with logic. Nine times out of ten Jack will be right. He can't tell why he knew that it would turn out that way—he only knew that it would. His hunches have led him to trust this intuition, this inner voice, and when he has a problem to think out, he always tries to get away by himself and think it out alone.

He may fret and fume, but having a sincere nature, his real desire is to get to the bottom of a difficulty and work his way out of it. And he can do this by thinking things out by himself. Because being alone is so necessary to his growth, he often cuts himself off from his friends and then suddenly realizes that he is lonely. You would never think the idol of the film world was a lonely person, would you? But he is, or was before he married Ina.

It was more a soul loneliness than material. "It was good for me," he said. "I had a lot to learn, and I have learned some of it. I am much more tolerant, much more understanding than I used to be. Things that would drive me mad in the old days, have no effect upon me now. I know that people often do things because they can't help themselves. I didn't think that once. Sometimes things were done that I took as a personal affront. I would often resent it bitterly and then there would be a quarrel."

"I have more to bring to marriage than I had ten years ago. All I want is peace. I think the best way to keep it, when there are indications of fireworks, is to keep one's mouth shut. Then the mood passes and good friends are still good friends with nothing to 'make up.'" Take his marriage with Ina Claire as an example of one of his unexplainable impulses. Many people think both of them were crazy. Both have fame, position, wealth. Both are at the height of their brilliant careers. What more did they want?

But what most people do not know is that, although their lives seemed to be the gayest of the gay, both were lonely. Both wanted a home that they could share with someone, someone with whom they had a great deal in common. Someone who would understand without having to be told. Both had about decided that it was too good to be true and then as usual when people stop nagging fate for things, it is handed to them.

As Ina said, she and Jack first quarreled, and then started to laugh. "And we've been laughing ever since. I thought Jack was rather comfortable in his own splendid opinion of himself, because that is what most people who don't know him think, and he thought the same thing about me, and we both decided to steer clear of each other—but somehow we couldn't!"

I had heard that Ina was going to chuck (Continued on page 101)
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THE PUBLISHERS
her career and settle down as Mrs. Jack Gilbert. It was arranged that I drive home with them one afternoon for tea, when her work was done, to talk it over. We climbed into a stunning black town car at the Pathé studio and breezed through Beverly Hills to 140 S. Western Road, passing John Barrymore's house and new aviary he is building for the foreign birds he brought back with him from South America, on the way. (I'll say here that the aviary is larger than the average home.)

"Over there," Ina waved toward the back of the house. "Jack is going to build a wing for me. Then each of us can have perfect freedom and a chance to get away by ourselves if we want to—a thing far more important to the happiness of married people than most of us realize. There I can have my maid and my piano and make all the noise I like when Jack wants to read or write. He has the greatest capacity for enjoyment of anyone I have ever met, but he has moods of seriousness.

I had already discovered that Jack had a serious mind. He reads an enormous lot. He has a standing order with Brentano in New York to supply him with lists of all non-fiction literature, and he orders quantities of rare books, old and new. He has a broker in New York who keeps him in touch with all the worth-while plays produced there and who sends him manuscripts as soon as they arrive. He loves to play tennis and has a court on his hill-top, and a swimming pool, too. He loves to drive his own Ford through the hills or by the sea, but now that he has found Ina I guess a good deal of that lonely prowling is cut out.

"Well, has the beauty and peace of this place affected you the point of toosing your career to the winds?" I asked Ina.

She shrugged her shoulders. "No, but I want to rest. After all, I've been working since my thirteenth year. I have these pictures to do for Pathé and then I am planning to take several months off for a trip around the world."

"What? And are you going to drag Jack from his work and make him go with you?"

She looked at me with a twinkle in her very beautiful eyes. "No, I'm not going to try to make Jack do anything. And I don't expect him to try to make me do anything. But I am planning the trip and if he wants to join me I'll be ridiculously pleased!"

And Jack, on his side, is arranging his schedule so that after "Olympia" he will be given a long vacation. He is working on "honey moon" and a blue-billed green parrot. (His "honey moon" room, belated though it may be.

We talked a little about her work. "Pathé is paying me the three times what other studios offered—why, I have not the slightest notion! And then they ask me	o do "Paris Bound!" I ask you. Why? The girl in "Paris Bound" is a straight lead, a perfectly nice wife and mother. I have made my reputation by playing sophisticated women. In "Paris Bound" I wouldn't be any better than any one of a hundred actresses; not as good! Now why should they pay me this enormous salary to play something that any straight actress could do and which the fans would rather see played by one of their tried favorites? All I can bring to pictures is the sort of thing I have helped to make popular on the stage. And with the same incomprehensible wisdom they put screen actresses not trained to sophisticated drama in sophisticated plays. No one has ever yet been able to hit a round peg into a square hole. Worlds of us and me and the rest of us aren't able to puzzle it out either. It was finally decided that I play The Awful Truth, which is a little better than "Paris Bound.""

She refused badly to be billed as Mrs. John Gilbert. And with reason. The charm she has for her stage audiences will win her as many friends on the screen. I am sure; yet that is not the only reason she refused.

"My personal life is one thing and business is another," she said as we sat on the veranda of her new home, which overlooks the California world as far as one may see it. "Metro wanted me to play with Jack in 'Olympia.' It is a small part and not suited to me. I wouldn't play it for two reasons. One, purely business. It is wrong for one star to play an unimportant part in another star's picture, even if that star happens to be one's husband. I wouldn't let Jack do it in one of mine. That is not good business. But it often creates trouble in a home. The other reason is that I think it is cheap to make love to one's husband in view of so many people. I wouldn't mind at all if we weren't married, but because we are so newly wed and there has been so much publicity about it I just couldn't do it and Jack feels the same way about it.

"You know," she said, with a half-shy little laugh, "I don't know so very much about him. But we seem to toady each other so well, almost without speaking, and we have the same reactions to things. It is that that makes me think we might make a go of our marriage. And then we are both Irish and that makes a difference too, I think. He really is a nice person," she said, her blue eyes wide and with the look of a precious child that has stumbled on a great secret. "In fact, I think he's swell!"

Jack appeared on the scene and announced that a fire had been built in the living room. "Aren't you both cold? Ina, you haven't a coat on! Better come in where it is warm."

"I'm so glad to get a breath of ozone after being on that sound stage all day that I hadn't noticed it was chilly."

Thiers is a beautiful living room. It is enormous, with about a thirty-foot ceiling, and balconies all around. I promptly went over to him and offered to scratch his head. He saw me coming and obligingly bent his crest, ruffling his neck feathers in anticipation of a delicious scratching. "Oh, look, Jack—she isn't afraid of him, either!" cried Ina, and came over to help me in the scratching process. "Can he talk?" I asked. "Yes," said Jack, "but I'm afraid his vocabulary was acquired on shipboard and you know the reputation sailors have. I don't think Poll has missed a word."

Ina is small and a natural blonde with the creamy skin that goes with such coloring. Her eyes are very blue and dark and she has a trick of looking at you every once in a while like a little girl who is not so sure she isn't going to be scolded. Nestled up against her husband's shoulder, with his arm about her, that blonde head looked very attractive in contrast to the coal-black one just above it.

Time will show, of course, whether these two strong personalities will be able to adjust their lives to marriage. Both have had experience enough to help them in this adventure that they have embarked upon with so much joy and so much hope of happiness. And I am sure that thousands will wish them both voyage!

Jack and Ina will have a real honeymoon in Europe as soon as each finishes a current picture. Jack is working on "Olympia," while Mrs. Gilbert having finished her first talking, "The Awful Truth," is starring in "Negligee."

Along about the last of this summer they will be sailing for the continent.
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S C R E E N L A N D

Arthur! Arthur!

Continued from page 32

he became inventive, finally dyeing several hundreds of dollars worth of woodens an ungreenly green that wouldn't come out. It was about this time that he quit the dyeing business, (he had to get him out of the dye business so I could go on with the story).

His sister secured Arthur his first screen job. It was in a film starring William Farnum. Arthur was the juvenile lead.

"I had to ride on a horse and arouse the sheriff and posse," he relates now. "It was a horse opera, all right! But I started in pictures.

"I knew nothing about motion picture make-up. I was called one night and told to be ready for locations at seven next morning. I practiced putting on grease paint and powder until long after midnight. Next day when I joined the company I found my practice had been all wrong. I had been putting on a stage make-up and that is very different from the make-up used for camera purposes. I finally saw myself beside another actor and did just as he did. When he applied grease paint, so did I. When he put on powder, I did likewise. I got by, somehow.

This picture and one more western 'epic' brought to Arthur a five-year contract offer with Universal. He accepted and was made a two-reel comedy star immediately. One thing that is instantly impressive about Arthur is his boyish exuberance. He likes everybody. Everybody likes him. Enroute to the Universal lunchroom from the set where I had found him working, it seemed that everyone had a cheery word for him and he, a grin for all.

In the café, a group of his boy friends sat at the table. Over my shoulder I heard them kidding him.

"Who is your favorite actor?" I heard one ask.

"Arthur Lake," came the immediate reply.

"And your favorite actress?" pursued the questioning one.

"Arthur Lake," again came the rejoinder.

Young Lake pursed his tongue between his lips and uttered an odd noise. You've heard that kind of razzberry, I'm sure. But it was all in fun. Those boys at the next table would fight Jack Dempsey if Jack said anything against them.

He has a funny way of being serious for a few seconds, then absolutely irresponsible. Then he is serious again. You're never quite certain whether he is kidding or it is deadly in earnest. His sense of humor is his own give-away. He can't help laughing when his remarks are spoken jokingly.

Arthur is twenty years old; that I know. Unkind writers have said he is older. They have said he worked as a chorus man in New York show. But he has never been in New York.

"That is not true," Arthur says. "Not that I would mind having been a chorus man, or anything else that is honest. But strong since she has come to Hollywood. I'd rather they say nothing if they can't tell real facts."

He is very modest. I asked him questions about himself. In a burst of enthusiasm, he answered. Then I remembered that it was Arthur Lake he was talking about. "Aw, don't write that down," he pleaded. "It sounds stuck-up!" If I had kept my promise to Arthur not to write down the things he said, there would be no story.

"Any loves in your young life, Arthur?" I asked him.

He blushed. "Naw, I don't go for girls. I'm going to be a bachelor," he said.

"What about Virginia Cherrill and Sue Carol and..."

"They were all right," he interrupted. "But they were just friends. Why, Sue goes with Nick Sturt and Virginia is just a good pal. You said loves. I haven't any loves but I've lots of girl friends."

Just the same, I happen to know that he reads his fan letters personally and gives most of his attention to notes from the girls!

Does Hollywood Set the Styles?

Continued from page 77

national knowledge and believe too much in picture-frame personalities.

Kay Johnson, whom I would not consider beautiful in the accepted sense of the word but whose distinction and manner carry her along in front of the parade, worn genuine clothes attractively.

These women, with several others whom I cannot mention because of space limitation, are fighting graciously the enormous popularity of a very dowdy person called "Lady Dovely Fashion." They're interested in preparing a lovely funeral for her which I am sure will have too many carriages in it. There are too many stars sincerely grieve because of her death. She's been a wonderful friend to a great many of them, particularly those who have been brought up in her arms. She was generous in encouraging their weaknesses and was a bad mother who could never say no. "Lady Dovely Fashion" has been ill a long time. In several productions lately she has been gasping frantically and we almost thought she was going to live another year or two, but because of her old age we feel she will soon have to release her hold.

Her daughter, "Restraint and Good Taste," who has not been very well or anywhere since she has left Hollywood, has suddenly taken on a new lease of life and because she is being sponsored by a lot of well-groomed women she is soon to be one of the most popular of the younger women of Hollywood.

Already Hollywood is looking at itself and its past with a merry twinkle in its eye and amusement at its own childishness. It has been trailing its mother's skirt long enough and has at last grown up to be a smart young woman.

Too many women are assembling here with knowledge and taste who will refuse to be made ridiculous by imaginary demands of a camera. In a short time Hollywood will be a serious force in the style centers of the world.

Watch it!
The Eyes Have It!
Continued from page 75

makes eyes dance

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Adele Miller

Screenland's gift contests are constantly attracting new readers and continuing to interest the 'Screenland Boosters'. Club! The Anita Page contest, for example, brought an amazing number of responses. The lucky winner, Miss Mabel Myers, 40 S. Colorado Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana, is delighted with the pajama ensemble which her clever letter won for her. Don't miss the Colleen Moore contest in this issue!
no brass instruments in his ensembles. (Many people think a saxophone is classified under 'brasses.' But it is not. It is considered a reed instrument.) Vallee clings to tone and simplicity of execution. He has created a peculiar and original method of playing which no other orchestral unit possesses. Broadway calls it "Dixie." But it's more than that. His orchestra plays yearning rather than seductive music. Music with an evanescent timbre far removed from the blatanity of the average jazz unit. It was while he was working here that a saxophonist in the orchestra loaned Vallee a C melody saxophone.

From that time on the Yankee boy had more interest in electricity. His one idea was to become a concert saxophonist like the celebrated Rudy Weidoft. The lad had studied the clarinet. And from what he had learned of that instrument, he began practicing on the saxophone. With no one to assist him, some way Vallee evolved a method. And it was this method of clean, rapid, staccato tonguing which enabled his saxophone to lay the cornerstone for what bids fair to be a national career.

The following autumn when Vallee became a freshman at the University of Maine, he was almost immediately pledged to a fraternity. Shortly after, he went to live at the frat house. Rudy Weidoft was still his hero. During all of his spare moments, the blond-haired, quiet-voiced freshman tongued his saxophone and taught himself by reading of Rudy Weidoft. He had devoted so much of his hero to his fraternity brothers that finally in desperation one of them nicknamed him 'Rudy.'

The name has clung ever since.

Rudy's college education never cost Doctor Vallee a nickel. After his freshman year at the University of Maine, a friend advised Vallee to go down to Yale where he would find more orchestral opportunities.

The following autumn Rudy matriculated at Old Eli. But Yale would not accept the work of his freshman year at Maine. So again he had to start in as a frosh.

During his four years at Yale, Vallee formed an orchestra and played nearly every Sunday. Either for his prom-strutting colleagues or for country clubs, golf clubs and private houses.

After two years at that university Dio Dunbar, his bandmaster, sent for Rudy to go to London to direct an orchestra in a night club.

Wishing to see a bit of the world, Rudy accepted, and returned to Old England. Later he returned to Yale and completed his course, receiving his B. A. degree.

That was in June 1927. It was then Rudy made up his mind to go to New York. There were three things he wanted to do: to have Rudy Weidoft introduce Vallee to the world of Whitean play, and to make a saxophone solo on a Columbia record!

Arriving in New York, Vallee accomplished all three things. After playing a while in Ben Bernie's orchestra, he organized a unit of his own, playing over the radio and at the Heigh-ho Night Club he met with fair success. But through a misunderstanding in January of this year, he lost his position with the Heigh-ho. Playing off the seven men of his orchestra for a full week's work, Vallee was left flat broke. Just another saxophone player out of a job!

Ten days later, Vallee had a chance to start broadcasting over the National Broadcasting Chain. In a few weeks, he was beginning to be idolized all over that vast radio network.

When I went to Rudy's dressing room at the Paramount Theater to interview him, I immediately found myself feeling sorry for him. The boy was lying on a cot in the dressing-room, smoking. He was going through seven shows at the Paramount on week days, and five Saturdays and Sundays. In addition, he was broadcasting over the radio several times a week, making records for Victor every day, and playing at the Villa Vallee at eight o'clock and at eleven fifteen each night. To say nothing of writing songs and publishing them.

His dressing-room was bedlam. Members of the orchestra were bustling in and out. The telephone rang without stopping. Rudy's secretary sat at a desk heaped high with fan mail. His stenographer was sitting on the floor, her typewriter on a pile of over. In over a corner, his personal publicity man was dashing off copy for the daily papers.

Everybody wanted to see Vallee; the Salvation Army needing a donation; life insurance agents trying to load him down with policies; pals wishing money or jobs. The tailor asked 75 cents for pressing a suit when 20 cents was the regulation price. Girls, without appointments, were crashing in the door, hanging around the stairs, and waiting outside the stage door.

To every request Vallee listened. And he turned down nobody while I was there. It seemed a lark to him that he actually could give help when needed. He answered about fifteen phone calls to the half-hour. And to each person he was courteous, unhurried and friendly.

He seems to me very loyal. And tired and worn out as he undoubtedly was, his manners were faultless. He is reserved, punctilious and beautifully spoken. In the old days, I am sure, he would have made a gallant, faithful courtier. And I can well imagine him sacrificing himself for his king.

Since it was soon time for Vallee to go on to his next performance, the interview was conducted with Vallee in the bathroom, calling out to me between shaving. He wore white linen riding trousers, black puttees, black silk socks, and black low shoes. A white linen shirt, open at the collar, and a black and white checked necktie. The hair of hiskiest completed this informal costume. Nevertheless Vallee spoke while shaving as if he were dressed in morning clothes, seated in his mother's drawing room, waiting for time to go to church. He is absolutely unselicious.

When I asked him how he felt about women, he answered: "I want to find a girl. One I can be happy with. But I'm in a rather unfortunate position. You see, I have no time to meet and visit the kind of girl I would be attracted to. I work all day and most of the night. And I rarely have a chance to go to places where nice girls congregate. Often, however, I get a fan letter from some girl I feel I could learn to like. But there is no time now to find out. First I'm on the stage. Then I dash in to the Villa Vallee. Back to the Paramount. Off to make records. Out to the Long Island studio to make short subjects. Back to the tailor's. On to rehearsals. And then the whole merry-go-round starts over again.

"Whenever I sing that song, 'Vagabond Lover,' I always catch myself thinking how indicative of my real feelings it is—more than anybody in the audience would give me credit for. Because with all the luck and success I've had, I'm still a vagabond. Moving here, and there, with scarcely a moment to seek out a little personal happiness. But I'm sure things will settle soon. And then—"

"Your act next, Mr. Vallee," the call boy broke in. And so my interview with Rudy Vallee ended.

An unknown collegian doesn't become an idol without some logical or psychological reason. In Vallee's case, there is both a logical and a psychological reason. That he unquestionably has a superior orchestra nobody can deny. But that does not account for his prairie-fire popularity. The reason women go crazy about him is because he has a dual appeal. On the one hand he is a stalwart, golden-haired Galahad, seeking the grail of love. And that appeals to the women who want to be conquered.

C Billy Balchwell—according to Miss Vee Dee, the most popular juvenile of the moment with SCREENLAND readers.
“You’re darn right the wind’s blowing,”
What’s that got to do with it?”

“Just yesterday it was the last
Scene. You don’t want shadows dancing
down across the place, do you?”

“Oh, shoot! The wind blows in China-
town same as anywhere else! Let’s go!”

And so they did.

The action called for Harold and Noah
to run around the corner and down the
street after having divided some Chinamen.
They stuck close to the wall under the
balcony, hanging on to each other and
shivering in their boots, their eyes as big
as gumballs.

When they came to one of the mys-
terious doors Harold had a hunch that
they would find what they were looking for
in a barrel building. The door was locked.
Together they heaved it open with their
shoulders, once, twice, and were hauling
off for a third behothing when the door
opened on an action.

To make it still funnier the wind was
blowing their clothes, making their coat tails
wave, their pant’s legs flap and slap about
and the whole wall cast by the
various gadgets on the set. It would have
been a swell gag for a ghost scene.
At that, the air of spookiness was well placed
in the sequence.

Gene Kornman, the still cameraman, was
yawning his head off. “This night work
sure is tough on a guy who can’t sleep in
the daytime and grinning. Gene is
the proud papa of the Kornman kids, Mary
and Mildred, who have served successively
as the sweetheart of Our Gang.”

A scene on Harold’s staff
had been with him for a long time. “Dude
Lundin, head cameraman, has been with
him twelve years; Hank Kohler, second
cameraman, seven years; production man-
ger John Murphy, technical director Bill
MacDonald and art director Lili K. Ved-
der—all have been eight years on the
job; while Lex Neal and Felix Adler, gag men
have been the heads of “Lonesome Luke.”

I noticed that all the potted plants
were wired to the balcony.

“Yes,” said Marjorie, Clair, reading my
thoughts. “After first we weren’t wired and
one fell on Noah’s head during the action of
the scene. We had a still made from the film
to send to his folks.”

The next scene was where Harold and
Noah crashed a Chinese rooming-house, got
tangled up with a handful of humans and
found themselves hunting down the steps
in a barrel which broke when it bounced
on the sidewalk.

“There goes the barrel scene from
Anheuser Bush,” said Felix Adler, who, by
the way, is a relative of the late Jacob
Adler and of Dr. Felix Adler the philan-
thropist. Mr. Adler is always being con-
fused with his older relatives—but it’s
my own name so I don’t know why I should
change it when I can’t think of a better one,”
he remarked.

Watching the barrel crash down the
stairs and split into twenty pieces with
Harold inside and a mob of fighting Chinese
men on top, Mal St. Clair said he had
never known a star to take as many chances
as Harold. “He’s a good lad and I don’t know
just how far he can go and it is a miracle how
many times he escapes a crack-up.”

While waiting for the next set-up Harold
took me to another set which they expected
to take later during the wee sma’ hours of the
morning. The action here required him,
and Noah, to hide from the Chinamen
underneath a large umbrella. The Chinamen
looked all over and come within a foot of the
shivering fugitives. Each time they come
Harold pulls on his breath-taking gags
until finally some time, form the awning
and there they are, dangling in space. Then
they have to make a thorough and instan-
taneous get-away.

I asked Harold what he thinks is the
most important thing in the making of a
comedy. “Everything is important,” he
said, “but perhaps if you split hairs I
would say timing and spacing were the two
ingredients he may have. A gag can be made
or killed by too sudden or too slow action.
Another thing: an actor must forget that
he is acting, forget that he is facing a
camera to be a true comedian. It re-
quires the most difficult technique in
the business. In tragedy or serious drama
where the emotions are challenged there
is a chance for letting down once in a while.
But in comedy the spectator is on his toes,
so to speak, every moment. His emotions
are not gumming up his thinking apparatus
and consequently he has to be well
played to get over. A comedian
has to know his stuff so well that it becomes
second nature to him. Whatever other
qualifications he may have, this is the most
important thing: he must learn the
mechanics of his trade thoroughly, and
forget them, before he can put humor into his
character.”

Harold is one of the most painstaking
stars in pictures. For months and his
gag men work on the preparation of his
story. When things become dull at the
studio and ideas are coming slowly Harold
says, “Come on boys, let’s go to the bun-
galow.” There, after a game of tennis, golf,
or a swim their wits are quickened and the
scenes move with more spontaneity.

Lloyd owns forty acres at Westwood
Hills. There he has kennels for his
thoroughbred Great Danes—forty or sixty.
I have forgotten the exact number. When
this set is required too big to be built at
the studio Harold has it built at Westwood.

You’d never think he was the popular
star that he is; the wealthy producer and
successful business man. His manner is
modest, thoughtful and unassuming, rather
then as you expect a less important man to be
and as you don’t always find that they are.
Only people with greatness of soul are so
genuinely unassuming, whether they are
rich or poor—people who know that there
is something in the world too great for
them to know all of. They are usually dif-
ficult workers being too busy to do their bit
and respecting the achievements of others.

Outside of working hours Harold dislikes
to talk ‘shop’ and most of his personal
friends are in other walks of life.

That is about all I found out on that loca-
tion because it was too cold to remain
through the night. Harold and Mal kept
moving me about to lights and salamanders
to keep warm but I was not pre-
fpared for the bitter wind and was almost
frozen to death, so we called it a day just
before ‘lunch’ was served at midnight.

So when you see this scene in Harold’s
new picture which goes under the working
title of “Welcome Danger,” don’t forget
under what wild conditions it was made.
After finishing a role in "The Cocoa-nuts," it was only natural that she be sent to Hollywood. As word gets around, the whole Paramount studio learned of Kay Francis before the next picture had been decided upon. Executives, directors and writers who stopped to talk on the lot, lost all track of conversation when she approached. Little boys flocked to her to ask if the wrong girl had been put at their desks when she passed. Others watched her out of the corners of their eyes. No one has ever been able to pass this girl without looking at her twice.

She leaves an indelible impression. Her hair is done in a shock bob revealing her ears. Her eyes are not so enormous as those possessed by some of the cultivated motion picture beauties. Her mouth is not a cupid's bow nor does it have a bee-stung contour. But men just love to look into the Francis face and talk to her.

Her voice is low, gay and changes with her moods. She uses it beautifully. She doesn't possess the baby giggle. Her is an impressive laugh—yet nothing marvellous. But men have been known to miss prize-fights to listen to the Francis laugh.

As for prize-fights—they're just along Kay's avenue. She's had time to see just one of the fights in Hollywood since her arrival. They say, that the night she attended, so far as the women in the audience were concerned, there wasn't any fight at all. They were watching the Francis style—trying to figure out how she managed to put all the people in all the parts of the country, which she touched, under her spell.

No one has yet seen Kay Francis in the same dress twice. She always wears tight-fitting hats with modernistic lines and moves around her face. Her gowns fit. She prefers to wear evening clothes. She loves black. She uses just one piece of jewelry with a costume—a bracelet of her ward-robe in New York, she brought three trunks and eleven suitcases of only spring and summer clothes to Hollywood. That's why Kay Francis has been heard the "best dressed woman in America."

She's been in the West just about one month. She has given excellent account of herself in Clara Bow's "Dangerous Curves," made a trip to San Francisco, appeared in Charles 'Bud' Rogers' starring vehicle, "Illusion," and now has a featured role in Paramount's "Behind the Makeup."

If any of the Hollywood property men object to actresses who ask for drinks of water, food, chairs and steves every minute, they should be on a Kay Francis picture. She's regular-Gotham's gift to the working-man! She's the only actress ever known to try to help a garage man fix her flat tire in order that she be able to continue. She's heaven to the portrait photographer. She's the only star, or 'bit' player, who ever moved a small chair for herself in the portrait gallery of the studio when she knew it was necessary before she was paid. She's the only actress who has ever voluntarily to adjust one side of a small rug while the photographer managed the other side. She's the only one who has ever taken her pictures with new railroad engines, in gag hats or on top of floats.

Around the studio, people always know Kay Francis is approaching before they see her. A definite walk is heard and then her low, rich voice scolding Snifter, her tiny puppy, for biting her hand too hard. Snifter is quite a favorite with her mistress because he is the first and only dog she ever owned. Despite his six weeks' age, Snifter has also had a career. He was acting in pictures the day Miss Francis passed a dog fancier's shop in Hollywood. But Snifter's sister, sitting in the window attracted attention. Before Kay ever saw the tiny Scottie dog, he belonged to her. His name is an original idea from William Powell.

This young Francis girl has very definite ideas about living in Hollywood. One thing, she is going to save money. She lives in a bungalow with her colored maid, Ida. The latter, just as all people Kay has around her, has quite a personality. The actress stopped in Chicago and collected Ida on her way to Hollywood. The day Miss Francis arrived she bought a Ford roadster, the first car she ever owned, and named it Rabbit. Five hours after completing work on "Dramatic Pictures," Caddie Stewart, a school chum, and Snifter left to see the famous Golden Gate in the Rabbit.

Except for a couple of speed cops, several flat tires and dogs nosing around in three hotels, they had a great time. She knows they would have been asked to pay a fine or leave Fresno if she hadn't stopped fast from scaring all the peacocks in the city park.

Kay says she's a careful driver but admits that she is still a little bewildered by all the traffic laws. She doesn't understand how it happened but somewhere in the middle of California the Rabbit was followed through three towns by a speed cop in another Ford. Finally, he overtook the girls and informed the actress that she was traveling 62 miles an hour by school houses, exceeding the speed limit at street crossings, passing at intersections, riding in the middle of the road, was a reckless driver and had passed ten cars in three miles. Both she and Caddie pleaded they'd only been in California three weeks and hadn't learned everything yet. With a ticket check on several scores, the Rabbit wandered into the county seat of Lexington, California. After several inquiries, they found the judge in his court at the rear of the library. Less lots of energy wasted talking to the judge, $25 and two hours' time, the girls in the Rabbit leaped on only to be stopped a couple of miles farther by another officer of the law. Not that she was speeding or driving recklessly, but had just passed a boulevard stop without stopping. They pleaded and explained and finally, with a big laugh, this speed cop let the party continue. But not until he cranked their car and pushed it out of some sand.

In San Francisco, three hotels refused to take the Rabbit into their lobby and lost the distinction of housing Kay Francis. After going to Yosemite, circling mountain roads for hours at top speed in order to make a control and then missing it and having two flat tires, the Rabbit turned toward Hollywood and Kay to her career.

Oklahoma City is going to be flooded with newspaper stories when "Behind the Makeup" shows in that city. Not so many
years ago, Kay was born in the Oklahoma town. During her early childhood, she lived in Santa Barbara, California, Los Angeles, and Denver. When she was four years old, her mother brought her to New York City. The mother, Katherine Clinton, well-known repertory player, went back to the stage and Kay was sent to school.

After finishing school, Kay entered a secretarial college in New York City and learned typewriting and shorthand because her mother wasn't overly anxious for her to become an actress. Instead of getting a job as a stenographer, she took a trip to Europe and spent eight months abroad seeing France, Holland and England. On her return trip she determined to go on the stage. Her mother was not exactly opposed to the move but allowed Kay to make her way on her own merits. Kay engineered the part of a lady-in-waiting for the modern version of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." By imagining that she once played in vaudeville, in a Kansas City stock company and in amateur theatricals and by telling the producers of her imagination, Kay was given the role of the Queen. A small part, but nevertheless, a starter. The next five months, she spent as a 'disciple', the name of a young person starting in the theatrical world, in Stuart Walker's stock companies in the middle west. In Cincinnati she met David Newell, who is now also under contract to Paramount. They both played 'bits' one week and leads the next. They both appeared in "Dangerous Curves" as their first roles in Hollywood.


As for her personal self, she's been in love several times. At present there is no one in New York or Hollywood to whom she is engaged or even knows very well. If she remains in Hollywood, her mother and all of her clothes will be shipped west. She likes Hollywood quite a lot even if she hasn't had time to find out what's inside of giant ice cream freezers, windmills, icebergs and freak buildings in Southern California.

She was born on Friday the thirteenth in the thirteenth month of her mother's marriage. But to Kay Francis, thirteen, black cats, ladders and all that stuff is good luck.

Kay's just that way—okay!

"I Didn't Two Months Ago!"

HONESTLY, Irene, it seems too good to be true! When Mr. Shaw called me in yesterday and told me he had decided to make me his private secretary—I was so happy I almost cried. The other girls can't understand it—they've all been there so much longer than I have, you know.

"But I know why—-it is because I know Speedwriting. When I see other girls puzzling over their pot-hlooks and curlicues, trying to figure out what they mean, I am mighty glad I couldn't learn the sign and symbol system. I tried to, you know, but gave it up in despair.

"A little over eight weeks ago I heard about Speedwriting. I was a telephone operator then, earning $20.00 a week. Marion Morgan told me about it, and I lost no time in enrolling.

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"Irene, you can't imagine how fascinating those lessons proved to be. Speedwriting, you see, is written in the ordinary A-B-C's, just like longhand, and it's as easy as talking to you. Why, the very first evening I had mastered the principle of it. At the end of four weeks I took my first job as a stenographer.

"I 'made good' from the very beginning. I didn't have any trouble at all in reading my notes, and my letters were so accurate that all the men in the general office wanted me to take their dictation. Speedwriting was so easy, you see. There were no signs or symbols with double meanings to confuse me. My notes were just the ordinary letters of the alphabet.

"Why, Ruth, I Didn't Even Know You Knew Shorthand."

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C. Lee Tracy, who played in "Broadway" and "The Front Page" in the original stage productions, makes his movie bow in "Big Time."
preliminary mugging process, politely known as a test, and Carol's work in her first picture won her a long-term contract.

Then, just see how much that's a small world, who do you think she was cast opposite next? Yep, Buck Jones— the young fellow who was born on the same street as her back in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Carol became the girl of the great open spaces and added the art of plain and fancy riding to her dramatic accomplishments.

Everything was going as if it should. Carol's whirl around the cinema circle had begun. She was among friends. Stardom looked to be but a matter of time and learning the intricacies of a complex art. That would be easy, for Carol never had been accused of being a dumb-dora. Then Old Man Unexpected stepped into the picture in the form of an automobile accident and a perfectly good motion picture career so auspiciously begun was given a set-back. Injuries kept her heroine off the screen for six months and nullified her Fox contract.

Six months is a long time in Hollywood. An actress can be made or can pass completely out of the picture at that time. In the particular case of Carol, she had virtually passed out of the picture. But those who know Carol knew that this condition was a mere phase. The word "quit" was merely a four-letter word meaning apple-sauce and could be found under the "Q's" in the dictionary if anyone was so foolish as to make a virtue of it.

Back on her pretty feet, Carol summoned her very effective sense of humor and looked over the field. The first opportunity came from Mack Sennett. Now, Carol never was very fond of pie. The vitamins or proteins or whatever-it-is that stars should not take too much of, annoyed her. But after all, getting a custard pie in the face and putting it in the face, were two different things. Carol took the job and signed a contract for a year.

"And if you don't believe I've suffered for my art," comments Carol, "remember that that year ensued, "then you've never worked in a Sennett comedy."

The first scene that Carol played for Sennett required her to get a punch in the nose with a custard pie. This was not very proboscis rouged to a nicety. Then she was required to have hollow wire strung through her hair leading to the edges of her eyes for the purpose of squinting 'tears' many feet so that her public might go into convulsions.

Fortunately, when Carol made her debut in slapstick, to see if the famous custard pie was considered passé. Unfortunately, however, a substitute even more gooey had been found in the form of flour paste; so that at various and frequent times thereafter our erstwhile ingenue was subjected to close-ups in which a husky property man just out of the picture line tossed gobs of soft, unnecessary batter into her eyes and nose and mouth. Two-reel comedies, verily, were a revelation to our heroine, but, having started the thing, she didn't stop until the whole film was finished.

At the end of the year Sennett production went into a comat and Carol went back to the Fox Studios, scene of her earliest efforts before the film. It was an ultra-sophisticated crook rôle in "Me, Gangster" and the third step of her trip around the dramatic circle.

Exigencies of reducing a film to practicable length for general release often necessitates the removal of an entire characterization from the story and this was the fate of Carol when "Me, Gangster" was released. But the surgical process has not been completed when a Pathé official saw the Raoul Walsh production previewed and another step of Carol's circular cinema trial was the result. There was a rôle of a two-timing country gal that needed filling in "Power" with William Boyd. Carol got it. She also got a long-term contract on the strength of being one of the boys in the play and the prediction of Edmund Goulding, who was searching for new talent for Pathé, that she was one of the greatest starring possibilities in pictures.

"Ned McCobb's Daughter" came next. A snippy, pampered, selfish girl was the rôle that fell to Carol. "Show Folks" and another unsympathetic rôle followed but it was pleasant inasmuch as Eddie Quillian played the male lead and there was much reminiscing to be done anent the custard pie episodes at Sennett's where they had battled palsy together a few months previously.

Finally, Carol went back to see Mr. De Mille, just as he had told her to do. The visit, however, came in the form of "C.B." who borrowed her from Pathé to play one of the two leads in "Dynamite." Six weeks of preparation followed; then eight. Pathé became anxious that she was not going to play their little girl back on the home lot. Robert Armstrong was waiting to start work on another on-the-Fourth-of-July ballet, and Carol came home by mutual consent, back to a leading rôle, with sympathy and every-thing. "C.B." sent her flowers with a note saying that he was sorry to lose her.

Carol had made the circle. She had kept going in the same direction for more than two years. Now Hollywood is waiting to see if Emil is right; whether Carol Lombard, unlimited in determination and ambition, is indeed one of the greatest starring prospects in pictures.
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**In New York—Continued from page 73**

Richard Dix came to town—hiding be-

dhind a moustache. But he met a friend of his who said: “For heaven’s sake have a shave!” So Richard sighed and had it

removed.

“I went to Baltimore for my big opening,”

he told me.

“What picture?” I wanted to know.

“It wasn’t a picture,” grinned Richard.

“I had an operation. You know I never

quite recovered from that operation. I had

some time ago so I thought another one

would fix me up.”

And it certainly did. I never saw Dix

look so well—big and brown and husky, and eager to get to work on his new con-

tract with Radio Pictures. He has one more

for Paramount and then—whoopee! —he will start in doing the sort of romantic

roles he likes under his new contract.

William Le Baron will be his production

chief and the two men have been friends for years. So it looks as if Richard’s

future is all set. All-hopping? Of course.

Get ready to meet a new film star. Ever

hear of Claire Luce? She’s famous in New

York, Paris, and London as a beauty, a
dancer, and an actress; but has never been

in pictures. However, since she scored

such a hit in “Burlesque” on the British

stage she has heard much applause; and

American producers have decided to accept the best—from Metro-

Goldwyn-Mayer or Paramount, probably.

Claire is very, very blonde, and has the

cache of London’s biggest beauty. She’s

been the biggest beauty at the London

theater and the biggest beauty on the

London stage.

She used to be in the Folies and dances

divinely. Studying voice and stage tech-
nique she went abroad and immediately

clicked in London in a difficult dramatic

role. And now she will go to Hollywood,

where her first movie assignment will prob-

ably be as Roman Novarro’s leading lady

in Ramon’s first all-talker. Claire’s wealthy

and devoted husband, Clifford Smith, will

go with her.

Corinne Griffith came back from her

three-months’ vacation in Europe prepared to stay several weeks in Manhattan. She

hadn’t wanted to come home from Europe

because she was having such a good time.
But a popular screen star isn’t her own

boss. When there is a public demand for

her pictures her company can be very stern

and unyielding about cutting short her

vacation. So before she knew it, Corinne

found herself boarding another train for

Hollywood. It seems the script for her

next talkie, “Lilies of the Field,” required

her attention. And, being a conscientious

star, she went back to work.

Have you missed Mae Murray? Or were

you one of the fortunates who had the

opportunity to see her in her vaudeville act

while she was on tour? Either way, you’ll

be glad to welcome her back to pictures. I’m

sure. Mae has signed a contract with

Tiffany-Stahl and her next pictures will be all-
talking and musical version of “Peacock

Alley”—yes, the same story she made some

years ago and which proved such a suc-

cess. This time she will be buying more

clothes for her first talkie and Tiffany-

Stahl gave a luncheon for her at the Ritz.

Mae looked charming when she rose to

receive the little silver tray which held the

assembled newspaper people with a pretty smile and then before they could collect

themselves she had entered into a plea for more

tolerant reviews! She reminded the scribes

that the audiences who pay to see pictures do not do so in a hyper-critical frame of

mind. They want to be amused and enter-
tained, and critics should take that into

consideration.

SCREENLAND agrees with Miss Murray. You

will always find SCREENLAND’s review

written in a spirit of fair play—the same spirit which pervades all of this

Magazine. The editorial this month touches

on this subject; be sure to read it!

Goodbye, Camilla Horn! Don’t stay away

too long. Somehow I can’t believe that

Hollywood will let Camilla go, just because she doesn’t speak English as you or I.

Because, after all, Miss Horn’s accent is

not heavy; on the contrary, it is charming;

and since she was never called upon to play

American garage anyway, why shouldn’t there

still be a place for her in our pictures?

Before she sailed to make a picture or
two in Germany, Camilla played the heroine

in the all-German talking picture made by

Warner Brothers in their New York studio

“The Royal Box,” starring Moissi, the fam-

ous continental star. She will be released in America as a silent film; in

Europe as a German talkie. In the cast are

two other lovely continental ladies—Elia

Eri, who has made a name for herself in

musical comedy on Broadway; and Vilga

Nors, a beautiful Hungarian who looks a

little like Vilma Banky and a lot like

Marilyn Miller. You like her. They’re calling her ‘Vilga from the Volga’!

Mary Eaton is the latest Broadway star to
desert Hollywood. She played the lead in

“The Cocoaanuts” and “Glorifying the

American Girl” at Paramount’s eastern

studios so Hollywood will not find her un-

prepared. Mary is said to be engaged to

Millard Webb, Paramount director of

“Gentlemen of the Press” and other pic-

tures.

Edwin Carewe sailed for Europe with his

wife, Mary Akin Carewe. And there’s

another romance for you. You know the

Carewe’s were divorced several years ago.

And it looked for a while as if director

Carewe was interested in his Mexican

star, Dolores Del Rio. But—now he and

his wife had kissed, made up, and been

married all over again, and this time it

looks as if it will last!

Are you a self-appointed member of

The “SCREENLAND BOOSTERS’

Club?” See page 100.
Bennett the Third — Continued from page 55

back to the Wodens of Wales. And there were the sisters, Constance and Barbara, also noted in their line.

But Joan had never so much as expressed a desire for the stage. Then there were physical handicaps which Richard Bennett thought would forever bar her from following in line of her heredity.

Joan was beautiful, but she was shy. Her voice was musical, but weak. Her eyes were dark and she had a habit of drooping her shoulders, which ruined her poise and grace at stage.

But one day the unexpected happened. Joan returned suddenly from school in France. She went immediately to the theater where her father was rehearsal for the starring rôle in the play, "Jarnegan."

"Father," Joan said quietly, "I have decided to go on the stage."

"All right, Joan," the elder Bennett said, using his best acting to keep her from sensing his happiness, "but I don't believe you'll be any good.

"I'll show you," said Joan, the conqueror. Then her father told her he had just the part for her first attempt. It was the ingenue role in "Jarnegan," a most difficult and dramatic part.

Joan took the rôle and started rehearsals under the direction of her most exacting parent, and what a rehearsal it was—all of them!

"Father told me I was no different from a thousand other ingenues, and oh, how he worked on me!" Joan tells it with that slow smile of hers.

"He made me stand 'way in another part of the house while I was rehearsing, so that I could learn to strengthen my voice. He made me make difficult exercises to strengthen my back and give me poise. Soon everything was all right except my eyes, which are gradually improving."

Then "Jarnegan" had its premiere in New York. Joan, more than a sensation. Sam Goldwyn saw her—and you know the rest. Then began her breathless rise to fame in Hollywood where stars have worked years to become famous.

Joan is a bit bewildered about her fame. She does not give the same everything to her father's strict training.

"Father was my director. I am his daughter. He is an artist. So little Joan Bennett just had to make good," she naively explains it.

Joan declares she wasn't a bit afraid, even on her first stage appearance. The fact that her father gave her the rôle and directed her as his leading lady in his New York production, calmed any fears she may have had, because she knew that her father, underneath it all, had confidence in her. And, according to Miss Bennett, that was everything.

"Aren't you afraid?" her friends asked her, whereupon Joan replied that it seemed the most natural thing in the world to act, particularly opposite her own father.

But it had not been a pipe-smoking reporter to select the best adjectives in describing Joan; her wavy blonde hair, her Banished eyes, her voice and—Joan. Vivid adjectives are needed, so we'll just have to let you look at her picture and try to form a mental description of her yourself.

We found Joan behind the scenes of a gloomy stage, in the sets studio, where she had been having a rehearsal with other members of the cast of "Three Live Ghosts." Max Marcini, the author of the play, was present at all rehearsals.

Joan plays Rose, a young artist, who is reunited with her sweetheart whom she believed killed in action, in the filming of this unusual play.

Miss Bennett learned oil painting in Paris, but when it came time for her to do a scene in which she was seen painting flowers and other decorations on pieces of chinaware, Joan admitted a phase of art was not familiar to her. So Thornton Freeland, the young assistant director, who won his spurs for his work as assistant to Roland West at "The Fugitive," and became director for the first time in "Three Live Ghosts," hired Miss Bess Schubert, artist and instructor in china painting.

Joan was receiving her first instruction, between rehearsals, when we saw her, we pulled up a studio chair for Miss Bennett, ourselves and one for her Chow pup, who has been all over the country with her.

We observed that Joan has splendid taste in clothes, and at the time we talked with her she was wearing a street ensemble of beige-colored wooden material with a sports hat of shiny straw in a color to match the ensemble.

Joan declares she is very happy in Hollywood. Her sister Constance is here now making pictures for Pathé and, perhaps her other sister Barbara, who is now making talking pictures in New York, may come to Hollywood later. Also, her father may come out, if "Jarnegan" ever ends it run.

The little actress in her spare time enjoys horseback riding, tennis and swimming for active outdoor sports. She has already begun to acquire a coat of famous Californian tan.

From now on Joan plans to confine her activities to talking pictures. Would she return to the stage? Yes, of course, provided her father wants her to be his leading lady again. She whispers that the talks are assumed to have simply created havoc with the New York stage, what with all its players flocking out here with microphone contracts safely tucked way in their pockets.

Personality, plus confidence and stage experience, which naturally includes a trained voice, form the necessary foundation to success in talking pictures, Joan believes. Naturalness, a stage trait her father drilled into her, is the essential thing needed in film work, she says.

Joan bemoans that she seems fated to play clinging-vine roles, when as a matter of fact she would like to try her hand at portraying an independent-minded ingenue. She would like to play a young character who didn't have a girlish giggle and adoring eyes.

But it hasn't all been as easy as it sounds. I believe I had more difficulties to overcome in both stage and screen roles than anyone else. I still have some trouble with my eyes," she concluded, rather seriously.

But you'd never think it at looking at them!
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Theoretically, stereoscopic was considered an optical impossibility unless the picture was shot from two points of view and the images pulled together by glasses worn by the spectators.

For fifteen years every mechanically, minded man in motion pictures experimented with stereoscopic. Even I had a try at it. Seeing a few feet of what appeared to be a perfect stereoscopic in a news-weekly film of a train moving through a forest, I figured that the lateral movement of the train synchronized with the downward movement of the film, so that every frame registered a picture just the width of the eyes apart.

I told my discovery to Rollie Totheroh, Charlie Chaplin's cameraman, and we rigged up a camera that oscillated the width of the eyes so that every other picture was taken with the alternating eye. The result was interesting, but it was not stereoscopic. The figures looked like bas-reliefs fastened to the background.

Then for years I went to projection rooms to witness some other fellow's triumph. They had achieved every curious optical effect imaginable—except stereoscopic.

No, it was theoretically impossible.
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Bessie Love
George Marion
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Anita Murray
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William DeMille
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Sidney Franklin
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Watch your local theatre
for this all talking
Movietone from
FEAT URES

COVER—Laura La Plante. Painted by Charles Sheldon

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Charles Sheldon, the famous portrait painter, is the artist who has so successfully captured the charm of Miss Laura La Plante on this month's cover of Screenland. It is Laura to the life!

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Now HEAR
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Paramount Pictures
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A Fan's Eye View of Coming Films

Let's look over the movie menu for this month. Umm — the big revues! Producers are making them look good! Fox Movietone touched on this style lightly, very lightly, compared with the new revues, with the "Fox Movietone Follies," with such names as Sue Carol, David Rollins, Sharon Lynn, Lolo Lane and Stepin Fetchit in one picture. Lois Moran and Helen Twelvetrees were in the "Follies" before it was cut. Their work was so good that their part of the film is being revamped and will be served to you as "Words and Music." Next, Metro-Goldwyn put on the "Hollywood Revue of 1929" and wowed'em. John Gilbert and Norma Shearer pulling a "Romeo and Juliet," with Billy Haines, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Besie Love clowning just had to be good.

Warner Brothers are preparing "The Show of Shows" and from the line-up it looks as if it will be just that. They are signing the big names of the stage and screen; in fact, it is said there are forty-two notable names signed for "The Show of Shows," including John Barrymore, the Costello sisters, Dolores and Helene, Sally Kellerman and Molly O'Day, Marcelline and Alice Day, Ann Pennington, and of course Al Jolson.

And now Paramount has announced it intends to stage a grand revue. We will probably see Clara Bow, Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, Richard Arlen, Esther Ralston, Clive Brook, Fay Wray, George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Maurice Chevalier in one picture! It would be most interesting to see Clara Bow and Maurice Chevalier in a skit together! It is rumored that United Artists intends to make a revue too — but don't hold out for them; they just don't come through. Imagine Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Gilbert Roland, Lupe Velez, Ronald Colman, Dolores Del Rio, Chester Morris and Charlie Chaplin — all at once!

John Boles seems to be the Boy Friend of the moment since he shelved his way through "The Desert Song." He's making "Rio Rita" with Bebe Daniels for Radio Pictures.
Why 9 Out of 10 Smart Women

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The demonstration, which included scenes of the seashore and a country road, as well as a four-reel talking and singing feature, lasted for more than an hour, and was attended by an audience of three hundred publishers, editors, bankers, scientists and motion picture executives.

The pictures photographed on fifty-six millimeter film, were projected on a screen forty feet wide and twenty feet high. Standard film is thirty-five millimeters and the normal size of a picture shown on the regular screen at the Rivoli is seventeen feet, four inches wide and thirteen feet, six inches high.

This demonstration of Paramount Magnafilm climaxed experiments which were begun fifteen years ago by Adolph Zukor at the old Twenty-Sixth Street studio of the Famous Players Company. In 1914 Mr. Zukor and Edwin S. Porter, now consulting engineer for the International Projecting Company, began experiments toward stereoscopic effects on the screen with the view to eventually developing a wide film which would give greater depth of focus than the regular film in use.

The results of the experiment were burned in the fire that destroyed the studio in 1915. The exigencies of the situation at the time forced Mr. Zukor to give up, temporarily, his plans for the development of a wide film that would give a full stage picture. However, Mr. Zukor did not give up his dream that someday he would be able to show motion pictures on a wide screen which would give greater stereoscopic values than those obtained in the present 35 mm. film. Now he has realized the fulfillment of his plans made fifteen years ago.

Public attention was focused on the increased entertainment value of the large screen on the night of December 6, 1926, when Paramount introduced the Magnascope in connection with the showing of "Old Ironsides." The effect on the audience at the premiere of that picture was electrifying when suddenly the screen filed use of wide film; second, the screen must not be so high that the balcony in the average theater would cut off the view of the top of the screen; and third, the change in projection equipment should be kept in minimum so that the use of wide film would not put an expensive burden on the exhibitor.

With these stipulations in mind Mr. Del...
Riccio developed Magnafilm. It is 66 mm. wide and 1 1/2 mm. high. The sound track is on the film the same as on the standard size film. The projection equipment has been so built that it can be put on the standard projection machine in five minutes and can be adjusted to throw a picture on the screen that will fit the special requirements of the individual theater.

Magnafilm will introduce an entirely new technique in the direction of motion pictures, according to Mr. Del Riccio, who explained that with this new medium the director will now be able to complete action within the angle of the lens, which, heretofore he has had to show on the screen by resorting to different cuts in his action and in unusual photographic angles.

“While in many instances angles have enhanced the photographic value of the picture and have added a certain amount of atmosphere, the break in the action has had its effect upon the attention of the audience,” Mr. Del Riccio said. “With Magnafilm the director will be able to complete his action without breaks which will be especially valuable in musical pictures where the additional screen area is of great value in picturing ensemble numbers.”

When is a sound not a sound? When it doesn’t sound like a sound is the answer that will be given you by David Forest, one of Hollywood’s ace recording engineers.

A three-legged stool hit Douglas Fairbanks on the head. That was Forest’s problem.

It all came about when the action called for the hurling of said three-legged stool by Miss Pickford, to land on Doug’s head with the noise naturally given out by a well-bred stool landing upon a gentleman’s head.

The stool was hurled. The stool found its mark. It was recorded by the sound machine. And it was played back for the benefit of Director Sam Taylor. The impact sounded like—well, like almost anything else in the world but the sound of wood hitting head!

Despite the pleadings of the battered Doug, the scene was made and remade.

followed by frenzied conferences on the part of the director and the engineers.

Finally, Fairbanks, with his head tingling, settled the matter.

“Believe it or not,” he said, “the noise we heard in the playback is the sound of stool hitting head whether it sounds like it or not and that is the way it is going to stay.” So, when you hear the impact in “Taming of the Shrew” you’ll know it is the real thing. Fairbanks, who owns the head, will testify to that.

How contagious is a hearty laugh? Studio officials are wondering, for a clever director, Millard Webb, is spending a huge sum of money to find out.

The night club set in “Broadway Hostess,” starring Billie Dove, employed five hundred extras. Webb introduced the idea of laughter as it has never been used before. All five hundred extras, with the leading players joining in, laughed together until the set rocked with the swaying bodies.

Scott Kolb, who was discovered by Marion Davies. You’ll see him in “Marianne.”

Howls and shrieks of merriment filled the air.

Director Webb refused to tell what they laughed at—whether the picture is shown to the public. Anyone envying an extra should have peeped on that set, when the thermometer registered 90 outside, and much more within the closed walls. Crowds of people pushed and jammed. Make-up streamed down perspiring faces—but they laughed and laughed.

Like the stokers in the bowels of a man-o’-war during battle, the ‘juicers’ are the real heroes, unhonored and unsung, of the many technicolor motion pictures.

The ‘juicers’ are the electricians who man the hundreds of lights used in the making of color pictures. These color films require twice the ordinary number of lamps, and the heat they radiate is terrific. High up in the rafters of the airless, windowless sound stages sit the ‘juicers’ at their lamps. They cannot leave their place of duty, for they may be called upon at any moment.

After each scene the doors are thrown open, the wind machines started and the actors and technicians on the floor permitted to rush out into the fresh air. But the electrician on his high perch stays put, high out of reach of the fresh breezes at the open doors, and in a temperature that oftentimes reaches 125 degrees!

Ice water is sent up to them by means of buckets, raised by ropes from the overhead rafters. The men come down only once during the day at lunch time. For the remainder of the day they are practically prisoners in an oven—all for their art!

At First National-Vitaphone Studios in Burbank, California, several Technicolor pictures are now in the process of production. All are using immense sets, with hundreds of extra people, and as a consequence millions of candle power to light the wide expanse covered by the cameras is required.

“Footlights and Fools,” a story of theatrical life starring Colleen Moore, has color sequences on which more than fifty electricians were required to man the thousand or more lights used.

“Sally,” starring Marilyn Miller, has a set representing a garden cafe, which covers more than two acres, taking up the entire floor space of the studio’s biggest stage. When Miss Miller finished her dance number on this set one day this week, the thermometer actually registered 125 degrees on the floor of the stage. Up in the ‘juicers’ heaven’ it was even hotter.

One of the sets of “Paris,” starring Irene Bordoni, the famous French chanteuse, it was necessary to halt the action several times in order to permit the ballet girls to go out into the fresh air before resuming their dances. But the electricians stuck it out without a murmur.
While the ballet master may exhort his girls to 'get hot' in their dance numbers, and the orchestra director frequently charges his men to 'warm it up' in a jazzy strain, the head electrician never has to resort to such encouragement. For the 'juicers' in these days of Technicolor are always hot!

Football honors may have inclined Westward a bit last season, but Broadway chorus girls, in Hollywood to glorify themselves and the American cinema, took away all honors in high kicking recently.

The contest was held between the mighty U. S. C. football team of last year, which is playing in a first National-Vitaphone gridiron film called "The Forward Pass," and forty-eight shapely chorines under contract to the same studio.

The chorus girls kicked two feet, two inches above their heads, on an average. The football team, consisting of the eleven and five substitutes, kicked only one foot, ten inches above the head.

The highest chorus kick was two feet, eight inches, accomplished by an acrobatic dancer, Florine Dalzell. The top kick by a pigskin warrior was Jeff Cravath's two feet, one inch. A special measuring device used in testing chorus kicking was utilized. It registers the elevation of head and toe simultaneously.

The art of kissing for the motion picture love scene has changed since the coming of the talking film, according to Leatrice Joy. In the silent days, some of the accomplished kissers of the screen mingled souls in long, involved contests that seemed, Miss Joy declares, to have been gustatory instead of osculatory! Now, thanks to the screen's new dimension, sound, the kiss has changed character. It must be more artful. It mustn't sound like a fat man with a walrus moustache drinking soup, nor yet like the smack of a wet towel, nor yet—but, after all, who can describe music in prose?

It must be seen and heard to be appreciated, Miss Joy declares. It will sound the knell of the old silent screen kisses which brought fame to various matinée idols and cinema vamps. In fact, stage experience in kissing may be needed! Then there will be the auditory possibilities of the comedy kiss, the bawdy peak—not practical on the stage because subtleties of sound could not reach the man in the back row, but quite practicable for the sound close-ups given by the microphone.

Walter Pidgeon is the fortunate young man who will help Miss Joy demonstrate 'sound film kissing' in her first starring vehicle since her return from the vaudeville stage, "A Most Immoral Lady."

Accent problems can't be overlooked in a talking motion picture. For the all-dialog picturization of "The Virginian" Gary Cooper had to acquire a westernized accent. Mary Brian was forced to forget the soft drawl of the south. Walter Huston had to replace a cultured New York attorney's inflections with those of an early Wyoming cattle rustler and Richard Arlen had to forget the intonations of the circus performer for those of the cowboy. Cooper's problem was the most difficult. An orthodox Dixie drawl had to be tempered with the inflections of cattle-land as the character he portrays had lived on the open range of the West after leaving his native Virginia. As Charles Rogers' leading woman in "River of Romance" Miss Brian portrayed a southern girl and had merely to revive her own Texas drawl for the part. Without a day's delay after finishing that role she stepped into the character of Molly Wood, a girl from Vermont, in "The Virginian." Huston had just completed his part as a Park Avenue attorney in "The Lady Lies" when he was cast as Trampas in the Owen Wister production. The width of a continent and a gap of forty-nine years had to be bridged in his manner of speech. Arlen was a circus tight-wire walker in Clara Bow's "Dangerous Curves" before he donned chaps and spurs for the part of Seine in "The Virginian."

Victor Fleming, the director, had the biggest problem. He had to guard against momentary lapses on the part of any of his players.

Have you a little kinkajou in your family? A kinkajou is a nocturnal, arboreal, prehensile-tailed carnivorous mammal of tropical America. It reaches three feet in length and is easily tamed, but mighty hard to find when you want one. Hollywood's market in kinkajous is bullish today, following a week's search on the part of a Radio Pictures property man for one of the little pets.
It all started when Luther Reed drank coffee for dinner one night. It kept him awake. And in the dark hours before dawn he had an idea—an idea that subsequently brought grief to the property department.

Be it known that in "Río Rita," the all-musical, all-talking film from the Ziegfeld hit, there is a dance called the Kinakajou. Reed had stopped counting sheep in his effort to get to sleep that night of the coffee orgy and had begun counting chorus girls. That led to his thinking of the kinakajou and in turn to the idea.

The idea, now current on the "wanted" bulletin board, is to have a real live kinakajou led around by one of Pearl Eaton's dancers in the number. Have you a little kinakajou in your home? A kinakajou is a nocturnal—well, never mind. We'll phone the zoo... * * *

Let the average girl dress to suit her personality, says Norma Talmadge, and she will increase her attractiveness a thousand per cent. Norma feels that too many women wear the sort of clothes that look attractive on others.

"And they overlook the fact," says Miss Talmadge, "that what may appear smart on one person is ludicrous and unsuitable on themselves.

"I would recommend that every girl study her personality and dress accordingly. It isn't hard to do."

Miss Talmadge feels that gaudiness as it applies to wearing apparel is a thing of the past. Colors, she feels, accentuate bad lines and advertise them blatantly.

"To the girl who is uncertain what to wear, I should say this: Wear simple clothes. They are always smart, and what is better, always correct.

"As to coloring, I believe that neutral tints such as tans and beiges are the best. Naturally, the fact must not be lost sight of that coloring should also fit the personality. Some persons look best in black; others in mauves. That again is a matter of study."

Miss Talmadge is recognized as one of the best dressed women in the screen colony. She has made the scientific study of what to wear, and how to wear it one of her foremost hobbies. She believes that the greatest individuality can be expressed in garments that have the good taste of plainness. The really smart women, she contends, has a mania against frills and decorative effects. * * *

In evolving a new technique for talking pictures, producers are gradually eliminating dialog and restricting it to the essentials of plot and character development, according to Monta Bell, producer-director at the Paramount Long Island studio, who pointed out that at first dialog ran approximately a word to a foot of film. Now it has been reduced to about one-half word a foot.

"At the beginning of this new era of screen entertainment everyone thought that as much dialog as possible should be crammed into a picture," explained Mr. Bell, "and naturally the technique of the stage predominated. All producers were aware that this was not the ideal way to make talking pictures, but experiments had to be made, since there was no formula to follow. It was not long, however, until it was found that more action and less words were required for the proper balance in talking pictures.

As examples of the newer form for talking pictures, Mr. Bell pointed to "Glorifying the American Girl," which has just been completed at the Paramount Long Island studio and "Applause," Rouben Mamoulian's first screen effort now in production. In these two talking and singing pictures the scripts have called for a minimum of dialog. Action and stage business done in pantomime and following the technique of the motion picture make a greater proportion of the picture.

Refinements of this formula will bring producers to the proper form for talking pictures, Mr. Bell believes, * * *

Frances Grant, who is dancing in the front row of the "Sally" chorus, isn't there just because she is pretty and a good dancer. She's there because she is a walking "dance library" and can remember every step she ever learned!

She is first aid to the memory of Larry Ceballos, famous New York dance director, who is in charge of the dancing numbers for "Sally," which stars Marilyn Miller. Miss Grant has been with Ceballos for several years, and would still be in New York...
York had he not ‘gone Hollywood’ several years ago.

When he wants to know the opening number in the Follies of 1935, Frances can dance the number through for him. Or any other he cares to call for. “My feet remember, my head,” said Frances. “They never forget a routine. It’s easy, I don’t know why.”

As long as Ceballos has a chorus Frances will have a job—unless her feet start to forget.

John Loder, young English actor who plays an important rôle in “Her Private Affairs,” Pathe’s all-dialog production based on L. Upton’s story “The Right to Kill,” is one screen player who has more than a passing acquaintance with royalty. While a student at Eton, the noted English school, Loder met Prince Henry, fourth son of the English King.

A warm friendship grew up between the two young men, and when the Prince of Wales arrived to visit his younger brother, Loder was asked to visit the Eton students to meet England’s most popular young man.

Several years later John, then Captain Loder of His Majesty’s Army, was seeing service in Egypt during a visit of the British Heir Apparent to the regions about the Nile. The two young men chanced to meet one afternoon, and the Prince stopped the young captain.

“Haven’t I met you before?” he asked. Loder replied in the affirmative, and recalled the Eton incident. The Prince of Wales continued to stand for some minutes in the hot Egyptian sun, chatting with his brother’s friend.

“A small incident indicative of his fine spirit,” Loder describes it, waxing eloquent about how human and ‘regular’ are the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry and Prince George, another member of the royal family, whom Loder met when the third son of King George visited California some months ago during a world cruise with a British battleship.

“Her Private Affairs” is the third American talking picture played in by Loder, who resigned his army commission several years ago to appear first in German and then in English films.

Eight sure ways of losing a husband, the writer outlined today by Ruth Chatterton, former stage star and now a popular addition to Hollywood’s ranks of celebrities.

Miss Chatterton classifies the marital errors of wives in this order:

1. The watching type of woman who constantly suspects her husband’s motives and turns his pockets inside out to find evidence of philandering.

2. The “how do you feel” woman who inspires man to seek any place where he can loll in positive disorder.

3. The “why don’t you?” wife who knows more about her husband’s business than he does. She has a sister, the “why aren’t you?” woman who can’t understand why Jim can make piles of money while her husband struggles along for a living.

4. The “Well, I’m safely married now” type who lets her face become a series of chins and her figure a sacklike outline because she has children to tend and cooking to do. And because she has a “marriage certificate.”

5. The “why can’t I have it?” woman who goes her husband into nervous breakdowns to satisfy her selfish desires, who has a closet full of frocks while the real moneymaker in the family has one shiny suit.

6. The “what do you think Junior did today?” woman who plagued her husband with unnecessary details as what Junior did all day, the disposition of the woman next door and what a terrible headache she has had after washing the breakfast dishes.

7. The “Oh, leave me alone” woman who is an iceberg where affection is concerned and repulses petting and accepts it as though it were just part of a job.

8. The “Why can’t I go with you?” woman who demands to attend every golf, baseball, poker or football game and who can’t understand why women aren’t permitted to attend stage functions and when her husband wants to go to these affairs when he knows she can’t go along.

Three players have been placed under new extended-term contracts by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They are Elliott Nugent, of the famous New York stage family, Lawrence Gray and Benny Rubin. Gray has just completed his first singing and talking rôle opposite Marion Davies in “Marianne,” while Rubin has a featured part in the same picture. His first gained screen recognition as leading man for Gloria Swanson, and Rubin has had a very successful career as a vaudeville comedian. Elliott Nugent made his debut at the M-G-M lot in Sam Wood’s “College Life,” and has just completed his second dialog rôle in “Kempy,” an adaptation of the popular stage comedy written by his father and himself.

“As an outstanding star of the film colony and a member of the most exclusive social set in both Europe and America, you have known most of the beautiful and famous women of the present generation. From such observation and experience, what can you tell women in general as to the secrets of charm, loneliness and fascination?”

This question was propounded to Constance Bennett the other day at the Pathé Studio, where she is beginning work on “Rich People,” the starring vehicle which will mark her return to the screen after an absence of four years as the wife of the multi-millionaire, Phil Plant.

“That’s a hard question to answer briefly,” declared Miss Bennett after a moment’s reflection, “but I think the most concise way of putting the matter is to say that success in the characteristics you mention is achieved by those women who never forget their birthright of femininity.

“Once I read a story about a famous American singer now living in Europe, in which the writer declared that, despite her several husbands and legions of ad-
George Carpenter is in Hollywood making pictures for Warner Brothers. He is to have the lead in "Hold Everything," a Broadway musical comedy. This is an ideal role for Georges, as the hero is a boxer, Sally O'Neil, Lilyan Tashman, Joe E. Brown and Marion (Peanuts) Byron will also be featured in this soundie.

Marion Davies is to begin work on the talkie version of "Dulcy" with King Vidor directing. We expect much of this actor-director combination because of "The Patsy" and "Show People." Constance Talmadge played in the silent version of "Dulcy," remember?

Motion pictures in their entire history have never presented a more baffling problem than that of making the talking picture understandable to the foreign market. In the first mad rush to the talking Golconda little thought was given to this matter. Forward with what it believes to be the only really effective method. In fact this method has been adopted only after consultation with foreign buyers of film.

Foreign actors have been engaged by Randolph Bartlett, Radio Pictures' title editor, to speak prologues and interpolations to features in their native languages.

The general plot of the story, its characters and the key situations are described in a prologue in the language of the country where the film is to be shown. Then at the end of each reel, the picture again cuts to the 'master of ceremonies' who describe the change of scene and the dialogue that is to follow.

Lon Chaney is out of pictures for a short period because of illness but the picture must go on so Wallace Beery was selected for the Chaney role in "The Bugle Sounds" with Lon's approval. Ernest Torrence is also cast in an important part. Had Lon remained in the cast it would have been a silent picture — he and Charlie Chaplin refuse to 'go talkie' — but now it's to be an all-talker. George Hill is directing this picturization of life in the Foreign Legion.

Warner Oland, who was once in grand opera, is to be heard again in "The Vagabond King," Paramount's all-color-talkie version of the New York operetta success. Dennis King, who was in the original Broadway production, will hero it again in the picture.

Emil Jannings, making pictures in Germany for Ufa, is all set to do his first talkie. It will be in German, of course. Josef Von Sternberg, who directed Jannings in "The Last Command," is going abroad to direct him. Von Sternberg is on leave of absence from the Paramount directorial duties. The man who directed "Underworld" and "The Last Command" will not be permitted to stay away from the home lot very long, we promise you!
A GAY GARBO

SCREENLAND presents with pardonable pride the very first studio portrait ever made of Greta Garbo in a carefree moment. Usually the lovely Scandinavian sulks or smoulders when the camera is turned upon her beauty; but this time she was cajoled into casual mirth, and the result is worth framing. Incidentally Greta was hard at work on her first talking picture along about the time this picture was taken, so you see she isn't worried about that accent!

Portrait by Ruth Harriet Louise
CONFESSIONS
of the FANS

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the screen and its stars. We are offering $50.00 in prizes for the best letters: first prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. The next best letters will be printed by way of honorable mention. This prize offer will be in effect in every issue. Letters must not exceed 200 words in length. Sign your full name and address, please!

THE EDITOR

FIRST PRIZE LETTER $20.00

We are living in the age of miracles again! This part of the world is slow—take it from one of its critics—but I think I am pretty nearly right when I say that should the talkies roll along this way they will hit Hongkong with a whom!

Imagine my zeal for pictures when I say that I went thrice to see Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh." I'd go again should it return.

During one of my sojourns in the remote Chinese port of Wuchow, 'way up the West River, (look it up in an Atlas) I was surprised to find that there are theaters actually being built and some, to a crude degree, already built. Only three years ago movies were Greek to them. Being a distant port and being primitive in the way of movies the films shown were obviously of the old type; but, despite that, they never lacked interest.

"Hot Water" was seen amid the noisiest but most wholesome laughter I have ever heard. Those seeing the movies for the first time were so astonished that they wondered whether actual people took part and as to how the pictures could move—another miracle to Wuchow!

Anan S. Barker,
87 Parkee Street,
Kowloon, Hongkong, China.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER $10.00

You may all prefer Gary Cooper, with his soul-stirring look and his six foot three of gracefulness; or Buddy Rogers, with his black and white attractiveness; or the manliness of Richard Arlen, with his straight look. Then again, perhaps you prefer William Haines, he of the mischief-loving eyes; or maybe Charles Farrell, who is linked forever with the tenderness of "Seventh Heaven."

Well, you can have them all! My favorite is not so awfully tall, he hasn't an expression of deep sorrow in his eyes, he does not possess any winning handsomeness, nor an extraordinary amount of good looks; he is real, human and likeable; and he has the most infectious smile that it has ever been my pleasure to look upon (and you know he has a wonderful sense of humor.) Who is he?

Why, James Hall, of course, the most charming young man on the screen!

Ellen W. White,
2247 Florence Ave.,

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER $5.00

While we have a kindly feeling for the silent movie which has given us such wonderful entertainment in the past, just as we have for the horse, that good and faithful servant of former days, yet in each case we must bow to the inevitable march of progress. Sound. The human voice. Life more abundant. Not only is more of the actor's talent revealed in his speech, but his individuality comes forth as well. Take William Powell—but Billy always was a wow even in his pantomime characters, and now he is the ace of aces of the talkies, unless he divides honors with Ronald Colman. Give us the talkies, by all means, and our own movie stars, extras, and the whole crowd who have endeared themselves to the heart of the public and have made the moving picture what it is today. It is a keen disappointment to go to a talking picture and see some strange man or woman taking the leading parts. It is not fair. We want to see and hear our old favorites in talking pictures; we want them because we love them.

Louise Ann Vester,
6431 Bobel Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Including Leo the Lion

I attend all seances of the talkies. That is, I attend all of them till my allowance gives out, then I try the ancient skin game

Among our fans' confessions is the interesting revelation that Buddy Rogers ranks high in their esteem.
of 'Bringing Up Father.' It works—sometimes. I tell him Al Jolson is on till we get past the ushers, then I do a Houdini. Dad's fond of Al.

Now about that Swedish confection called Garbo. Literally tons of it wearing a Javanese smile. And Clive Brook! Oh, Mr. Brook, don't leave! I like your technique very much.

I wish I could tell you what I think of Norma Talmadge. She is a charming dream, too lovely to be real. Of Gloria Swanson, it would take volumes. Well, I like her.

At any rate I've probably guessed I'm just plain crazy about the movies; from Leo the Lion to Stepin Fetchit and back again. Did I miss anything?

Alice Gleason,
218 Miniminter Street,
Greenville, South Carolina

Paging Miss Hopkins

Here's one fan who has a suggestion for the producers. Why has Miriam Hopkins, of the stage, been overlooked as the leading lady of the movies? To my mind she has the most perfect voice of all the stage players. I have seen Miss Hopkins in a number of plays and have thrilled again and again at the rich quality of her voice, the decidedly different intonations and above all the correct enunciation of the English language. Why hasn't this girl with her blonde charm, incisive beauty, hispaniole and wonderful voice remain on Broadway? Of course, I realize that Miriam Hopkins has a New York following, but shouldn't she have a world following such as she could have through the medium of the talksies? Hollywood, here's a find! Don't let it slip through your fingers.

Mae Kemp,
338 South Avenue,
Rochester, New York

Lauding Lupe

I am just bubbling over with praise for that most charming actress—Lupe Veles! It is fortunate enough to see Lupe at the Rialto Theater, New York, at the time of her personal appearance here. I was so pleased that I went a second time and, joy of joys, I met in the first row orchestra with her right before me! She gave me a small bouquet of violets which I have treasures highly.

To me, she is the greatest personality on the screen. Her voice is charming, as all know who have heard her sing Where is The Song of Songs for Me and To Te Amo. There is nothing about her which is not real. She is vivid, primitive and appealing. May she enjoy the very best of luck.

Lee Romeo,
8784-19th Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York

New Faces and Voices

We believe the talksies will go farther than stage plays—combining the sweep and beauty of the camera with the beauty of the voice, the thrill of sound. How to do it is, of course, yet to be seen, but these things are solved in time like everything else.

We've been talking about talkies when we really wanted to talk about new screen faces and voices. Take David Rollins, who is the nearest approach to that ephemeral title, "America's Haydn." Nancy Dowdell, who, in former years, would have been called 'beautiful but dumb,' has been able to prove herself a very clever young lady,

thanks to the talksies. Robert Benchley's nearest approach to movies, heretofore, was perhaps, the loge of the Roxy. He now proves himself an adept master of pantomime and comedy sketches. It is not easy that despite Benchley's humorous dialogue the convulsive funniness of his skits is in his pantomime.

Look here: All our screen personalities are standing up against the influx of stage talent. Stage players with only voices won't last long. Those with screen ability will find success deservedly.

And with television pecking around the corner of the camera, isn't it great to be a movie fan? We'll say it is!

John Allen,
250 Pine Avenue,
McKeepsport, Penna.

Films in the Philippines

In Manila, our capital city, the newest display of silent films are shown in the city's most modern theaters. Yes, silent films! It might surprise you to learn that the talksies have not reached the Philippine Islands at the present writing. Newspapers say that the talkies have invaded the Orient as far as Shanghai, China. Of course, we are hoping it will be introduced into the Philippines as soon as possible. We can hardly wait for the opportunity to hear speaking films in our country.

The people here are adorers of silent films, pictures being our chief form of entertainment. The favorite comedies are Buck Jones, Tom Mix, William S. Hart and Jack Holt. In the more primitive districts, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton and the members of 'Our Gang' are most popular.

Joe A. Bautista,
3112 Elm Avenue,
Baltimore, Maryland

He's Against the Broadway Invasion

There has been so much discussion about the invasion of stage stars in Hollywood that I'd like to add my opinion. It seems to me we could get along without most of the stage stars in the talksies. However, there are some with screen personality as well as voice. Dorothy Burgess, Jeanne Eagels, Lola Lane, Harry Green, Helen Ware, Paul Page, Raymond Hackett and Helen Kane are good.

What's happened to that young fellow named John Darrow? I saw him in two pictures, "The High School Hero" and "The Racket," and then he seemed to disappear. I thought sure he'd soon be at the top, but I suppose he hasn't had the break yet. It's too bad that some wise director didn't grab him and groom him for bigger and better things. He's good material. I'm glad Alberta Vaughn and Sharon Lynn and getting along all right through the talksies. They are two good reasons why we don't need Broadwayites.

Raymond Hulse,
3112 Elm Avenue,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Personalty Comments

In my opinion, Ramon Novarro takes his art too seriously—he gives the impression of being a Horatio Alger youth. His voice, technical. Miss Nielsen—ah, that seductive smile, those graceful yet modest gestures! Adolph Menjou—lady's man, and proud of it. Buster Keaton—I come 50 all the same.

Douglas MacLean—good, but in some of his pictures, he's embarrassed at everything. Seems that a fellow of his age would begin to outgrow it.

Ben Lyon—too 'boyish'—gives the impression he's trying to make the motherly ladies exclaim: "Oh, the dear, big boy!"

It was called 'The Mechanical Man,' and one hundred dollars was offered to the person that could make it.

Frank Kennedy Young,
929 West Seventh Street,
Travers City, Michigan.
Another Ten Thousand!

C In our last issue we publicly acknowledged our thanks to Screenland's readers. We playfully suggested that they had organized themselves into a 'Booster's Club' for the deliberate purpose of building a bigger circulation for their favorite magazine of picture entertainment.

C Of course, there is actually no such organization, but we find we accidentally started something. They evidently liked our frank expression of appreciation. Hundreds of letters have come to us, telling in one way and another that that which they have been doing unconsciously, will now be done purposely. Some tell us they are going to bring a new member into the Screenland family every month.

C We're particularly interested in answering the questions of several readers who want to know how to become voluntary circulation 'boosters.'

C Well, we're happy to know that Screenland's editorial policy is producing the result we planned. Without fear of contradiction, we hold that there is not another publication in the country that so completely enjoys the genuine and sincere friendship and interest of its readers.

C And there's a reason behind this. It's a relationship that's built upon confidence—confidence in Screenland's purpose to give our readers a wholesome and interesting book of pleasure with every issue; and confidence in Screenland's absolute and unquestionable editorial integrity.

C But since you ask us what to tell your friends in adding them to the added ten thousand new readers who bought Screenland last month, we'll carry our policy of confidence a little farther and let you in on an advance notice of a few new coming features:

C Note the cover of this number, perhaps as beautiful a painting as ever appeared on any magazine; done by Charles Sheldon, one of America's famous portrait artists, whose services have been engaged for Screenland, along with those of other distinguished painters, whose work will appear on future covers as well as inside the magazine.

C Next month a psycho-analysis of Greta Garbo by James Oppenheim, the distinguished author and psychologist, who will search into the heart and soul and mind of this wonder woman of pictures and explain the secret of her unusual hold upon picture patrons—and each month thereafter a similar study of an important player; and then perhaps he'll show you how to psycho-analyze yourself, so that you can answer the questions that are all-important to you: "What am I?" and "How Can I Become What I Want to Be?"

C But enough, for the present. When you're through reading this copy of Screenland, pass it along to a friend—a generous gesture—and then watch for the November issue. It will be the best of all, and with your help, we'll make each one better than the one before.

THE PUBLISHERS
Loretta Young is not being languorous — merely lithe! She is celebrating her ascension to SCREENLAND’s coveted Honor Page.

She is just about the youngest and prettiest starlette on the Hollywood screens today. And the nicest thing about Loretta is that she doesn’t seem to know how pretty she is!
That Young Lady, Loretta, Becomes the First Ingenue of the Speaking Screen

Loretta Young has arrived. And she's only been travelling such a little way! Just think of it: she started in pictures when she was only fourteen. In "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" she made her first appeal, that of a wide-eyed and incredibly innocent child. Now she has grown up a little. Still the very youngest leading lady in Hollywood, she has added considerably to her dramatic stature, until in "Fast Life" she proves conclusively that she is the loveliest and liveliest and positively most promising of all the beautiful little ingenues abounding in the California studios.
THE result of SCREENLAND's talking picture ballot was overwhelmingly in favor of the talkies. In fact, there is no longer any argument as far as we are concerned! The few staunch supporters of silent pictures good-naturedly granted that they were convinced of the futility of their conscientious objections—some even went so far as to admit that each new talking picture pushed them a little farther over the fence, on the 'pro' side!

Just to make it unanimous—George Bernard Shaw has been hinting, so they say, that he may write a play especially for the talkies, because he considers talking pictures a new art form that has come to stay!

Mr. Shaw may even permit some of his most famous plays to be converted into talkies, the report adds. For a consideration, of course! That reminds me that it is about time to revive the classic story about Mr. Shaw and Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, the producer. Goldwyn was trying to interest G. B. S. in a little proposition to come to Hollywood to do things about the movies. After Mr. Goldwyn had said everything he had to say, Mr. Shaw replied: "The difficulty, Mr. Goldwyn, is that you are interested only in art while I am interested only in money!"

The Grand Old Man of the modern drama is as broad-minded as he can be about these talking pictures. He posed for Movietone. He entertained Pola Negri at luncheon in London and discussed with her the possible screening of "Caesar and Cleopatra." But Mr. Shaw, in one respect you're just a little bit old-fashioned! You are quoted as saying that you believe it more feasible to teach competent 'legitimate' actors to modulate their voices and restrain their gestures for the talkies than to teach Hollywood actors and actresses to use their voices. But what about those close-ups, Mr. Shaw?

The talkies have invaded the realm of the text-book in school. The first educational talking picture has been shown at Teachers' College, Columbia University, N. Y.; and the prediction is made that some of the most progressive schools and colleges will adopt the talkies as an educational aid. The first film, frankly experimental, is the work of the educational research department of the Electrical Research Products Co., a subsidiary of the Western Electric Co., and was produced with the co-operation of Dr. H. D. Kitson, professor of education at Teachers' College.

SCREENLAND is fast becoming a magazine of controversy! Last month we denounced the practice of 'exposing' voice doubles. This month we take issue with the Century Magazine article, "The Other Side Of It," by Gilbert Seldes, in which the learned critic and author pounces on sex-appeal and declares it is a machine-made product of the picture producers! SCREENLAND calls your attention to the answer in this issue by James Oppenheim, the eminent psychologist, "Sex Appeal Defended," in which, to our mind, he makes short work of the declamers of the ancient and honorable art of 'It.' We expect to call upon other famous writers to give their views. And we want to know YOUR opinion! Let's have it!
Welcome, Strangers!

Broadway's Loss is Hollywood's Gain!

Norma Terriss, the Magnolia of the stage "Show Boat," makes her movie debut in Movietone's "Married in Hollywood."

Beautiful Catherine Dale Owen is the heroine of John Gilbert's new picture, "Olympia."

Frank Craven, actor-playwright, arrives in Screenland to star in and help direct his own play, "The Very Idea."

Right: Jeanette MacDonald, ingénue prima donna, plays opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade," the screen's first original all-sound operetta.

"Kempy" will introduce Roland Young to the speaking screen. He is famous on the stage for urbanely witty portrayals.
The talkies have lured Will Rogers back to the screen. The famous gum-chewing philosopher is at home in the new medium.

Time was when I could walk onto any lot in Movieland with a “Good Morning, Rob.” But not now. Within the last year everything has changed, especially personnel.

The new ‘Monsters at the Gate’ give me the mackerel eye and strip me to egotistic nudity with their questions. As for getting on the sound stages—well!

Such was the posture of circumstances as I sat down in the great reception-room of the new Fox Studio at Fox Hills just outside the walls of Beverly Hills. I was to wait until my credentials could reach a high executive, if any such mammalia happened to be at the suburban plant.

But the gods are good to artists and writers and I had no sooner seated myself beneath the Greco-Spanish dome than whom should wander in but the very man I sought.

“First time I been in the darn place myself,” said Will Rogers. “Thought I’d better get acquainted with the plant now
Talks about Talkies

Read and Laugh! Will Rogers Speaks his Mind about Talking Pictures

that I’m workin’ here. Com’ on over and let’s take a look at my new dressing shack.” As he ushered me in the Monster grinned amiably. Apparently no higher credential was needed.

A lot of footage has rolled over the sprockets since I directed Will in a bunch of two-reel comedies over on the Roach lot five years ago. At that time, Will had a stingy little dressing-room in a row occupied by Glenn Tryon, Charlie Chase and Stan Laurel, all of whom have since risen to stardom. Now on the Fox lot he was leading me to an isolated house such as one might find on any of the fashionable streets of Beverly Hills.

Yes, times have changed. But not Will. “I haven’t been in the darn thing yet,” he said with a grin. “Guess it’s locked, but we can peek through the winders.” We peeked like snooping school-boys. “They’re always askin’ why I don’t move in, but what use have I got with a house? I don’t even need a dressin’ room! It’s only five minutes from the house. I come in the clothes I work in, and I’m not even usin’ grease paint. Well, anyway, it’s a pretty place, but I guess I’ll have to let one of the lady stars have it. Or perhaps I can sell it back to Fox,” he added with a grin.

“Don’t suppose they’d let me knock in the side and use it for a garage. A garage is what I really need—or a corral for m’ horse.”

However, I have no doubt that the “Will Rogers Bungalow” will go big with the publicity department.

Now, the sacred sanctity of the sound studio was as easy to penetrate as the lot, and in five minutes we were on the set ready to “Knock on ‘em boys. Let’s go!” Will’s favorite expression.

“Got a great story, Rob,” Will went on as we sat down to await the inevitable tests. “Irene Rich is m’ wife and we’ve made a lot of money in oil in Oklahoma and have decided to take the kids to Europe” (Continued on page 103)
Clara Bow’s

Clara Bow + Harry Richman Romance. Read About Clara’s

Theme Song: “For I’m Just Wild About Harry—
And Harry’s Wild About Me!”

Or since the big fire has there been a conflagration on the West Coast comparable to that now raging in Hollywood. It’s as if a million feet of Garbo-Gilbert film kisses had been touched off by some producer who couldn’t read the ‘No Smoking’ sign. For in this corner we have Clara Bow, variously known as the ‘Brooklyn Bonfire’ and the ‘Hollywood Holocaust.’ And over yonder is ‘Kid Casanova,’ the Jersey Jazzbeau. In other words, Harry Richman, of the Newark, N. J., Reichmans, sub, crooner of lullabies that have made many a Broadway baby forget home and Daddy, and now starring in his first talking picture, “The Song of Broadway.”

When those modern Paul Reverses, the Hollywood reporters, galloped to the telegraph offices with the news that Harry was wild about Carrie—pardon, Clara—the wires grew warmer than a Glyn tiger-skin. And Page One of the dailies had to be printed in asbestos so that the tale of flaming love wouldn’t singe the edge off the story of the Russo-Chinese crisis. Shortly after the papers reached the streets the Weather Bureau reported the hottest weather...
in thirty-five years. A couple of volcanoes that had been cold as
the rear end of an ice-wagon for a quarter-century went back into
action purely out of sympathy. Harry and Clara just burned up the
world. And among other things, settled for all time the ancient
question of just what happens when an irresistible force meets an
immoveable body. In a manner of speaking, of course.
It was all so utterly unexpected. True enough, when Bay Ridge's
pride-and-joy was visiting the old Manhattan stamping grounds she
met Broadway's Don Juan. And, they say, she rated Richman as
if he had been one of the Six Bounding Ginsbergs instead of the
'heart' of the Flashing Forties. Nobody happened to think that this
might be a very feminine way of betraying an unusual interest in the
curly-headed Broadway boy. Nor did it occur that Clara's Titan
tresses could make Harry forget all the blondes and brunettes in
the world. The wise ones figured that each considered the other no-dice.
Which only goes to prove that you never can tell.
Neither Clara nor Harry are considered simon-pure amateurs within
the rulings of the A. A. U. (Amateur Athletic Association) As a
matter of fact, if the country were going in for statuary in the manner
of ancient Greece, there's little doubt but what Clara would be deified
as the Goddess of Love, while Harry would be Cupid. The combination
would be a sort of Bow and 'Arry, as it were.
Clara, for instance, played her first important rôle in the same pic-
ture in which Gilbert Roland got his start. And that was when Gil
was lucky to have coffee, let alone a Rolls. But, just the same, she
seemed to like him. And he her. It was real ro-
mance. And ti...—well, things happened. Careers
and other interests inter-
vened. But it's safe to
say the brand of that
love burned deeply into
each of their hearts. Mex-
icans seem to be 'no
buena' for Clara. Gilbert
drifted away. And as
Lupe Velez wants the
world to know, Gary
Cooper is her exclusive
property now. For the
present at any rate. Gary
was another in whose
heart Clara cut a notch.
And among other can-
didates for Clara's favor we
seem to remember Ben
(Continued on page 108)
About Some Famous Screen Children

By Helen Ludlam

A few years ago it was thought impossible for the average young person to earn money. It wasn't nice! Children had to stay at home, marry, or go into their father's business. Progress has put a stop to these stagnant notions. Many young people earn the money that sends them to school. The children of Hollywood, as a rule, earn enough to make them independent for life or start them out in whatever profession they later care to follow.

I want to tell you about a few of all the wonderful children in Hollywood. Suppose I begin with Philippe de Lacy and wind up with the Johnsons, one of the most picturesque families to be found anywhere in the world.

You all know something about Philippe, the French child found forlorn and homeless in the war zone by Mrs. de Lacy, a war-worker, and adopted by her and brought to America. It was Geraldine Farrar who suggested that Philippe was a find for the films, and it was Farrar who saw to it that the boy had a start in Hollywood.

Mrs. De Lacy was willing, for although she had moderate means, she felt that it might be valuable to the child to get an early start in a lucrative profession. She is careful not to exploit him. She wants him to go slowly as a child actor because she believes that he has a future in pictures.

Philippe wants to be a director. He thinks that is the nicest job in pictures. On the back porch of the modest de Lacy home he and a friend of his built a tiny theater with sets and light effects. There is a screen and typewritten invitations are issued to friends for a movie show. They run regulation pic-
Youngest Generation

utures from Philippe's projection machine. I noticed that sound pictures were announced and asked him how he could manage that. "Oh, we have a victrola!" he said with a smile. Philippe won the hundred-yard dash for his school and likes running better than any other sport, though he has a gun that he sets great store by. He has many books, a few autographed, a very valuable stamp collection.

"Are you going to put Anita Louise in your story?" Philippe asked me. "I hope you are, because she is my girl, and she's very sweet!"

Anita Louise lives with her charming young mother in an apartment just above Hollywood Boulevard. None of the children live in palaces, except perhaps Jackie Coogan. They all seem to have nice, homey homes, comfortable but not pretentious.

The studio children don't seem to mind practicing and doing their chores as much as the average child. Anita Louise and her mother rise at seven and get in half an hour of French before going to work. Then she takes half-hour sessions of dancing, music, singing, fencing and horseback riding. Philippe takes these things, too. Mrs. Fremoult does not believe in wasting the receptive years of childhood when everything is learned easily. She feels that all things are habits and a child might as well get the habit of being busy as being lazy. And Anita Louise can cook. She likes best to make floating island, but she can make biscuits, too!

I wondered what the (Continued on page 104)
Tune in! Olive Borden wants you to enter her radio contest. The winner will receive a new RCA Radiola 33, the very latest model. Olive is asking an interesting question, to test your cleverness: whom should she play opposite, of the following film heroes, all Radio Pictures players—Richard Dix, Rudy Vallee, Rod La Rocque, and John Boles? Make your choice and give your reasons for your answer. The best letter, meaning the cleverest and the clearest, wins the prize. The Radiola is a cabinet model which is modern in tendency but so simple in its lines that it will harmonize with any type of home surroundings. It is fully equipped with tubes and the latest RCA loud-speaker. The cabinet is finished in African mahogany. Employing the RCA tuned radio frequency circuit, it has substantial volume yet fine selectivity. And besides—it’s the gift of beautiful Olive Borden!

Address:—Olive Borden
Screenland Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest Closes October 10, 1929

Below: Miss Borden with the new Radiola which she offers to a fortunate—and clever fan.
For October 1929

Offers a Gift Radio

The Question: whom should Olive play opposite on the screen—Richard Dix, Rudy Vallee, Rod La Rocque, or John Boles? Give the reasons for your answer.

Olive is a new star for Radio Pictures. Perhaps that's why she chooses a Radiola as her gift to the writer of the best letter in SCREENLAND's contest.

Right: Olive Borden listening in at the radio set to be awarded in her contest. It—the set, not Olive—requires no battery but can simply be attached to any electric light switch.
Do You Believe that “No Permanent Success Has Yet Come to a Screen Player who Made Sex his or her Chief Appeal?” That’s What Gilbert Seldes Declared in Century Magazine. SCREENLAND Wants to Test the Truth of this Statement. Here is a Defense of IT by James Oppenheim, one of America’s Foremost Psychologists. Read It! Let Us Know What YOU Think!

Valentino possessed the quality of 'It' to a greater degree than any other screen personality.

Right: the glamorous Greta Garbo from Sweden wrote a new definition of 'sex appeal' for the American screen.

W

HAT has happened to Gilbert Seldes, who once assisted in editing a high-brow magazine, The Dial, and has been expiating this sin ever since by defending, aggressively, low-brow art and entertainment? In the July Century he actually attacks IT; he—believe it or not!—slaps sex-appeal and puts it on the shelf. A photograph, he says, can’t get hot; and while sex-appeal may shoot a few stars into the firmament, such stars, Nita Naldi, Theda Bara, for instance, turn out to be sky-rockets. They flame, sputter, cease. They have not the staying power of the Mary Pickfords, the Charlie Chaplins, the Al Jolsons.

“No permanent success,” he says, “has yet come to a player who made sex his or her chief appeal.”

Is there sex-appeal in “The Big Parade,” “The Birth of a Nation,” or “Abraham Lincoln?”

Well, what is IT? What is sex-appeal?

Seldes quotes the manager of Caruso’s concert tours. “Blank’s voice,” he said, “is essentially monogamous, the voice of a reliable husband; Caruso’s voice was essentially polygamous, the voice of a lover.” And what the women in the audience appreciated was “the quality of his voice which was like the caress of a lover, the warmth and fragrance of an embrace, the

Below: Gloria Swanson, one of the greatest stars, has 'It' in abundance.
intoxication of secret love-making.” The manager added: “The moment a woman heard him she felt he was making love to her alone and she wanted to surrender to him.”

This surely is a good way of describing sex-appeal. But does it also describe IT? Seldes rules out Charlie Chaplin. If memory serves me, Elinor Glyn says Charlie has IT just as surely as Clara Bow and Greta Garbo have IT. IT, then, isn't exactly the same as sex-appeal. It is a mysterious power, a something in a person that casts a spell or lays a charm.

Certainly without IT no man or woman could become a genuine movie star. Let us consider some men who are devoid of it, such as Herbert Hoover, Henry Ford, John Pierpont Morgan, Calvin Coolidge, the King of England, the Queen of England, Margot Asquith. Can we imagine any of these becoming great actors or actresses? They may be great men and women, or good; but a certain flame, or charm, or magnetism, or seductiveness, or romantic quality is lacking. The Prince of Wales has it, Sinclair Lewis has it. Certainly Al Jolson and Mary Pickford have it.

It varies in intensity, like all gifts. Some actors have more, some less. There are actresses (Continued on page 111)
Gloria Hallelujah!

Miss Swanson Goes Marching On. Welcome Back to the Screen, Marquise!

By Herbert Cruikshank

the clear blue depths of her eyes? The query had been a disagreeable duty ungracefully performed. It was a relief to speak of other things. Motion pictures, for instance.

For here, so perfectly clad in a gown of such a shade of green as to suggest the quiet of a forest's heart softly lighted by a sleepy sun; here with the most alluring little hat in the world pulled jauntily over autumn-tinted hair — here stood one of the most distinguished figures in all filmdom. A Carina of the Screen, who has battled every inch of her way to a throne; who has not feared her fate too much to dare all; and who has won her dicing with Destiny! The Sennett duckling whose brains and courage and talent have brought her to be the most regal swan of all the fine-feathered birds in filmdom.

You know her story. An extra girl on the Essanay lot. A picture poser clad in Sennett's idea of what the well-undressed bathing girl should wear. Leading lady to a custard pie. Heroine of "The Pullman Bride," "Teddy at the Throttle," and other of the infant industry's contribution to art. And from such rank, lush soil sprang the lily adored by appreciative millions all the world around.

You know her story. How she quit her job to go into business for herself. Just five feet of womanhood turning down an offer of $10,000 weekly, fifty-two weeks in the year, because she wanted to produce photoplays her way. The dissappointments and discouragements she encountered. Sufficient to make the toughest film magnate toss his hands toward the ceiling and whimper "Kamerad." You've heard about "Queen Kelly." A million dollars shot, and the picture shelved. You know how the coming of sound to the silence of the screen dynamited a ten-billion-dollar business loose from its foundations. And you know how Gloria, surrounded by the croaking ravens of desperate ruin and disaster, turned defeat to brilliant victory with "The Trespasser."

"Oh, it was a joy," she says, "a perfect delight to work straight through the picture without interruptions. Rehearsals first, then three weeks shooting, and it was completed."
"No, the microphones didn’t bother me. They had been hidden all over the set. I didn’t have to confine the action to the spot where ‘mike’ was located. The instruments were placed to catch the action, not the action to accommodate the sound device. I enjoyed it all so much. I shan’t make a silent picture again. I don’t believe I could.

"I like the talkies. It didn’t seem necessary for me to change whatever technique I may possess. Sound simply aids pantomime. It doesn’t replace it. But it augments its value. I had to study the timing of gesture a little. It is best to move a bit quicker in audible photoplays than was customary in the silent ones."

So where others have trembled before the great god ‘mike’, courageous Gloria grasped this modern Minotaur by the horns—and proved it more than half ‘bull’ after all. Her venture as a producer of her own pictures has added much to her self-reliance and self-confidence. There is the matter of “Queen Kelly,” for instance.

“It is not a bad picture,” she smiles quietly, “it is a good picture. Von Strohem didn’t direct as swiftly as I had hoped. But there is nothing wrong with the film except that it is silent. My error. It should have been a talkie. And it will be. When I return I shall make it so. This will require some re-taking because part of the picture is entirely unsuited to sound. But it will be all right. I am not in the least worried about it."

And from the way she says it, any listener must have confidence that the golden flood sluiced through the “Queen Kelly” sieve will bring back a perfect deluge of box-office profits. Were Gloria a real Queen instead of just a Screenland Sovereign, her knights would be ashamed to return with any tales of defeat. She wouldn’t know what.
The RISE OF
DOROTHY REVIER

By Scoop Conlon

The Erstwhile Pride of Poverty Row Crashes the Big Time

Dorothy Revier started her career as a dancer. Now she emotes in the talking dramas.

THE QUEEN OF POVERTY ROW' was the complimentary monicker that was fastened to the lovely Dorothy Revier along the Hollywood rialto a few years ago. Poverty Row in the movie capitol is a short side street of little picture studios where 'quickie' pictures are turned out in six and seven days, and sometimes quicker. Hard work day and night is the rule in these 'get-rich-quick' movie factories. There is no such word as 'art.' Many a noted star, who has suddenly lost popularity and money, has had to slip down the little side street to pick up necessary shekels in Poverty Row. The heroine of this story budded and flowered in Poverty Row, until lo and behold, she finds herself right up among the movie elite. Sounds like a fairy story, but it's true. In fact, her story is synonymous with that of the Columbia Pictures company which is now considered one of the rising organizations in the motion picture industry. Columbia started on Poverty Row seven years ago, but the astute Cohn boys soon lifted it out of the little side street onto one of Hollywood's main studio thorough-fares three or four years ago. With them came their sole contract player, Dorothy Revier, who had been discovered in the interim.

Today, Columbia is a power (Continued on page 96)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

MARY BRIAN and NEIL HAMILTON in "Kibitzer"
Oh, oh, Clara Bow! But if Clara chooses to impersonate the Spirit of Halloween it's perfectly all right with us, including rompers.

Clara, you can come and soap up Screenland's window any old time you feel like it. A Clara Bow autograph is worth something.
All photographs of Nancy Carroll by Richee

Presenting Miss Nancy Carroll in her own little version of "Halloween in Hollywood," with spook and sound accompaniment.

Whoo! Also whist, and other Halloween expressions! When you gaze upon this picture of Nancy Carroll in her midnight masquerade you will have no difficulty in understanding why she is our favorite spook.
GEORGE BANCROFT has revolutionized this hero racket. He's always bold and often bad, but invariably hearty and human.
MIRIAM SEEGAR from the stage was so charming, optically and audibly, in her first picture that she has signed a long contract.
LOVELY daughter of the Vikings, Jeanette Loff is one of the many screen-trained stars who have held their own in the talkie invasion.
EDDIE QUILLAN is a refreshing young man. In his college comedies he manages to escape the curse of being too collegiate.
EVER since she was 'Sweet Alice' of Kalem pioneer days, Alice Joyce has ranked with the truly important picture personages.
Rediscovering

ALICE

JOYCE

By Sydney Valentine

She is one of Manhattan’s smartest matrons. You see her at the Ritz at tea-time, wearing those terribly simple, terribly expensive clothes as only a New York woman who makes semi-annual trips to Paris can wear them. She lights sensible cigarettes with a discreetly monogrammed bouquet, smoking casually. In summer she is fashionably suntanned. In the fall, her silver fox and her severe tailleur are almost too perfect. She lunches at the Colony; she attends the better first nights of plays and talking pictures. She is the kind of woman who fits into the upper Fifties and whose address is practically certain to be Something-something Park Avenue. She is, in short, an exquisite.

Her name is Alice Joyce. Mrs. James Regan Jr. in private life. But if you were to pass her on the street today, you probably wouldn’t recognize her—not if you carry a picture of her as the gentle mother of “The Squall,” her latest release; or recall her in her roles in “Beau Geste” and “Sorrell and Son.” For Alice Joyce, in the cause of cinema art, deliberately maligns herself by playing her own great-aunt or grandmother! In “The Squall” she is cast as Carrol Nye’s devoted and sorrowing mother. And a good performance she gives, too. But as it happens I saw Alice the day after the opening of that picture, and it was all I could do to keep from giving her a hearty shaking. For Alice was looking particularly lovely and young and sophisticated and delicately devilish in a frock that was extremely modern and smart, even for Alice.

“What a waste!” I sighed.

Alice, the slim princess of pictures, looked a little bewildered.

I explained the spelling. “May I ask,” I demanded, “why you play old mothers, when you are only a very young mother yourself? Why you wear ugly aprons and pull your hair back and otherwise behave as if you are egging on Father Time to do his worst to your career? Why—”

“Because I like my work!” she said decidedly. “I wouldn’t give it up for anything. It’s part of me, and now that the talkies make it possible for me to use the voice I developed in my flyer on the stage, I’m keener than ever to keep on. I wouldn’t leave pictures—”

(Continued on page 107)
“It's More Fun Living Your Bachelor Girl. "It's Nicer Anita Page, Home

By David Strong

Alice White and Anita Page are two of Hollywood's most popular 1929 model girls.

Anita lives with her father, mother, and little brother in a home-like apartment on Crescent Heights Boulevard.

Alice has her own Casa Del Oriente at the Patio del Moro court, where the Chinese-red front door opens on a bachelor-girl's heaven. A maid and a chow-puppy share the heaven but Alice is head of the house.

“'It's more restful having your own home," declares Alice.

“'It's more fun having your mother," insists Anita.

So we went into the matter!

It seems that Alice used to live with her grandfather and grandmother (her mother died when she was a child.)

"A couple of years ago, my uncle came out to visit. We had no extra room so I offered to give up mine temporarily and take an apartment," Alice explains, "and I liked my freedom so much that I never went back.

"Don't get me wrong. I'm crazy about my grandmother. She's a good sport. She always liked me to bring my friends home and have a grand time. She'd say, 'Well, it's your life. You've got to live it. Better make your own mistakes and profit or lose by them.' She never attempted to interfere with me.

"But you see, my living by myself is better for grandma. I have my vocalizing and my tap dancing and that's not so good for old people. In my own place I can squawk my head off and nobody can say a word.
"One big advantage I find since I set up for myself is that I don't eat so much. Grandma was always fixing good things to eat and then tempting me to eat them and I had to fight fat all the time. Now there's nobody to care whether I eat at all so I keep my figure.

"Another thing—grandma was always worrying about my over-working. When I'd come home from the studio and flop into bed too tired to eat, she'd worry and worry, want to call a doctor—she couldn't let me alone. That wasn't good for her—or me, either.

"Then, you know how it is, a girl's phone is always ringing. Poor granny would have to come in from the garden fifty times a morning just to tell them I wasn't home.

"I don't think it's a good thing for all girls to be on their own. You have to have character. I see as much of my grandmother as I ever did—I call her up every day. I think more of her now I'm away than I did when I was with her.

"Lots of girls in this business would be better off without their mothers. Depends on the girl. I'm pretty level-headed. I know how to take care of myself?"

"I know how to take care of myself, too," replies Anita, "I don't depend on my mother for anything except companionship and love. It seems to me that the big thing is to have someone to share your triumphs and your troubles.

"Coming home to a bachelor apartment wouldn't appeal to me one bit. What would you do about all that had happened that day? Probably it depends on the kind of family you've been blessed with, but I happen to have the finest in the world.

"Mothers are people who understand everything. You need to tell someone the nice things that have been said, the good work you've done, the way you've won through something hard. Other people, even (Continued on page 106)
What's Wrong

You Don't Have to Turn to the Back of the Book to Find the Answer—Just see Opposite Page!

Left: Seven out of ten girls do it—stand in this ungraceful way. Note the bad lines of the body and the ungraceful balance of legs and hips.

Lower left: The art of sitting with crossed legs went out for women with the arrival of short skirts. "Don't do this!" warns Julia.

Above: "Never hook your toes behind chair legs, if you would be graceful," says Miss Faye. All right, Julia!

Left: No lady should ever sit like this—in fact, no lady would! There are other ways of sitting comfortably—see opposite page.

How the well-brought-up young girl should not stand, above. Well, really, Julia!
with these Postures?

Julia Faye is Just an Old-Fashioned Girl, with Good Taste. She still Clings to her carriage!

Julia says she may be old-fashioned but that she is convinced this is the right way to stand by a chair. And she stands by it!

Lower right: Julia Faye poses in the correct posture for sitting and thinking. Pretty!

Above: cross the feet instead of the legs and you’ll be just as comfortable and twice as right!

Right: a quiet evening at home with a book, and a comfortable knowledge that you look grand and graceful!

Now this is more like it! Julia Faye demonstrates erect posture and firm balance.

All photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull.
“The Virginian” Special left at five o’clock on a Saturday afternoon with ninety or more souls on board, including Screenland’s Location Lady. Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen and Victor Fleming had driven up in Gary’s own car so that they could get in a good night’s rest before the day’s work.

I don’t know where the Southern Pacific Railroad found that train, but I don’t think they have made any like it since 1812! It seems that ‘specials’ aren’t always what you would think.

At five the next morning we were called; and as we were having breakfast a little before six, Henry Hathaway, Mr. Fleming’s assistant, began peering out of the diner windows on both sides and muttering to himself, “This is it. Here’s where we were to meet the trucks.” But there were no trucks in sight so we all got off the train and sat ourselves down on the car tracks, the train having pulled out as we disembarked, taking the few people who did not work in this sequence on to Sonora—Mary Brian was one of these.

The scene was miles upon miles of grazing field, with all the grass dried up, divided by railroad tracks. There were patches of perfectly gorgeous purple flowers that rose surprisingly fresh and apparently very happy in the parched grass.

We were pretty sleepy so we all crouched down in a little gully between the tracks and the barbed wire fence to take it easy and keep out of the wind until Mr. Fleming and the trucks came. Their coming and subsequent ‘set-up’ occupied the next three hours. From somewhere appeared a collie who enjoyed the whole thing immensely. Victor Fleming tossed a few stones down the hill for him to catch and as the day became warmer the dog heaved and panted but never gave up in his desire to play. If no one would throw stones for him he would nose them down the hill himself.

Walter Huston, the original lead in “Desire Under the Elms,” “Elmer the Great,” and the featured player in the picture, “Gentlemen of the Press,” had

“By Helen Ludlam
Screenland’s Location Lady

“The Virginian” himself, in his screen incarnation—popular Gary Cooper, as the stalwart hero of the famous Owen Wister play, the rôle created on the stage by the late Dustin Farnum.
at Hollywood Parties

Cupid is the Most Popular Guest at Screenland's Soirees

Just then we caught sight of Ramon Novarro, who has just come back from Europe, and we dashed over to greet him. He is looking very well, despite the fact that, all the time he was gone, he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He is very fond of his family, is Ramon, and the death of his younger brother, who was his pal all his life, was a source of great grief to him.

So he didn’t sing in grand opera over in Europe, as he had expected, after all, which was, we could tell from the expression of his face as we talked to him, a disappointment to him.

"But Ramon is a fine pianist," Vernon told us afterward, "and he spends simply hours practicing when he isn’t working in pictures."

I heard a masculine voice exclaim:

"Say, I cried at the wedding!" And looked around to see William K. Howard, the director. Patsy told him that she bet he enjoyed doing it; or else he was jealous because it was a handsomer wedding than he had ever staged.

Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman were there. They told us that they are still trying to find time for a vacation together, and in the meantime are having a grand time travelling in their minds, as they look over all the colored pamphlets concerning trips. At present Honolulu is their favorite, but probably it will be Alaska next time we see them.

"If there isn’t Mae Marsh" exclaimed Patsy, dashing off to talk to her. By the time I arrived, Mae was in the midst of the recital of how her three children had all just come through chicken-pox, and how they wouldn’t let her, their mother, out of their sight no matter how many trained nurses were on the job. She said she was very tired, but she didn’t look it. Indeed I think she’s far prettier than in the old days of the wreck and strain of pictures.

"Oh, Ruth Roland on crutches!" cried Vernon, and was off to find out what had happened to her.

"And right in the very room," remarked Patsy, "where she herself was the lovely, triumphant bride such a short time ago!"

It turned out that poor Ruth had “stubbed her toe or something on a wave when she was in swimming the Sunday before,” as Vernon explained.

Laura LaPlante was there with her husband, William Seiter, and we also greeted Julanne Johnston, Eddie Dillon, Lester Cole, Johnny Hines, Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope, Belle Baker, and scores of others.

Little Gloria Lloyd, Harold’s small daughter, was among the guests, watching mama Mildred being photographed, and her nurse said she had been greatly interested in the marriage ceremony.

"I think it is lovely," remarked Patsy, "the way Harold and Mildred always take little Gloria about with them when they can."

May and Maurice went off on their happy-ever-after way, May throwing her bouquet. I think Irene Mayer caught it!

"Carmelita Geraghty is giving a breakfast, and tennis and garden party on Sunday, and we simply wouldn’t miss it, would we?" demanded Patsy.

That was a question with only one answer, and Sunday morning found us travelling under the lovely tree-shaded way of Franklin Avenue to the Chateau Elysee, the apartment house where Carmelita lives with her mother and father, and which stands under huge pepper trees, amid big lawns and gardens, so that it looks, with its French architecture, like a real old French chateau.

Carmelita is the loveliest hostess in the world, and looked charming in a thin figured gown, with a wide floppy hat.

"Just everybody in the world is here," confided Patsy, as we caught sight of the crowds gathered under the pepper trees in the garden. Inside, in a

(Continued on page 94)
The Return of an Idol

Crane Wilbur Comes Back to Pictures—as a Playwright. Read his Reminiscences of the Dear Old Days

By Bradford Nelson

And now—we have horseless actors!"

Crane Wilbur, one of the earliest of the screen's matinée idols, antedating even Francis X. Bushman, paused amid his playwrighting at the M-G-M studios and contemplated the past wherein he made feminine hearts of the world flutter. Now he's doing it by proxy, for he writes and directs the plays that a younger generation of leading men enact. And — he gets a greater kick out of it than he did while acting before the camera himself.

"I suppose it's natural," remarked Wilbur, "to look back at the old days and declare that the younger generation has an easier time of it than we elders did. I know my father used to tell me that about his boyhood — and now I look at the new crop of screen idols—like Johnny Mack Brown, for instance, just coming up—and can't help meditating on how less strenuous is their work today. Why, today they hire actors without asking if he can ride a horse!

"It wasn't that way when I got into the game. The first thing a man had to prove then was that he was a good horseman. Of course there was a reason, for two thirds of all the pictures I played in then were westerns, and in other types of pictures there were usually chases of some kind. The Pearl White serials kept a man on the move — horses, motorcycles — anything that got up speed. The theory in those days was that moving pictures had to move—and move they did.

"I remember once they had a motorcycle for me, and I had to dash madly along San Fernando road, chasing Slim Coles, ahead of me in another motorcycle, while the camera car ran behind us, and the camera ground on us from just over the driver's seat. Every now and then the (Continued on page 106)
JUST a little love scene! Bebe Daniels and John Boles sing sweet duets in Radio Pictures' movie musical comedy, "Rio Rita."
A NEW portrait of Edmund Lowe—polished gentleman and scholar in private life, ingratiating rough-neck on the screen.
MARY DUNCAN brought vivid beauty to silent pictures. Now, in the talkies, she becomes an entirely original personality.
JAMES HALL left a promising vocal career to come to Hollywood. Hollywood is now discovering its voice and Mr. Hall's.
LOIS MORAN can play good girls with a dash of deviltry better than any other young woman on the screen. Lois is interestingly nice!
TOGETHER again! The lovers of "Seventh Heaven" are reunited in "Lucky Star," to the joy of Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans.
Short and Snappy

Short subjects in sound are an important part of the picture program.

Lloyd Hamilton has succumbed to the talkies. Here he is with Little Billy in Educational's "His Baby Daze."


Hope Hampton lends her beauty and voice to the Vitaphone 'singles.'

Above: Doris Rocke and Johnny Burke in "Over the Top," Paramount's new four-reel Magnafilm talking comedy.

Below: Boyce Combe in Columbia's amazing "Parlor Fests."
How to Build

By Cecil B. De Mille

The Famous Producer-Director of "The Ten Commandments" and "The King of Kings" Tells for the First Time Some of the Secrets of his Craft

Perhaps the best simile would compare the process to that which would exist if it were possible to take the individual component parts of a man, put them together, and breathe the breath of life into the structure thus gained.

To start a story, for instance, we lay out a number of 'ribs.' These 'ribs' are interesting situations. They are sequences of action, if you please, which individually differ from each other just in the way the various bones of the body have different size and texture according to their position and use.

As examples of 'ribs' let me cite the situation where the church crashes in on the crooked contractor's mother in "The Ten Commandments"; the escape by the Russian red with the girl he was to have killed, in "The Volga Boatman"; and the marriage of a man to a woman, seven hours before the time set for the man's execution, in my new film, "Dynamite."

These situations are vitally important, of course, but they are only the start. You can't hold the public's attention with them, alone.

Therefore, after we have assembled our 'ribs' and other 'bones,' or contributing situations, we arrange into the 'skeleton' of a story.

This is done by means of what Jeanie Macpherson and I call 'outline continuity.' This has no 'business' or incidental action. It takes the various situations and expresses them directly and without flourishes, simply to get a continuous flow of action. In this form there is no particular charm of grace to the structure. It has been put together, and that is all.

The 'skeleton' is then filled out. In the case of some thirty pictures Miss Macpherson has written for me, she would take the 'outline continuity,' usually written on yellow paper and therefore called, for short, 'the yellow' and prepare a second script on white paper. It is in this script that a story is given flesh and blood; little subtleties are placed in the scenes; refinement of detail.

The director's job is to breathe life into this finished structure, through the medium of actors and actresses playing out the various characters of the story.

Even then, however, our simile is not complete. We
have a man, truly enough, but a man somewhat untrained in the ways of the world, an innocent who needs to be brought into contact with everyday life, with reality. The director, therefore, has the further duty of manicuring the nails of his 'child'; seeing that it should wear black shoes with tuxedo and sports shoes with white flannels, and so forth!

Yes, the building of a story is strangely like the process of building a man, if such a thing were possible. Certainly if the story we construct is not as living and as vital as the man himself, we have failed of our task, because no story has yet succeeded on the screen which has not touched the hearts of its beholders, in some definite way, through sheer force of humanity and naturalness.

The construction plans I have given you of 'yellow' and 'white' continuities are basic for all picture-making, whether silent or talking. Your 'yellow,' or 'skeleton,' must be your foundation. Your central situations must be correct, must hang together, or you can't tell your story.

In making our 'white,' however, we proceed differently for talking and silent versions.

The talkie 'white' naturally has full dialog. And because of its speeches, we can eliminate some action and some scenes which would be required if we did not have voice.

The silent 'white' tells its story in pure pantomime. Usually it requires about twice as many scenes. Scenes, furthermore, must be staged in a different manner, a manner depending more upon actions; upon the use of story-telling properties.

These differences, however, are merely matters of construction detail.

Basically, both talkie and silent versions must tell an entertaining story, or they will not be accepted.

Stories, like houses, must be built of good wood, carefully, and upon study and prearranged plans, or they will fall off their own weight. People who will tell you that 'inspiration' is the principal ingredient of a picture are merely being silly. Inspiration is important; but inspiration without creative plan cannot produce an acceptable result.

So when you see your next picture, do not think it sprang suddenly into being, like Phoenix from the flames.

It was built slowly and painstakingly, as must be the case with all true works of art.
The funny thing about these Follies girls stories is

T

hat they are true! These 'rags to riches' romances really do take place. Believe it or not, truth is stranger than fiction. Ripley proved that when he collected a series of facts far stranger than any imaginative creations. Time was—perhaps is—when a diploma from Old Doctor Ziegfeld, or graduation from the Shubert's Select School for Young Ladies was a surer passport to affluent success than a Harvard Phi Beta Kappa key. But the Old Doctor and the Professors Shubert are very particular about their pupils. It is harder to get in their classes than to get samples out of the Mint. For instance, there's the Case of Mary Eaton.

Mary's in the movies now. That's where all good actresses go. But before she crashed the golden gates of the cinema, she had to learn her facts—and figures. If you get what I mean. And she began in the little red schoolhouse called Poli's Theater in Washington, D. C.

Now Washington wasn't Mary's home town. In fact it isn't anybody's home town. It's just a station stop between elections. Mary came from a country where 'corn' is something to drink. She was born in Norfolk, Virginia, where there are more Colonels than in a California walnut grove. But long before she knew 'Ziggy' was a man's name, the folks moved way up No' th to Washin' ton.

Even before gentlemen preferred them, Mary was a blonde. And that's how it happened that back in the days when she played in rompers instead of rehearsing in them she was signed up to enact all the kid rôles in the Poli Stock Company. The first part, by the way, was in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." And to this day when Mary feels sorry for herself—and don't we all—she snaps out of it with the memory of that classic line of Mrs. Wiggs: "Ain't you glad you ain't got a hare-lip!" Later she injected a bit of childish 'it' into "Little Lord Fauntleroy." But don't hold that against her.

With the Eats, money meant something you were allowed to hold from Saturday night to Monday morning.

Then you handed it out like rain-checks to the milkman, ice man, grocer man, thief, gas man, butcher man, Indian chief. Ma Eaton got callouses on her thumb and forefinger from trying to hold back enough to carry her kids and herself to the big town. She knew that her seven children had theatrical talent. Time proved her more than fifty percent correct. Four of them have clicked—Pearl, Doris, Mary and Charlie.

Faith moves mountains, so they say. And in any event faith—the faith of Mrs. Eaton, together with a borrowed fifty dollars, brought the brood to New York. Not all at a time, but Eaton by Eaton.

At first Ma, Mary and Pearl settled down in one room and an alcove, and took turns listening for opportunity to rap at their third-floor-back. And sure enough, one day when Pearl was on watch, opportunity went through the well-known knocking routine, and as a result the family had a daughter in the Winter Garden Show. 'Like Monte Cristo, Mother Eaton held up a finger and counted 'One.'

Now to tell the truth, as a kid Mary was a kibitzer. Pearl's beaux used to send her out for jelly-beans. You know the type. And what was more natural than that

All the Merry Eats,! Mother Eaton surrounded by Charles and Mary, (standing) and Doris and Pearl. Each Eaton works in pictures now.
EATONS

And Mary in Particular, a Broadway Beauty Captured by Hollywood

she should tag along to Winter Garden rehearsals? There was nothing to do but to introduce the "kid sister" around back-stage. She met Theodore Kosloff and Ivan Tarasoff, the baller-masters. They agreed with Mother Eaton regarding Mary's potentialities. And they taught her how to dance. There was no money to pay. But that made no difference to these artists. Her lessons were free, gratis and for nothing. She worked hard. Her lesson was soon learned.

Miracles happen along the Line of Light. But they take their time happening. So Mary appeared in many a minor rôle before she finally achieved an important part in "The Royal Vagabond." But after that things speeded up a bit. The Great Ziegfeld saw and signed her. It meant two years in the "Follies." And what a "Follies" show that was! Gilda Gray headed the list of beauties who had heads as well as legs, and used both to such good purpose that she's on stage and screen was merely one of life's accomplishments. And Mother Eaton repeated the Monte Cristo gesture, counting "Two."

Yesterday's papers tell the rest. Eddie Cantor decided he just must have Mary to play opposite him in "Kid Boots." She signed for the run of the play—and it seemed that it would run forever. Crowds clambered for the kid who had come to town on a fifty-dollar bill and stayed to conquer Broadway. After "Kid Boots" came "Lucky"—the hit, not the Strike—and "The Five O'Clock Girl" followed.

Meantime funny noises were heard from Hollywood. Some one hollered "Betsy" from a silent drama screen. It was the shout heard round the world. Conrad Nagel galumphed from coast to coast in celluloid crying "The Talkies Are Coming!" Sure enough he was right. Overnight a ten-billion-dollar business went up in smoke, and Warners ruled the raves. Hearing it so frequently, the picture producers had come to believe that their stars were beautiful but dumb. Literally dumb. So they set about enlisting beauties with tongues—even though some of them signed for sound films with those tongues in their checks. Paramount beat the competition to it by making Mary a movie star.

Her first picture was "The Cocoanuts." In four warm weather weeks it took in $130,000. In other words, it was something in the nature of a riot. Yet when contrary Mary saw herself upon the screen she came close to crying. Star of the stage though she was, there was a lot for her to learn before she joined the great moguls of moviedom. So Mary set out to learn it. She studied studio lighting. She experimented with make-up. She figured angles for her curves. She practiced pantomime. She combined her knowledge of the theater with what she knew about playing to an audience composed of cameras and microphones. She accepted this, rejected that—perfected her technique.

Then out of the West came a Hollywood Lochinvar, an impulsive, talented duck named Millard Webb. He had the toughest assignment ever handed a film director. It had come to be a legend on the Paramount lot that a job connected with "Glorifying the American Girl" was equivalent to a finger pointing "This Way Out." It was a great idea for a picture. But there it ended. They couldn't get a story. They couldn't get a star. They couldn't get this and they couldn't get that. So on to the Long Island studios came Webb, with an assignment and a title for his picture. On the way East he wrote the story. When he reached New York he found the star. And she was Mary Eaton.

Like most of the movie men Webb's motto had been "sign 'em, shoot 'em, and forget 'em." But somehow the forgetting part didn't come so easy this time. Millard's thoughts of the film's action were oddly interspersed with close-ups of his star. One thing lead to another. And one night, Togo, Millard's slant-eyed house-boy, noticed his boss had a blonde hair on his shoulder, lip rouge on his cheek and a broad smile touching each ear. There was only one answer. Next day Togo quietly removed all other photographs and substituted varied poses of Mary Eaton. That ring she wears is Millard Webb's.

Well, they finished the picture. And it's a wow. It just couldn't help being a wow. No outside interference. Perfect understanding between star and director. And the exaltation of a prospective honeymoon for inspiration.

When Webb returned to the Cinema City, Mary, too, followed the course of Empire and wended her way Westward for a long-delayed visit to her mother and sister Doris and the rest who had heard the call of Hollywood before her. And it wouldn't be surprising if the visiting Iowans will have an unexpected treat this summer in the privilege of being right on the spot when Mary marries Millard.

Wise now in the ways of both screen and stage, Mary is using the utmost care and diligence in protecting the foothold she has won in filmdom. And Paramount is helping her in the realization that the studio has a Big Bet. The production chieftains have  

(Continued on page 95)
Best Lines of the Month

Bits of Wit from the New Talkies

From “The Last of Mrs. Cheyney”

Lord Elton (Herbert Bunston): “Well, personally, I prefer the word likeable to attractive.”

Lord Dilling (Basil Rathbone): “I differ. To accuse a beautiful woman of being likeable is to suggest that her underclothes are made of linoleum.”

From “The Sophomore”

Dutch (Russell Gleason): “Why did you take a chance and lose your $200.00 tuition money shooting craps?”

Joe (Eddie Quillan): “Because I thought I might double it and learn twice that much!”

From “Smiling Irish Eyes”

George Prescott (Edward Earle): “Tell me, Sir Timothy, how in the world do you manage to keep two hundred employees contented?”

Sir Timothy (Robert E. O’Connor): “Contented? Don’t you know that an Irishman is never contented except when he’s discontented?”

From “Fast Life”

Douglas Stratton (Douglas Fairbanks Jr.) to Patricia (Loretta Young): “Gosh, Pat, it’s a girl like you that makes boys like me like girls like you!”
A QUEEN of KINGS

Concerning Carlotta, One of the New Sovereigns of Sound

By Sydney King Russell

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Sydney King Russell is the husband of Carlotta King and the author of three books of poetry and a dozen concert songs.

Carlotta King was born singing! Her home abounded in music; as a child she habitually fell asleep to strains of melody. Before she reached the age of six she had made a public appearance before several thousand people. At eight, hearing her mother play strains of a current light opera she declared that when she grew up she, too, would sing just such music. Her sleep was often interrupted in order that she might sing for some guest of her parents a snatch of song from “The Chocolate Soldier.” Though other duties summoned her she never wholly lost sight of her goal. At sixteen in high school she sang in “Ben Hur,” carrying off the difficult soprano rôle with ease. Experts advised her to cultivate her voice under the proper guidance, but the time was not yet ripe.

The first time that I saw Carlotta King, and it was a momentous day for us both, I found her singing. The affair was a benefit, to which I had gone somewhat bored, and without anticipation of an interesting meeting. But the little lady with the wistful face who presently rose and sang caught my attention. It was only a ballad she was singing, but the beauty of her diction, the crystal purity of her tone, held me. And the young lady was very easy to look at!

“I want to meet that girl,” I told the hostess and an introduction followed. A composer with several published songs, I was quickly interested in Carlotta, and my admiration deepened when I heard her sing my music. As the days went by we proved an incentive, a stimulus to one another in our chosen work.

A year later we were married and returned to New York, where in our new home music reigned supreme. We studied and worked, giving many concerts together. Just a few months after our wedding Carlotta was offered a tempting rôle in

(Continued on page 108)
SUE! Our Authentic

Hollywood Fame has Not Spoiled the Fresh, the Winsome, the Nice Little Girl who is Known as Sue Carol

Sue's mother had just gone home from her half-year visit with her daughter, who was a wee bit homesick at the departure.

"Nothing quite makes up for missing your mother," she declared. "I don't know what I'd do if I didn't have Nick's, too. She says she has three children—Nick and his brother and me, now Nick and I are engaged. Just putting on the clothes Mother brought for me makes me feel like a little girl on the first night away at school.

Sue Carol lay among the pastel pillows of her chaise lounge, the telephone receiver snuggled to her ear.

"Hello!" She spoke into the transmitter, plaintively, although her eyes were dancing. "Is this Mr. Ross, the insurance man? Well, this is Mrs. Fizboom. Fizboom, yes, like a fire-cracker. I called you because I'm always taking out my teeth and laying them down and forgetting what I did with them, and what I want to know is—can you give me some insurance to cover that? Omigosh!"

Crash went the receiver. The pink came in a flood to her sunburned face while her red lips twitched into a mischievous smile over her perfectly good and perfectly beautiful teeth. Her eyes, still dancing, met mine.

"I didn't hear you come in," she explained. "I was just ragging Alice's husband." (Alice Ross is Sue's chaperone-housekeeper-friend-and-financial adviser, who has lived with Sue ever since she entered pictures.)

"I love playing jokes. It seems to me it's terribly important to be gay. People get such a lot out of laughing." She sprang up and began a few steps from the 'Break-away,' a bizarre little figure in the silk-and-lace of her lounging pajamas.

"Nick and I are learning tap-dancing," she confided. (Nick's last name is Stuart.) "It's fun. But it happened in a funny way. I was in the publicity office at the studio looking at stills when I came across some pictures of boys tap-dancing.

"Why don't you get Nick to pose for this?" I demanded.

"Does he tap-dance?" they asked.

"I thought Nick did everything, so I assured them he'd done it since he could walk. When I told him to report for stills, he was horrified. It seemed he could dance everything else but not that. So we're both learning. That was a joke on me!"

Sue's Sunday morning smile, when she can linger over her breakfast instead of hurrying off to the studio for a hard day's work.
"Not a great grief, of course, because I'll see her again soon. But I believe in being light-hearted. You can think yourself blue in no time, so why shouldn't you think yourself gay? Somebody once told me there should be schools for happiness, because a good part of happiness is consciously being gay.

"Look, isn't this a gem?" She displayed a moleskin ensemble, part of the trunkful of clothes left by the much-missed mother.

"I love it, but I feel frightfully dignified in it." She paraded the length of the room in stately fashion, then spoiled the effect with a skip and a hop. "Maybe that's why I seem to be going in for serious subjects this morning. Like schools for happiness.

"Before you came in, I called Bob, my chauffeur. I'd told him to sleep late because I kept him up last night, so when I got him he was about half awake.

"This is Howard Strickling's secretary," I told him. You know, Howard Strickling at M-G-M. Joan Crawford would like you to come out and have lunch with her. I think he thought he was still dreaming. I went on to say that Joan had given me the message and that was all I knew about it, but I must have giggled a little, for Bob said: 'Right-O, Miss Carol!'

"A telephone is my big temptation," she caroled, as she led me down to the living room of her Los Feliz hills home. "The minute I see one I think of some trick I can play.

"Last night I was listening in on the radio and heard Arthur Lake talking. He's a champion kidder so I thought I'd kid him. I flew to the telephone, called the radio station and asked for Arthur.

"'Oh, Arthur! I languished, I've just been listening to your perfectly marvelous voice and I'm just crazy about you! I never heard anyone say such perfectly marvelous things and I'm simply slain by your perfectly marvelous personality!"

"I had the poor boy dizzy while I begged him to make a date with me. Then foolishly, I gave him my number to call me up. You can imagine Arthur!

"But Dave Rollins happened to be there with him and when he heard the number he recognized it as mine. I'm expecting them to retaliate."

She stood by the great studio window looking down over the wide-spread city.

"It's a lovely world, isn't it?" she glowed. "Nick's coming up to bring me my new shoes for tap-dancing." Any school for happiness that (Continued on page 99)
MUCH excitement! Jack and Ina, honeymooners, spent a few crowded days in our midst. Everybody wanted to see them, of course—especially the New York friends of the bride. They wanted to see if California had changed the brisk, witty, wise, well-poised Ina Claire. California, screen stardom, and marriage to a motion picture idol! But they might have known that nothing could change her. She is a highly individual person, is Ina. Calm, yet colorful. Sophistically smart, but kindly and charming.

When the Gilberts alighted from the train at the station, Ina proved at once that Hollywood has not impaired her impeccable clothes sense. She looked extremely Park Avenue in a blue ensemble with navy blue toque and shoes to match. When she was asked if she missed Broadway out there in the wild movie west, she paused a second. "And do you like California?" someone else asked during the pause.

"Obviously," replied Ina, looking at Jack; adding saucily, still looking at her husband: "It's a great state!" Gilbert laughed: "I'm blushing!"

Both Jack and Ina declared there was nothing at all interesting and unusual about themselves—nothing different from the usual honeymoon couple going off to Europe! "We'll just travel a little, play a little, and fight a little!" Jack announced with his bad-boy twinkle. They plan to go to Paris first, then motor through the south of France and wind up in London, returning to this country around
By Anne Bye

the first of October Europe and its smart capitals is an old story to Ina, but it was Jack Gilbert's first trip abroad. I think he was slightly thrilled, though of course he masked his interest successfully behind his casual and scoffing manner.

Some day they may make a picture together, but that time is far off. Jack is tied up with Metro-Goldwyn, while Miss Claire is with Pathé. Her first talkie is "The Awful Truth," to be followed by "Negligee." Yes, the clothes for the latter picture will be purchased in Paris. Jack is quite humble about his work in his first talking picture, but Ina opines that he is exceptionally good in "Olympia."

I learned that it is one of Gilbert's ambitions to play opposite his brilliant wife, some day, on the stage.

That nice Clive Brook came back to Manhattan—on business. Paramount decided to make "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" at the eastern sound studios, and Clive was called for the lead. He is always affable and obliging, but I gathered that he would have been just as pleased if his bosses had ordered his new picture made in California. He hated to leave his pretty wife and his two children, not to mention his tennis matches with Ronnie Colman and his other friends in Hollywood. He's hoping to be able to knock off work one of these afternoons to keep in trim on the courts. At first he supposed he was only to be here for five or six

(Continued on page 110)
VERDICT: GUILTY

Raymond Hackett, the Boy Wonder, is Called
Upon to Defend Himself on the Charge of Stealing
the Best Juvenile Jobs in the Talkies

By
Robert Howard

Ray Hackett has been troupimg since he was four
years old. His California screen career was launched
by "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "Madame X."

Raymond Hackett is guilty—of excellent perform-
ance in the talking pictures!

So ably did he defend his screen sister, Norma
Shearer, in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and
his movie mother, Ruth Chatterton, in "Madame X," that
the movie jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty" for
these ladies; and the public adopted the attorney for the
defense as favorite juvenile of the talkies. Ray has arrived
in Hollywood!

Although still a youngster in years, he is an old, seasoned
trouper in experience. He made his first appearance on
the stage at the tender age of four years. His mother,
Florence Hackett, was widowed at twenty-one, with three
babies to support. She tried her luck in the movies, work-
ning for Griffith at Biograph; and later she went on the
stage.

So it was in the cards that Raymond, Albert, and
Jeanette Hackett should earn their living in 'show
business.' Where other children batted baseballs on
corner lots, the Hacketts played under the feet of
the stage doorman at whatever theater or studio
happened to be their professional home at the time.

And now they are all successful: Raymond on
both stage and screen; Albert in "Whoopie," on
Broadway; and Jeanette, who has been a vaudeville
headliner for a decade.

So it is that at an age when most young fellows
are polishing up a shining 'frat' pin, or deciding
whether to accept that job 'at the bottom,' boyish
Ray Hackett is a big shot in American drama. He's
long been a hit on the stage, and now he's being
touted as a potential screen star.

Education?
He hasn't had any in the formal sense.
He has never been inside of public school, high-
school or college.

Outside of three years with a tutor and two
years in the New York Professional Children's School,
he's learned everything he knows from the
stage.

And what he knows!

Ask him about Lincoln—he's a veritable mine of
information. He played Scott, the boy whom
Lincoln pardons, in Drinkwater's play. He played
the son of Lionel Barrymore in that other great
drama of the Emancipator, "The Copperhead."

Ask him about Dickens' haunts, Stratford-on-
Avon, Westminster Abbey—he can describe them
with all the vividness of an actor.

For about the time that the average youngster is a
sophomore in college, he was playing a featured rôle in
"So This is London," in London.

Ask him about law—his long experience on the road
with "The Trial of Mary Dugan" has taught him more
about Blackstone than half of this year's legal graduates.

Ask him about women—he was two years the sensation
of the somewhat raucous "Cradle Snatchers!"

When interviewed recently at the studios, between tests
of make-up for his part as the Simon Legree of a comic
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe, a comment was made as to
his rather unusual training.

Tall, very boyish, and quite shy, despite the fact
that he has appeared before the public since the days of his
rompers, Hackett ran his fingers through college cut hair
and laughed on an embarrassed note. (Cont. on page 107)
DOUG AND MARY—TOGETHER!

Here they are, alone at last! Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks of Beverly Hills, California, offer their first co-starring motion picture, "The Taming of the Shrew," an all-talker, from the comedy by W. Shakespeare. The scene shows Doug as Petruchio and Mary as the capricious Katherine.
Let's Go to

“What Picture Shall We See Tonight?” Let
tion and Guide You to the Worth-While

The River of Romance

This romantic picture of days on the old Mississippi River is one of the most satisfying talkies on Broadway. You may have seen it some years ago as a silent film but nevertheless you will want to hear it in its talkie version. Buddy Rogers is the young southern boy who doesn't want to fight and leaves home with the stigma of cowardice attached to him. Mary Brian is his sweetheart, and I want to say, right here, that seldom have I seen love scenes of such beauty and tenderness as these two enact. Mary is lovely—a dream girl—and she really acts. Wallace Beery has a bag of new tricks. June Collyer, as the petulant southern beauty, shows a fine dramatic instinct. Henry B. Walthall, Fred Kohler and Natalie Kingston all have interesting parts. Don't overlook this one!

Pleasure Crazed

Kenneth MacKenna, Marguerite Churchill, Dorothy Burgess and Douglas Gilmore in an exciting society story, with a crook angle. MacKenna will win your heart. He has one of the most sex-appealing voices heard in talkies. Marguerite gives an excellent performance. Dorothy is exceedingly lovely, and Gilmore, as always, a grand villain. A good talkie.

Piccadilly

A real picture! With Gilda Gray and Anna May Wong pitted against each other, trying to dance their way into Jameson Thomas' heart. Piccadilly Circus, the night life center of London, staging a cabaret scene worthy of Ziegfeld. Limehouse dawns with murder and love creeping through the foggy darkness. Splendid cast. Splendid direction. An English picture.

Wonder of Women

To what low estate has our Lewis Stone fallen? Stone plays a concert pianist who loves the ladies. Peggy Woods as the wife is fine. Leila Hyams, as the charmer, is very prepossessing. Stone did his best as the mis-cast hero; but because of dumb dialog and a rambling story and weak action the film is unconvincing for the most part. We want to see Miss Wood again.

The Time, The Place, The Girl

This excellently plotted talkie, from an old musical comedy, will make a hit with men and girls alike. Grant Withers, a football hero, gets mixed up in a bogus bond racket. Betty Compson, a gay lady, mixes him up worse. But Gertrude Olmstead saves Withers from a convict’s striped kimono. James R. Kirkwood and Bert Roach show up well in comedy.
Screenland's Revuettes Answer Your Quest in Screen Entertainment, Talking or Silent

The Sophomore

Here's a rave, so get ready. "The Sophomore" is the best college picture you ever saw. It's a scream, a knockout! Eddie Quillan is the hero, and Sally O'Neil, the waitress heroine, who gets her heart broken because all of Eddie's swell fraternity friends walk out on him when he brings Sally to the frat dance. There's a big game, where Eddie saves the day, of course. But the smash of the evening comes when Eddie plays the heroine in the college dramatic show. With a pair of dumb-bells to fill out his chest, with golden ringlets, a princess dress and a falsetto voice, Quillan knocks the audience into spasms. Russell Gleason, Spec O'Donnell, Jeanette Loff and Stanley Smith gave good characterizations. But Eddie—well, Eddie is just about perfect!

Melody Lane

Eddie Leonard, for years a beloved vaudevillian, makes his debut in this dialog picture with songs. Unfortunately, this seems to combine the bad features of all previous films dealing with back-stage life. Josephine Dunn, Huntley Gordon, George Stone and Jane La Verne all work with Leonard in trying to put the picture over. Due to trite story material, the result is not successful.

Charming Sinners

Can this be "The Constant Wife" that we saw on the stage? Not exactly! It's a 'movie' adaptation which manages to preserve some of the freshness and charm of the original without quite clicking. All-talking, with Ruth Chatterton perfectly charming as the wife, Clive Brook amusing as the neglectful husband, William Powell as the 'other man' and Mary Nolan the beautiful 'other woman'.

Thunder

The one exciting spot in this slow-moving railroad melodrama is the climax, when Lon Chaney, cranky old engineer-hero, shouts: "Where there are tracks, I can go through," as he speeds his engine over rods, four feet deep in water, and triumphantly carries supplies to a flood-stricken area. Phyllis Haver and James Murray furnish the love interest.

Jazz Mamas

Color! Roses are red, violets are blue, lobsters are green and Fords' tint true in this, the first all-color, all-talkie two-reel comedy, made by Mack Sennett for Educational. There is a sea gull sequence in full color worthy of feature setting. A detective agency, shy on crime, steals the pearls—with yodels. See and hear the new Ford gag. You'll chortle!


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Are You BLONDE

By
Anne Van Alstyne

Norma Shearer is a lovely representative of the medium type of feminine charm. Each type has its own complexion problems.

When I planned this beauty talk I meant to be original and not even mention a best-seller that appeared a few years ago, the title of which stated conclusively that gentlemen preferred blondes. And my intentions still hold good except that I must say I never could quite make out whether the author of this book—herself a particularly fascinating type of brunette—really believed this statement or whether she just wanted to start something. If it was the latter, she succeeded. But when the storms of protests, arguments and flat disagreements had subsided not a thing had been proven. Some did, and some didn’t. Prefer blondes, I mean.

How are we to know, anyway, which we prefer? And what difference does it make? Consider the screen heroines. Do we pick our favorite because she is a golden blonde or a ravishing brunette? Not at all. We are far more likely to pick her for some trilling, almost intangible thing—the set of her head, or the glance from her eyes, or some gesture of her hands—something that creates the illusion of charm yet has nothing to do with complexions.

And what about the famous beauties of old—the lovely ladies who broke up families—royal ones at that, who wrecked empires or created them? Who knows whether they were blonde, brunette or in-between? What about Helen of Troy? Some hundreds of years after Paris absconded with Helen, or was it the other way round?—a poet inquired "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" Yet with all the talk about Helen, no one mentioned definitely whether she was light or dark. True, it is rumored that she was pink and white with yellow hair, blue eyes and curly, golden lashes. And I have heard it said that she was a strawberry blonde with brooding green eyes and raging red hair. Personally, I believe this is more likely to be true, for this type is nearly always clever, and we must admit that Helen was that. Yet she may have been the direct opposite, with blue-black hair, an ivory skin and turned-up nose. But why conjecture, and as I said before, what difference does it make?

The thing is, in this day and age, to know your skin

Nancy Carroll has the delicate white skin characteristic of the red-haired type. A complexion like Nancy's is born, not made—but it must be carefully cared for.
Screenland's Beauty Authority Solves Some Problems of Complexion Care

and make the most of it—no matter what its color. Time was, when a blonde was a blonde, and if she didn't remain one, it was not her fault. She rode or walked, well-veiled from the sun. If she strolled about the park or sat on the beach she carried a parasol. To have been born with a blonde skin was an accident, but to keep it was a career.

The modern girl prefers a career of a different sort. She drives her own car, she rides, swims, plays golf and tennis in summer; she skates, skis and takes long tramps in winter. She protects the texture of her skin with creams and lotions, but she doesn't sacrifice her good times or health or her comfort to her complexion.

Blondes are becoming rarer all the time, and no wonder. It's a tremendous responsibility, and there's no guarantee on 'Once a blonde, a blonde forever.' None at all. You may be a blonde today, but unless you watch your shampoo and stay in out of the sun, nobody knows what you will be tomorrow.

There is a fundamental difference in light and dark skins and they need quite different treatment. The dark-eyed, dark-haired girl suggests warmth and sunshine. Her hair is all the more lustrous for exposure to the sun's rays, and her complexion richer. She can expose her skin, if it's well protected, to extreme heat or extreme cold and show no ill effects. The girl with the thin, fair skin is infinitely at a disadvantage, if she seeks to retain that fairness. She cannot afford to expose herself to the full sunlight which fades yellow hair, inflames white skin or covers it with freckles. In winter, wind burns her skin and cold roughens it. Even though she is willing to relinquish her extreme fairness, she must be especially careful of her skin because, owing to its naturally fine texture, it may become permanently damaged.

I don't mean that the girl with a fair skin must forego all outdoor activities or spend hours every day coddling her complexion. But I do mean that she must give her skin protective care, no matter what the season; and she must not relax her vigilance even for a day.

Before going out in the open, and upon coming in from a day at the beach or tennis court, and equally in crisper weather, use a good (Continued on page 98)
'Hectic Hollywood' Proves Be Just as Loyal and Last-

Ernest Torrence and Jack Holt are particular pals. Both gentlemen, both tennis enthusiasts, both good actors.

Below: their screen rivalry doesn't interfere with their friendship. Anita Page and Joan Crawford fight for first place in "Our Modern Maidens" but off-screen they make up!

Above: Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost have been fast friends since their Sennett days.

Left: Johnny Mack Brown, the boy from Alabama, and Charlie Farrell, the kid from Massachusetts, met in Hollywood and discovered mutual interests. Johnny is a favorite leading man for M-G-M while Charlie works for Mr. Fox.
and FRIENDLY!

that Film Friendships Can ing as Main Street's!

Right: Joel McCrea, a newcomer to films, and Charles Bickford, a recruit from the Broadway stage, met on the Metro lot at Culver City. Now they are screen rivals and real friends.

Below: Dorothy Mackaill and Aileen Pringle. The blonde Miss Mackaill and the statuesque Miss Pringle are keen companions, each enjoying the other's lively wit and wisdom.

Right: May McAvoy and Lois Wilson. Lois is May's most admiring fan, while May thinks Lois the most talented screen actress. Incidentally, Lois takes some of the credit for May's romance with Maurice Cleary. She played the part of Cupid!
wedding took place in the patio of the Chateau Elysee, the new apartment hotel on Tamarind Street that shelters so many stars. When they return, Mr. and Mrs. Converse will domicile at the Chateau.

And then there is Harry Langdon. He was married to Helen Walton, a Toledo, Ohio, girl whom he met in Hollywood. Harry has been hustling through his picture at the Hal Roach studios, the second on a long-term contract, so that he could get away for a brief honeymoon. The Langdons will motor through Canada.

At a meeting of The Regulars, a club to which many of the girl stars belong, Marian Nixon announced her engagement to Edward Hillman, Jr. They will be married very quietly just as soon as Marian finishes her present picture, "Young Nowhere," in which she plays the lead opposite Richard Barthelmess. The engaged couple have tentatively booked passage to Europe for their honeymoon on the twentieth of August and the fifth of September, and will take the first sailing the finish of "Young Nowhere" will permit.

* * *

There is a new and striking personality on the screen: Charles Bickford. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picked him for a winner and signed him to a long-term contract before "Dynamite," his first picture for Cecil De Mille, ever saw the light of day. But the general opinion out here seems to be that he is over. Kay Johnson is another winner. Both are sincere, both know their stuff and both

Cupid has been beside himself in Hollywood! The summer weddings were followed by a flock of engagements. Clara Bow got herself engaged and this time they say it is going to take. Harry Richman, the wealthy New York night-club man so popular in the musical comedy field, is just handsome and jolly and bossy enough to make Clara think that he is the answer to every maiden's prayer, as far as she is concerned. But you never know with Clara. You never know! In the meantime the wedding is set for September.

So is Patsy Ruth Miller's to Tay Garnett.

Anita Stewart was married to George Converse. The

Laura La Plante gets her beach tan from the powerful lights on the set at the studio, because she was too busy working to take a vacation.

Harry Langdon and his bride, the former Helen Walton of Toledo, Ohio. The comedian filed his intention to wed twenty-four hours after receiving his final divorce decree from the former Missus.

Yes—Harry wears cheaters in real life.
HOLLYWOOD

Star Gossip!

have that indescribable and lovely thing called charm. We don’t know yet what they are going to do next but whatever it is, we’ll be there! And if it doesn’t happen soon we’ll see “Dynamite” a few more times, because it’s a swell show.

During the four hottest days of the year the Coronation scene in “General Crack,” the John Barrymore feature directed by Alan Crosland, was shot. The thermometer registered ninety-five, believe it or not.

The scene was gorgeous. It was the best costuming job I have seen out here. About one hundred of the costumes were particularly beautiful. And the girls! In their powdered wigs and stately gowns, how dazzling they were, and how cool they looked—and how wilted they felt! In the old days of the silent drama it might not have been so bad, but in these talkie times the doors have to be shut for sound. And then when the lights and the technicolor lights are on full blast—well, you can imagine!

Jack Barrymore looked very handsome and very devilish in his costume, and one young lady was perfectly fascinated by Lowell Sherman’s pink garters. They did look neat.

The girls’ costumes were very low in the neck, while the men’s were buttoned up to the ears. But the moment the lights went off—off came the men’s coats, while the girls had to endure their velvet gowns! They got one tiny bit of satisfaction, though. The hoop skirts, if swung back and forth, made grand fans! One gown worn by Natacha Glinzten, a Russian girl of noble birth discovered by Elmor Glyn, was particularly striking. It was cherry velvet with dull silver lace at the neck and falling gracefully from the elbows. She was ablaze with jewels (pastel) Natacha has a small, piquant face and a haughty little head, but her eyes and her smile are friendly.

When a director has as much on his shoulders as Alan Crosland he is smart if he keeps calm, and Mr. Crosland did. He had to direct the huge gathering by means of a telephone microphone and the calmness of his voice had a soothing effect upon his people whose nerves were pretty ragged.

And Marian Nixon! Those of you who admire her should have seen her in that pale blue chiffon velvet gown exquisitely embroidered with seed pearls. A coronet of diamonds rested on her smartly cofed white wig. She looked like a dresden-china doll, so tiny and fragile.

The craze for realism turned some two hundred school-boys loose on the Paramount lot as actors last week. The picture was “Sweetie” starring Nancy Carroll, and the locale, a high-school campus. The only way they could make the thing look real was to have boys from the Fairfax High put the
true college flavor into the yells and class songs. They enjoyed it, too.

The ventilators didn't seem to be functioning on the sound stage Richard Dix was working on the other day. The other stages were lovely and cool, but Richard's was terrible. The lights were blazing down on the popular star's defenseless head and he had a handkerchief tucked in his neck to protect his collar until they were ready to take the scene. For some reason the lights had not been turned off during the wait. "Must you boil 'em?" he asked. The lights were switched off.

June Collyer is playing opposite Richard in his last picture for Paramount before he takes up his new contract with RKO. We felt very brilliant that afternoon and asked June how she liked working on the Paramount lot. Whereupon June beamed and said she adored it.

It's a funny thing, but Buddy Rogers' face lights up the same way when June's name is mentioned.

* * *

A very picturesque scene was in progress at the Mack Sennett Studios, a portion of which has been rented by Tiffany-Stahl, for "Mr. Antonio," featuring Leo Carillo and Virginia Valli. It is the picturization of the play in which Otis Skinner starred, and I am sure that you will find Mr. Carillo just as charming.

The set, though built on a sound stage, represented a sheltered bit of wood which several Italians had picked for their camp. They carried along with them a donkey and a white cockatoo. Virginia Valli, tired and hungry, stumbled on this camp and is invited to supper by Tony.

We couldn't do much chattering on the set because they were all working steadily but at lunch hour we went with Virginia Valli, James Flood, the director, and Leo Carillo to an attractive little Inn near the studio which is far away from Hollywood and all its hustle and bustle. Jimmy and Leo treat Virginia like a kid sister, tease her unmercifully, and she loves it. "What a relief to work with jolly people," she told me as we drove over in her little new Ford. "It makes life so much happier and easier."

I've heard of artists of one kind or another being temperamental but I never heard of not being able to get fried eggs at any Inn. Mr. Flood wanted fried eggs, but no matter what he said or how he said it the only kind of eggs he could get at that Inn were deviled eggs. So deviled eggs he took.

"Now that Anna May Wong is out of town you ought to be able to get a job in pictures," said Jimmy to the pretty waitress.

"She's not Anna May Wong. She's Theda Bara," said Leo. "Come on over to the studio this afternoon and we'll take a test of you." But the girl ran off giggling and embarrassed.

"Zizz-zzzzzzzzzz!" went Leo, looking all over for an imaginary mosquito. "Zizz-zzzz!" And whang! his hand came down on Virginia Valli's forehead.

"Why my forehead?" asked Virginia ruefully stroking her frontal extremity.
Why is it that winter scenes are always taken in summer and summer scenes in winter? On some of the hottest summer days the Harry Langdon company was doing Alaskan scenes on Hal Roach's back lot. Purs? Sure, and everything. Thelma Todd moved about in a bear-skin coat that did more to preserve her girlish figure than two eighteen-day diets would.

The picture over, she is leaving for a visit to Boston and parts east. "Why don't you do something handsome for the old home town while you're there?" chaffed a friend, "like rebuilding the school-house or whatever noble thing Henry Ford did for his town."

"Well, I'm really going back to lift the mortgages off the old homestead!" said Thelma with serious eyes.

* * *

Some comedy sets are painfully serious but on the Langdon set, Harry, Thelma Todd and Bobby Dunn are always wise-cracking.

The day before we were there Thelma had to eat a whole can of sardines.

"How terrible!" we exclaimed.

But Thelma didn't feel at all sorry for herself.

"Now you know you like sardines," she said. "What's terrible about that?"

"They are terrible in the morning, and terrible any time unless drenched with lemon. You couldn't very well have lemon on them because lemons don't grow in the ice."

"Oh, well," said Thelma briskly, "I just squeezed Bobby."

Harry Langdon, of course, falls in the hole in the ice. And when he emerges he is hugging a good-sized fish to his heart. Scrambling up on the ice bank he puts the fish across his knee and spanks it. Then taking it in his hands in his inimitable way he says, "You little devil, you!" Could anyone but Harry get away with a thing like that.

* * *

Two justly famous California products: sunshine and Charles Farrell. Charlie takes a sun-bath on the lawn of his brand-new home at Toluca Lake.

"Because it looks too noble for a mosquito to attack unmolested!" Leo replied with a bow.

"Idiot," laughed Virginia.

The little waitress reappeared with coffee and pie.

"I think you are mean to tease me," she said blushing.

"If I had a profile like that, I might think of going into pictures."

Leo scanned Virginia's lovely face disapprovingly.

"If you call that a profile, baby," he said, "you should see the cockatoo on our set!"

* * *

There is a hill in Hollywood where several famous bachelors live and swear to remain unwed upon it. One by one they have come down until only a few are left. It was said that William Powell had joined the backsliders. We happened to be at the studio when the news reached Bill.

"Isn't that interesting," he said. "I didn't know anything about it, but it is interesting. Perhaps more so in contemplation than realization."

But all jokes aside, Bill is perfectly satisfied with his hilltop and while he didn't say so, I rather imagine he prefers single blessedness to married bliss. Not that he has anything against marriage, but he just figures that there are some folks better fitted to jog along in single harness than in a tandem.

* * *

Richard Dix's advice to girls about how to get your man. In pictures, of course. Rule one: don't let the man know you are in love with him. Rule two: keep yourself scarce. Rule three: make him jealous.

And, girls, Richard's a bachelor!

Billy Haines blocked traffic when he and his company, under Harry Beaumont's direction, went to Indianapolis to film street and racing scenes for "Speedway." The Hoosier capital turned out to watch the movie makers at work.
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Page, honeymooners. Paul and his bride, Ethel Allis, met six years ago when both appeared in vaudeville.

and almost make you believe it? The fish squawks in protest when he spanks it, too—it's a talkie!

* * *

Fredric March, who plays the husband in "Paris Bound," directed by J. H. Griffith, said the only time he ever really suffered terribly from stage fright was one night during the run of "The Royal Family" in Los Angeles. The old door-man came to Fred's dressing room and said, "You'd better be good tonight, lad. He's out front!" He being Jack Barrymore. Everyone knows that the play is supposed to have been inspired by the goings on of the Barrymore family and that Ethel had been furious over it. Fred played the brother who was John Barrymore.

"What I suffered that night! But, mercifully, after the second act Jack came around chuckling and told me the whole thing was very amusing."

* * *

There is a certain little spot on Fountain Avenue in Hollywood where you will see a sign, 'Little Tooting.'

A few English actors and artists have gradually settled there, the first among them being, I believe, Lionel Belmore. Then Eric Snowden, who is not in pictures, but has made several outstanding hits recently on the local stage and brings with him a rich experience as actor and stage manager for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Next to Eric lives Alfred Tennyson, twin brother of Laurence and descendant of England's Poet Laureate, and Eric Stacey. Both boys are in pictures.

They have a sort of community table, all being bachelors. Breakfast is in one house, luncheon in another, tea in another and dinner in another. It just depends upon who is at home and has the time to fuss. Lionel Belmore has been working so hard and so late at night that the mess hall has seen but little of him. He is now in "The Love Parade" with Chevalier.

We happened by the other night after the theater, and seeing the lights, waved hello. "Come on in and bring the crowd. We're making goulash," called Eric. Sure enough he had on the red fez that always means with Eric that there are Things On The Stove, and Lionel had on the dressing gown and stocking cap that mean the same thing.

There are visitors to Little Tooting, sort of honorary non-resident members, so to speak. The most faithful of these are Joseph Schildkraut and Lawford Davidson, but Victor MacLaglen is becoming one of the old reliables.

* * *

As everyone knows, Lon Chaney has been fighting the talkies. Lon's reticence and dislike of exploiting or even revealing his real personality on the screen extends even to his voice. He thinks illusion is the charm of drama and he doesn't want reality to stalk too near. This only applies to himself however. He wants the story to be true to life and logical. But when he is

Florence Ziegfeld and Samuel Goldwyn are to bring the Ziegfeld 'Follies' to the films. They have formed a company to produce all-talking, all-color pictures.
For October 1929

acting he is not Lon Chaney, he is somebody else; and he
doesn't want Lon Chaney intruding.

Now he has consented to appear in the talkies if a story
can be found that will give him an opportunity to use
several different voices so that his own will be lost in the
shuffle. And that, between you and me, is why he stepped
out of the "The Bugle Song" and is going to take a much
needed vacation while the studio hunts for a suitable story
for him.

Lon suggested that he play a deaf mute in a talking
picture, but someone else thought a ventriloquist would
be better. So we'll see.

Seems to be a lot of information concerning bachelors
in this department this month, but speaking of them and
that hilltop, the one who lives on the very brow of it is

in danger of toppling. Meaning Ronald Colman. Oh,
nothing serious of course, but just the same Ronnie
thinks Joan Bennett is a nice kid. Not his
words at all—ours.
His are: "Well, how
is the divine lady to-
day?" And he takes
Joan lots of places.

Wesley Ruggles,
who will direct Ron-
ald Colman in "Con-
demned to Devil's
Island," gave a house-
arming at his
Malibu Beach home.
It is the most charm-
ing duplex with a
back yard full of
flowers, and a lawn
and a front yard full of
sand and the
ocean.

"Look at Clara," said Lila Lee. Sure

enough, there was Clara Bow sitting in her front yard
which adjoins Wesley's wiping the sand from her little
brown toes. She had on a scarlet bathing suit and her
flaming hair catching the rays of the sun made her look
like a little red candle. Clara had come to her beach house
for a rest, so no one did more than wave to her over the
fence.

John Boles and Kathryn Crawford sang a duet. Every-
one knows John can sing, but Kathryn's beautiful voice
was a surprise to some of us. We asked Bebe Daniels to
show off her lately acquired vocal training but the "Rio
Rita" company worked that night and John and Bebe,
who came with Ben Lyon, trounced off early.

Viola Dana doesn't look a day older than when I last
saw her ten seasons ago. She is as brown as a coffee
berry and wears her hair in a long bob which curls in
luxuriant waves about her vivid face and
neck.

For no particular
reason, except that
they did go places
together for awhile,
when one see Viola
Dana one thinks of
Rex Lease. Rex and
Bob Gilbert, a song
writer, have taken a
place in Laurel Can-
yon and the other
night they warmed
the place with a
weenie roast.

Rudy Vallee, sing-
ing idol of the stage,
radio and night club,
is making a tabloid
musical comedy.
ASK ME!

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

By Miss Vee Dee

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you want an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

W. H. Marietta, Ohio. You want your "star measurements" right down to the ground, don't you? Can't the girls be weighed and measured in their—er—chiffon-ery? Oh, have a heart! Molly O'Day is 5 feet 2½ inches tall. Dolores Costello is 5 feet 4 inches. Marceline Day is 5 feet 3 inches, Sally Blane is 5 feet 4 inches and Edna Marion is 5 feet 1 inch tall.

Ruth from Old Virginia. You couldn't wear your welcome out on my door mat, so drop in any time, there's always a place to park your personality. Clifford Holland played opposite Olive Borden in "The Secret Studio," and Ben Bard was the naughty artist. The present Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. (Mary Pickford) is not Doug. Jr.'s mother. His mother is Mrs. Beth Sully Evans, first wife of Douglas Sr. Have I made that clear? Lawrence Gray is 30 years old. He has blue-green eyes, brown hair, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. Larry is not married.

Five Girls from Cleveland. That's my notion of a big splash. As long as you confine your questions to a mere one hundred, you're the spoon in my coffee. Mary Astor has auburn hair and dark brown eyes. Billie Dove has dark brown hair and eyes. Norma Shearer has brown hair and blue eyes. You can reach Lloyd Hughes at 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Cal. Richard Dix and Gary Cooper at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Barbara Kent at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Miss Vee Dee's readers collect autographed photographs of Edmund Lowe, and Eddie collects prize-winning wire-haired terriers! Here is the star with Champ, officially known as Champion of Knotts, Jr., and Snoopy, otherwise Rover of Sidlaw, and the cups they have won.

G. H., of Cortes, N. Y. Your praise of my department cheers me wonderfully and I always pay strict attention to cheers. Now give the little lady another big hand (my other two are busy) and plenty of huzzas! Don't run out of huzzas. Your favorite, Robert Fraser, was born in Worcester, Mass. He is 5 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 168 pounds and has brown eyes and black hair. His wife is Mildred Bright, a professional. One of his latest films, "The City of Purple Dreams," was made with Barbara Bedford in the cast.

Bubbles from Boston. Are you one of those Venus de Milo girls—"Hands off!"—you know? No, I'm never mistaken when I give the world my famous chatter—but sometimes misprints occur as in the case of Gardner James in the January issue. Allow me to change Gardner's figure. He is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Home, James!

A Novarro Fan from Toronto. Am I a Mrs. or a Mr.? I'm just a plain Miss. I always figure that having no luck at all is better than having bad luck, so why change it? Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6, 1900. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He is very musical—sings, plays, dances well—and what in Hollywood doesn't he do well? Gary Cooper was born May 6, 1901, in Helena, Mont. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes, two rows of swell teeth and a cleft in his chin. Take your bow, Gary.

Florence R., of Johnstown, Pa. You have my permission to write as often as
you like—I’ll reply as quickly as possible but the waiting list grows longer and time grows shorter as I grow older. Just growing pains—don’t try to stop me! “China Bound” was the working title for “Across to Singapore” with Ramon Novarro and Joan Crawford.

M. A. from Foxboro, Mass. Yoo-ho, Maggie, come on over! Of course you can take a chance on my column or a whack at it—one good whack deserves another. Nancy Carroll has auburn hair and blue eyes. She was born in New York City, November 19, 1906. Josephine Dunn is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and has golden hair and blue eyes. Miss Dunn is a nice, sweet girl even if they do make her such an ‘old maenie’ in so many pictures. Ramon Novarro is not married to Elsie Janis. Ramon and Elsie are both enjoying the single life.

Jerry of Oregon. Aren’t you the thrifty soul to get all this information for two pennies, and then hope you’ll get your money’s worth? To show you I’m not muscle bound, get under the wire. Robert Agnew was born in Dayton, Ky., in 1899. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. You can reach Clara Bow at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mary C. of Washington, D. C. You sincerely hope my information will be satisfactory. It’s going to be too bad if it isn’t. Camilla Horn has made two pictures with John Barrymore at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. “Tempest” and the last release was “Eternal Love.” Camilla was born April 22, 1908, at Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany. She weighs 120 pounds, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. John Gilbert is married to Ina Claire, stage actress, now in talkies. David Lee has made several films since “The Irving Thalberg” with Joan. He plays in “Frozen River,” “She Knew Men,” and “Sonny Boy.” In his first starring film, “Sonny Boy,” he is supported by Betty Bronson and Gene Stratton Porter.

A. M. A., Fort Bayard, New Mexico. You’ll see more of Mae Murray in her next film, “Peacock Alley” to be produced by Tiffany-Stahl, 4116 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Yes, the same story she did before, but this time a talkie-singie-dance. Mae has been on the stage for some time but has decided to get the film fans a chance to unload a lot of enthusiasm in her behalf. She was born May 10, 1893. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. In “Buckskin and Satin,” released in 1925, Orville Caldwell played opposite Alice Terry and Dorothy Sebastian was the wayward sister.

Stanley S. of Freewater, Oregon. The girls in pictures do not always have the same leading man except in the cases of co-starring teams. Clara Bow, Alice White, Colleen Moore and many others shift their film affections like nobody’s business. Neil Hamilton plays opposite Colleen in “Why Be Good?” Richard Arlen plays with Clara Bow in her latest release, “Dangerous Curves.” Jack Mulhall is Alice White’s best man in “Vagabond Baby.” Marion Nixon was born October 20, 1904. Lupe Velez was born July 18, 1904. Her real name is Marie Villalobos and her birthplace, San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Marion Davies was born January 3, 1900.

The Village Queen, Fort Worth, Tex. You have no idea how I love to meet a queen to say nothing of a duchess or two. Sue Carol is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Clara Bow is 5 feet 3½ inches, Anita Page is 5 feet 2 inches and Olive Borden is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Sorry I can’t tell you the number of shoes they wear but I’ll bet it would agitate my bank roll.

An English Fan, Gateshead, England. Your delightful letter deserves a place in my department but space forbids; but write as interesting a letter to the "Confession of the Fans" Department and give the American fans a treat. Your fellow countryman, John Loder, plays with Ruth Chatterton in "The Doctor’s Secret." George O’Brien is 28 years old and has dark brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet ½ inch tall and weighs 185 pounds. He is an all-around athlete, excelling in boxing, swimming, football, basketball and volleyball. His latest release is “Noah’s Ark” with Dolores Costello.

De Orville E. of Mexia, Tex. Of course you’ll see your answer in Screenland and why not? Wipe off the old binoculars and take a look. Reynolds, 23 years old. He is 6 feet tall and has blue eyes and brown hair. Bob’s latest picture is “The Amazing Vagabond,” made at the FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. FBO will hereafter be known as RKO—which means, Radio-Keith-Orpheum. Fred Thompson died December 25, 1928. His last picture was “Kit Carson.”

Birdie, University of Washington. Do I ever get letters from the west and why don’t I answer them? Where in Seattle have you been that you fail to read my gems from a heart of gold? Colleen Moore will be happy to know how popular she is in your university. To win a popularity contest by a majority of one thousand votes

George Lewis, star of "The Collegians," is one of the most popular stars with our readers this month. Here’s George with his prize pups.

— hurrah for Colleen! Her latest film "Fools and Footlights," an all-talkie. Gary Cooper is 28 years old.

Mimi from New York City. I have a nose for news but I’ve never yet kidnapped any stars’ kiddies to get a picture for my department, not even to please you. Lestrice Joy has a darling little girl but she is known only in the private life of Lestrice and her close friends. Don’t feel hurt about it; we celebrities must have our private lives. Since completing "The Bellamy Trial" Miss Joy has been on the vaudeville stage. She played with Victor McLaglen in "Strong Boy" but we don’t see enough of Lestrice, that’s a fact. However, now that First National has signed her for speakes, wait, look, and listen.

Conde from San Juan, Porto Rico. After you read this blurb you’ll admit I’ve passed my detective correspondence course. Gloria Swanson’s father was a captain in the U. S. Army. Gloria was born in Chicago, Ill. March 27, 1897. She was educated in schools in Chicago, Key West, and Porto Rico, and also attended the Art Institute in the Windy City. She married Marquise de la Falaise de Coudray on Jan. 28, 1925.

Canadian Double from Hamilton. Whose little double are you? It’s as easy for a camel to get through the eye of a needle as for a double to get through the movie gate—even the singles have a Dickens of a time. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were married March 28, 1920. Jack Dufy, the Christie cut-up, is 46 years old and can give some of the younger boys a run for the big time.

Caroline M. of Atlanta, Ga. Follow my advice about writing sincere letters to the stars and get results—and see the thanks roll into my department. No, I did not say bank roll. Raquel Torres was born November 11, 1908, in Mexico. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Her real
name is Guillermina von Ostermann. Her first screen appearance was with Monte Blue in "White Shadows in the South Seas." Her latest film at this writing is "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Babe of Vancouver, B. C. Do I think John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are good screen lovers? Good? Oh, Mammy! You can write to Greta at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. She was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. As for a personal letter from her, that would be too much to hope for, but then you never can tell. Her latest film is "The Single Standard," in which her leading man is Nils Asther, the handsome young Swedish heart and home-wrecker—on the screen.

A Myrna Loy Fan, Tonkars, N. Y. Do you have any questions—I'm crazy for 'em. Myrna Williams, as Miss Loy is known in her home town of Helena, Montana, has titian hair, green eyes and is 5 feet 6 inches tall. You will see her in "The Squall" with Alice Joyce, Loretta Young and Carroll Nye. You can address Myrna at Warner Brothers Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Brown Eyes from Woonsocket, R. I. No, I never get tired of answering questions. If I'd get tired, I'd get fired, and I must live—you don't mind do you? Gary Cooper's real name is Frank J. Cooper. Buddy Rogers' is Charles Rogers. Buddy has black hair and brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and is 24 years old. You will see Rod La Rocque in "The Man and the Moment" with Billie Dove; and in "Our Modern Maidens" with Joan Crawford and Anita Page.

A Norma Talmadge Fan, Portland, Va. What is home without a movie fan? I don't know, I never had a home without one. Norma Talmadge was born May 26, 1897 at Niagara Falls, N. Y. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. She is the wife of Joseph M. Schenck, of United Artists Corporation. Constance Talmadge was born April 19, 1900, at Brooklyn, N. Y. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has blonde hair and brown eyes. She is married to Townsend Netcher. Patsy Ruth Miller was born in St. Louis, Mo. She has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. Anita Page was born August 4, 1910.

Marion S. of Saskatoon, Saska. You think I'm funny, do you? I take no credit for that, you fans made me what I am today, and I'm glad you're satisfied. My public (ahem! business of making loud noise in the throat) seem to be very successful in obtaining photos of the stars, so why not you? You can reach Renee Adoree, Conrad Nagel and Nils Asther at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Donald Reed is with First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Mary Lou of Mullins, S. C. You want to be one exception to get a real-honest-to-goodness letter from Buddy Rogers. Now what am I supposed to do? Thousands of other girls would like to embrace that opportunity. Hey, Buddy! As you asked so pretty, I'll see what can be done about it, but don't hold it against me if he doesn't fall for you. You can reach Buddy at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mrs. W. H. H., of New Orleans, La. Have I a picture of Ronald Colman hanging around anywhere? You would appreciate it if I had. So would I. But I'm always glad to talk about that man—the nice things I can say would fill my page. Touch your hat. Ronny; I'm not kidding. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and was born February 9, 1891 in Richmond, Surrey, England. His first screen appearance was with Lillian Gish in "The White Sister" in 1923. Since then his notable films have been, "Beau Geste," "Dark Angel," "Stella Dallas," "The Magic Flame," "The Night of Love," "The Rescue," "Two Lovers," and his latest, "Bulldog Drummond."

Nellie from Gapland, Md. Imagine my surprise to open a letter with just one question. I'm overcome, and all other words of emotion. Nellie's real name is George Beldam. He was born October 16, 1905, in Chicago, Ill. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He did not get in pictures through a stage background but just rode in. Lucky boy, Rex plays with Caryl Lincoln in "Wild West Romance," produced by Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondy and Brunette from Chicago. You'd like to take a look at me—well, that's better than a shot at me. Sue Carol was born in Chicago, October 30, 1908. Her real name is Evelyn Lederer. Her next film is "The Exalted Flapper." You can address her at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. "Hot News!" with Bebe Daniels and Neil Hamilton was released in September, 1928. Neil plays with Olga Baclanova and Olive Block in "The Dangerous Woman," "The Cop" with William Boyd, Alan Hale and Jacqueline Logan was released in July, 1928. Lillian Gish was born October 14, 1896, in Springfield, Ohio. She is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She is a Brunette. Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Le Sueur. Joan was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1906. She was married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., June 3, 1929.

Spanish Olive from West Brook, Ohio. How could I refuse an olive? Not unless I'm unconscious. Edward Nugent's first picture was "Our Dancing Daughters," since then he has appeared in "The Bellamy Trial," "The Flying Fleet," "A Single Man," and "Our Modern Maidens." Eddie was born February 7, 1904, in New York City. He is 6 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 140 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Eddie will bear watching. Your other questions are answered elsewhere in this department.
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private drawing room, we found still other guests.

Anita Stewart and her prospective hus-
band, George Converse, were there, and
when we asked the radiant Anita when she
was going to be married, she laughingly
explained not until she had discovered the
lucky day by numerolatry, so that she
could be sure her marriage would turn out
happily.

"I was married the first time on a rainy
May Day, and maybe that's why it didn't
turn out happily," she explained.

Anita told us that her sister, Lucille Lee
Stewart, whose aviator-husband was killed
in an accident, you
remember, is going
to live with her.

"She is very sad,
these days," Anita
told us.

Joan Bennett was
there, and had
brought her baby!
She looks little
more than a baby
herself. Joan was
married to a man
named Fox, but is
divorced, you know.
She always takes
the baby about with
her when she possi-
ibly can.

Speaking of ba-
bies reminded Car-
melita that she had
just heard of the
birth of Johnny
Mack Brown's baby.
He is very happy
over the fact that
the younger is a
girl. His wife is a
lovely Southern
girl.

Mary Duncan
was there looking
cool and charming in a green organdie.

"I don't see," confided Patsy, "how
anybody in going to play tennis. Every-
body is all dollyed up."

Pat Kearney, the playwright, was there
with his charming wife, and Juliane John-
ston, Colleen Moore, Lila Lee, Hedda Hop-
per, Ilka Chase, Corinne Ross, Lois Wil-
son, Floabelle Fairbanks, Lily Damita, June
Harding, Scena Owen, Virginia Valli,
Blanche Sweet, Irene and Edith Mayer,
Avonne Taylor, Sheila Geraghty, Paul
Bern, Harold Lloyd and Mildred, Tom Ger-
aghty, Pat Dowling and his wife, Mr. and
Mrs. Benjamin Glaesen, Arthur Hornblow,
John Mcllcomick, Edmund Goulding, John
Farrow, Maurice Reves, Lawrence Stall-
ings, Eddie Lowe and Lilian Tashman and
a score of others, were among the guests.

Lily Damita was wearing tennis clothes
and looked very cute in them. She ex-
plained that she never had been engaged
to Harry Richman for a minute—it was all a
joke.

We all tramped into the dining room for
breakfast, or, if we preferred, had break-
fast outdoors on the terrace under the
trees. Patsy and I climbed the dining room,
and a bunch, headed by Eddie Lowe, Lilian
Tashman and Hedda Hopper, joined in
singing popular songs, including Talk
Good Care of Yourself, You Belong to Me and
matinee performance of Pierre of the
Plains" one day. In the play her father
was planning to offer us his seat, and then,
catching sight of Joan Bennett, told us
something amusing that happened when
Joan was a very little girl.

"Joan is Richard Bennett's daughter, you
know. He and I were playing together
at the Akatari in San Francisco when I
was a callow youth just out of college," ex-
plained Eddie. "Joan sat in a box at a
ber of other people also took a turn at the
racket.

After that we strolled out into the gar-
den, sat on the lawn, or traveled over to
the tennis court.

We met Eddie Lowe sitting on one of
those rustic benches under a tree. He rose
pallidly to offer us his seat, and then,
catching sight of Joan Bennett, told us
something amusing that happened when
Joan was a very little girl.

"Joan is Richard Bennett's daughter, you
know. He and I were playing together
at the Akatari in San Francisco when I
was a callow youth just out of college," ex-
plained Eddie. "Joan sat in a box at the
American at the Hollywood party,
pronouncing Carmelita, who by the way,
Polly Moran, telescoping Carmelita's first
and last names, calls Carmelini, the very
sweetest hostess ever.

"Gwen Lee isn't merely a born actress;
she's a born hostess, too," exclaimed Patsy.
We had gone over to Gwen's beautiful
new home with John Davidson, the actor,
and had been greeted by Gwen, clad in a
most becoming flame-colored gown.

We had arrived early, and so had a
chance to glance about us at Gwen's pretty
green-and-gold bedroom and
at the Italian fur-
ishings in her
drawing room.

The house is
Italian and Spanish,
and looks down on
a picturesque curve in
the wooded can-
yon road where it
stands on the side of a hill. This was
Gwen's house-
arming party.

"Oh, we had that
Italian clock," said
Patsy. "It has flow-
ers painted all over
the face of it, so
that you can't tell
what time it is.
Isn't that a nice
compliment to
Gwen's guests?"

Tom Miran-
da, the scenario writer,
and his wife, who,
you remember, in-
vented the card game called Kamera, were
the next arrivals. Tom had a box under his
arm, which turned out to be a book which
related a new way of telling fortunes. You
throw dice along with it, so that the system
is called Dice of Fate. The system is really
numerology, which is having a great vogue,
in all its forms, in Hollywood, these days.
The method of telling them is Tom's own
invention.

Tom told us that he had studied numer-
ology in Crotona, Greece, the fountain-head
of all sorts of mystic ideas, and he declared
that the science of numerology had been
discovered by Pythagoras.

"I think Pythagoras is grand," put in
John Davidson. "He lends such weight to
any argument. Personally, whenever I hear
Pythag's name mentioned, I always
gonna go down for the third time, and the other
fellow wins the argument."

"Anyway," Tom retorted, "there isn't a
secret in Hollywood that isn't open to me
now. So you'd better watch out."

Whereupon, Eddie Sutherland, the
director, who had been listening, pretended
to be very much frightened and hid behind
a chair!

We found that Sam Wood's vibrations
all make for great good fortune, so long
as he remains Sam, even if he is a noted
director, and doesn't try to be Samuel.

Three youngsters of well-known relatives appear with Nancy Carroll in
"Sweetie": Fred Kohler, Jr., Jack Chapin, brother-in-law of director
William Wellman, and Art Daly, nephew of author George Marion, Jr.

Making Whoopee.
We all gathered about Tom, there in the lovely drawing room, some on the cozy sofas and chairs, others on pillows on the floor, to wait for the war to end.

Mary Doran's bright face peeped up at Tom, who told her that she was very lucky.

"I know it," answered Mary, I won a jar of shooting clay pigeons, down at Venice last night!"

When we shot the dice, we found that Mary was a south-paw, but that didn't keep her from her fortunes read.

Eddie Sutherland told Mary that she was the cutest girl in pictures."

"Look out," Mary retorted, "I may take you someday."

Pretty Ethlyn Claire was there with Ernest Westmore, the make-up man, to whom she admitted she is engaged.

Dorothy Burgess, who was in the group, told Tom she had just bought a lot, and wanted to find out how her investment would result.

"Bought a lot?" demanded Mary Doran."

"That shows the courage of a fireman!"

That pretty Janice Peters, who is just starting in pictures, is to appear in an amateur musical comedy and was all excited about it.

Ernest Westmore said he had just been fishing at Noah Beery's fishing ground, where there were so many fish that all you had to do was knock them on the head with a baseball bat. Ernie is one of those terribly serious sportsmen who wants his fishing to be as difficult as possible.

She was as good as that at storytelling this year," remarked Renee Adoree, who had just arrived, "what will he be next season?"

Mary Doran said that Ernie had caught so many fish this season that he was drunk with power anyway, and ought to ignored.

Gwen circulated about among her guests, and somebody finally suggested she ought to do as she just bought a lot, and she did as she was asked. Mary was glad to do, as she had worn herself out that afternoon, chasing her parrot, which had escaped and was leaping from tree to tree on the hillside back of her home.

Theodore Von Eltz arrived just then, plus a heavy mustache, and Mary Doran asked him whether he cultivated the mustache, or was he born with it?

Renee Adoree had come with Danny Denker, and Lee Tracy was with Johnny Ray. Johnny wrote "Ahhi," you know.

Mary Doran confided to us that Lee was one of those people who made her keep her dignity on all stars.

Johnny Ray was devoting himself to Renee Adoree, and was laughing at her jokes, and Renee said she was thinking of having Johnny Ray syndicated.

Johnny told us about the last time that Clark and McCullough were playing in London — how they sent him post-cards showing Windsor Castle and Westminster Abbey, with marks on windows, and the remark, "Cross shows window of my room!"

Supper was served at 10:30, buffet fashion — a very excellent supper, to which everybody evidently had brought what John Davidson called their picnic appetites.

Then Mary Doran played the piano for us, Gwen turning the radio off, and Lee Tracy reading her letters.

Anderson Lawlor, Helen Mencken's fiancée, was there. They are playing together at present in Los Angeles.

Cliff Edwards, known to the world as Ukulele Ike, arrived late, and without his faithful ukulele, so that somebody told him that in that case he would just have to go into his imitations.

Cliff told us that he had gone to Honolulu, expecting to be a sensation with his ukulele.

"Imagine how I felt," he kidded, "to find that they had stolen my stuff down there!"

Nancy Dover, who played in Cecil De Mille's "Dynasty," was there, and proved a charmingly modest young lady, not at all set up over her success in the picture.

It was very late when the guests began to disperse, and even when we left, Tom Miranda was still there, sitting on the floor and telling fortunes to a little group, including Gwen, whose fortune must have been very sweet, for she was smiling broadly when she hopped up to tell us goodnight, after Tom had been telling her about "the dark young man."

The Merry Eatons — Continued from page 69

agreed that she shall have a voice in the selection of her next story. They have listened to and agreed with her objections to several presented for consideration.

In the fall she must return to New York to fulfill a starring contract on the stage. But after that, who can tell? It seems likely that Mary, having married into the movies, will make her home in Hollywood. If Mary and her parrot, her big shaggy dog, it may mean she'll stay here and make pictures in the Eastern studios. But if she leaves the bird and the bow-wow behind, it's odds-on that she plans to leave Broadway for the greater triumphs of the singing screen.

Meanwhile the big suite in the towerring hotel where Mary makes her home is sadly empty without her. If you lift the luxurious drapes that dress the expansive windows, you may look down on Broadway, a ribbon of phosphorus far below. A few blocks down and to the left stands a house dingily placarded "To Let — One Room and Attic." Perhaps it will be rented by another blonde kid with wide blue eyes and a brave heart full of ambition and who's left of a fifty-dollar note. If so — let's hope she hears about Mary Eaton. And keeps on trying!

Clara Bow's bathing suit contest, offered in the July issue of SCREENLAND, was won by Miss Josa Lee Austin, 226 Pearl Street, Hartford, Conn.

Camilla Horn's moonstone bracelet, offered in the same issue, was won by Miss Mary Glover Quigley, Washington Duke Hotel, Durham, North Carolina.

Unquestioned Party for Over Half a Century

the SECRETS of

THRILLING BEAUTY hidden for over 50 years BEHIND GUARDED STAGE DOORS now REVEALED

In the theatre and the movies beauty walks hand in hand with success. So naturally no star would divulge her personal beauty secrets. But today the sponsors of these famous beauty aids used by nearly all stars are free to announce to American women Stein's Beauty Preparations now available for personal use.

Five wonder preparations Stein's Cold Cream, Face Powder, Liquid Powders, Lip Stick and Eyebrow Pencil are on sale this very minute at your favorite store. Each is the same magical beautifier that the greatest stars are using every day in their private boudoirs. If you want to remove all chance from your make-up...if you want to possess the easy, fascinating way to win...beauty, follow the lead of these lovely women. Go to any Toilet Goods Counter today, and ask for Stein's Beauty Preparations.

Unquestioned Party for Over Half a Century
to be reelected with and Dorothy Revier is in great demand with other leading producers such as Paramount, Fox, United Artists and First National. Not only has she played the feminine leads in Columbia's "The Donovan Affair" and "Submarine," but she won gratifying attention with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Iron Mask," and opposite Richard Barthelmess and Charles Farrell. More recently she scored in a featured role with Hal Skelly in "The Dance of Life," and in "Father and Son" and "Light Fingers." Like most other screen stars Miss Revier's voice has passed all talkie tests with laurels.

Dorothy Revier is strictly a product of background and training. Daughter of an Italian musician, she began her art education very early in life. "San Francisco was my birthplace," said Miss Revier, "and I spent almost all my girlish life there. My own name is Dorothy Valerga. My father, Thomas Tancredi Valerga, was a musician and conductor of note until he retired a few years ago. My mother is dead. I am one of a family of five, all sisters. Gladys and Kitty are married and have children. Antoinette is unmarried and a business woman in San Francisco, and Evelyn, also unmarried, is with me. When I was a schoolgirl, my father was either conducting his own orchestra, or playing in the symphonies in San Francisco and Oakland. When I entered Oakland high school, my father started me in dancing school at the same time. In San Francisco there was a famous old Italian ballet mistress, Madame Morosini. She had been coach to Pavlova at one time, and was one of the finest ballet dancers in Europe in her youth. For four years I studied Italian ballet, toe dancing, and so on under the strict eye and training of Morosini. The moment I finished I joined Boris Petroff and Alla Moscova, two noted Russian dancers, who toured the Pacific Coast in a vaudeville act of classic dancing. I was one of the six girls who danced in their support. After several weeks on the road, we returned to San Francisco where I continued to study with Petroff and also returned to Madame Morosini. My dancing training was certainly thorough, as I was getting both the Italian and Russian methods."

"My one ambition at this time was to get somewhere on the stage, and eventually to land on Broadway. With this in mind I used to go down to the Italian colony, way out on the North Beach with Madame Morosini to appear in shows in a little Italian theater. Although I couldn't speak Italian, they liked my dancing, so I gained that rich experience for months, at the financial reward of five dollars a performance."

At this time, in 1921, Tait's cafe was still one of the most famous restaurants on the Pacific Coast. Their standard of entertainment ranked with the best vaudeville and it was the ambition of every San Francisco performer to get an engagement at Tait's. Accordingly, when the star of the night show was called to New York, I applied for the job. Of course, there were dozens of applicants but I happened to be the lucky one. Due to my long and rigorous dance training in both the Italian and Russian schools, I was well equipped to hold my own at first because the patrons at Tait's had been accustomed to nothing but jazz. I knew that this poularity would last only a couple of weeks so I hired myself over to a dear, old Irish flack and wing dancer named Rosy O'Rourke. He taught me tap dancing and gave me some dance routines. To make a long story short, I simply struck a happy medium between my classic dancing and jazz, and held my job. In fact, I was there a year or more and I had but one aim in mind—Broadway—where my predecessor had gone.

"Certainly I had no thought of the movies. Right here comes the chance: I believe that I am one of the very few screen players who didn't make a picture debut in Hollywood. No sir, I actually started in San Francisco, playing opposite Roy Stewart and Louise Lovely. The picture was a terrible flop, but it gave me the movie bug, and a few months later found me in Hollywood to try my luck."

"Like many players, I got my first break at Universal City, in a Gladys Walton picture. This former star is now married and retired. I did pretty well as a bit player, and when picture engagements were scarce, I fell back on my dancing ability."

"Then along came Poverty Row. I knew the companies worked like the dimes on that little street, making their 'quickies,' and I knew the only reward awaiting a player was steady work and money. At that time I needed money to live on far more than I needed art, so I determined to stay in Poverty Row until I could become fairly independent."

"Work! I never worked so hard in my life. The long hours, no vacations and minor inconveniences made life just one long working day. But it was good. I honestly believe the training I received in Poverty Row not only helped make me an actress, but taught me to be sensible and content with my career now that I am getting somewhere."

"About that time there was a company coming to the front. Columbia had started on Poverty Row a couple of years before, but under the leadership of Harry and Jack Cohn, it was occasionally turning out a real picture. The Cohn boys took the curse off Poverty Row; they paid such good salaries and worked such reasonable hours that soon some of the leading players were not ashamed to accept a week's engagement or two at the 'little studio around the corner.' In fact, so many noted stars such as Jack Holt, Hobart Bosworth, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Betty Compston and others worked there so much that Columbia became known as the 'port of missing stars.'"

Old Poverty Row is a forgotten street. Its Queen is gone. She's on the Riviera now!
For October 1929

Red Letter Events In
New Day Screen Entertainment

Radio Pictures

Rio Rita
Florenz Ziegfeld's Most Glorious Musical Comedy, Now Glorified for the Screen

Street Girl
A Star-Sprayed Romance of Life and Love Beneath the Glitter of Broadway's Night Clubs

At last the screen does justice to the name of Ziegfeld... The master producer's greatest musical comedy success, staged on a scale that dwarfs all other screen musical attractions in beauty and magnificence... Exquisite color sequences, gorgeous girls, glittering costumes, Rio Rita's lilting melodies, and new, interpolated numbers, and the superb singing and playing of the title role by Bebe Daniels, make this production even greater than the original.

Betty Compson, as the cabaret violin girl, scores the greatest triumph of her career in "Street Girl."

The story of a Broadway Cinderella and a Prince, who was not her Prince Charming... Music that creeps into your heart and sets your feet tapping... Sentiment, comedy, action, drama form the background for a characterization of unusual appeal by Betty Compson, aided and abetted by a Radio beauty chorus, Gus Arnheim's Cocoanut Grove Band, John Harron, and a fast-cracking comedy trio, Jack Oakie, Ned Sparks and Joseph Cawthorn.

Coming Radio Pictures That Forecast the Screen of Tomorrow

"Hit the Deck"—A lavish Radio Pictures presentation of Vincent Youman's round-the-world nautical musical drama, with the popular song hits, "Sometimes I'm Happy," and "Hal-Le-Lu-Jah."

"High River"—A Herbert Brenon production from the play, "High River House."... A majestic story of conflicting wills and passions in the river-threatened levee country of the Mississippi.

"RKO Revels of 1930"—An all-dancing, all-singing, all-star, all-novelty extravaganza. The first annual screen revue, to be presented yearly by Radio Pictures.

"RKO Distributing Corporation"—Subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America

Elaborate production plans await the arrival of Rudy Vallee in Hollywood where he will make "The Vagabond Lover" for Radio Pictures.

Richard Bix, newest Radio star, who is now completing the first of his three starring vehicles for this organization.

"The Vagabond Lover"—Starring the inimitable Rudy Vallee and his "Connecticut Yankees"... A romantic musical comedy, with color, action, comedy and Rudy's "come hither" voice.
Are You Blonde or Brunette?—Continued from page 81

cleansing cream on the face and neck. Wipe off with cleansing tissues. Then smooth a good plentiful cream well into the skin. By protective cream, I mean any good cold cream, preferably an only one, as most blonde skins are dry in texture. Leave on from a half to a quart and the skin has absorbed as much of the cream as it will, then wipe off and dust with powder. With such protection, the fairest skin will not turn red from exposure to wind and weather.

Upon coming, whether from work or play, use cleansing cream again to remove dust and make the face look fresh. Use a refreshing tonic, apply a bit of foundation cream and powder, and your skin will be fair, soft, and smooth to the touch.

There are a few skinners that do not need a nourishing cream patted well into the neck and around the eyes and mouth, and left on all night. The blonde, particularly, will keep her skin well lubricated, for a fine, dry skin breaks early into tiny wrinkles unless well and intelligently cared for.

The face and body must eat carefully too. She should eat sparingly and must eschew all heavy, rich and greasy foods if she would avoid the coarsening effect of large portions of bread and cakes.

Another point for eating carefully is that as a rule, she must fight the tendency to overweight. I don't know who first said the phrase 'fair, fat and forty,' but whoever it was, he evidently had looked around a bit and registered the impression that the woman who is fair at forty, also is fat. And too often, she is! Therefore it would be well to deal early with this supposed tendency by careful diet and judicious exercise.

Blonde hair, the crowning glory of its possessor, is a matter of grave concern, too. The dark-haired girl, the difference of one degree in the shade of her hair makes no difference. To the blonde, it hints of the tragedy of brunettes living in fear of the tragedy of slowly darkening hair.

The dark-haired girl has another advantage. She can delay a shampoo for a day longer or two and none the worse for it. But light hair must be kept immaculately clean. Blonde hair needs plenty of brushing to bring out its light and luster.

A great many blondes use a castile or an olive-castile shampoo. Others maintain that a coconut soap is more cleansing. But the best thing is, if your hair is light and you want to keep it so, to find a shampoo that agrees best with your hair and then use the right rinse. Of course I am speaking of natural blonde hair. Bleached hair is another thing entirely!

The camomile rinse which is used by many blonde-haired women is made by steeping very slowly, a handful of camomile (bought at the drug store) in about a quart of water. Use the tea in the last rinse. This is not a bleach and will have no bad effect on the hair. Another rinse for blonde hair, as I probably have told you before, is the juice of a lemon in the last rinsing water after a shampoo. This brings out the sunshine color and tends to make the hair more lustrous.

Light hair, to be at its best must be fluffy and waving. Slick, shingled smoothness does not become the blonde type. And the blonde must choose carefully the colors she wears, also her make-up. She must by rigid attention to the laws of health and by intelligent preventive measures guard against early fading, the blonde's tenderest fault.

All this about blondes! Small wonder, is it, that many blondes complain about the upkeep and decide to join the brunettes and comfort themselves.

Yet the dark skin needs unremitting care, too. Practically the same treatment prescribed for the protection of the blonde should be used on the dark skin. Even though your skin is naturally dark, and you don't object if it turns a shade or two darker, you must protect it from the sun, wind, and weather. The dark or olive-tinted skin to be beautiful, that must be fine-textured and clear.

The girl with dark hair and eyes usually has a thinner skin than the blonde, and often her skin has a tendency to oiliness. If this is true, she need not use cold cream as a substitute for her sister with the blonde, dry skin. She should, however, use a cream or oil for cleansing during the day and at night before retiring. She may follow the cold cream cleansing at night if she so desires. The face should then be patted dry and a good astrigent should be used to close the pores.

If your skin is very young, the face may be left free from cream during the night. But about twice a week it will be well to smooth nourishing cream under the eyes, over the lids and on the throat. If the skin is oily and has numerous pores and blackheads, do not leave cream on the chin or nose or around the mouth where blackheads are prone to gather. The blackheads, too, on the cheeks and around the pores and blackheads, do not leave cream on the chin or nose or around the mouth where blackheads are prone to gather. The blackheads, too, on the cheeks and around the pores and blackheads.

Where blonde hair does better with a wave, the brunette may achieve smartness by wearing her hair straight or at least sleek and smooth and but slightly waved. But such a coiffure demands perfect hair health. Oiliness, dull or lank hair is more conspicuous than when simply dressed.

The dark-haired girl, as well as the blonde, must look carefully to her shampoo. She must use an excellent shampoo. Of course any one of the reliable shampoo now on the market except those designed especially for blondes. And to be at its best, her hair must have the glossy, fresh, well-kept look that only daily brushing can give.

Many of our American girls are not definite types—neither blondes or brunettes. They have that from ash through to dark, to brown and eyes of no one definite color, neither light or dark. The in-betweeners, then, must live up to their type intelligently by applying the rules of health and beauty which apply to all women alike whether they are light or dark.

There are many more things to tell you about the light and dark and in-between sorts of skins, and next month I'll go on from here and tell you all about it. How the blonde may accentuate her blondness, or accent her personal charm by brain power. By what the brunette may accentuate her dark beauty by the colors she wears and skilful make-up. Intriguing secrets about shades of hair and skin, and how to make up wisely and not too well.

And if you want to know more about skins, I'm here to tell you. Write me!
Sue: Our Authentic Flapper

Continued from Page 73

wants Sue as a pupil will have to take Nick too!

"I'm crazy about my new house. I'm a roamer at heart, though. I've stayed in Hollywood longer than I've ever stayed anywhere in my life, and I'd like to be out following the road. I don't know what keeps me in Hollywood, unless it's pictures—or Nick."

To be away from Nick is her idea of the height of tragedy. When Nick was cast in "Chasing Through Europe" last year, they both did their best to win her the part opposite him. In vain. When Nick had been gone a month, Sue went to her mother, then sojourning with her, and intimated that she would like to go abroad.

"Certainly, darling, I'll take you!" cried her fond parent.

Whereupon Sue went to Fox authorities and announced that her mother was taking her to Europe. Wouldn't it save money to let her play the part in Nick's picture? June Collier had already been given the part and had reached New York but the studio recalled her and substituted the determined Sue. The mother, however, broke four ribs on the eve of the trip and an aunt took her place as chaperone and confidant.

"We loved it, especially Venice, and we hope we'll do it again some day, when we can take the time to go to out-of-the-way places and see everything we'd like to see.

At this moment Nick Stuart arrived with the talked-of shoes. Nothing would do but Sue must try them on and then together they must work out the trickiest step in the new dance Walter Wills is teaching them.

On went the radio, into the middle of the shining floor went Sue and Nick and tap-tap-tap went the new shoes as she followed him through the terpsichorean maze.

"Oh, Nick!" Sue broke off suddenly and flew to the window, "look at those two lovely lambs going out for their airing!"

The lambs were police puppies solemnly trailing up the winding road.

"Sue's dogs are both in the hospital," explained Nick, "poor old Fritzzi and Sandy have distemper and she's about broken-hearted over them. She's dog-crazy, you know. If she's ever arrested it will be for kidnapping a dog.

"She goes driving about the city, or out in the country, and every time she sees a dog, she stops her car, looks carefully around and then gives a soft whistle, like this," he did a creditable imitation of Sue enticing a canine. "But the pup gets to the car, she thinks that proves he's lost and looking for a home. Last week she came proudly home with a fox terrier and Alice had to shame her into running an ad.

"Another day, when she was down at the city pound—a place that has a fatal fascination for her—she fell in love with a little mutt of a dog, paid his board and took him home. But he wasn't a healthy ear and he spent most of the rest of his life in the dog hospital. He was mentally unbalanced, they told her, when they broke it to her that they had chloroformed him.

"But he was so sweet," sighed Sue.

Just then the radio blared forth again, and the two sprang into the intricacies of the tap-dance once more, their laughter mingling, enchantingly young, a living advertisement of the importance of being light-hearted.

ALICE JOYCE SAYS:

"The Etiquette of Beauty" is one of the most helpful and delightful books on this subject that I have ever read. In it Dorothy Cocks tells how to get the utmost from the body in both health and beauty ... and demonstrates clearly how dependent the second quality is on the first.

ALICE JOYCE"
about on the hill top. Fun is fun and all that, but there is no reason why a cow shouldn't be taken advantage of—or so they must have reasoned among themselves.

In an endeavor to pacify them the boys jumped in a car and drove to a cluster of bushes a mile or two away. They came back with enough green to turn the queer-looking things on the hill into a nice green grove, and that saved the day, although the bossies still thought it was a fool notion. Mooing and lowing they submitted to being driven along while Gary rode beside them singing a song popular with the cowboys. One of the verses is quite blood-thirsty:

If you monkey around my Lulu gal
I'll tell you what I'll do—
I'll carve your heart with my razor,
And I'll shoot you with my pistol, too!

By lunch time it was blazing hot. The sun seemed to draw all the life out of one's body. There wasn't an inch of shade so we sat on the highest point possible, to catch what breeze there was, which happened to be the railroad tracks. Lunch was served by the hotel in Sonora and brought in metal containers—stew and beans and coffee. For dessert we had ice cream and apples.

There was still an hour's work with the cows and after lunch, the remains having been cleared away in baskets, Dick and Gary and I sat on one of the parallels and listened to Speed Hanson sing the hundred and some odd verses of several cowboy songs, accompanying himself with his guitar. His job was to teach the songs to Dick and Gary and Walter Huston, and the easiest way for the boys to learn was to listen to them over and over until the music and words and spirit of the things soaked into their minds.

Soon quite a crowd gathered, and we were immensely entertained. Gary had a cold which bothered him a lot. "My first talking picture, and I get the only cold I've had in years! People will think I swallowed a raven."

Gary is very shy. When he is in a group of strange people he won't talk at all. He sits back and listens. But his eyes twinkle with humor and when he laughs his face screws up like a little boy's. Then as he begins to feel more at home he joins in the conversation. But there is always a little air of dignity and reserve about him, a sort of mystic quality. And it is that poise perhaps that adds to his attractiveness for so many people.

Gary is one person who justified the advice of friends who told him he ought to go into pictures. He started out as an advertising salesman and also injected his knowledge of art into a few advertisements for his firm. But he hated the hustle and bustle of the commercial side of salesmanship and while in California he listened to one of his friends and made a stab at pictures. Once was enough. He instantly became fascinated with whatever it is that charms people in all dramatic work. It may be an outlet for the imagination, the spirit of make-believe that is strong in all of us. At first he had tough sledding. His distaste for applying for work led him to go only to the two or three offices where he was known, and to those he went constantly. Then his chance came in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and you know the rest. A good part of his money he put into a dude ranch of which he made his father manager. In a year or two he will have five thousand acres where people, worn and weary from city life, can come and, for a time, get back to nature.

Both Gary and Dick were very bothered about being turned into stars; but as long as they were, they felt cheated that the first week of the big money would have to wait in Hollywood until they returned from Sonora to collect! I remarked that I should think they would be pleased to become stars.

"It's just the beginning of the end, Helen," said Dick. "You know that. No one ever survives it for long. A few years and then you get all tangled up in the 'system' and can't work out of it somehow. It is so much fun building! When you are a star, it seems that further achievement is taken from you. I'd much rather be a supporting player—as far as interest goes. You never know what kind of a part you will get. When you are a star you know darn well that you get what is called 'A Richard Arlen part.' The only thing is the money, and Joby and I are going to save plenty—that is, if we can ever stop building fireplaces and tunnels in our place!"

It seems that they both like fireplaces and had two in the living room; but wherever Joby went the crowd would follow, so gradually fireplaces appeared in every room in the house. "And," continued Dick, "everyone who comes to our house goes into the kitchen, so, by gosh, there's a fireplace going in there, too! It will be finished this week."

"And the tunnels—well, Joby is crazy about tunnels for some reason, and she and I started digging one from our house to the road and it is about finished. And now we don't know what to do with it although Joby says it is a swell place to keep preserves, and Dad Ralston is always sending us a lot from our ranch."

Joby and Dick have a ranch where they plan to go when they are through with the picture game, or "when it is through with us," is the way he put it.

Eugene Pallette, who plays Honey Wiggins, was watching the equipment of his horse. "Say, I don't need one of those saddles with a horn, I'm not figuring to do any riding in traffic," he told the cowboy harnessing the pony.

Then everyone pitched into work and kept it up until after six.

"Where is your moustache, Eugene?" asked Henry Hathaway.

"In my pocket," said Eugene. "You couldn't tell from where I was whether I had on a moustache or a bathing suit."

It was an hour's ride into Sonora so we were bundled into cars and sent on our way. Gary rode in ours, Mr. Fleming was

Colleen Moore has two leading men in "Footlights and Fools"—Frederic March and Raymond Hackett—and has to choose between them. Which man wins?
in the car ahead of us. We had to pass three gates and he got out and opened the first. Our car and six others went through with Mr. Fleming still standing at the gate. And he must have had a dusty ride back. I understand that Mr. Fleming is an honest-to-goodness millionnaire and is considered one of the brainiest members of the profession. But that business of getting out of a car filled with actors and members of his staff to open the gate, shows him to be a regular fellow as well. Perhaps you think, "Huh! Anyone would do that!" And so they would, any regular fellow; but strangely enough the motion picture business sometimes makes some people, particularly directors and actors and executives, think that they are something a little more than people. I'm glad to say that I have happened to meet very few of that breed.

Henry Hathaway met us at the hotel. "Say, you have to work tomorrow," he said to me.

It had been planned that I do "atmosphere"—extra work in the train sequence. Just to peek at the other side of the fence, so to speak.

"What do I get up?" I asked "five up and six out," said Henry grinning. And that was the slogan for the troupe the whole time we were there.

About six o'clock, we had dinner together. At the next table a young man was declaring to a young lady, quite casually, that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. Obviously it wasn't true. Gary made a motion of disgust. "Do women like that sort of thing?" he demanded.

"Not many in this day and age, unless they are in love—then of course the girl wants to be more beautiful or more desirable than any other woman in her sweetheart's eyes."

"Oh, well, that's different. But idle flattery—they eat it up!"

So then we had a long argument with neither side convinced. But it showed that Gary has a very sincere nature, above hypocrisy and superficiality.

My, but I was sleepy the next morning! I hadn't slept a wink on the train and although it was fun, I had been pretty tired, dressed as I was in hiking togs and out on a mountain top from six in the morning till six at night. Once I had a hot cup of coffee and some bacon under my belt I felt better.

This day the action included Mary Brian. It was where she, as the school teacher, arrived from New England in the little Virginian town just as a stampede of cows swarmed on both sides of the train as it pulled into the station. Gary heads them off while Dick and Eugene Pallette and finally Gary, too, ride beside the train and joke with the pretty little half-scare school teacher. "I never saw so many wild cows in my life," she announced.

Paramount had rented a whole train for the occasion and it moved up and down a switch track which passed the station. It is such a tiny town, there is very little traffic—I think only one train passes during the whole day. A little portable dressing room was put up for Mary and the rest of us dressed in our cars.

The country store—post office was taken possession of for the costume department. All the packing cases containing costumes were placed there and the contents laid out along some makeshift tables. The large sizes in the 'high-class' costumes had been asked for before we arrived, so I grabbed an old blue calico skirt, a long cape...
and bandeau handkerchief, which prompted Mr. Fleming to ask how Russia was the last time I saw it. I certainly looked a sight. Henry Hathaway put us in the coach Mary was in and I remained. "I had a hot day we were in about the coolest spot going."

Speed Hanson was turned into a conductor, and given a basket of candies and things people like against swarms. "Will you have some tobacco?" he asked, offering a hunk to Mary Brian. She laughed and said, "I don't think it was done, even in 1879!"

Three of the extra women were laughing and giggling over their odd costumes. "How do we look?" one asked of a young man dressed also in period. "Would we have worn such costumes in 1872?"

The young man looked startled. "Golly!" he laughed, "I'm afraid you wouldn't."

"Well, we wouldn't give you a second look either. Now I look very well."

The children walked back and forth in the aisle casting shy glances at Mary, but it was a large dress and all was easy. "I got up the courage to speak. "Are you going to be our teacher, Mary?" one asked. That broke the spell and the whole crowd bombarded her with questions.

"Sometimes teachers talk to little girls," someone said.

A dozen pairs of round eyes looked inquiringly at the pleasant small figure. "Then I could never be a teacher," said Mary quickly, with her beautiful voice and the sweetest smile in the world.

Mary had been a salesgirl, but you never would expect her to have. It is rich and full without being heavy, and it has a dramatic quality to it.

The costumes had arrived and were more bewildered than the day before. In addition, the costumes were asked to be run beside, then they were hefted in pots and out of pots until they were thoroughly disgusted. "I look very much," said one girl, particularly indignant. One little fellow, suddenly losing all control over himself, turned to the train and looked full in the face of the train engine, he felt extremely and was apart of the manner of the very young calves and 'moosed' at least seventeen times without stopping for breath. Then utterly exhauster, he just couldn't help in the current and partook of some refreshment.

With the cows all in place and the people seated in the train and the 'mikes' hitched to the front car, the scene was ready to be taken.

"Rehearse the whistle," said Mr. Fleming, and in a moment the engine shrieked forth in obedience to his command. Yet not one hundred percent obedience—for it being a sound picture the engineer had to be directed by signals. He got mixed up and instead of blowing the whistle he let fly the steam.

The cows didn't wait for any more! How they ran! It took a little time to get them back but it was managed finally.

Then we went through the scene several times, stopping for lunch at twelve. This time the lunch was served on the freight platform. It had a covering so the sun didn't get at us. It was exactly the same as the day before.

We had about three quarters of an hour for lunch and it was work again. Gary rode up to the side of our coach and I patted the nose of his horse.

"He got a bad start this morning and he's nervous," he added.

"What happened to him?" I asked.

"Oh, we were near the engine when that steam went off and it scared him out of a year's growth. He hasn't been the same since."

"Here's a good publicity story for you," said Roy Hunt. "Roy invented the 'blimp' camera, a contrivance for keeping the sound of the grindings inside."

"We're all attention," I piped up.

"Well, a bee lit on one of the microphones and started to buzz and the whole screen went purple."

"Did that really happen?"

"No," said Roy cheerfully, "But it's liable to any minute! There's a 'mike' near that rose bush in the yard."

On the way to the hotel Dick and Gary told us about the frog-jumping contest that is held once a year in Jimtown, a short for Jimtown famous old Jerry Hardy. A boy in 1886 discovered that he could have a lot of fun making bull-frogs jump and charged a cent that rose bush in the yard. And now his son is doing the same thing.

The frogs are colossal in size and the miners built a little stage just as a joke.

All the country round about has been made famous by Burt Harte and Mark Twain. The next afternoon Mr. Fleming called for me to go to the points of interest. I went through the house where the miners took their gold dust to be weighed, saw the scales and heard a story of cutting out the face of the nugget found by the manager of the exchange who still lives there. His wife took us through the place. The nugget was worth $1,700, and the first engine used in the town. It is perfectly good and is often called into action on gala days.

But to get back to the company. It was fine and six o'clock, and in fact, it was four-thirty when they banged on my door. That morning there were close-ups of Mary getting off the train and Dick helping her with her bags. He is half way across the station yard when a cow breaks away from little Camilla Johnson and runs toward the watering trough.

While they were setting up for the next scene, Gary collected a bunch of wood and set a little chair under a huge umbrella to cool off. Gary and Dick crawled into a funny little buggy whose top gave off a few inches of shade, and the surging mass of cattle, thinks the whole herd is coming at her.

"Oh! A wild cow!" she screams and runs out of the frame. After lunch, the town sequence being over, we returned to our hay field and I had to drive fifty miles from Sonora to take the train back to Hollywood. I left early so that I could see something of the towns. Dick didn't have to work any more that day so he came with me and fell so in love with an old farm that looked just as if it was grinding inside a large band.

I was sorry I couldn't have remained for the whole two days but as it turned out for later there were some charming scenes taken of Dick and Mary in the pretty part of the country.
Will Rogers
Continued from page 21

Owen Davis' boy is our son and Marguerite Chauvin's daughter. Irene was once a school teacher and when I was young I was a horse doctor and you can bet Irene doesn't let me forget it. But the past doesn't show up in my face. I tell her that horse doctors are really smarter fellows than human doctors, for a human doctor can ask his patient where the pain is while a horse doctor has to get a kick out of it. Well, anyways, we go to Paris and—

"How about the talkies, Will? Do you like 'em better than the silent?"

"No, this is just up my alley, for talk is the way I've put over my stage, and the silents I'd do a scene and say what I thought was the right thing, but they'd also change it in the titles. instance, in 'The Texas Steer' I was a Congressman and one day I'm walkin' along a street in Washington—we shot it there—when I met a white wings man in the street. I said to him: 'Is yours a political job?' He looked at me in contempt. 'No,' he answers. 'Civil Service. We have to pass examinations!' That gag had meaning. What do you think they changed it to? I say to the fellow: 'One horse town, what?' and he answers, 'You wouldn't think so in my job.' Smart crack instead of satire, and another smart-crack at that.

"No," Will went on, "the best part of the talkies is that when I say somethin' I say it, and it sticks. There's no way of changing it without cutting the whole sequence. In 'The Texas Steer' they turned the titles of the picture over to a young smart-crackin' boy. They regret now that they did it. But in this I'm safe.

"Furthermore, Frank Borzage, who's directing 'They Had to See Paris,' has a good subtle sense of humor. He doesn't make me do such broad comedy as I have had to do in most silent pictures. Also he lets me ad lib, and that helps, for some of my best gags come to me durin' the action.

"The other day I was doin' a scene in an automobile. Irene and the kids was in and I was gettin' in when the door jammed. Then I said, 'I want to play the script, so while I was jerkin' I pulled a gag that gets a big laugh. It's one more and it doesn't interrupt or delay the action for a single foot of film. Yeah, Bob, this talkie stuff is right up my alley."

Perhaps another thing that makes Will happy is that this picture has reunited him and Irene Rich. You may remember they starred together in pictures years ago on the Goldwyn lot. At that time Irene was doing 'gingham aprons' and Will was a tramp or a farm hand. It took the producers all the intervening years to learn that Irene is one of the most beautiful characters of the screen, whether as a neglected wife or a queen; while Will, instead of being a character actor or a red-nosed comic, is America's most whimsical philosopher.

"Yesterday at the beach Irene Rich told me a cute one. Will has never kissed anybody—not even Irene—in all his film work. As Irene says, 'He's probably never kissed any woman but Betty (his wife).'

"He told me that in 'They Had to See Paris' called for him to kiss Irene, his screen wife; and when he did so he blushed so red that director Borzage asked why he had not done it properly. Will laughed bashfully and said: 'Well, it seemed almost like infidelity!'"
Hollywood's Youngest Generation

Parent's did with the earnings of the children. Most of them pay for the children's clothes and education out of their earnings and put the children to work for further education and future financial independence. Some of Philippe's money is in airplane stocks; Anita Louise's is in a savings bank; Billy Butts' is in real estate. Everything is in the name of the child, even little Wheeler who also has income property—grapefruit land in Arizona.

Anita Louise wanted very much to be in "A Woman of Affairs" because she admired Greta Garbo. "But can you ride a bicycle?" asked Clarence Brown. "No," said Anita. "I'll be able to do that by twelve o'clock tomorrow."

"You never will," laughed Mr. Brown. "You have to race down hill on it."

"I'm afraid I'll have to get another little girl."

"Please give me until tomorrow at twelve," begged Anita so earnestly that the director gave it. When she was ten, at the same specified time Anita was an expert cyclist!

If their careers are handled carefully Mrs. Fremont as well as many other mothers feel that the income from educational expenses to the children. On one picture Anita and her mother were sent to Europe.

"I never could have taken here there, and what we saw and the people we met were most interesting.

From Philippe and Anita Louise, the little aristocrats of the screen, we come to "Our Gang," reg'lar fellers, up to pranks 45 minutes. Every kid was caring about the set dragging an empty soda-pop bottle and calling lustily for Bob Saunders. He had an idea that Bob might be induced to get him another soda pop until his daddy set this matter straight in his mind.

Mr. Hutchins, Wheeler's father, told me he had been employed in the stage department at Universal when Snookums came on the lot. The child's success made him think. He wanted his boy to have the advantages that had been denied him as a child, and while he might make it possible if he lived, knew there was no prospect of piling up any vast sum against a future that might not include him.

"He said, "I've got to have money in pictures. The pictures money in pictures his future would be assured. Regularly, outside from other investments, a sum is set aside for this purpose."

"It wants pretty hard with me at first," said Mr. Hutchins, "because I gave up my own job in order to be on the set with Wheeler. His mother didn't feel up to assuming the studio responsibilities and the home too."

But it seemed to me that he was living off my kid and I made myself fill over the idea. Mr. Mcgowan, the director of "Our Gang" and from whom all the children are adored, was wonderful. Told me to buck up and look at the thing in the right light. And now I'm better."

Wheeler had crawled into my lap and instantly Pete, the gang's dog, walked over and looked hard at me. Evidently, I passed, for he blinked his eyes, gave a lick at my fingers and went on the car for another snooze. Anything that touches any one of the children is Pete's business. Publicity pictures were being taken and a prop photographer bodied into the crib. Pete rushed at him and tugging at the man's trousers tried to get him out. It was so amusing that they took the picture that way. Pete is really a wonderful dog. He understands everything said, not just what his master tells him.

Jean Darling, the "sweetheart" of the screen, is a very patient lady with a sense of humor, also very nice manners.

Mrs. Darling told me her idea in putting Jean into pictures was, first, because the child wanted to do it, second, to make her independent if anything happened that would leave her alone in the world.

Harry Spear is being raised by his grandmother, whom he calls his mother. Although he is the tough boy of the gang he is known on the lot as the 'good little boy' because of his amiability. He has said he plans to run away and be a stray animal. His grandmother is always prepared for a new lot every time Harry goes a block away from home alone.

I just got rid of nine mice white yesterday, she said in a relieved tone, "but the goat, the mud turtles and the dogs are there to stay!"

One afternoon I walked in on Rachel Darragh, an old 'nanny' and teacher, and her brood. In her attractive study I found Douglas Haig, Billy Butts, Paul Gertzman, Dick Winslow Johnson, and Austin Jernings. "We're the "Sons of the Fathers," and whom Jernings declared a genius. Douglas is now in Harold Lloyd's latest film, "When the Screws Go Round." He is a quiet child, and absorbs everything that goes on around him.

Quite a different type is Billy Butts, who, his mother comments, is that one is never to be left alone! He was born in Texas, speaks with a Texan drawl and the more interested he becomes the louder he talks. Mrs. Butts said he used to say her eyes out because no one would let him be an actress, so when Billy came along and wanted to be an actor she started right in to make it possible, much to his delight.

"If you put Bill in pictures, I'll leave home," he threatened.

"All right, my boy," said his wife, "go right ahead. Bill is going into pictures!" And he did and father is still at home.

All that Billy makes is invested for him, but he has given fifty cents a week for spending money when he is working. When he isn't working he has to do odd jobs if he wants more. One day his mother found him trudging down the road with an enormous pack on his back. "What on earth have you there, Billy?" she asked. "Well," said Bill in his funny old-man drawl, "I've been helping the sage roguer picker and I earned a dollar!"

Billy was proud of that money earned from the rag picker than anything he ever made in pictures, because pictures don't seem like work and he never can understand why he gets the fifty cents when he works in the studio.

Dawn O'Day and her mother live in a little green house on a hill-top in Laurel Canyon. This talented child is nine years old, with beautiful auburn curls. You saw her in "Celine."

Dawn is a little tom-boy and loves baseball, but she also has a collection of dolls of which she is extremely fond. She keeps her clothes, often putting on hurried stitches before she goes to work or to school. They were given her by Mary Pickford, William Farnum, Charlie Vela, Bebe Daniels, Tom Mix, and other
stars. Dawn has a quaint old-fashioned manner but her eyes sparkle with fun when you mention anything that amuses her. The first picture she did was with William Far
num. He had allowed his beard to grow because he was supposed to have fallen in life and turned trump. The child turns him back to the gentlemanly state. The beard sequence was to be done first to save time but they hadn't counted on the reaction of a three-year-old baby who was supposed to love this terrible looking man. Dawn was scared to death. She wouldn't go anywhere near him, let alone allow him to touch her. At the end of three days his beard was shaved. Next morning Dawn saw an entirely different man sitting in the same chair. No one paid any attention to her and she stood off for some time watching Bill talk ing with Herbert Brennan. She came nearer and nearer and then with a sudden resolve climbed into Mr. Farnum's lap, and that difficulty was over!

Philippe de Lacy was engaged for a picture directed by Luther Reed. He broke his arm. Mr. Reed asked Rachel Smith if she knew another child immediately available. "Leave it to me," said Miss Smith, she telephoned Davey Lee's mother that she was going to call for Davey and put him on the picture. It was the child's first bow to the screen, and everyone was delighted with his work. Then came the picture with Al Johson in "Sonny Boy"; now he's a star.

And now, about the Johnsons!

There are six of them. Kenneth, the old est, is sixteen. Then there are Dick Window, Carl Hansen, Curnella, and Cullen, the baby, who plays with Thelma Hill in comedies. He is called 'the Indestructible' because no matter what happens he turns up on top! Both Mr. and Mrs. John son are newspaper writers. Mrs. Johnson has started what she charmingly calls 'The Great American Novel,' which is being written between patching up the scratched knee of one child and buttoning up the trousers of another. When they all grow up and if the grandchildren don't come along too soon, she may finish it.

In the meantime she thinks, along with most of the other mothers of screen children, that there is nothing like giving the children an early start. "No one spends his life with his family. I want my children to have open minds and to know that it is possible for the whole show business family. The only way they can learn this is, during their impressionable years, to get out among people, all kinds of people, and learn to understand them."

All the Johnson children have earned money in pictures. You have seen them all, over and over again. But Mrs. Johnson doesn't want them to confine their ideas to pictures, and she hopes they won't follow the profession when they grow up. They are encouraged to objectively whatever it is in their years and in some form of artistic or useful expression. They are never jeered at or told that they can't do this or that. Consequently all the children down to Carmencita, the child who has written things that have been published and paid for.

Dick and his family visited San Francisco not long ago. While they were going through Stanford University Mrs. Johnson missed Dick. She found him completing the tour with the President of the University! Afterwards she asked how they had met, "Oh, I met Dick with his intellect, straightforward manner," I knocked on his door and told him that as I expected to be in the college in a few years I just thought I would like to meet him!"

"You know, it's kind of funny not to be able to talk about your college or your high school," he said, "and there are a lot of times when I feel I've missed a lot." Especially Easter and Christmas, when the college gang pour in at the Grand Central station, and stations all over the country.

"But on the other hand, however, the stage has been mighty good to me and my family. It gave my mother a start when she was broke; it raised my brother, my sister and myself, and it gave me an education, punctuated with somewhat hard knocks, that I could never have received in any other way."

He was only four when his mother carried him on for "The Toymaker of Nuremberg," and in the same year he was the baby with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan.

In 1907 he had his first chance for movie greatness. He met D. W. Griffith and played with that great director in one of his earliest pictures.

Dick Hackett was only five, and he can't remember the name of the picture. "I can only recall I liked Griffith because he let me play with a lot of tin soldiers in the picture and then gave them to me!"

Up close, up, he played with Margaret Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" and with Doris Keene in "Happy Marriage." This was three years in pictures in Lubin (1912-15).

But Fate wasn't quite ready to let him become a film star.

Verdict: Guilty — Continued from page 76

So back he went on the stage to play "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer" with Mary Young and Henry Dixey; "The Copperhead" and "Abraham Lincoln."

Pretty slick, isn't it? Dick.

But then he hit a long series of flops, including "The Man in the Making," "Ma Pettinger," and "Pat." But there's always a silver lining for a gold actor and since Dick's performance in "Glory," in 1922, he's been the most consistantly successful youngster on Broadway. We've mentioned all of his recent successes except "Nightstick," the last thing he played before the movies grabbed him.

He came to Los Angeles to play Jimmy in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and Norma Shearer signed him immediately for the same role in the picture.

Film observers have not been surprised at Ray Hackett's quick success in Hollywood. They point out that while he has been 90 per cent of the theater, his early screen work as a boy gave him a thorough grounding in film essentials; a grounding topped off by his work with Gloria Swans on in "The Loves of Sonya."

"I like the stage," he says. "Maybe I'll be back some day. But I like the movies so much, I'm sure now that they have dialog, that—well—Broadway may not see me for a long time!"

Then he added; "Say, you might as well help me out by saying that I am not a relative of James H. Hackett. I'd love to have had that honor—but my dad was in the wholesale business!"
**The Return of an Idol—Continued from page 56**

The director would yell to me to turn around and show my face, leaving the road ahead unwatched at about fifty miles an hour. I couldn't understand why they'd hide that face. We used to get faces into the camera at all costs in those days, and now it's a source of pride when an actor can enact a scene and tell a story with his back turned to the camera.

"The younger generation isn't as strenuous, but I think we have better actors among them than the general run in the old days. Or, rather, I think they're permitted to act. In the old days broad gestures and expressions were called for and deemed necessary, just as was the case on the stage of some years ago. Repression is a fairly new thing, and with it relative motion showed up."

Willy continued, "the screen to become a playwright, along in 1915, and traveled to New York with his trunk of plays, to win success as one of the greatest stage dramatists of the decade. The Woman Disputed—of which Lon Chaney appeared in on the screen, "The Stolen Lady, " "The Song Writer"—these are among the stage hits from his prolific pen. Finally he moved to London to produce one of his plays, and while there the talking pictures appeared, and his friends Lionel Barrymore and Willard Mack started to direct their films."

He decided to come home and get into the game, and a few weeks later found him back in California, where in the early days of silent pictures he reigned as the screen's most popular hero.

Like Barrymore, he has no desire to act; he only wants to create. But it's possible that he will act again, just the same—and it will be interesting to see the idol of yesterday's screen among the young idols of today.

"I have always liked to think," says Wilbur, "that the old horses of western movies were pensioned out to the old fire-horses. And I was pleased beyond measure to find that William S. Hart's old horses are treated in just that way, living their second age in memory of their past on his ranch near Newhall, with plenty of oats and nothing to do."

The old western doesn't seem to be as popular as people, at least, they're not making so many of them. Tom Mix's 'Tony' seems to be the only equine hero to come down into the present. I think he's the Lon Chaney of horses—because age don't wither nor custom stale his box-office appeal."

The heroines, too, are different. "They used to be fluffy, curiously-haired blondes—very soft and appealing," says Wilbur, "and now they have boyish bobs and boyish figures. I remember the ceremony attendant on placing one on a horse in the old western days, what with the long skirts and feminine fripperies that had to be so carefully handled. Two a modern girl could make a mount in a running jump and never think anything about it."

Beauty was at a premium then, but Wilbur thinks that the talkies have lowered its market value. "Speech requires definite character and personality rather than beauty, and it's possible that the feminine film favorites of tomorrow won't be as beautiful as those of yore, but they'll be far more positive personalities."

"But," he adds, "I'm old fashioned enough myself to still like 'em pretty as possible."

**Hollywood Freedom—Continued from page 43**

you best friends, might think, if they didn't say, 'Isn't she conceited?' or 'I don't see much in that!' or 'Yes, but what did they say about me?' but your mother is proud and independent.

"Mothers are people who can tell you unpleasant things about yourself without antagonizing you. You wouldn't believe you were too cocky if someone else told you so—but your mother will help you get over it.

"My mother is eager to have me self-reliant and brave. Courage is her watchword and I'm trying to make it mine. This sort of courage: I don't smoke or drink, not because my family object to it but because I've decided it is a poor thing to do. In Hollywood, it takes courage to keep on refusing cocktails and cigarettes when people call you 'sap' and 'gaga.'"

"I'm afraid I don't know enough about the wrong kind of family to understand the arguments about leaving home. There are four of us and we're devoted to each other. Freedom, if it meant doing without my father, mother and little brother, would look like a pretty drab thing. You see, I'm really free. I solve my own problems, make my own decisions, and yet if I need or want it I can have it all the time I like."

"We are an all-for-one and one-for-all family. Whatever happens to one of us is good or bad news to the other three."

"My baby brother—well, how do families get along without babies? When he was coming, my mother told me about it—I was thirteen and I'd spent most of my life being for a baby brother. Mother and I prepared for him together, bought the little dresses and read the books and we never looked after him. When he arrived I was simply overcome with joy. It was funny, he seemed to know I loved him and he wouldn't go to sleep for anyone else. Mother used to say: 'Here, take your baby. He won't take his nap for me.'"

"Don't I want to go off and live in a bachelor girl apartment and miss all the cute things he says and does?"

"The other day some one asked him if he was going into pictures when he grew up. At first he said no, but later he changed his mind. I asked him what made him think anybody would want him."

"But I'm good; he assured me, 'see how I look sad, how I can laugh, how I can cry and be mad and be funny!'"

"I almost died but I didn't let him see me. I looked at my face and said I'd seen John Gilbert do a little better. And then he cried out: 'Yes, but wait till you see my sexy look!'"
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Clara Bow's Love Story — Continued from page 23

Lyon, George O'Hara, director Victor Fleming, and Garrett Fort, the scenario writer. But despite all their protests, the part was written for Harry, of the good old Newark Reichman family, to sing the love song the words and music of which charmed a $10,000 diamond right on the finger of her left hand.

Clara's been famed a pal for what seems like a long time. But Harry needs further introduction to the lads and lasses who pay the bills bright. More even than that already vouchedsafed him by the red-hot Cimder Cinder.

"Way back in 1913 Harry was 'beatin a box', as they say, in western cabarets. He must have been an awful pest to the neighbors as a kid. For no one can play a piano a la Richman without fingerling those scales a thousand of times. Drifting from this to that, he finally ended up in California, presumably because there is an ocean there that stops further progress unless you're a channel swimmer. It was here and here that He once played in a stock company distinguished by the presence of Richard Dix. At another time he appeared with Marjorie Rambeau and Mary Morgan. He finally brought him back to New York, and left him there.

Harry entered a musical comedy. The funniest thing about it was the title. "Have You Seen Harry?" And the show flopped. So he read a flock of stories about trying again and sticking to it, went out and got a job as an ac- companying musician. So to guess, so I may as well tell you—Mac West, Yop. "Diamond Lil," this herself. She was a woman a turning point in his career. He worked with and for the Dolly Sisters and Nora Bays, and other big numbers. Another crisis came with the advent of radio. He built an enormous following over the ether waves, and was smart enough to capitalize this popularity by night-clubwork. Shortly he became a sensation. You've heard him, surely, croon- ing "King For A Day, Muddy Waters," for which he wrote the music, Will You Re- member Me, of which he wrote the lyrics. Laugh. Clowns, Laugh and a dozen other hits.

Unlike Clara, Harry has been Through It All once. The "Flame of Filmdom" has never yet been wed. But Harry tried with Yvonne Stevenson back in 1918—and failed in 1922. The marriage took place in Santa Ana, California. And, prophetically perhaps, the divorce was granted in dear old Brooklyn.

Harry takes the comic man stuff won Clara. Harry avers, shaking the slave bracelet she gave him back off his wrist to smooth the waves in his hair. He may be so. But there must be more than that for the Hollywood lovers are not laid out in lavendar.

"She was used to being 'yessed,'" Harry explained to exasperated reporters. "She told me, she said, that I pleaded the first time I phonesed if I could call. She said I couldn't.

But did that stop him? You don't know Harry. He just answered:

"Fine, I'll be over in ten minutes."

And upon the word of Newark Rich- man he declares for publication that he kept his promise. And not only that, but—Fifteen minutes after his arrival he had persuaded her to marry him!

Clara has the ring. And Harry has the slave bracelet. You can't imagine what it says. Just listen!

"To Harry of my Heart . . . Clarita."

So there you are. Harry says it's not quite certain, but it's highly probable that when Clara's Para- mount contract expires she'll retire from pictures to be a 'good house-wife'. And if you want more news to talk about at breakfast, the date is set as some time prior to September 12. Harry insists that he and the Little Woman sail for an European honeymoon on that date.

It's not so improbable as it sounds. Months back Clara threw a scare into Hollywood by saying she was sick of it all, that she was going to live like other girls to get married, and have babies.

"She's needed a boss for a long time," says Harry. "And I am going to be that boss." Does Clara love it? Well, it looks that way.

Editor's Note: SCREENLAND is not mak- ing any rash promises that the Clara Bow—Harry Richman romance will still be flour- ishing by the time you read this. On the other hand, Clara may become Mrs. Rich- man any time now. As we go to press the romance is the chief topic of conversation along Broadway, N. Y., and Hollywood Blvd., so we thought you'd like to know about it!

A Queen of Kings — Continued from page 71

motion pictures. But we were too absorbed in our new life to pay much heed to mundane matters. Instead of considering the silent screen Carlotta continued to study for an opera career and a concert career. This devotion to her work has been charac- teristic of Carlotta since I have known her. It is for this application to the task she set for herself in the past that I freely admire her. Not that she had no time to spare for friends or for play. A few loyal friends and the right amount of play keep a healthy balance in the life of a singer and actress. While we en- joyed the theater and opera together, our real work was never lost sight of. Carlotta gave her working hours to mastering the language of her choice, that is, to polishing her French, German and Italian. With all this she cheerfully kept her home life and comfortable. No 'home-body' of a wife wholly devoid of artistic leanings could have made home half as comfortable for me.

It is easy enough to be photographed in the kitchens, the pantry of myself, or helping mother with the lemon pie. With the aid of cleverly contrived pictures you can fool most of the public. But true love and home is inborn, and cannot be affected.

It is difficult to give the public a hus- band's slant, so to speak, on Carlotta King, and I do so with the prudence of a typical husband. We have never settled down in the fullest sense of the term. Per- haps we never shall. We still mill about the house as if we each other as we see fit. Incidentally Carlotta King's criticism has helped me to some of my best work. She knows my best efforts from my
it meant. Nor care to learn.

Yet the courage which pierced the mirage of despair which seemed about to crowd her to oblivion, melted school-girl terror at the last crisis.

She can face a lion, but not a mouse.

It took all of Gloria's bravery to undergo the trial of attending "The Trespasser" preview.

Perhaps we wouldn't like it, she thought.

The sound device was sure to go wrong. There'd be something the matter with the projection machine. Her songs wouldn't go over.

A thousand imps devilled her with three-pronged forks. She couldn't go. She simply wouldn't go. But, of course, when the fact was there, the spirit was made to dance.

She had tanked the talkies. She had proven herself a Sul-tana of Sound, as of Silence. Gloria, Hallelujah! She goes right along Marching on!

During her brief rest, the ever-active story brigade in Hollywood kept busy evoking new glamorous entertainments for her to give us. As soon as "Queen Kelly" is restored to her rightful realm, Gloria begins another picture. And the story will fit her as perfectly as that green gown.

"I plan to make three pictures a year," she explained. "Since 1927 I have had only one release. The Trespasser didn't think this is enough. If the public is kind enough to support me, to buy my wares, the least I can do is to supply the demand with my work."

A wise decision, surely. And a happy one for us who follow the lights that spell 'Gloria Swanson' on theater marquees.

"Gloria" looks far more youthful than ever. And more attractive, too, admitting that possible. There is a warmth—an understanding—a tolerance beneath the fascinating mask of sophistication. She has lost nothing of her personality. But she seems, somehow, to have added to it. She is prismatic. With the rare faculty of arousing enthusiasm in word-weary, disillusioned men through the mere strength of her presence, her conversation stimulates the veriest dolt to loquaciousness, and the sisterhood of sobbing snobbery is charmed into lingering commentary about her babies, little Gloria and litter Joseph. She's a happy combination, our Marquise of the Movies.

She's democratic. With reservations. You'd scarcely see Gloria on the back. No more than 'you'd address the Barrymore as 'Eth.' Yet she is a gracious hostess, superb in the small courtesies that count so greatly.

She considered it a great lack to apply in disguise for work as an extra girl. But she has a certain dignity that commands respect. And she resents impertinences, or too deep penetration of the corners of life which she rightfully considers the very private domain of herself—and her loved ones.

And of these there are three. Those two precious youngsters, ever so carefully shielded from the tawdriness of publicity, and the titled gentleman whom Gloria presents as 'my husband.'

Preparing to depart for Paris, she had completed the task of throwing into volumeominous trunks 'a few clothes for the ship.'

For the instant there was a lull in her busy day. For a too brief moment she was alone in the great suite that towered high in a many-storied hotelery. She parted the drapes at the wide window, and gazed with clouded eyes over the glittering city far beneath her. And beyond the city to the sea that glimmered at its shore. And further yet. On and on. Deep into the eyes of the husband who awaited her halfway across the world.

As she tarried there, her slender beauty silhouetted against a square of sullen, grey sky, she ceased to be La Marquise, the Glorious Gloria of the screen. She was just a girl—five feet no inches tall. A little weary. A lot lonely.

Slowly she turned away, humming a tune ever so softly. It was an old song, and a sweet one: "I Love You Truly." Gloria has world of feeling in her voice.
weeks; but then the company decided to make “Escape” at the eastern studio also, so it means at least two more months here for Mr. Broooks! He is more enthusiastic, he says over his role in “Escape” than any he has ever played.

It was nice to see Alice Terry again. And she never looked prettier! She was gone such a long time over in Europe I’d quite forgotten how really stunning she is, with her dark reddish hair, big eyes, and wholly enchanting smile. Alice is one of the cleverest girls who ever made a picture, you know—she has a bubbling Irish wit and a complete lack of vanity, refreshing to encounter in a successful film actress. She and her husband, Rex Ingram, love the south of France. Ingram has head-quarters at a film studio in Nice. He considers the conditions there ideal for making pictures. Alice, however, can’t forget America. She has to visit us several times a year, at least, or she grows homesick. The last picture and first talkie in which she appeared in Europe was called “Broadcasting,” for Franco-Films. She and Rex are both under contract to Franco. Alice went off stimulatingly to make a survey of the sound studios to report to her husband. Edward Cornigliano-Nolnier, well-known French director, is also ‘looking them over’ out there.

Jack Buchanan was in town a day or two before suiting off for his native Eng- land, which he had to make one picture for First National-Vitaphone: “Paris” with Irene Bordoni. Buchanan is tall, handsome, immaculate, and awfully British. And quite, quite charming. “Which do you like better, the screen or the stage?” I asked this matinee idol from London.

“Well,” he said, “I should hate to awfuly do ‘Paris.’ But now be the stage. It’s more of a ‘quiescent’ again; and I should hate to awfuly think I should never be in a picture again!” And he smiled his nice, English smile, as if that settled everything.

He enjoyed making “Paris” immensely, he said; and declared that he thinks Irene Bordoni will be a sensation on the screen. As for himself—his role was too much of a ‘straight’ part to be exactly the type of thing he most enjoys doing; but he managed to inject some comedy into it—and comedy is what he really likes. He has offers to come back to Hollywood any time to make more pictures. But his contracts in England will prevent his taking advantage of these offers for some time to come. Ziegfeld wants him for a musical comedy with Marilyn Miller. He will soon open his own London theater seating 2,000, in Leicester Square—which was to be called “The Buchanan.” After him until it was decided that this title might confuse people into thinking that every play produced there would be by Mr. Buchanan! As a matter of fact, he will help produce and write most of the plays, and will appear in a great many of them. A busy man, Jack Buchanan; and a most diplomatic, charming gentleman.

“Is it pronounced MacLaughlen, McLoughlin, or McLaughlin?” was the first question I popped at Vic as he came into the office. “All three, and each correct,” he replied. He’d come up to SCREENLAND to pay a friendly call, and immediately seemed to fill up the editorial rooms with his husky presence. He’s six feet tall and proportionately broad. You never saw such a shoulders! And yet when he sits down to talk to you he wants to tell you all about his nine-year-old son and the athletic records he is breaking at school.

Soldier of fortune, McLoughlin had many adventures before he began to stage sham battles for the Hollywood cameras. He was successively a soldier in the Boer war, enlisting at fourteen, champion boxer, medicine show man, prospector, World Warrior, and, finally, motion picture actor. His favorite film is still “What Price Glory?” with “The Cock-Eyed World” a close second. He is anxious to know what you think of this new picture in which Capra re-teams with his costar for the first time—and in what language.

Everybody at the Paramount Long Island studio was sorry when “The Gay Lady” was completed. Reason: the star, Gertrude Lawrence, had such a good time making the picture that she infected every member of the cast and the crew with her good nature and sportsmanship. When she wasn’t doing a scene she’d be singing for the entertainment of the extras on the set. She taught the chorus one of her new songs. And if Gertrude Lawrence isn’t a real hit in her first film feature don’t ever take my word for anything again, because she looks like a winner to me! She hails from England, you know, and came over to America with the first edition of “Charade,” in which she played Beatrice Lillie and Jack Buchanan. Miss Lawrence made her screen debut in a Movietone short subject some time ago, and in the stage play, “Ginger,” her first, following up this first success with other pictures. If “The Gay Lady” goes over as it should, “Gertie” will doubtless make a real Hollywood movie star, just as she is now, while she is playing on Broadway in “Candlelight.” Right now she is back in London playing a short engagement on the stage over there.

Charles Ruggles scored such a success in his first two talks, “Gentlemen of the Press” and “The Lady Lies” that he has been signed to a long-term contract by Paramount. No—Charles won’t go to California. He will work in pictures to be made at the eastern sound studios. His home is Setauket, Long Island, about 60 miles from Manhattan. Charles is a home boy. He always goes home. As soon as he finishes his nightly stint in a Broadway theater he jumps into his roadster and motors those 60 miles to his house in the country, here to rest and relax for him. Incidentally Charles is the second Ruggles to achieve a measure of fame and fortune in the films. Brother Wesley Ruggles is an esteemed director out Hollywood way.
that have more of it than Mary Pickford, and more of it than Al Jolson. The movies must entertain; hence, the players must have a something that spellbinds, charms, seduces, entrances the audience of skilful learning, education, ability to think, organize or execute will be of any avail to a player unless this something is added to it. Mrs. Glynn has called it IT. It is not necessarily synonymous with sex-appeal, but usually it is bound up with it.

When do men and beasts, without or special need, become actors and actresses strutting their stuff? The answer is simple. In the mating season the male bird comes out in full color, puts on a show, and wins his mate. IT is the new set of manners. We say he wooed the maiden. And what is this wooing but an attempt at acting—at being charming, gorgeous, irresistible, seductive, delightful, mysterious in order to win over the audience? Although the audience happens to be only one. Some lovers try to win with a laugh, others with a tear, still others by heroics. But whatever the method, whatsoever the way, it is rooted in the dimmidmbar exceunon when the first animal of intelligence set out to woo and win his mate.

To say then that sex-appeal is of minor importance is therefore laughable. Charlie Chaplin may do it in the clown's way but he is making love to his audience just as surely as he does it. For the aim of both is that the audience should have affection or love for them, so that the theaters are thronged whenever their works appear. The star, of course, need not be conscious of any sexual emotion when he is acting, but certainly he has that indefinable something that bursts out, more or less, in all of us when we are in love.

It is perfectly true that the direct sex-drama isn’t the only kind that entralls us. The story of mother love, of racketeering of the president which claims us all. But power of these stories goes back in the end to the actor himself, to the fact that he has that charm, seductiveness, appeal which appears in youth and maiden in the time of love.

More than that. Every wise editor, every wise director will tell you that a story of a picture only rarely succeeds if it lacks love interest. Neither “The Big Parade” nor “The Birth of a Nation” would have had half their pull if they had not also had appealing love stories intertwined with the epic theme.

It’s an old question: What is art? But from one angle we can say that it is a blend of the spiritual and the sensuous. It has ideas, plot, story, character—those are on the spiritual side. But there must also be a sensuous side. That is, something which directly reaches the senses. Music comes to the ear—it is sensuous, it is sound. A picture comes to the eye—it is sensuous, it is sight.

Rarely are these two things, the spiritual and the sensuous, evenly balanced in a picture, but the Wagner is more spiritual than sensuous; the music of Beethoven is more spiritual than sensuous. A poem by Shelley is ethereal, almost devoid of the physical, it is nothing but. We say of the latter that it is sexy. And there we have struck the root of the matter. All the senses of man are bound together in an overpowering sensuous sexuality. And hence we can say that a work of art necessarily derives on the one hand from the spiritual, and on other from the sexual.

Sex-appeal not important? It is one of the two chief ingredients in all art. How often it has been said of a young actor or actress of talent: “He lacks something. He has the goods, he has the technic. He lacks that flaming something. He ought to have a love experience. He ought to fall in love. Then it will be awakened in him.”

This is merely saying that if he knows love, his sensual side will come to life, he will become a true actor, however humble. From their sensuous richness enters his art where before it lacked something.

Are these women with sex-appeal sky-rockets? I don’t think so. Just as many men and women with small sex-appeal have disappeared as those with much of it. The childlike charm of Mary Pickford, carefully insulated from anything sexy, disappeared. And what did she have to do to make that her sex-appeal and appear as a Coquette?

It may be true that Greta Garbo will cease to hold her audiences much longer, though I, for one, doubt it. But if she does lose her appeal it will be because her heart isn’t any longer in the work, or she becomes too “Americanized,” in the sense of trying to make herself over, say, in the image of Marion Davies or Esther Ralston, a mistake some of the foreign actors have made. But so long as she holds true to herself, we shall see the strange spectacle of America’s most magnificent sex-appeal that isn’t hammer-and-tongs, like that of Theda Bara or Mae Murray, but something that is subtle, delicate, something that is olivaceous.

What is that appeal? It is sometimes merely in the eyelids coming down over the eyes as the head is lifted; sometimes in the rhythm of her walk across a room; sometimes in the fascinating, casual almost cruel look as she watches, for instance, her lover fighting another man for his life. She is not the Prize Beauty Contest type of beauty; she is not made after the usual pattern. One can’t point to any arrangement of features, any outline of body, and find out just why she appears so beautiful. It is the flaming something in her. Mr. Selous says it is her sex-appeal. Well, if it is, that let us have more of it. It merely means that she is a true actress—in one way extremely spiritual, in another extremely sensuous.

Sex-appeal needs no defense. Without it, the seven arts, and what Mr. Selous so cleverly calls ‘the seven lovely arts,’ would simply cease to exist.

SCREENLAND has started something with this sex appeal debate! This is fast becoming a magazine of controversy.

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