America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

May 25c

Billie Dove

FANTASTIC HOLLYWOOD

De Luxe Gallery of Stars' Portraits by Cecil Beaton

...Gloria Swanson Psycho-analyzed
Millions of women instantly gain added charm and loveliness with these three delightful, easy-to-use Maybelline preparations. They use Maybelline Eye Shadow to accentuate the depth of color of their eyes and to add a subtle, refined note of charming allure. Four colors: Black, Brown, Blue, and Green.

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William Fox presents
JANET GAYNOR
and
CHARLES FARRELL
in the Musical Romance

HIGH SOCIETY BLUES

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have a surprise for even their most faithful admirers in this tender musical romance, babbling with carefree youth, fun and melody and seasoned with the matchless wit of William Collier, Sr., King of high comedy.

A love story of great beauty is unfolded in words and music as Janet and Charlie, strumming softly on their ukuleles, provide their own accompaniments while singing "I'm in the Market For You" — "I Don't Know You Well Enough For That" — "Just Like a Story Book" and several other unusually tuneful melodies written especially for them.

Directed by DAVID BUTLER from the story of DANA BURNET

Words and music by JOSEPH MCCARTHY and JAMES HASSLEY
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WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICAL COMEDY!

Here is sheer delight from first to last—a gorgeous, glittering, star-studded screen musical comedy with song hits galore, including "Sweeping the Clouds Away" and "Any Time's the Time to Fall in Love," hilarious comedy bits, flashing dance numbers, dazzling Technicolor scenes... Paramount, with 18 years of supremacy, is proud to name it "PARAMOUNT ON PARADE" and send it to you as the world's greatest musical comedy!

CREAM of SCREEN AND STAGE STARS
(Listed in alphabetical order. Read the entire list)

RICHARD ARLEN × JEAN ARTHUR
WILLIAM AUSTIN × GEORGE BANCROFT
CLARA BOW × EVELYN BRENT × MARY BRIAN × CLIVE BROOK × VIRGINIA BRUCE × NANCY CARROLL × RUTH CHATTERTON × MAURICE CHEVALIER
GARY COOPER × LEON ERROL × STUART ERWIN × STANLEY FIELDS × KAY FRANCIS × SKEETS GALLAGHER
HARRY GREEN × MITZI GREEN × JAMES HALL × PHILLIPS HOLMES × HELEN KANE × DENNIS KING × ABE LYMAN
and his BAND × FREDRIC MARCH
NINO MARTINI × DAVID NEWELL
JACK OAKIE × WARNER OLAND
ZELMA O'NEAL × EUGENE PALLETTE
JOAN PEERS × WILLIAM POWELL
CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS × LILLIAN ROTH × STANLEY SMITH × FAY WRAY

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Dances and ensembles directed by David Bennett

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
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**SOUND NEWS**

Impressions of Pictures Now Being Produced

By Evelyn Ballarine

A rule, it is customary to end a tale with a moral but just to be unusual we'll start off with "New Morals." Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook are responsible for this change and they have wisely decided to retitle "Honey," and Mary Astor is already there "Cooking Her Goose." Yum, yum!

Jack Mulhall is making "The Fall Guy" from James Gleason's successful stage production. Pardon us, but we just couldn't help suggesting good old He Faw Down and Go Boom for a theme song.

Benny Rubin is sure of a 'hit' in his new baseball picture, "Hot Curves." Slide, Benny, slide, we're all rooting for you; but remember, Benny, over the fence is out.

Jack Dempsey's play "The Big Fight" is to be brought to the screen but not with Jack Dempsey. "Big Boy" Williams is to have the leading role. Estelle Taylor's part will be played by Lola Lane. Ralph Ince and Stepin Fetchit will have important roles, too.

Ben Lyon is at Universal making "What Men Want." The answer must be blondes because Mary Nolan has the feminine lead in this picture.

"Forever After" is to be remade into a talker with Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Remember Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes in the silent version? And so's "Charlie's Aunt" to be remade. This perennially successful laugh classic of the stage, written thirty-eight years ago and played in practically every language including the Chinese, will be filmed by Christie Films. Syd Chaplin was starred in the silent film a few years ago.

Mary Lewis, Metropolitan grand opera star, has entered into a talking picture contract with Pathé. This contract between the noted singing star and the film company is unique in theatrical history as the agreement was wholly made without signature. The arrangement being consummated before the microphone and camera for recording on sound film. No other contracts or written agreements were made, Miss Lewis' verbal contract being as binding as if she had put it in writing.

Miss Lewis' first vehicle already in preparation, will be a story built around her own career. It should be interesting. Mary was glorified by Ziegfeld before she became a grand opera and movie star.
He had the manners of a Chesterfield—
His wit was as keen as his executioner's sword—
his conduct as refined as his cruelty . . .
Dispensing barbaric vengeance in a dinner coat,
he flicks a cigarette lighter as he mounts the altar to administer the ancient blood-rites of the fearful Goddess of his savage race . . .
And his phonograph furnishes the music for a tribal dance of death!
In portraying this amazing blend of civilization and savagery, GEORGE ARLISS in "THE GREEN GODDESS" matches the mastery of
—and the blood-lust of a Borgia!
his classic performance in "Disraeli", officially voted "the best picture of 1929" by the film critics of the nation.
Mere action could never convey the subtle shadings of this strangely fascinating character—despot of a forgotten corner of the world . . .
But thanks to Vitaphone the famous voice of Arliss evokes every atom of the consumate cunning, sly guile, and polished perfidy that made "THE GREEN GODDESS" a companion masterpiece to "Disraeli" in Arliss' blazing stage career!

GEORGE ARLISS in
"THE GREEN GODDESS"

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.
Vitaphone pictures are produced exclusively by WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL.
Radio and Screen are Developing Artists on a Co-operative Basis

By Julia Shawell

IN THE old movie days when you had to read the answer in the hero's eyes or wait for the sub-titles, casting of pictures was a matter of visual appreciation. A producer looked once, and then if he were interested, he looked again. Now he glances at the prospective heroine and then he listens. For it is the ear more than the eye which must be satisfied in this audible celluloid era.

No longer is the fallible judgment of a man the deciding factor in an actress' feminine charm or in an actor's sex appeal. It is the little inanimate but unfailing method which tells the story. The same instrument which made and broke radio careers is the most important instrument in advancing the screen activities of the new recruits and of keeping the questionable places of those who got in before sound came to the film theaters. It is the microphone which is the unsympathetic, immovable bond between the radio entertainer and the flicker star. For now not only must the screen actor have talent, a figure and a face that will pass the casting directors but his voice must be one of the type that will take to recording requirements. And until a performer has heard the playback of his own voice in that exacting mechanism he cannot know whether he has a future in Hollywood or just a past in Iowa.

Because of this similarity of requirement in broadcasting and in talking pictures, the two industries will draw closer not only in a business way and in their mechanics but in their sources of talent and their interchanges of programs. We have been told that when television is an accepted commercial medium of transmission, talking news reels will be sent into the theater on wireless waves and that possibly some day while we are still going to the movies, feature productions, too, may be projected in the same amazing manner. That is a supposition for future fulfillment.

Already the radio broadcasting organizations are associated in a financial way with some of the movie producing companies. Paramount owns the powerful Columbia chain, Radio Pictures is controlled by the same organization which is also interested in the Radio Corporation of America, the National Broadcasting Company, the General Electric Company and a score of other powerful units. Individual stations are owned or operated by movie concerns and every picture producer today depends for his equipment on manufacturing companies allied with the radio interests. So that financially and technically the movies are dependent upon radio.

But as both industries develop they will become more closely allied in their programs and instead of having two great fields of artists, independent of each other, names and figures in the two entertainment mediums will be developed on a closer co-operative basis.

The movie vamp of a few years ago never dreamed that to get a renewal of her contract she would have to show some radio sex appeal nor did the great lover of the talkless era think that a lip or an accent would remove him from the shear lineup.

Talking pictures have made emotion a matter of vocal control, laughs are all in the words and passion a trick of intonation. A player not only has to look that way, but talk it, and to get any conviction into his voice he has to feel what he is saying. Cameras and trick lights won't put illusion into a phlegmatic performance.

No silent player has caused more comment than Greta Garbo. Everybody has waited for her first words across the screen. Would she be a literal-mouthed person who would sweep away with her first utterance all the mysterious charm she had built up around herself? Or would she be the nice-voiced kind who would belje her realistic screen creation of pantomime? "Anna Christie" answers everything and what an answer! Throb-bing, pulsating sounds that arrest the listener, that suggest everything but tell nothing.

Al Jolson didn't break box-office records in "The Jazz Singer" and "Singing Fool" on his face alone. Maurice Chevalier has mastered pantomime exceptionally well but he could never have vied with John Gilbert in the old days, but there is no comparison between the box-office possibilities of these two men for the next few seasons.

Pauline Frederick had a voice that thrilled stage audiences for years. It was deep and emotional but was too much like thick rich cream to pass through the microphone and so although her voice was more impressive across the footlights than Ruth Chatterton's, the latter proved better adapted to talkie requirements.

Vilma Banky, the most exquisite blonde in pictures, has had her career seriously affected by the talkies. There is no consistent place for her Hungarian guttural in a field that is being populated by purists in speech. Look what the microphones did to May McAvoy. Look what they are doing for such movie unknowns as Ann Harding, Fredric March, Clauette Colbert, the Marx Brothers, Will Rogers, Lawrence Tibbett, Dennis King and all their Broadway friends and enemies.

Could Messrs. Tibbett and King have made a go of it without their songs to put them over? It is very doubtful. Would Winnie Lightner, who has a talent all her own for getting fun out of popular ditties, have ever won a chance in Hollywood under the old régime?

Every player who is under contract to any big company now and those who are making big money free-lancing have voices with 'It' or that or a something that sets them apart from the mob. This is a period that deals artistic death to the beautiful but dumb, that will keep stupid girls in the chorus and dull but gorgeous creatures away from Hollywood so that real talent will have a chance.

Talkies in their rapid development have been a mixed blessing and curse but they are bringing nearer to actuality a proper equation in the casting offices. There's many a leading lady who has her name in Broadway lights because her face and her contours made good camera material, who will be glad to make the Oskosh and Reading circuits after she has opened her mouth.
CONFESSIONS of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

I am practically sightless, and still enjoy the motion picture, deriving from it much inspiration, encouragement and sustained hope.

There are days when I become morbidly discouraged and feel as though it would be a blessing to abandon my work and fall beneath my despairing efforts; but instead, I choose the best motion picture in town for refuge.

There I find people battling with unchangeable complexities and discouragements; many degrees worse than my own. They are strong enough to stare failure in the face with undaunted spirits. They have the same ambitions, heartaches, and the same emotions as I, and win.

And so for a brief period I live in my imaginary tomorrow. I begin to feel ashamed of my cowardice, and success for me seems less uncertain if I will only stick to it.

The advent of the all-talkie has proven a complete solution of my problem, but I still enjoy the silent picture with the help of a reader.

I never could do without the motion picture and my indebtedness to this source of inspiration can never be fully repaid.

J. Marshall Parham,
1072 Greenwood Cliff,
Charlotte, N. C.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

To educate the youth of this grand and glorious country is a paramount duty, and where can they receive a better education than from the movies? The sense of sight is the most poignant of the senses, and that which the sight registers on the brain is not easily forgotten. My two daughters, aged 13 and 14 years, both sophomores in high school, would rather attend a movie than the hottest high school party or dance. Any stray quarter they get always buys a movie magazine, and when they are reading this or seeing a picture, I at least know where they are!

They studied "Evangelie" in grade school and were delighted to see Dolores Del Rio portray a favorite heroine. They also saw "The Ancient Mariner" some time ago, and now they are studying this in high school, and how much easier and more interesting it is, having seen the picture.

Some of my friends do not approve of movies for girls. It brings them in contact with too much of life, they contend. Why not? The serious business of life is just around the corner for them, and they will surely profit by their make-believe experiences.

Mrs. Mary Redeker,
328 South State St.,
Springfield, Ill.

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. Next best letters will also be Printed Contest closes May 10, 1930. Address Fans' Department, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

To one like myself, who finds more pleasure in books and nature than in any form of social entertainment, moving pictures have brought complete enjoyment. In our town we would be without such mental stimulant—for we have no opera house—if it were not for the motion picture theater.

To those who can get away for an occasional diversion it is an enlightening experience to see the rapt expression on the faces of some women from the surrounding country who make a Saturday pilgrimage to town with the picture show as supreme attraction. What a world of fascination is unraveled before their longing eyes! What magic of sound weaves its enchantment around them! If for nothing else but the happiness it brings to the beauty-starved natures, the screen should receive highest classification.

It first gave us inimitable pantomime; then, the dramatic charm of the speaking voice and the inspiration of music. Such perfect pictures as "Devil May Care," "Birzael," and "The Laughing Lady" are the finest of the New York stores.

Lilian W. Carter,
Thornton Avenue,
Dalton, Georgia.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

"Of what use is a book without pictures?" asked the immortal Alice just before she fell down the rabbit hole into a Wonderland of thrills and surprises.

"Of what use is a motion picture without being extraordinarily advertised?" asks the picture fan, and the answer to that question is immediately apparent. The companies vie with one another in taking beautiful advertisements and intriguing phrases out of the dictionary which enable their advertisements. And, picture fans everywhere, really amazing part about this kind of public promulgation is its truth.

Alice herself didn't get any bigger thrills in her wonderland of fiction than the picture fan gets in his Wonderland of movies that talk, sing, and are presented exquisitely in natural colors, making the whole a pleasing and spectacular form of entertainment.

After one has seen such splendid productions as "Sally," "The Virginian," "Condemned," and "Rio Rita" he becomes convinced that pictures are all their advertisements claim them to be.

George Jackson,
211 Oak Street,
Ludlow, Ky.

Then and Now
After a hard day at school—one of those days when everything goes wrong—we are saved from a case of the blues by attending the local theater and forgetting Euclid and the kinetic-molecular theory in the fascinating characters of the silver screen.

As proof of the marvelous progress in pictures I recall a game of my early childhood. When my sisters and I were very young, our father took us to the movies on Saturday night as a reward for having been good during the week. Maybe one of us had been stealing cookies or pulling the kitten's tail and had to stay at home. So the fortunate ones, on their return, acted out parts of the play.

From this philanthropic practice came
AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW...

At the end of the rainbow, 'tis said, there lies a pot of gold. But just around the corner there lies happiness, which is much better. For in your neighborhood, as in all others, is a theatre where one of these clean, clever, amusing talking comedies will help you to shed your worries in a round of laughter. And laughter means happiness—and health.

No wild goose chase here! Just look for the show that includes one of these short feature laugh hits. It's sure to be a better show.

Watch especially for these . . .
They're among the most popular short comedy hits of the season

"MATCH PLAY"—The champions, WALTER HAGEN and LEO DIEGEL, with Andy Clyde, Marjorie Beebe and Bud Jamison, in a MACK SENNETT Short Feature Comedy of fine golf and fine fun. You'll like it just as much if you never saw a golf ball.

"DAD KNOWS BEST"—JACK WHITE knows how to bring out the best in laughter—and does it in this farce featuring Taylor Holmes, with Helen Bolton.

"WESTERN KNIGHTS"—Eddie Lambert, with his Yiddish dialect, and Al St. John, with his daring acrobatics, make this MERMAID Comedy a screamingly funny travesty on the western "mellors."

"PRETZELS"—Zwei bier3 and a lot of laughs at Paul Terry's clever cartoon capers in the latest of his new TERRY-TOONS.

"HE TRUMPED HER ACE"—Kibitzers and bridge fans beware! This MACK SENNETT Comedy is a redouble in laughs.
eyes riveted upon Doug as he swung from one scene into another. All he said was "Get, Sir, I wish I could be like him!"

From that day on he worshipped Doug. He asked the doctors to let him walk in the fresh air and tried every possible way to help himself. He managed to get back to him and he started doing the tricks he had seen his idol do. He built him a little hut and called it "The Gauchos Den." He organized a club known as "The Masked Riders." This club made startling and wonderful things—abbes, carved knives, guns and ropes. When Doug's pictures came to town they went in a group, then returned to try out the tricks.

Today my brother has a fine body and superb health. His idol and pattern is still Doug and to him we owe our undying gratitude.

Clara L. Woflek,
1230 North Temple Ave.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

She Likes Gilbert's Love-Making
John Gilbert's performance in "His Glorious Night" was a supreme achievement in love making. How he managed to put so much beauty into those over-used words "I love you" is beyond me. Then came criticism about Gilbert's voice—and I wonder what the public wants. It's pretty tiresome to have all our actors singing, dancing and talking and hardly one attempting that most difficult thing, speaking love lines on the talking screen. So our brave hero Gilbert tries it and what does he get from his once adoring public? I ask you, is it fair?

Mrs. H. Sokol,
116 Oak Street,
Wilmington, Del.

Barry Norton's friends will be glad to know that he has signed a contract with Paramount.

For Ann Harding
Thanks to the talking screen that has brought us prominence that many of us would never have known. A type somewhat rare on the screen, I believe, is Ann Harding. She appears to refined, so cultured, and her voice has acquired such perfect diction that one would walk miles to hear her. Such naturalness of manner, and speech, such pleasing personality and rare beauty is seldom seen. She combines well all that is beautiful and best in pictures. It is a real inspiration to see such talent as Ann Harding and Fredric March, who played with her in "Paris Bound," possess. May we see more of them.

Miss Jane E. Harrick,
510 West Michigan,
Lansing, Mich.

A Barry Norton Fan
The ways of producers are beyond the comprehension of my feeble brain. It always struck me as weird that some company did not for its own profit as well as for the welfare of the cinema art, exploit the talents of Barry Norton. No player on the screen has received more unanimous and consistent approbation for brilliant work in minor roles.

I have followed his career with vivid interest since his memorable "Mother's Boy" in "What Price Glory." His marvelous work as Lieutenant Dashwood in "Legion of the Condemned" where he faced death before a firing squad appealed to me as being the finest bit of acting I have ever seen.

Yet the producers do not recognize the potentialities of such talent. But, of course, they are men. That explains it!

Crocilla Mullen,
1030 Echo Park Ave.,
Los Angeles, Cal.
Gorgeous, glorious, glamorous Vilma Banky, famous star of many notable screen successes, now brings the full flower of her beauty, the full mastery of her art—to this great talking picture written by the famous American playwright, Sidney Howard.

Like a flame in the dark, her youth and beauty light up the lonesome years of a middle-aged, tender and romantic Italian. He represents to her a haven of refuge from a drab, poverty-stricken existence. Then Youth calls to Youth—and a tense, enthralling, heart-rending drama develops, laying bare the human soul as only the master hand of a famous playwright like Sidney Howard can do. A drama replete with tender love interest—a story you'll always remember! With Edward G. Robinson and Robert Ames, directed by Victor Seastrom.
Above: the real Winifred Westover. Her brave Viking beauty reflects a serene soul. Her own life story is more dramatic than most motion picture plots; but her tolerance and understanding helped her to turn her trials into material to enrich her technique. She has matured artistically without losing a vestige of her girlish charm and quaint, naive sweetness.

Right: Winifred is also a most modern young woman with a sense of humor; and a devoted mother to husky little Bill Hart the second. She has staged a great come-back and her triumph is all the more complete in view of the fact that "Lummoz" is her first talking film. It is interesting to note that, like Greta Garbo, Winifred Westover is of Scandinavia.
Once upon a time there was a little girl with golden hair and blue eyes. What? You’ve met her before? No, no; this is another little girl. Besides the golden hair and blue eyes she possessed something much, much rarer. She had courage, of a very remarkable kind. It may have been the beautiful hair and the wide blue eyes that put her into the movies; but it was her courage that kept her there.

Winifred Westover, a real-life heroine of motion pictures! A popular leading lady, she married the great big star, Bill Hart, and became the mother of Bill Hart, Jr. And her screen career seemed to be over. But that’s where the courage came in! Winifred began a battle to win back her rightful place on the screen. And, after months of hoping and waiting and praying, she won her fight. The biggest acting rôle in years—the heroine of Fannie Hurst’s “Lummox”—was hers. It was not handed to her; she went out and got it. She had to convince both Miss Hurst and director Herbert Brenon that she and she alone was born to be Lummox. She succeeded. Her performance is an artistic triumph. The little girl with golden hair and blue eyes, still young, still pretty, still sweet—is very nearly a great actress. May she win other rôles as great, and play them as beautifully!

Above: as Lummox, the title rôle of the screen version of Fannie Hurst’s impressive novel, Winifred Westover wins our Honor Page. She submerges her own character in that of the inarticulate, pathetic servant girl, who, despite her crudity, still has a craving for beauty in her soul. Miss Westover’s performance in this film is one of the greatest ever screened.

Left: Lummox, an old woman now, finds her final happiness with a family of motherless children. The pathos of the yearning servant girl grown old, who has made so many sacrifices for her son, is fully realized by the actress, who disdains to depend too much upon her ageing make-up. Winifred Westover’s Lummox will move you to heart-felt applause.
EXAMINATION QUESTIONS

1. Give the dates of the Sacking of Rome by
   (a) The Gauls (b) The Battle of Zama
   (c) The Second Punic War (d) The death of Hasdrubal

HISTORY AS IT WAS TAUGHT

AND-

"Now children here you see the battle of the Somme."

Drawing by C. D. Batchelor

Education Made Painless
WHERE, oh where, are the screen lovers of yesteryear? Will the talkers, "Stone Age of a new art," as William Bolitho calls them, kill off all our love scenes? Well, look around you.

"Journey's End" is now being screened. If you saw the play, you know it is a womanless affair. No place here in the trenches for little blonde, or even brunette ingenues. Just stark realism, enacted by an all-male cast. Unless the screen version shows flash-backs to English gardens with wives among the hollyhocks, and they'd better not, you will see a screenplay without a love scene. "All Quiet On the Western Front" is being produced with painstaking fidelity to the book. You already have seen "Men Without Women." And the charming "Seven Days Leave" in which Beryl Mercer is the only femme in the cast—and doing very well, thank you. If you asked me, I'd rather see a single close-up of Miss Mercer, with sound accompaniment, than whole epic productions of other ladies mouthing their lines. But you didn't ask me, did you?

Nevertheless, I do think something Should Be Done. It's getting serious. Can we get along without love? Don't answer. Let me answer. No, we cannot. Already the girls are beginning to cry about Gary Cooper keeping Mary Brian and Fay Wray and other lovely Paramount ladies waiting while he dallies with Beryl Mercer. Already I've had warning letters to the effect that if Jack Gilbert is kept off the screen very much longer, the writers will take it out on me. Me—and I never did anything. Already several gentlemen fans have written to say that when they pay good money to see a movie they want a little something in the way of sweetness and light. I can only refer them to "The Love Parade," "Devil May Care," "Rogue Song," and "The Vagabond King," which abound in scenes of amorous dalliance. But it seems they want something more. It seems there is still a crying need for episodes in which two passionate puppets forget all about Will Hays and the censors and the old folks at home and their make-up and think only of each other—until the director signals "Cut." In other words, the public doesn't seem to be satisfied with the love scenes they are getting but they still want love scenes. Now, let's see. What can we do? Have Ernst Lubitsch direct all the pictures produced?

No, that wouldn't do. Well, then, how about Jacques Feyder's suggestion of robot actors? He says: "It is not impossible that mechanical actors energized by electricity and controlled by a television apparatus will rule both stage and screen. People may laugh at the idea of a robot taking the place of an actor, but it is no more fantastic than other scientific developments of the last twenty years. In a drama a group of these machines, with faces moulded from plastic materials, could be moved from a director's switchboard, speak lines, do everything they would need to do. At first, plays will probably be built about such a device, like 'R.U.R.,' just as a novelty; but later they may be used for a whole cast."

Let me hear from all who agree that robots, no matter how plastic, can ever take the place of Greta Garbo, Gloria Swanson, Claudette Colbert, Richard Barthelmess, Chevalier, Dennis King—oh, finish out the list yourself!

Speaking of Garbo, and we try to in every issue, Eddie Nugent wonders if all the girls who have been copying Greta's hair, her clothes, and her walk will now, after seeing "Anna Christie," practice talking in a husky voice and telling their fathers how bad they've been.

D. E.
JAZZ,
By
Oscar Straus

“The present jazz craze is simply a fad. It reminds me always of fireworks being exploded under the eternal stars. Sometimes a flight of blazing rockets lights up the entire landscape with a dazzling glare; but when they fall the stars are still shining. I have never written jazz. I have no intention of writing it. It is not my music.”
—Oscar Straus.

"The Chocolate Soldier" and "The Waltz Dream" are among the beloved light operas of all time. Oscar Straus, their composer, is shown in the act of writing original compositions for the screen. His first motion picture operetta will be for Vitaphone.

THE most interesting thing that happened to me in New York, on my way to Hollywood to compose Vitaphone operettas, was that I had the privilege of meeting George Gershwin.

I had heard of him, of course, and I had often listened with admiration to his music. And when we stood face to face, with clasped hands, I thought:

"This is a meeting of Europe and America—of Vienna and New York!"

For my music has always been, in its very essence, Viennese. Although for the past decade I have lived for the most part in Berlin and Paris, visiting the banks of the blue Danube only from time to time, I have always been and always shall remain, spiritually, a son of my native city.

As for George Gershwin—he is not merely a product of New York. His music, it seems to me, is New York of the present day.

We became great friends, though our time together was so short; and this, I like to think, is a happy omen of the future relations of European and American music. We met early in the evening, at the premiere of a revival of "The Chocolate Soldier;" and after the performance Gershwin took me to his very modernistic penthouse apartment, where we remained until half-past two in the morning, playing the piano and talking. First my host would play, and then I would play; and then we would talk about the things that are of eternal interest to men who compose music.

On many subjects we did not agree—nor did we pretend that we agreed. We were both honest—the very best, and indeed the only, foundation for friendship. And we both love music. It was one of the most delightful evenings I have ever known.

Gershwin's music is not my music, but he is a genuine artist. We understood each other. Therein, I believe, lies a symbol and a prophecy of the years to come. The typical music of the old and New Worlds will, in my judgment, prove to have much in common. They will continue to influence each other; stimulation and inspiration will pass back and forth.

This process has already begun. I see no limitations to its future development, now that the synchronization of sight and sound on the motion picture screen has opened to music the gates of a world-wide kingdom.

That is why I have come to America—to take part in the inauguration of the new era in which, I am satisfied, music is destined to an expansion hitherto undreamed of by its most ardent devotees.

For nowadays, the screen reaches all the world. From the palatial cinema theaters of London, Paris and New York to tiny movie halls in Asia, in Mexico and on the Gold Coast of Africa, this newest and most amazing of art forms may be seen at work, amusing and educating all mankind. No longer can it be truly said that there is no new thing under the sun; for in all the history of the human race there has been nothing like the rise of the motion picture to planetary omnipresence in the past score of years.

And now it will be able to carry the message of music everywhere.
GERSHWIN, and ME

The Famous Composer of "The Chocolate Soldier" Writes His Own Introduction to America and the Movies

This will most certainly prove of incalculable importance in the evolution of the race. Music is of universal appeal; it is a language which needs no translation. And its message is a message of beauty, of harmony, which will inevitably contribute to the unification of mankind.

But I do not believe that the music of the future will be jazz.

To me, jazz is astonishing; sometimes it is distressing; often it is amusing, and sometimes it infects me with its wild abandon so that, for a fleeting moment, I can almost understand the extreme claims that are occasionally made for it. But such moods soon pass. The appeal of jazz is not lasting. It is virile, emphatic, strenuous; but those qualities are not peculiar to jazz. Its rôle in the music of years to come will, I feel sure, be a minor one. The present jazz craze is simply a craze, a fad. It reminds me always of fireworks being exploded under the eternal stars. Sometimes a flight of blazing rockets lights up the entire landscape with a dazzling glare; but when they fall the stars are still shining.

I have never written jazz. I have no intention of writing it. As I told Gershwin, it is not my music. But one of my sons is the author of a jazz operetta which is soon to be produced in Berlin.

Perhaps, he, too, will be in Hollywood ere long.

Despite my very limited liking for jazz, I have found myself fully able to understand it since coming to America. Life moves at a fast pace here. Now and then, the leisurely European finds it somewhat bewildering. Out of this swiftness of movement, this intensity and eagerness, has sprung the soul of jazz.

But can even the American people maintain this rapid pace permanently? I doubt it, and I think I can already discern signs of a reaction. Americans more and more are coming to realize the advantages of a calmer outlook. After hustle comes fatigue; after jazz, I am sure, will come a return to melody, to pure beauty, to the genuine art of music.

As the entire world becomes educated in music, the universal taste will be, I think, a refined and delicate taste. It will be—shall we say?—semi-classical. It will favor the music that endures, and in years to come, I have no doubt that successful Vitaphone operettas will be revived again and again just as operettas of the stage have been.

In my own work here in Hollywood at the Warner Studios, I am proceeding as I have done in writing all my former operettas. That is to say, I am writing for the screen exactly as I have written (Continued on page 127)
The HOLLYWOOD

Our Incorrigibly Witty Author, Mr. Cruikshank, Lets Himself Go and Makes Good Reading. But We’re Not Sure He is Right—Are You?

Lillian Gish makes pictures in Hollywood, true; but she also loves her Manhattan and her Europe.

LIKE all Gaul, Hollywood is divided into three parts. First of these is the Native Sons. Meaning a lot of embattled farmers from Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska who have spent what may be called their lives acquiring a small financial competence and the rheumatic. They’ve come to California to spend the one on the other.

Secondly, there are the Tourists. They are a sort of season. One speaks of the rainy season and the tourist season. The rainy season is preferable. As a rule they arrive during very unusual weather. In which event they return East to Omaha razing the climate. Otherwise they may buy lots and ranches and groves upon which the mortgages are foreclosed shortly thereafter. Next to ‘mo’om pitchers’, the mortgage industry is one of the Coast’s greatest main-stays.

But oddest of all sects in this sect-sy city, is the Bite-The-Hand-That-Feeds-You contingent. These are known as the Hollywood Haters. Many of them are New Yorkers. That is, in the same sense that a Cohen is a Kelly after the Court waves its wand and makes a turkey of a herring.


Not all of these representative New Yorkers are Hollywood Haters. Indeed, not all Hollywood Haters are New Yorkers either by birth or braggadocio. The sect is not limited by either geography or genealogy. It is rather a mental condition. An evidence of the trend of the times. Times in which it is the vogue to be against things...
rather than for them. Like the Irish used to be 'agin' the governmint.'

If one raves to Lilhan Gish about the beauties of California in general, and Hollywood in particular, she may flutter at you and maybe run out to pick daisies. She may tell you that Hollywood is merely a place to go for motor rides and hear talkies. And the Duse's favorite drama critic, George Jean Nathan, may boop-a-doop about schnitzels, sphygmomanometers and Mencken.

If one suggests to Lilyan Tashman that Hollywood is a pleasant place in which to have one's being, Lil'll gather the chinchilla closer about her blonde beauty, elevating the chin and giving out the chill-a. A place to work, Lilyan will tell you. That's what Hollywood is.

For ought else—N'Yawk. Joan and Constance, daughters of Richard Bennett, of the Shelbyville, Ind., Bennetts, will mentally class you with Harry Richman if you evince a love for the brown and boney (not bonny) hills of old Hollywood. These sophisticates may describe the old town that started the world's greatest industry in Jesse Lasky's barn, as White Plains upside down, or something of the sort.

If you ask Fannie Hurst about Hollywood, and she doesn't walk out on you, she'll probably just lift the eye-brows and tell you parables about how she believed the angels to be clothed in gold and found them—to put it delicately — en dishabille. It's all verra, verra dreadful, to hear Fannie tell it.

(Continued on page 112)
Oh, Oui? Oui!

If we can't all visit the Rue de la Paix this year, we'll find a good substitute on the screen. For Fifi Dorsay brings all the chic, the perfume, and the joie de vivre of her native France to our talking films.

If she appeared in "They Had to See Paris" and "Hot for Paris." The screen, to say nothing of the audience, has never been the same. Somehow, we never before realized so clearly that we of America and we of France are just brothers—and sisters.

VIVE

Messieurs et Madames,
Another Invasion! Hollywood Opens her Arms to These Dear French

By

Marie House

O

oo la la, mon Dieu, mon cherie, mon chou, chou, poof, poof-poo, and a liberal sprinkling of oui oui's. A deadly barrage of Gallic expressions. Z-z-zzies, z-z-zzises and z-z-zzos buzz in our ears. A hall of shrapnel could be no more effective. Don't shoot. We surrender.

Vive la France!

Screen tests. Voice tests. Close-ups. Long shots, Still shots. High powered premieres; and another Frenchman has won the hand-painted wagon load of fan mail.

Cameras to the right of them! Microphones to the left of them! Directors at the heels of them! Foreign celebrities on the side lines, hoping they stutter! Nothing can stop them, these doughty French.

To the fan lines comes the smell of powder and grease paint. Through the trusty binoculars we see the clash of arms (a-a-aah), the roll of eyes, the brilliant flash of those Gallic smiles. Ooooooooh la la!

Scaling the heights of the deadly Mount Microphone, that has sent so many accents floundering backwards into vaudeville, these clever French, with telling gestures and plenty of 'ca,' have carried the tricolor to the peaks of the highest Hollywood strongholds and there with true Gallic insouciance, sit practically on top of the world.

Others may hesitate to cross the Rubicon where voice and action meet. But not the French. Mon Dieu! But most certainly not the French. If they lack for a word, a shrug will do. What the tongue hesitates on, the eyes express. And the Parisian flavor of the songs they sing are more effective than they would be in untrimmed English. Because no matter what they are, we chortle blissfully anyway and suspect the worst. With practically no trouble at all, even, they have succeeded in feeding us whole spoonfuls of unadulterated foreign language with scarcely a wary face among us—scarcely.

Vive la France!

Maurice Chevalier began it last summer, probably in just a little "Innocents of Paris" fun—but it proved to be the shot fired that was next heard in "The Cock-Eyed World." But Will Rogers is really to blame: not that he started it exactly, but Will is always starting things so blame him anyway. Besides after "They Had To See Paris," everyone got the idea, which made the score practically unanimous in favor of the French.
And now that the Battle of the Microphone is going so well, let’s wipe a little of the smoke out of our eyes and see who’s where and why not.

Now that dashing Jeanne D’Arc is hopping over you deadly parapet. There’s a neat trick for you. Boy, our biggest telescope. We’ll have a close-up. Ah, ah! Slappie hannies! Boy, return that telescope!

Now I see. Hmmm is One of the reasons why Will Rogers had to see Paris. It’s Madeleine Fifi Dorsay.

Fifi, hoo, Fifi! Come on over, Fifi!

Fifi comes over, a vivacious Fifi with mop of black hair and large hazel eyes. A Fifi in a unique affair of tight-waisted black coat and black skirt with large white dots. No, not new styles, silly. Made up for her part. “Studies of 1915,” she laughingly admits.

How is the battle going today, Fifi? And what is that interesting looking parapet you’ve just been scaling?

“Oh, I am so fatigued. These movies! Just now I have lunch. See, it is 2:30. Terrible. My head is in a whirl. These lines! Over and over and over again, they play the scene until Mr. Korda says it is right, and then I can only see the lines still going around in my head.” (Well-known and effective Dorsay gestures.)

“But now I do a dramatique part. That is what I have always wanted to do. More dramatique part. This time I am a song and dance girl in French Morocco. I am a bad girl but I love this soldier, a legonnaire who is wanted by the law. I hide him in my room and help him escape. It is very dramatique” (more effective gestures.)

“Hell’s Bells”—well, that’s the tentative title of this new picture in which Harold Murray is the lead with Fifi co-starred. But wait until you hear those new songs she sings, Good Time Fifi and Ce C’est Paris. Now, be quiet. You’ll just have to wait.

Fifi speculatively eyes the most glittering domes of stardom high up in gilded Hollywood. And why not?

“Ever since I came to America I have wanted to go on the stage. When I was a stenographer in New York I was not satisfied. Then I got a small part in the ‘Greenwich Village Follies.’ Will Rogers was there then. I liked working with Mr. Rogers in ‘They Had To See Paris.’ He is so bashful. It is nice to play a vamp part with Mr. Rogers.” (Trills of famous Dorsay laughter.)

“You know,” surprise struggling with pride in her voice, “I went to work very quickly after my test in New York. Very few get to work quickly after their screen test. Just three weeks after my test, I was working here on the Fox lot.”

You see. That’s the way the French work.

“Look! I do not say ‘z’ when I talk. Only in pictures when I must be a French girl. I must say ‘zis’ and ‘zos’ and everything. See, I can say ‘thing.’ Soon with a little, what do you say, a little concentration, I will play straight American parts. Then you will see. I can talk American. I will not have an accent.”

“What, no ‘z’? Fifi? No accent? Oh, please!”

“It is difficult to speak English with a French accent when it does not come naturally. So many girls tried out for these parts, but either they did not speak enough English or they were Americans who spoke fluent French, but their accent was not right. Marion Davies was one who did this well in ‘Marianne.’ She was splendid. If my English is as good as her French. I will be glad.”

There’s a beau geste for you.

(Cont. on page 119)
Go West, young woman, go West!

If Horace Greeley could have known the West of today, he might have added this afterthought to his well-known and much-quoted words to young men.

Of course, to modern youth, West means Hollywood. But Horace Greeley would not have advised youthful and feminine America to go West to become movie stars. He would have realized that such advice was unnecessary. Every train which rolls into Los Angeles is loaded with its quota of such fame and fortune seekers.

He would have been talking to the energetic, intelligent young women who do not crave the thrill and glitter of screen glories, who are looking for other avenues to success.

The young women of the country don't need the advice of any man to show them the possibilities of the motion picture field. They discovered these possibilities all by themselves. Every morning hundreds of clever girls throng through the studio gates to hang their smart straw or felt hats, as the season may be, in hundreds of offices.

Every time Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson or any other glittering lady of the silver screen moves through eight reels of film adventure, a half hundred unseen and unknown young women have helped in the motion.

A wonderful thing about the behind-the-cameras activity of this movie game is that age, sex and looks don't matter. Only intelligence counts. The one great cry of the business is, "It can be done!" Nothing is impossible. Miracles are performed. It makes no difference who performs them, man or woman, oldster or youngster, so long as they are performed.

Each year finds more clever girls added to studio payrolls. They come from all parts of the world to try their luck in the West of motion pictures. They do all sorts of things. They are ready to give every ounce of their intelligence and energy to this fascinating business. They love the thrill of being a factor, large or small, in the making of pictures which travel into every nook and corner of the globe. They wouldn't trade places with any Garbo or Shearer or Swanson.
These Girls Who Have Carved Their Own Careers in the World behind the Cameras Wouldn't Trade Jobs with the Stars

By Ralph Wheeler

The public reads much about the actresses. It knows what they do, what they wear, where they go and whom they love. It reads, too, about the women who write the stories for the actresses. But the hordes of other girls, who play so important a part in the furnishing of amusement for the millions, go unpraised and unsung, except in their own circles.

Did you ever wonder, while you were watching the intricacies of some elaborate costume picture, the suave niceties of some story of foreign drawing rooms or the military paraphernalia of some war epic, who supervised the correctness of the million and one details? An amazing amount of research and study lies behind each plume, each curtsy, each uniform.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, a young woman is responsible for this very necessary phase of the making of the pictures. Her name is Nathalie Bucknall and her own history is as colorful as any story for whose details she delves into her research library. In a big, book-filled room, Mrs. Bucknall, with the aid of two young women assistants, determines what sort of boots were worn by seventeenth century soldiers and what kind of silver was used on Victorian dinner tables.

The brown-haired, brown-eyed young woman was born in Petrograd, then St. Petersburg, the daughter of a Russian father and an English mother. She served in Russia's Battalion of Death during the World War and was decorated three times by both the Russian and British governments. After the armistice she directed a hospital in Russia and later was affiliated with the English war department.

Three years ago she came to America to travel and to study. The movies fascinated her. She found a studio foothold as a reader. Then her knowledge of foreign modes and manners, of languages and history opened a place for her in the research department. As the director of technical research, she has carved her own little niche in the world behind the cameras.

After the technical details of the picture are arranged, after the sets are built on the stages, the picture rooms must be furnished, draped and... (Continued on page 120)
YES, IT'S A
They Really Do Have Business. Here You Are Learn What
By Brian

YES, IT'S A
They Really Do Have Business. Here You Are Learn What
By Brian
For May 1930

Reading right along, from the head of the table: Hal B. Wallis, co-executive in charge of production at the studio, and the husband of Louise Fazenda; Larry Ceballos, the dance director and his assistant, Carl McBride; Leo Forbstein, musical director, and his assistant, Leonid Leonardi. A conference to which Screenland was admitted by special permission.

Conference
Conferences in the Picture
Invited to Attend One and
It’s All About

Herbert

you want to call one of the inhabitants, you would ask the studio telephone operator for the Conference Room. Whether any one answered the telephone when you called is a question which I will not go into. This laboratory of disputes adjoins the suite occupied by C. Graham Baker, scenarist and producer, who with Hal B. Wallis is co-executive head of production at the First National production plant.

Mr. Baker, you will see, is chairman of the conference, at which Mr. Wallis presides as official arbiter of disputes. Their places are at the head of a long table, and William A. Seiter, who is to direct “Mlle. Modiste,” is beside them. On the left side of the table is Robert North, the producer, then Robert Crawford, executive in charge of musical activities. Julian Josephson and Paul Perez, scenarists, come next in order. On the opposite side of the table are Larry Ceballos, dance director, Carl McBride, his assistant, Leo Forbstein, musical director, and Anton Grot, art director and set designer. At the end of the room stands a grand piano where Leonid Leonardi, assistant to Forbstein, is prepared to sing or play any parts of the score of Victor Herbert’s original music, or new music written for the production.

There is no formal opening of the proceedings. The atmosphere is exceedingly cheerful as William A. Seiter completes a recital of the latest funny story which is going the rounds of the studio. Then Mr. Baker checks up on the personnel present and (Continued on page 122)
GLORIA SWANSON
Psycho-Analyzed
A Penetrating Portrait of the Little Chicago Girl who Became a Marquise in Real Life and a Czarina of the Screen

By James Oppenheim

It is a curious fact that the two outstanding women of the American screen have Swedish blood in them. Greta Garbo and Gloria Swanson. Of course, the Garbo was a recent importation whereas Gloria was American-born, and anyone who has seen the latter in "The Trespasser" knows that she can be American to her finger-tips, whether as private secretary, telephone girl, apartment-house mother, or millionaire’s wife. But then, Gloria could be a veritable Queen or run a Paris salon. She could, likewise, be a ‘moll’ in the underworld. But, whatever she is, she is superb and aristocratic, which latter means that she goes her own way, whether against a barrage of criticism or lack of funds; and that she can be a stately hostess or flinging herself down on a bed and play ‘kids’ with a child.

These Scandinavian women! Why do they fascinate hard-hitting, go-getting, down-to-earth Americans? Perhaps it is that no matter how hard-hitting and go-getting they may be themselves, they are also up in the clouds: Valkyries astride horses bearing dead warriors through the skies to Valhalla. There is poetry in them, and so a prosenation is allured and fascinated. They give us dreams to dream and wonders to wonder at.

And yet, Garbo and Swanson are utterly unlike. Garbo seems like a captive princess in a tower, with the sea dashing below in moonlight, caring for nothing but something long-lost; whereas Swanson belongs to the great modern city: skyscrapers and windy sunny days, radio, motor cars, jewels, gowns and splendor—a woman of the world.

We begin to understand the difference (as well as the likeness) when we examine the questionnaire which Miss Swanson, with the help of an interlocutor, has answered for SCREENLAND. We know that Greta Garbo is a deep introvert, that she prefers the dream-world to the real world, that she is lonely, moody, aloof, and often sorrowful; that it is in her art that she extraverts, that is, has a warm living contact with a world of people.

Miss Swanson sets herself down as extraverted, 55, as against introverted, 23. Turning the figures around we would probably get a picture of Greta Garbo. In fact, we might say that Garbo is more the artist, Swanson more the woman; Garbo is more a dream-figure, a night-star; Swanson flesh-and-blood, a powerful electric light.

Yet note the likenesses, Scandinavian, I take it. Miss Swanson says of herself:

I am a little self-conscious.
I feel very much misunderstood by most people.
I hate to be conspicuous, even in my own home.
I am self-centered, introspective; keep looking into myself.
I have deep moods that sometimes last for days.
I am very easily in a tense condition.
I am very often ‘up in the clouds.’

One would imagine from this that she would have a hard time meeting the world, mixing in, getting things done, being practical; that like Greta Garbo, she would be tyrannized over by changing moods (introverted feeling); moods that she was acting in a screen-play or those inexplicable moods which, like fog, cut us off from the world and make us hide in a dingy corner of misery.

But this introverted side is Swanson’s shadow, whereas it is Garbo’s self. For listen to these further answers:
I am a real go-getter, by nature.
It is very easy for me to order others around. (Imagine Garbo good at that?)
Life is a game to me, to be played through like a sport.
I’m a good actor in public, and a good mixer.
I am naturally very active and delight in doing things.
I like very many people.
I like always to be with them and on the go.
I am loving and affectionate.
I am a faddist, and take up with all the fads that come along. (Honest, that?)

I would be absolutely indifferent if the man I loved should flirt with other women.
I am very realistic and have much common sense.
I am easy-going as a rule.

In short, she is many colored, and the extraverted side is strong enough to win victory (Continued on page 112)
STARS who never saw

These Self-Made Celebrities Need No Plots or Props. They are Box-Office Attractions without Benefit of Bunk. This Story Tells You How the Great World Figures are Coaxed to Face the News Cameras

Do you realize that all moving picture stars do not live in Hollywood?

Did you ever stop to consider that there is one young man in America and another young man in England who separately can attract as many people into a moving picture theater as the combined charms of Ronald Colman, George Bancroft and Maurice Chevalier?

Would you ever think that a certain mature woman living in what we would call an outlandish country, shut off by mountains and hemmed in by boundless plains, actually has as much sex appeal in the eyes of the box-office world as Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, Clara Bow, and that mean mama, Evelyn Brent, all rolled into one?

You don't believe it?

Well, it's a fact. And I can prove it.

One of the real romances of the present day is that we can step into almost any moving picture theater and rub elbows with the greatest men and women that exist in current history. At last there is real democracy!

Without any effort whatsoever, we can watch the richest man in existence—a man who has given more than seven hundred and fifty million dollars to charity and science alone—cut his birthday cake.

By extracting a small coin from our pocketbook and placing it on the sill of the box-office window, we can see the mystery Queen, the greatest woman diplomat on earth today, in the privacy of her home.

Kings invite us to their countries. Internationally celebrated writers tell us jokes. We glimpse the love making and wedding of one Prince of a noble house. And we sense the tragedy of another, who gave up his throne for love.

All this through the medium of that most important of present day inventions—the talking news reel picture camera.

Nearly every celebrated figure in America and Europe has talked for the Fox Movietone news: Lindbergh, the Prince of Wales, Shaw, and Queen Marie of Roumania—the four greatest drawing cards of all. Then we have John D. Rockefeller, the King of Spain, Mussolini, King George of England, Conan Doyle, Prince Humbert of Italy, Prince George of England, the Emperor of Japan, the Pope in his Vatican seclusion, Hindenburg, Clemenceau, Tardieu, Poincaré, the King of Italy, the King of Sweden, Prince Carol of Roumania, Edison, Booth Tarkington, President Hoover, ex-President Coolidge, Pershing, Taft, Al Smith, Governor Roosevelt, Mayor Walker, Andrew Mellon, Speaker Longworth, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, and many others.

But what money, influence, diplomatic pressure, cajolery, patience, and persuasion has been exerted!

However, no person in the United
HOLLYWOOD

By Rosa Reilly

States was ever paid any sum of money for permitting a talking news reel picture of himself to be made. In Europe, many were compensated. But not all. In fact, Bernard Shaw was not given a penny. And yet more money was realized on his news reel than on any short picture which Fox has ever produced.

While I am not free to tell you the stated sums paid stated continental personalities, I can tell you quite a few received amounts tidy enough to keep the wolf from the door for many moons.

But if money was not paid to some, what months of strategy were necessary before the boys would step up and duff their hats and ear muffens before the microphone.

And you can well understand it.

In ordinary life, you and I love to see our name in print and our photographs in the news reels. It is a normal ambition cherished by nearly every normal individual, if they will admit it.

But for a celebrity, placed high in the world, publicity is exceedingly dangerous. Ridicule and unfavorable gossip have ruined more careers than poison. Therefore, the average highly placed personality is extremely wary before he allows himself to be persuaded.

Take the case of Mussolini, who was the first big fish to be hooked. He is one of the most unapproachable of men from the viewpoint of the press.

The Fox news would never have been able to procure him except through the kindly intervention of Ambassador Fletcher, at that time our representative in Rome.

Mussolini took the whole thing very, very seriously. First he gave his speech in Italian. And then in English. Very meticulous English which he had unquestionably memorized phonetically. When the finished record was given out, his voice had a most un-English twang.

And this un-English twang leads to another and very funny story. The Mussolini film was shown to Bernard Shaw, that august Irishman who recently turned out the far-from-light "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism."

When Shaw saw and heard Mussolini's film, he said: "That is terrible. Mussolini is not making the most of his personality. I'll show him how it should be done."

With that, he turned around and put on one of the wittiest and most entertaining short features which has ever been made. And it did not cost William Fox a nickel.

With the exception of Shaw, of all the European celebrities, Lloyd George and Hindenburg were the only ones who did not cause the Fox Company many moments of anxiety and months of waiting. And at what expense!

Talking news reel crews are maintained in strategic points throughout Europe and Asia, just on the chance of something happening. And when a flood occurs or a King dies, the nearest unit is rushed to the scene. There are four of these camera crews in England, one in Spain, one in Morocco, one in Palestine, three in Rome, one in Czecho-Slovakia, and three in Paris. When you realize that the average salary of each of (Continued on page 114)
Chaney, ‘Man of a Thousand Faces,’ will Now be Known as ‘The Man of a Thousand Voices.’
He has fallen for the Talkers at Last!
"I want to play roles in which I can use several voices in the same picture, so that people won't be able to really say which my own natural voice is, just as I have used make-up, so that they don't quite know what my real face is like!"

That's Lon Chaney's idea of keeping up the singular mystery that surrounds him, now that he's going to talk for the screen. And incidentally, in doing it, he's going to dig up all the tricks from his old bag, when he played characters on the stage before he went into pictures. For, long before he was a 'man of a thousand faces,' he was really a man of a thousand voices, a utility character player ready to jump in and play anything from a college boy to a Methusaleh; from a Dutch comedian to an English chap-
pie.

When audiences hear him use as many as five voices in a picture, they'll wonder, perhaps; but after all, when one considers his training, there's not so much to wonder at.

In small traveling companies, an actor used to be ready to play anything, sometimes three or four parts in the same play. The old time stock actor learned make-up and dialect to hold his job; he had to be ready with his tricks at a moment's notice.

And that's the secret of why the man of a thousand faces will have no difficulty in becoming the man of a thousand voices, too.

This matter of using his natural voice was one of the things that kept Chaney holding out against the talkies for so long.

"When you hear a person talk," says Chaney, "you begin to know him better. And my whole career has been devoted, in my case, to keeping people from knowing watch Mansfield in "Ivan the Terrible" one night and "Beau Brumell" the next, noting how subtle changes in voice, carriage, and make-up changed the very soul, seemingly, of the man.

"Those old actors," says Chaney, "never showed the audience themselves, but literally donned the personality of the character they were playing. From the first, when I started to act, I resolved to be as like them as I could. Instead of being a type, and playing nothing but myself, I always wanted to try and play someone else, submerging my own personality.

"On the stage I had plenty of chances. One of the first shows I was in, I had to play an old hick sheriff, come in on the second act as the town drunk, and in the third act play a Dutchman, (Continued on page 116)
Fantastic Hollywood

Cecil Beaton’s Impressions of Screen City
As Told To Rosa Reilly

“HOLLYWOOD is the most incredibly fantastic city in the world,” said Cecil Beaton, famous young English illustrator, artist and photographer, who has just returned from his pilgrimage to the screen city.

“Hollywood,” he continued, “is a triumph of bad taste. And I never knew bad taste could be such fun!”

“First place Hollywood,” Mr. Beaton went on, “primarily with a view to doing drawings and caricatures to illustrate Anita Loos’ new book on this film town. But I also went to crash down the barriers of my illusions.

“On the screen in London, Paris, and New York I have watched my favorite cinema stars and even in this day of realism to me they possessed great romance and glamour. I knew if I went to Hollywood and saw these stars in person that the romance and glamour would fade away. And it was a terrific extravagance for me to go there for I have always held the theory that stage and screen personalities should never be seen by the public out of character. They should never mix with the world. They should live a life apart so that the millions of theater and cinema-goers might retain their illusions.

“But paradoxically enough, even though I realized the stars would lose their glamour for me if I went to Hollywood and saw them in person, and although I knew it was a mistake to go—I did go. And it was glorious fun smashing the last barrier!

“Hollywood is the most artificial place in the world. And because it is, I love it. I love the paradox that is Hollywood—the mixing of naturalness and artificiality. I hate the painted doll type of girl who looks like she wears a mask. But I adore a flesh and blood human woman who puts that sort of doll coating on herself. It is a delightful pretense. It amuses me to see her trying to clothe her face; to cover her naiveté or her hard-boiledness, as the case may be, with this painted doll pretense.

“As a child and a growing boy I was brought up in a very social atmosphere. None of my people were stage people. And it was like flying to have suggested that I be allowed to go behind the stage. I was taken to the minimum amount of pantomimes but when I got old enough I ran off to the matinées whenever I could, pretending, of course, to be playing at home in the garden.

“Because everything artificial was kept so far away from me, I began to like artificial things more than real experiences. For instance, as a child when anybody asked me where I would most of all to live I would say immediately, back-stage among the stage scenery.

“For the same reason in childhood, an artificial stage garden where the flowers were made of linen and flannel became much more desirable to me than a real garden. To see a stage tree—which has only one side—gave me more kick than to see a real tree.

“Those childish fantasies have stayed with me somewhat. Therefore, when I went to Hollywood my old childhood world of pretense was re-created. I found an artificial city—and because it was artificial I enjoyed it a thousand times more.

“Now, of course, you’ll want to know what I thought of the Hollywood actors and actresses. Did they all disappoint me? To be candid, I must admit nearly all did. But there were a precious few who were more wonderful off the stage than on.

“Take Norma Shearer, for instance. On the screen you realize that she has a marvelous complexion and lovely hair. It is, therefore, an added delight to see that her

(Continued on page 128)
Portrait by

Edmund Lowe.
Won By A VOICE

Charles Bickford is No Novarro in the Close-ups, but Vocally he is a Don Juan

By Keith Richards

The woman from St. Louis stifled a shriek.
"Gracious!" she gasped to her table companion.
"Can Charles Bickford really look like that—hasn't he make-up on?"

Bickford wrinkled his ruddy countenance into a grin as he overheard the conversation.
"Funny, isn't it," he observed. "People can't believe a guy could have a map like mine and still live—let alone make money on it!"

Framed by a tawny mane of carrot-red hair, Bickford's strong features stand out sharply as he talks, his blue eyes crinkly with pools of wit. The very first thing you notice about Bickford is the blondness of his eye-brows, strangely contrasting the violent coloring of his complexion and hair.

A sailorman by inclination and temperament, Bickford presents an enigmatical figure in Hollywood. If he owns a Tuxedo he has it hidden somewhere. He goes about town in a pair of dungarees and a white sailor hat jerked over his eyes.

He towers better than six feet-one and tips the beam at 185 pounds and is bone and muscle all the way through. His fists resemble sledge-hammers and he perils the table as he thumps vigorously to add emphasis to his remarks.

When you see him walk with that rolling gait of his you are not at all surprised to learn he is more interested in his success at running a fleet of whaling boats out of San Pedro than his

He goes about Hollywood in a pair of dungarees and a white sailor hat. And he's a handy man around a car.

glowing record of stage and screen triumphs.

Bickford, as you may know, was brought out from the New York stage by Cecil B. De Mille for "Dynamite." He followed this in quick succession with "South Sea Rose," "Hell's Heroes," and "Anna Christie." Some of his Broadway plays were "Chicago," "Gods of Lightning" and "Bless You Sister." Incidentally, he is now re-writing one of his own plays for the stage, spicily titled, "The Sandy Hooker."

This red-thatched giant confesses a perpetual stage of unrest. He always is seeking new faces and places to slake his burning thirst for high adventure and romance in the raw.

You become curious, as he talks, most of his conversation startling to one following a prosaic and peaceful existence.

"But why whales?" you ask.

"Greatest sport in the world," he says. "And they bring plenty of dough."

Ugly wounds attract your attention as he folds his hands before him.

"Oh, that's nothing," he explains. "Just some sea elephant nips. The cussed things were asleep in

(Cont. on page 118)
W
omen’s crowning glory seems to be giving her a lot of trouble since the dressmakers decided to lengthen all the skirts. As Janet Gaynor says, short hair just doesn’t seem to go with long skirts. And long hair doesn’t seem to go with short skirts.

“What are you going to do? Long skirts are worn in the evening but short skirts are still the vogue for daytime wear,” we asked.

Janet spread her little hands as though giving it up. “I’m trying to save the situation by letting mine grow long enough to tuck under for different types of dressing but still short enough to arrange so that it looks bobbed when I want it that way—the neck-length bob, I suppose you would call it.”

Janet’s hair is naturally curly, and just now she is wearing it in a flat coil at the back of her neck and pulled rather high on her head, as though she had an infant pompadour. She likes this new way very much. It gives her an appearance of dignity.

Most of the girls think the bob is about on its last legs as far as pictures are concerned, though they prefer it for personal comfort. As Gloria Swanson says, she couldn’t think of bobbing hers because she likes to change her coiffure with each gown. To her way of thinking, a whole ensemble can be utterly ruined by the wrong line of one’s hair-do. You see how ‘up’ we are on the latest terms. ‘Hair-do’ is Janet’s, though, not Gloria’s. At least, I never heard Gloria use it.

Hedda Hopper, one of our smartest and most sophisticated players, is growing hers right this minute. “One has to, with the long evening dresses coming in,” she sighed. “It will be a terrible nuisance and it breaks my heart to give up the bob, also, I think long hair makes a woman look older; but,” she laughed gaily, “I must be in the fashion, darling! Fashion has decreed long skirts and long hair is a natural development—for the actress at least. If I were not on the screen I wouldn’t think of growing it.”

It was a surprise to find Norma Shearer’s hair rather long. It had always impressed me as being short. I remember a picture made two or three years ago in which
GROW?

Girls are Doing Coiffure Question

Ludlam

She played a girl lawyer. It looked like a very sleek bob that she was wearing, but Norma told me her hair was very long at that time. She dressed it tight to her head with a little knot somewhere almost out of sight. She bobbed it shortly after that, wishing to make her head look smaller but curiously enough it had the opposite effect. Now she has almost a neck-length bob which she curls very tightly so that it can be arranged to look exactly as though it were bobbed, and yet, for evening wear she can wind the curls into a knot. Norma always likes to have her ears and forehead uncovered. She thinks women's faces lose character when their foreheads and ears are completely covered. But then, Norma forgets that she has the type of face that trying style of hairdressing particularly becomes. Her ears are small and lie flat to her head, and her forehead and face

Sue Carol believes the wind-blown bob, which she wears in pictures and out, is the most becoming coiffure she can find for herself.

Dolores Del Rio prefers suffering for a tradition—her tresses remain long.

are distinctly classical in mould. Believe me, that makes a difference, Norma!

Greta has established the Garbo bob, as it was called, and then business demanded that she keep it that way. It was said that Greta chaffed at this at times because she wanted to crop it closely. But it seems to me that anything this young woman really wants to do, she does, and the studio can like it—or else. Greta went in one of her disguises to the opening of her first talking picture, "Anna Christie." For some strange reason Metro did not give this picture one of Hollywood's grand openings. Maybe they figured it didn't need the publicity push it would get by having an "opening." It gave the public a chance to see the show a day sooner than they would otherwise, and I guess the fans were glad of that. As many as could crowd into the theater were there and Greta was much amused to see what seemed to be dozens of Garbo Margots sitting all around her. "They look more like me than I do myself," she laughed. All of them had their hair the length and arranged in the style she wore it in "The Kiss." In "Anna Christie" it was different. "And now will the poor children have to get used to wearing it that way?" she wondered. In "Romance" she will do it another way, but she has not decided just how. I'll bet there will be a Garbo (Continued on page 121)
A GIFT from
Joan and Doug, Jr.

The Famous Young Fairbankses Offer a Gift of their Own Choosing to the Fan Who Writes the Best Answer to Their Question: Do You Want Joan and Doug, Jr. to Play Opposite Each Other on the Screen? Give Reasons for Your Answer

Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the Sessions Westminster chime clock. It is a Model A, eight-day clock in a mahogany case with gold-plated sash and silver dial. Yours for the best letter!
THE Hey, Hey, girl is a home girl now! Joan Crawford has gone domestic and she loves it. She is interested in draperies, embroideries, furnishings and everything pertaining to the home.

The Sessions Westminster clock gift is definite proof of how thoroughly domesticated both Joan and Doug, Jr. have become. On the mantle at El Jodo, the Fairbanks, Jr. domain, there is a clock identical with the one they are offering to you for the best letter answering their question. And this same model clock is used in all the Sessions clock broadcasts. However, the chimes can be silenced, as you prefer.

Now, if you wish to win this gift clock write the best letter answering Joan's and Doug's question. By best letter is meant the clearest, cleverest and most sincerely written.

JOAN and Doug want to know if you think it a good plan for a husband and wife to play opposite each other on the screen. Do you think there is as much interest in a film when the leading players are really married? You saw Joan and Dodo in "Our Modern Maidens"—only they weren't really lovers in this picture; Rod La Rocque won the fair Joan from Doug. What were your reactions after seeing them on the screen together—favorable or unfavorable? Would you like to see them co-star in a film, this time with Joan and Doug, Jr. living happily ever after? Tell them; they want to know.

Joan and Doug have given this question considerable thought and are anxious to please you. So now they ask you to help them decide. To co-star or not to co-star, that is the question that is puzzling Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Make your choice but put it in writing and win the reward for writing the best letter.

The question you must answer: Do you want Joan and Doug, Jr. to play opposite each other on the screen? Give reasons for your answer.

Address — MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
45 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes May 10, 1930
MEET the KING

A new idol? See Dennis King in "The Vagabond King" and Polish Up the Old Crown and Sceptre

By Frank Vreeland

The screen is in luck. It has not only captured Dennis King, glamorous figure of stage operetta and now newly acclaimed star in the film firmament with "The Vagabond King." But it is to retain his singing voice, while his speaking tones only will hereafter be given to the stage. King himself indicates that hereafter he will conserve his mellifluous vibrations for the recording cameras alone. In other words, his body may belong to Massa Broadway, but his lyric soul belongs to the screen.

Not many stars of the footlights are able to make this distinction, virtually insuring two different incarnations on stage and screen. None of them, so far, has been willing to make it, keeping their melodious vocalizations for one medium, their more prosaic tonsilizings for another. As anyone who has seen "The Vagabond King" will acknowledge, it is a happy chance for filmmakers that King, given an ovation which few stars receive upon their film debut, has made this unique decision in favor of the silver screen.

It was a happy chance in the first place, that King became a singing star at all. In his early theatrical days he thought only of being an actor in speaking roles. It might be the usual thing at this point to tap the hooey reservoir and state barefacedly that King had all along been nourishing grand opera dreams, and that his ambition is to flourish some day at the Metropolitan and La Scala.

As a matter of fact, King never had any such grandiose illusions. He used to sing in his dressing room for the best of all reasons—for the sheer joy of singing, and because he had to use up his surplus supply of abounding vitality. He gave impromptu concerts for the rest of the cast in his dressing room, just as he still gave them while in Hollywood making "The Vagabond King." The others in his various companies always gathered about and expressed great enjoyment of his robust runs and zestful crescendos, but King never took their appreciation seriously. Not that he wished to make a show of bogus modesty over it, but, by a strange quirk, it never actually entered his head that he might make some professional use of his voice. Theatrical friends actually had to work over him to spur him into the new field. One of those who urged him on a vocal course was O. P. Heggie, with whom King acted in his early days in America in the comedy "Happy-Go-Lucky," and whom he met again after several years when Heggie went to the Paramount studios in Hollywood to play the rôle of King Louis XI in "The Vagabond King."

The star's diffidence is all the odder when it is considered that he came to this country from England in a production notable for its songs—the operetta version of "Monsieur Beaucaire." Yet, in the London troupe that sang it here King had a speaking part only, and its tunefulness did not seem to inspire him with any desire to have a singing rôle. It was only the insistence of friends that finally turned him to taking vocal lessons with the idea of making a profit out of what had been a pastime. It was sheer luck again that brought him his first opportunity in a lyric rôle.

"I had been taking lessons for a while," he says, "when someone told me that Arthur Hammerstein was looking for a leading man for 'Rose Marie' who could sing. My friend advised me to try for it. I didn't expect anything to come of it, but I just thought I'd apply, as a joke. Hammerstein heard my voice and engaged me, much to my own surprise."

It was fortunate for King that Arthur Hammerstein gave him his first test in his new type of performance. Hammerstein was associated for years with his father, the redoubtable Oscar, when the latter was making operatic history at the Manhattan, and he is one of the few Broadway producers who really knows a good voice on the strength of his own judgment, without waiting for others to pronounce it excellent. It was likewise a felicitous break for King that the producer was looking, at the time, for
a leading man with quality to his singing, but without a reputation which would detract from Mary Ellis, the star of "Rose Marie." Otherwise King, who had made his mark strikingly as the Mercutio with Jane Cowl in her presentation of "Romeo and Juliet" but had not had an important leading rôle on Broadway, might have had to struggle up along the discouraging road of minor rôles in his new lyric capacity.

As it was, he became a leading man in operetta at one bound. At one bound, also, he won recognition in his metamorphosed work. Broadway had heard vaguely that he was taking vocal lessons from a coach, but Broadway, as usual, set this down to the usual publicity walla-wall. Broadway got one of the surprises of its life when it found that Dennis King was not overshadowed by the unquestioned ability of Miss Ellis.

Still, nothing permanent in the new line seemed likely to come of it for King, and he was all prepared to drift back to speaking pieces for a living. But his vocal fervor had made a deep impression on Russell Janney. Here again, King had fortune with him. Janney was a young and venturesome producer, ready to take chances and without a big bankroll behind him. Had he been a more established manager, moving only by precedent and possessing a monetary supply enabling him to procure high-priced established singers, he would not have entrusted an important part like the title rôle of "The Vagabond King" to a com-

parative newcomer in musical shows, with just one such performance to his credit. But Janney was ready to take a chance, and as a result, made fame for King and fortune for himself.

Now that King is firmly entrenched on both screen and stage, he wants to go on playing romantic costume parts in both mediums, with the aforementioned difference in song. It is the swing and dash of such rôles that fire most adequately King's own soaring spirit.

"I want to play such resounding rôles as Hamlet, Romeo, Richard III, Cellini, and L'Aiglon," he said. "I have enough money now to live very comfortably. In future, either before the camera or the footlights, I want to do only the kind of rôles that have been tugging at my imagination for years. I think there is scope for them now. Few players are trained nowadays to get full value out of the sonorous lines. And it is only lines and parts with a sweep and spirit to them that really capture the mind and make the most lasting impression. And few players," he added with a smile, "know how to wear tights nowadays. I happen to have had experience at both."

Two other things he is

(Continued on page 126)
HOLLYWOOD

Want to Crash the Screen Stars' Parties?
Then Make the Rounds with Grace Kingsley

"There'll be plenty of diplomats there, I'll be bound!" exclaimed Patsy, when I told her we were invited to the opening of the new Hollywood Embassy Club, where just everybody in pictures would be present.

Such a crush Hollywood has rarely seen as wedged itself into the beautiful French period ballroom of the Embassy. The furnishings are in exquisite taste, with much olive green set off by a little gold, and with rich curtains, carpets and French period chairs and sofas, with even the traditional crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling.

We were to go with just the nicest crowd—Natalie Kingston and her husband, a banker named George Andersh, a charming man and most devoted to his beautiful wife; Ona Brown and Harvey Barnes, and Ruth Stonehouse and her husband, Felix Hughes, the vocal teacher, who has dozens of picture stars under his tutelage.

There was an overflow gathering out on the roof garden, we heard, but it was so chilly out there that they had rapidly managed to find themselves places indoors.

"You merely go into a huddle on the dance floor," remarked Natalie. "You can't really dance, you know. But we Hollywoodites seem to love that. We flee from a quiet place as from the plague."

"Oh," exclaimed Patsy, "there are Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire, not looking the least bit divorced!"

"But you can hardly see the guests for the party!" remarked Natalie.

Louise Fazenda was there with Hal Wallis, her producer-husband, Louise wearing her hair in a sort of skinned-backed fashion, so that she looked more than usual as she does in pictures. Nobody ever knows Louise on the street, you know, and she can travel long distances on trains and boats without anybody recognizing her, since she is really a handsome, smartly dressed woman in real life.

"Oh, there are Catherine Dale Owen and Prince Troubetskoy!" cried Patsy. "I hear they are more or less engaged!"

"If there can be degrees in engagement—" suggested Natalie.
PARTY NIGHTS
By Our Party Reporter

Blanche Sweet was there, looking much younger and prettier than she did ten years ago, accompanied by Danny Denker; and we caught sight of Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell; Edmund Lowe—Lilyan Tashman, his wife, was in New York; Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg; Charles Christie, Darryl Zanuck and Mrs. Zanuck, William Seiter and Laura La Plante, Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere, Elsie Janis and Edmund Goulding, Ruth Clifford and James Cornelius, Alice White and Sid Bartlett; Alice Day and her fiance, Jack Cohn, the broker; Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett, Antonio Moreno and his wife, Mervyn Le Roy and Edna Murphy, Norman Kerry and Marion Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Tim McCoy, Anita Stewart and her husband, George Converse, May McAvoy and Maurice Cleary, Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead, Robert Edeson and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Colleen Moore and John McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards and Armida, Hedda Hopper, Buster Collier, and dozens of others.

Mervyn Le Roy just would Charleston, no matter who his partner happened to be, and no matter how long he had to Charleston on one spot.

Hedda Hopper smiled bravely, as she remarked from the crushing crowd on the dance floor—"Well, this is cheaper than Sylvia!" Sylvia, you know, is the masseuse who helps all the picture stars to get thin.

Buddy Rogers was there, but I don't know whom he brought.

Paul Whiteman and his band made an impression entrance, very late. Paul, we heard, was a little peeved. He had asked for a table for some friends, and hadn't been able to get it. At any rate, he didn't play for the dancing, as we had expected, but he and his band played some selections, as only the Paul Whiteman can, and then left, covered with honors and great dignity.

That playing made us all feel so peppy that Ona Brown suggested we ought to have community singing! But she said she wouldn't be brave enough to start it.

Ruth Stonehouse said that the first time she heard Whiteman play he was great, even if he hadn't his Tuxedo technique then!

(Continued on page 123)
"I Knew Them When"

By Ronnee Madison

Shades of the Caesars, chorus boys and Boston cream pie, who'd have thought it! Quick, Cleopatra, the snake, this little girl's got to wake up.

Can you imagine it? The old gang's gone and done it! Yep, just what they always wanted to do. 'Gone movie.'

Look! I see the names of Nancy Carroll and Jack Oakie in lights a yard high, on dear old Broadway. And there's Raymond Hackett featured in "Madame X" and James Hall's face smiling out of "Smiling Irish Eyes." Oooh, and watch Joan Crawford packing them in at that big house up the street. My old working pals and associates, climbing the ladder of fame in dazzling rapidity, until this old cranium cries out for help.

What a grand bunch they were! Ah, give me an ear, old friend, and I'll tell you a story of the faces on memory's wall. Sad music, please.

It seems only yesterday that Nancy Carroll and yours truly were ducking rehearsals of a musical comedy and giving the stage manager the latest in alibis and horse-laugh. Nancy, the sweetest-faced Mick who ever ogled at the front row. She, who received more mash notes and gifts than Jimmy Walker and who sent back all the gifts except the candy. Whereat, the gang proceeded to go on a candy spree. And the day Nancy and I, feeling great on two orangeades, (believe it or not) held up one of the leading men in our show for three hamburger sandwiches and paraded the boardwalk in Atlantic City, looking for a poor, cold, hungry, cop to give the extra sandwich to. We found the cop but ate the sandwich ourselves after he having informed us that he never ate onions while on duty. Gosh, and I remember the hot discussions that went on about the current movie stars and what we would do, if we earned their money and had their fame. Nancy's decision was to take care of all those she loved first, and then buy all the clothes in the world. Wonder what she thought the rest of us would wear? Suggestions to Nancy that she try the movies usually met with the same reply, "Well, you never can tell." "Who knows?" Ambitious Nancy, working night clubs after the regular evening show, rehearsing all day, taking care of her adorable wee home, and trying to match her hours to those of her husband's. Red-headed Irish Nancy, who knew what she wanted and went after it.

Jack Oakie! Whew, what a performer! A born trouper. Possessed three passions: cards, coffee, and the eternal feminine. His ruling passion, however, was his faith in himself. Assuring everyone that some day he'd be 'in the money.' Had a quip for every knock that life gave. Always borrowing but always paying back. A scamp who would kid the Pope himself, and give the shirt off his back to the first one who asked for it. When he met this writer for the first time, he had her blushing furiously within five minutes by insisting she never got the clothes she was wearing on her small salary. Decided he was going to the Coast to crash pictures, since the talkies were a success and he wasn't proud. Oakie the i-
Reminiscences About Celebrities by a Trouper Who Knew Them Before They Were Famous

Joan Crawford, who was then known as Lucille Le Suer, the perfect showgirl because she never took a show seriously.

A chap with a twinkle in his eyes though never a crease in his clothes, always immaculate—Jimmy Hall.

Raymond Hackett always seemed to have an inferiority complex away from the stage, so retiring was he.

repressible! A divine sense of humor, a ready tongue, and a wit not always without its darts. 'A natural.'

Then there's Raymond Hackett, the nicest juvenile on the legitimate stage. The boy who, seeing this writer dressed in a thin spring outfit for 'art's' sake, shivering in the wings of a Shubert theater, insisted she put on her coat and 'art' be hanged. Raymond the imperturbable, who finally broke up entirely, when a dummy which was used as a dramatic highlight in a well-known play was revealed upon uncovering to be wearing a gorgeous red necktie and sporting a pair of rakish black sideburns, instead of the customary somber attire. The boy who loved dogs and always seemed to have an inferiority complex away from the stage, so retiring and unobtrusive was he.

He knew he was going to Hollywood under contract for pictures, and yet he never told a soul. A lad with a sweet crooked smile, a kindly heart, and a charming wife.

Another old acquaintance! James Hall, alias Jimmy Hamilton. What a crush I had on him! 'Gorgeous Jimmy.' Always immaculate and the first to follow the dictates of 'What the well dressed man will wear.' With his pal Nat Nazzaro, Jr., he would come visiting the gang and bring with him pounds and pounds of grapes as a treat, and then eat them all himself. A lovable rogue always growing serious when women were discussed and insisting that although they were all (Continued on page 113)
A Character Close-Up of One Great Trouper by Another

Every time I think of what a splendid actress Marie Dressler is I feel like hitting her over the head for doing these slapstick comedies. Honest to goodness, it makes me so discouraged. For years, I've been trying to make her behave herself and be serious, but what's the use?

And oh, what a grand woman Marie is! She has more good in her little finger than most people have in their whole body. She does more for other people than everyone else put together does for her. When Marie was slim, young and beautiful, she kicked her heels in the back row of the chorus before she moved up to row one, and before she made her first big hit in the old Weber and Field Show. She had a tough time, too. So now when she sees youngsters about to get in wrong she takes them to a quiet tea at her house and when the tea is over the youngsters find their troubles all ironed out. And when we go into a department store, you ought to see the shop girls gather around to wait on Marie.

And it's not only youngsters who are crazy about Marie Dressler. A lot of people who come out to this Film-land-by-the-Boulevard expect to find sweet sixteen sitting on top of the world. But when it comes to real popularity not even the snappiest profile or pair of legs stand a chance against our Marie. She doesn't bother her head about face-lifting or mud-packs or beauty parlors and the passing of that girlish figure doesn't worry her a bit. But, by actual count, she gets more invitations than any three of the most beautiful flappers of flimdom lumped together. And I happen to know that a  

(Continued on page 111)
I wouldn't want Polly Moran to know it for the world, but I think it's a crime the way she clowns all the time and makes a fool of herself—and such a clever actress. Why, Polly was a sensation success single in vaudeville from the time she left high school. She knew more stage doormen by their first names before she was twenty-one than the modern movie youngsters will ever know. She really is capable of serious things, you know. And to think she would choose slapstick comedy as a life-long profession, and throw custard pies and let Billy Haines kick her and all that. It's quite too much for me!

For years Polly and I have been inseparable chums on and off the screen. Perhaps we are the only two women ever to form a lasting comedy team—I don't know about that. I do know that for years we have worried about each other, our indispositions, families, income taxes and appetites.

Polly is like my own flesh and blood. I don't know what we would do without each other. Our affection for each other makes our working hours together a joy. There's not the slightest particle of jealousy between us, as there almost always is in teams. Both of us have lived long enough to know better than that. We have tried a little of everything—love, life and the stage. Now, after all these years, we find ourselves in something else again—talking pictures. We are starting all over again. We believe there is no such thing as age or poverty, for one is old and broke only when health (Continued on page 111)

Polly Moran as she really looks. She is Billy Haines' best friend as well as Marie's.
ON LOCATION

with

"Numbered Men"

By Helen Ludlam

When I heard this location was to be in a prison camp I was so thrilled I didn’t even mind getting up early in the morning. It was my first meeting with a prison and I thought I might see old friends there. One can never tell in these days of prohibition and alimony just where lightning will strike, which for no particular reason reminds me of a story.

A motorist was getting a great kick out of breaking all the Los Angeles traffic laws. When the traffic cop finally caught up with him an explanation was demanded. “Do you think,” the cop wanted to know, “that this city was built just for you and your kiddy car?”

The motorist’s wife leaned toward the irate policeman and said soothingly: “Don’t you mind him, officer. He’s just been drinking!”

I didn’t happen to know any of the gang at the camp but one of the actors recognized a familiar face. Out of the fifty-six prisoners forty-two were in for non-payment of alimony. “Say, you needn’t laugh,” the prisoner said to the actor. “You may be married yourself some day!” which isn’t much of a compliment to us girls.

At that, it didn’t seem to be such a hard life. In fact, it made men of two or three imprisoned for acute alcoholism. The camp was miles up in the mountains beyond Saugus and the location, on the road half a mile above the camp. The prisoners were working some distance ahead of us. They couldn’t be in the picture because it was against the state or prison rules but they had to walk through our midst on their way to and from lunch and seemed to be very much interested in movies in the making.

It wasn’t a comfortable location, but there was plenty of fresh air. The view was gorgeous and the company was swell. There we sat on a road nearly a mile above sea level with mountains towering above us on one side and a deep ravine on the other. We were surrounded by the sound trucks, the buses that brought the extras who acted as prisoners, the studio cars, location chairs, the radio equipment for Mervyn Le Roy to direct through, and all the rest of it. They had four or five loud speakers stationed nearly a quarter of a mile apart so that the men down the road would know just what was going on and could follow direction.

Everyone was bundled up in heavy coats; in fact, I wore two. When it’s cold...
Mervyn Le Roy, the Boy Director, Puts Raymond Hackett and Conrad Nagel Through their Paces for New Talker Drama of Prison Life

was his first picture. He didn’t know at first whether he liked it or not. “I had an advantage over the rest because I had played the piece on the stage and knew my lines, but they all knew picture technique so we were about even in the end.”

He told me about a party he went to shortly after “The Trial of Mary Dugan” had been released. He still felt like a stranger in Hollywood and not at all sure of himself in his new medium of expression. He was, therefore, surprised and touched when John Gilbert, whom he had not met up to that time, walked across the room, shook him by the hand and said, “I just want to tell you how much I enjoyed your performance in ‘The Trial of Mary Dugan.’ Mr. Hackett. It was excellent work.” John Gilbert was on top of the world then. It was before the microphone had cast its shadow over his brilliant career. “I thought it a very friendly and gracious thing for him to do,” Ray continued. “It was as though he understood exactly what I was feeling and wanted to make me feel at home and welcome. He hadn’t a thing to gain by it. He was the biggest star in the studio in which I had a doubtful future. And a few months later when our baby was born Jack heard about it and sent an armful of flowers to my wife, which was certainly a very charming gesture from a busy star to a newcomer on the lot.

But now Ray is all set, with one of the brightest of futures dangling well within reach. And he adores pictures. “There is so much change, never any monotony. I used to get frantic after a play had run a few weeks. Sometimes I’d be in a cold sweat before I went on for fear I’d forget my lines. Did you ever know a thing so well that you don’t know it? That’s what happened to me. You never have to worry about that in pictures.”

That’s an old trick in the theater. I heard that it happened to Edwin Booth after his one hundredth performance of “Hamlet.” Toward the end of a scene the lines completely left his mind and they had to ring down the curtain. (Continued on page 108)
'Gally' Grows Up

Richard Bennett's Pet Daughter is Now a Great, Big Screen Star

By

Will F. Portman

Joan Bennett is one of the daintiest, sweetest and most demure girls on the screen. But she is really practical, poised, and independent, a true Bennett.

Up until three months ago, the famous stage star, Richard Bennett, always called his third daughter, Joan, 'Little Gally.' Those were the first words he tenderly whispered into her baby ears and he might have continued using the term of endearment indefinitely had she not paid him a flying visit after spending fourteen months in Hollywood. After he saw the graceful woman who glided into his arms, it seemed ridiculous to address her by the childish title so he dropped the 'Little' and substituted 'Big.'

It is truly astonishing what one year of Hollywood will do to a girl. She may arrive green as the proverbial grass only to have her color complex completely changed within a few short months. She may also come loaded with laudable ambitions and quickly lose them in the mazes of cabarets and night clubs where world-famous orchestras dispense jazzy sophistication. There are a few who retain their ambitions, thereby rapidly achieving success, and to this class belongs 'Little Gally.'

As James Cruze aptly puts it: "There's no half-way station in pictures. Either you go up or down," meaning, of course, that it is impossible to straddle success. One must keep climbing or else some other person will occupy the spotlight. Fortunately, 'Little Gally' held the same viewpoint as Cruze and did no straddling. All of her time has been devoted to climbing and she is very near the top.

Joan takes no interest in the night life of Hollywood. Her dad warned his 'Little Gally' against such things and she has paid strict attention to his advice. Sometimes she goes to the Roosevelt or Montmartre for dinner, but that is the extent of her rambles after dark. Studio officials almost had to use force in order to get her out to see the premiere of her first picture. Once she attended an Embassy Ball as an invited guest. While this is considered a great honor by actresses, it made no lasting impression on 'Little Gally.' She would much rather play bridge with a few congenial friends than spend the night dancing even if it was at an Embassy Ball.

Night clubs are Joan's pet loathing. She cannot understand the attraction they have for some people. Mentioning the name to Joan is like shaking a red parasol at a bull. Only once has she visited such a place and cares for no further introduction.

"Why, the very title is misleading," declares Joan. "I will admit it has a certain fascination, but why call a place that never closes a night club? My daddy tells me what a Westerner who came to New York for business and pleasure. His first act was to send for a guide who knew the town. When that worthy arrived, the visitor said: "I'll be busy until evening. Then I want to go places." "Righto," answered the guide. "We'll start with a night club."

"'Night club?' shouted the Westerner. "Say, fellow, I'm an all-day sucker. Show me some place I can keep going for twenty-four hours.'

"From all I have heard, Hollywood is not half so bad as it is painted," continued Joan, "but its night life is better publicized. The public keeps an eye on its amusement center. Stage actresses on (Continued on page 121)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

A SCENE of young love and springtime that makes us want to grab our hat and rush out into the country—somewhere, anywhere!—to some such babbling brook as this. But could we find it? And when we got there would it look so tempting? Somehow, the location men of the film companies have a talent all their own for tracking down beautiful brooks and majestic mountains and restful rivers. They never look the same when you are face to face with them as they look on the screen. It may be because the film version always includes a handsome young couple like Catherine Dale Owen and Paul Cavanaugh of this little idyll from "The Circle," and they are difficult to duplicate!
JOAN CRAWFORD as the spirit of spring.
Open your windows, everybody, and take long deep breaths of the brand-new air, and then perhaps you may look out on the world with some of the zest and the enthusiasm of young Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Anyway, isn’t it worth the effort?
ST. MARY of the Angel's, Hollywood's 'Little Church Around the Corner,' offers the actual setting for this inspiring camera study. The rapt expression of Alice White as she poses here transports her far from motion pictures and studios, and carries us back to the Easter Sundays of childhood.
We started out to say something about these pictures of Walter Pidgeon being uniformly excellent; then we thought better of it. After all, anyone can pun; the art is in resisting the temptation. Besides, you can all see for yourselves that Walter cuts a dashing figure in "Bride of the Regiment," and you can just write your own fan letters!

Elmer Fryer

It's about time Mr. Pidgeon is given an opportunity to sing and swagger his way through a real part. He has one of the most expert voices in all Hollywood; and he has had surprisingly few chances to use it for the singing screen. But now that he has won a rich rôle we may expect to see and hear him at regular intervals. We won't complain.
Vivienne Segal brings one of the best voices on Broadway to singing pictures. She has long been a favorite figurine of the more important musical comedies in Manhattan; and if her opportunities in the films are equal to her abilities she will soon rival her own stage success. Just another case of "Good-bye, Broadway—hello, Hollywood!"

In "Bride of the Regiment," as in "Song of the West," little Miss Segal is surrounded by uniforms, sung to by bold, brave warriors, pursued by gold braid. Her dainty charm is enhanced by ermines and silks and satins, and she wears them in the most approved musical comedy manner. Each new musical romance seems more elaborate than the last.
DON'T take Charlie Farrell's dreamy look too seriously, young ladies. It is more than likely that he is only wondering how much longer his current picture will take in the filming so that he can go for a cruise on his yacht.
JANET GAYNOR is really much happier than she looks here. She has just been slated for the leading rôle in "Liliom," in which she will have her greatest acting opportunity since her memorable Diane.
Up in Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven" there are many interesting types. That's why tourists consider no visit to New York complete without a trip uptown to Harlem. There they can see the dusky spirit of the dance in its native habitat. There they can hear the primitive music that passes as 'blues,' and sometimes dance to it themselves. Lila Lee, out in Hollywood, has evidently heard of Harlem.
Presenting Lila Lee in a New Rôle, That of a Particularly Tempting Chocolate Confection

All photographs by Preston Duncan

LILA LEE is a real actress. Personally one of the most demure and dignified of all screen girls, she has the artistry and the imagination that enable her to play any part and play it well. Here she submerges her own soft and sweet beauty in the character of a seductive Harlem night-club queen, stomping and strutting her way through the steps of a primitive dance. Thanks, Lila, for these studies.
STANLEY SMITH in “Sweetie” stopped the whole screen show. In his nice boyish way he caused a polite sensation as a pleasant juvenile who could really sing and not make faces while doing so. With Nancy Carroll in “Honey.”
STARS may come and stars may go, and it's no secret that they do, but Jack Holt rides on forever. He is no longer a western star, but has proved his ability by playing a variety of rugged roles in the more or less audible drama.
THE real, off-the screen William Haines, not the Billy of the smart-aleck movies; a clever young man who sometimes speaks without wisecracking, and whose best friend is Polly Moran. May we meet this Haines in the movies!
NORMA SHEARER will make one more talking picture before leaving Hollywood for a European vacation. She has been making pictures, and good ones, for five years, and has earned her rest. But don't stay away too long.
Somehow we never suspected that Easter rabbits and things could be so much fun!

BEAUTY AND THE BUNNY

It just happens that her best friends call Bernice Claire 'Bunny'—probably because it rhymes with 'honey.'

Right: Alice White may be trying to solve the old, old riddle: which comes first, the chicken or the egg?

Alice is just telling the Easter rabbit, a sort of spring Santa Claus, that she'd like a Rolls Royce, please.

Below: Bernice Claire reminds her pet rabbit that he'd better be good or she won't take him Easter-egg rolling.
You Know It Must Be Spring, When Lovely Movie Ladies Dress Up Like Babies!

All photographs by Elmer Fryer

Alice White, below, devotes herself to her art. We have just discovered we have been awfully artistic all the time.

Above: we hope Rolf Armstrong won't mind if we admit that Alice White is positively our favorite artist.

This picture proves conclusively that Bernice Claire has other talents besides her very beautiful voice.

Left: bringing home the bunny. He has partaken not wisely but too well of the tempting carrot, says Alice.

Anyone who doesn't feel young and spry after this is just an old meany!
BLANCHE SWEET was the original screen "Anna Christie" of the first, the silent version in the days before Garbo and sound. Blanche is now using her voice to advantage, winning new friends and laurels.
From "Happy Days":

Walter Catlett: "Well, Mr. Corbett, to tell you the truth I'm feeling very spiritualistic this evening."

Jim Corbett: "How's that?"

Walter Catlett: "Just medium."

Walter Catlett: "Pardon me, Mr. Corbett, would you mind telling me why in the world they call you 'Gentleman Jim'?"

William Collier: "Because he's so polite—why, he never raised his hand to his wife once in his life without lifting his hat first."

BEST LINES of the MONTH

From "Not So Dumb":

Gordon (Elliot Nugent): "Oh, now, Dulcy, dear—I know how tender-hearted you are, but to have this man here with Forbes coming—"

Duley (Marion Davies): "Oh, but mistakes will happen in the best ventilated families."

From "So Long Letty":

Grace (Patsy Ruth Miller): "They didn't used to be this way."

Letty (Charlotte Greenwood): "Oh, men are peculiar. They spend their courting days telling us how unworthy they are, and their married life proving it."

From "Burning Up":

Ruth (Mary Brian): "All our industries are marked here. Now this is the peach cannery."

Larrigan (Richard Arlen): "I'm not so interested in them—canned!"
Reviews of the

By Delight

The Vagabond King

Compulsory! It may be that I have let myself be carried away by the sheer beauty of some of the scenes in this all-Technicolor screen version of the stage musical success. Or it may be Dennis King's voice. At any rate, I am the best little press agent for "The Vagabond King" that you could hope to find. I really enjoyed myself. It is a gorgeous affair, and I want to take off my new spring chapeau right now—it's a little copy of a perfectly sweet Reboux model, my dears, with one of those brand-new scoop brims, and—but as I was trying to tell you, I'd take it off and make a long, low, sweeping bow, right in tune with the times of Louis XI, to the director responsible for much of the grandeur: M. Ludwig Berger. He rates next to Lubitsch in swank and spirit, and I can't pay him any higher compliment. Francois Villon as the hero makes any picture practically sure-fire for me, anyway; and I never met a nicer Francois than Dennis King. What a voice! Jeanette MacDonald is sweet. O. P. Heggie is perfect.

Lummox

Dedicated in all sincerity to the inarticulate souls of the world, this picture directed by Herbert Brenon from Fannie Hurst's novel is a significant drama. I do not recommend it to one in search of light and frothy entertainment. It is as slow, heavy and yearning as its heroine, the lumbering servant girl called the Lummox. But it is also a picture well worth seeing. "Lummox" is the saga of a peasant soul, striving for expression, hungry for love, who finds solace in service. The rise and fall of Lummox—from slavery in a sailors' boarding house to cook in a mansion, where she becomes at once the victim and the inspiration of the young master of the house, through a series of domestic jobs until, in her old age, she finds a little rest—is a moving and a sincere story. Winifred Westover gives a performance so real as to be almost painful; yet there is beauty in it, too. Dorothy Janis is the other outstanding member of the cast, very, very good.

Happy Days

Well, "Happy Days!" Happy days to you. This Fox Movietone extravaganza produced on the new Grandeur, or wider film, has no drinking songs to illustrate its title. But it has a cast to make you gasp. In other words, it is Movietone's "Hollywood Revue" or "Show of Shows." Marjorie White and Richard Keene, the young lovers of the story, can boast the most expensive supporting cast in existence; one member of it alone justifies that assertion—Mr. Will Rogers. Will chews gum and a few words and then strolls away. But his place is quickly filled by those excellent comedians, Walter Catlett, William Collier, yes, Buster's dad—George Jessel, James Corbett, and Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. There is a song number by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in which these poetic young people are called upon to impersonate a couple of babies. I suppose it was cute; the woman sitting next to me said so. Marjorie White is a preposterous and engaging young cyclone who sings, dances, and wise-cracks in the Broadway manner.
Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects the Six Most Important Films of the Month

The Green Goddess

Another picture to put on your 'Must' list. You'll have a perfectly grand time if you approach "The Green Goddess" in the proper spirit, which is a cross between the hilarity you feel upon going to a circus and the reverent air you assume when setting out to see a little Shakespeare. "The Green Goddess" is melodrama of the most rampant kind, but it stars Mr. George Arliss, which lifts it into the platinum class immediately. For Mr. Arliss could play "The Cohens and the Kellys in Antwerp" and make it a high-class entertainment. You can go right ahead and enjoy this thrilling meller of the English lady, her husband and her admiring but respectful friend precipitated by an airplane inadvertence into the little Himalayan kingdom of the very sinister and very charming Rajah, who makes them feel at home in his own special way. Alice Joyce is the lovely lady who says "No, no, you beast!" to the delightfully humorous Mr. Arliss; while H. B. Warner, Ralph Forbes and Ian Simpson are corking.

Street of Chance

What with the vogue for biographies of the more important gangsters and the haughtier and high-class criminals, "Street of Chance" is timely. It is right in line with the present policy of letting the public in on the 'inside' goings on of crookdom and gangland. There is really nothing censorable about these fictional revelations; you may as safely permit little Willie to attend "Street of Chance" as the current release of his particular 'western' favorite; because the villain gets his with a thoroughness and inevitability seldom if ever realized in more polite screenplays. Somehow, the sheer presence of William Powell in the leading role of the gentleman gambler in this film lifts it above the ordinary run. Mr. Powell is a superb actor and he plays in this instance a pretty exemplary character—who sacrifices a blissful future with Kay Francis to save his 'kid brother.' If I'd been consulted the sacrifice would have been the other way around.

Song of the West

If it hadn't been for those swell 'shots' in Technicolor of the covered wagons winding their way across the plains, I don't mind telling you that "Song of the West" would never have made the "Six Best Pictures of the Month" grade in Screenland. But there's something about the sight of the good old covered wagons of my ancestors that stirs my better instincts; and I am right away in the proper mood to appreciate the gentleman gambler played by John Boles, the Colonel's daughter as sung by Vivienne Segal, the comedy mule-driver of Joe E. Brown, and other appurtenances of the period of 1849 in American history, perhaps more than the occasion actually warrants. From the stage play, "Rainbow," which had good music and good ideas, "Song of the West" never really comes off in its screen version. It is laboriously directed, and the song numbers are interpolated in the good old "Ah, here come the boys now!" school. But it is all lavishly produced and cast; and the admirers of Mr. Boles will glory in his singing and love-making, see if they don't.

"The Green Goddess" is an enthralling melodrama with George Arliss and Alice Joyce.

Kay Francis and William Powell, two superb actors, make "Street of Chance" worth while.

"Song of the West" is a musical of the days of '49 with Vivienne Segal and John Boles.
Critical Comment

Roadhouse Nights

This picture had a narrow escape from being included on our list of the six best. It didn't get in because Screenland is pretty fussy about its six best, believing it should include if possible only those films which the whole family may see—in a body. Speaking of bodies, there are so many in "Roadhouse Nights" that Aunt Ella and Grandma might become confused. And the fair lady of the film, played by the glamorous Helen Morgan, wins back her boorish sweetheart even though she has been a roadhouse hostess. So you can see the position Screenland is in! Enjoying "Roadhouse Nights" as we did, and admiring Miss Morgan and her co-star Mr. Charles Ruggles as we do, all we can advise you is, see it by all means but don't say we didn't warn you it is just a slice of life in the rough. It's exciting, funny—Jimmy Durante is in it—and sophisticated.

Puttin' On the Ritz

Harry Richman's screen debut, which you will want to attend if for no other reason than to see the man who made a hit with our Clara. Mr. Richman is well known in New York, where he appears as a musical comedy and night club star. It remains for him to make a hit with other audiences, and if an ingratiating voice will do the trick, Harry is already an established film star. His singing is a good reason for his appearance on the screen. Harry is no mean vocalist. Every chance is given to him to make good in his screen debut. His leading lady is Joan Bennett. Lilian Tashman and Jimmy Gleason are present. Settings by W. C. Menzies. Music by Irving Berlin. Puttin' On the Ritz and There's Danger in Your Eyes are good tunes. An "Alice in Wonderland" number is exquisite. Good entertainment, whether you're just wild about Harry or not.

A Lady to Love

She's Vilma Banky, playing her first all-talking rôle. I wish they had selected a more glamorous part for Miss Banky's audible debut. I always think of her as the fair, proud princess in the tower. Here she comes down to earth as a lonely little waitress. Well, it's a good acting part, and the star gives a fine performance; but she should have made a more auspicious entrance into the exacting realm of the microphone. Victor Seastrom's direction of this speaking screen version of "They Knew What They Wanted" is intelligent, with Edward Robinson and Robert Ames supplying more than adequate support. Vilma's accent is no handicap; her voice is quite all right. But she is no longer the remote lady of mystery; she is robbed of all her props of gorgeous gowns and stunning settings. She makes the most of a difficult assignment and deserves a better part next time.

She Couldn't Say No

Do you like Winnie Lightner? If you don't like Winnie Lightner, then I advise you not to read this review but to skip on to the next one. Because "She Couldn't Say No" is all Miss Lightner. You remember her in "The Gold-Diggers of Broadway," of course: her mean-mama voice, her comedy falls, and her generally raucous behavior. You have to like Winnie a lot to like this, her first starring film. It's another raucetree plot, with occasional sobs by the star, assisted by Chester Morris in another one of his familiar characterizations. When Winnie sticks to her expert clowning, the picture is amusing, although not as fresque as its title insinuates. Winnie is never as gay and abandoned as in the memorable supper party scene in "The Gold-Diggers of Broadway" in which she falls into Albert Gran's lap; but then, ho-hum, life's great moments don't happen every day.
on Current Films

Not So Dumb

This seems to be the time and place to tell Marion Davies' classic line when called upon to make a speech before a woman's club. Marion stood up, smiled, and said: "I can't make a speech; I'm just a dumb-bell!" and sat down. Since then Marion has been making speeches right and left before the microphone and making better ones as she goes along. If Marion is a dumb-bell I wish more movie stars were dumb. Her latest comedy, "Not So Dumb," was adapted from "Dulcy," the stage play; and it is wholesome fun, from start to finish. Marion plays a well-meaning but vague young woman whose idea of 'helping' her hard-working fiance is to interfere in his business deals, annoy his guests, and otherwise behave moronically, all with the best intentions. But as Marion plays her, and it's her most difficult rôle, you like Dulcy so well that you wish she'd keep on being a nuisance.

The Melody Man

If you are not too proud to have your sentimental moments you may enjoy this picture. It has an idea that may yet, more ambitiously handled, be used to make a really imaginative musical screenplay. A musician of the old school and a young jazz band leader clash over the trend of the times to dethrone the old masters and en throne the new blues. Think of the possibilities here: Wagner versus Gershwin, symphony against saxophone—with sound accompaniment. Some day it may be done. As it stands, "The Melody Man" is a charming little drama of a Viennese composer exiled to Manhattan, of his daughter's love for a Rudy Vallee played by Buster Collier, and his conversion to modern music when he hears his pet symphony ragged by daughter's boy friend, believe it or not. John Sainpolis is admirable as the composer, and Alice Day is competent and pretty as the heroine.

Dangerous Paradise

This title inspires me to deliver a little lecture, not intended by Messrs. Paramount when they titled their picture. The dangerous paradise of the motion picture industry is stardom. Yes, stardom, I say; and I stick to it. Before Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen were stars, they were given interesting parts to play; parts they could revel in. But now that they have been promoted, now that they have evaded to stellar billing, their personalities become pegs to build plots around; and such inanities as "Dangerous Paradise" result. It's another South Sea story, and everything that always happens in South Sea stories happens all over again. Except, I beg its pardon, there is no villainous pearl trader. No, but there are five other villains to make up for it. Of course, I like Nancy Carroll and Dick as well as you do; but I'm sorry they are now officially 'starred.'

So Long Letty

Yes, the same old Letty who was the belle of musical comedy quite some spell back. It has taken her a long time to reach the screen; and I can't help thinking she should have hurried. Because she seems to be just quaint old stuff today, even if Charlotte Greenwood does play her. Miss Greenwood starred in the original musical comedy "So Long Letty" on the stage; she is one of America's premiere comedienne s. But she could have made her screen debut in a more modern piece. There is nothing new in the exchange of witts idea, as the more tolerant of you will admit; so what snickers there are in this film will be derived from the amusing Miss Greenwood's inimitable antics. Grant Withers and Patsy Ruth Miller 'play straight' and it's quite a strain. The only innovation in "So Long Letty" are some new songs, which may or may not make up for your evening.
REVUETTES of Cameo Kirby

When in doubt, do "Cameo Kirby." This is the third screening of the good old play, though the first audible version. Dustin Farnum starred in it in 1915. John Gilbert did it some years later for Fox. Now J. Harold Murray speaks and sings the colorful rôle of the Mississippi river gambler to good effect. Old man plot just keeps rollin' along, in the serene manner of the old south, which may seem a little slow to you youngsters. J. Harold is convincing not only vocally but romantically. He's a Cameo Kirby you can believe in, even when he holds everything to burst into a love song. The outstanding musical number is entitled Romance, and not bad. Norma Terris is the girl. Stepin Fetchit is also present, singing a ditty called Peaceful Man. Stepin is either awfully peaceful or just plain lazy.

Second Wife

Just another case of good actors struggling with mediocre material. Conrad Nagel and Lila Lee do their best in their respective rôles of Walter and Florence, but nobody seems to care. We like Conrad and Lila but Walter and Florence are just a pair of sillies. Lila reveals a very pretty singing voice, besides looking even lovelier than usual.

Let's Go Places

All right, let's. Who wouldn't like to go places with Dixie Lee, Lola Lane, Joseph Wagstaff, and Ilka Chase? All about two youngsters who crash Hollywood and eventually make good, with amusing interruptions of songs, dances, and (sometimes) funny sayings. If you don't like Ilka you'll like Dixie; and if you don't like Dixie—but don't be silly!

Undertow

All the tried and true ingredients, including very blonde heroine, very black villain, very virtuous hero, and the child, can't put "Undertow" over. Johnny Mack Brown, Alabama accent and all, plays a lighthouse keeper who marries the fair Mary Nolan, though the villain still pursues her. Johnny is pretty convincing; Mary is—just pretty.

Troopers Three

A nice little picture about three actors—now, now, wait a minute; this isn't another back-stage yarn; don't walk out on us yet. These three actors join the army to eat regularly; and one of them, played by Rex Lease, falls in love with Dorothy Gulliver; while the other two, Roscoe Karns and Slim Summerville, your old friend, supply the comedy.
Chasing Rainbows

Chasing that elusive "Broadway Melody," they mean. My, my, what havoc that innocent hit picture caused. Just a deluge of imitations; but most of them far, far behind. They've tried everything, even co-starring Bessie Love and Charles King all over again; but there is only one "Broadway Melody" and "Chasing Rainbows" proves it. We meet again that game little trouper (cheers) who sticks to her naughty partner through it all. We have another scene of hysterics by Miss Love—just as good in its way as the famous bit in "Broadway Melody" but, after all, a second run. Charles King sings capably; Bessie does a nice tap dance; Jack Benny is amusing; but guess who save the show? None other than those grand girls and inveterate picture-stealers, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran!

Burning Up

Any picture starring Richard—Dick to you—Arlen, with Mary Brian as his girl—trick for heroine—is all right with us. Dick has had bigger and better roles but he is excellent as the racing driver who is driving to win—the race and the girl—despite crooked efforts to stop him. The story may be old, but the co-stars are young and snappy.

Slightly Scarlet

Goody, goody! Here are Clive Brook and Evelyn Brent playing together again. They meet on the Riviera and there's a moonlight love scene and—oh, the pearls; almost forgot the pearls, without which there would have been no plot and no picture. But what do mere baubles matter when the elegant Evelyn and beau Brook meet again? Ah, what?

Loose Ankles

Lovely, demure Loretta Young and the poetic Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. are out of place in this farce. Not their fault, nor the story's; they just aren't made for each other. The comedy requires blipant interpretation, while the young stars are of classic calibre. Inez Courtney from Broadway, supplies pert vocal talent in the proper places.

Officer O'Brien

With William Boyd, Ernest Torrence, Dorothy Sebastian in the leading roles, any film is sure-fire, especially when it's a crook melodrama. Nothing original about this gangster plot but Tay Garnett's direction is fresh and the performers are splendid. Torrence and Boyd are two he-men who have their audience right with them all the way.
At midnight, a few weeks ago, Constance Bennett stepped off the steamer Bremen, fresh from Paris, with a divorce decree from Philip Plant in one hand, and a new movie contract in the other. Constance also brought over with her one secretary, one maid, two gramophones, five boxes of gramophone records, twenty-five trunks and—one baby, aged twelve months.

No, Constance hasn't been holding out on us — the baby's not hers. His real name is Dennis Armstrong and his real mother lives in London. But Constance, the orchid of the screen, the last star you would think of as cherish-

ing maternal instincts, is going to adopt this baby as soon as she can unwind some of the immigration red tape which at present only allows little Dennis to remain in this country a scant six months.

"I call him Christopher Columubus because he discovered me!"

Speaker—Jillian Sand. The new Fox talkie actress just brought over from London to play in Beatrice Lillie's musical picture. She was speaking of her Pekingese.

The Peke lay curled up in Jillian's lap as she sat in a big chair in front of a sunny window at her suite in the Hotel Warwick.

"I never liked little dogs," Jillian continued, "but one day in London, I went into an animal shop just to have a look around. This little fellow followed me all over the place. When I started out, he was at my heels, so I had to buy him."

To describe Miss Sand is extremely difficult. She is British to the core but sprinkled all over with a fine Gallic coating, perhaps due to the fact that she polished off her education in Paris.

Jillian will either be another great dramatic actress like Garbo or she will be a complete washout. There are no half-way measures in the girl. She isn't pretty exactly, but she is one of the most individual, original movie players I've ever seen.

She was playing in an English picture, "To What Red Hell" with Sybil Thorndyke, when Joe Pincus, Fox's English representative, let it be known that he was calling for volunteers for a talkie test.

"I wandered over, but there were simply scads of girls,"
Jillian said, "I didn’t think I had a chance but I took the test. Put on a simple little sketch, part comedy, part tragedy. It was a rather subtle bit in which I didn’t tear my hair out or rock with laughter. When I finished, they took my name and address, and I thought, ‘that’s that,’ and went for a holiday in the south of France. When I returned, I was offered a contract and here I am.”

Jillian never wears a hat, hates to be called Jill, has lovely manners, likes cigarettes and parties, reads a lot, and never travels without the inevitable phonograph. She’s extremely popular here already. Men call her up, it seems, nearly every five minutes. She has blue eyes, old gold hair, and thinks the greatest thing in acting is mobility. ‘Feeling must play over a screen actress’ face like clouds float over the sky. That’s why Greta Garbo is great.’

Miss Sand is a personality. And if Fox tries to whittle her down into an average ingenue, it will be just too bad for Jillian—and for Fox. For the girl has the makings of something verging on real dramatic talent.

Helen Kane is one of the swelllest screen stars I’ve ever met. She reminds me of a robin; she’s pretty and plump and good natured, with a round little face, round little hands, and beautiful thin sleek hips and legs.

She’s over at the Paramount studio on Long Island making “Dangerous Nan McGrew.” She wears a cowgirl outfit of brown chamois, with a fringed skirt, big silk bandanna handkerchief around her neck, a ten gallon hat, and high laced boots.

Helen’s natural, homey, business-like. Her speaking voice is exactly like her ‘boop-a-doop’ singing voice.

“I don’t know who started this baby way of singing,” Helen said. “I was the first one I ever heard but there may have been others around. However, I think one reason my stuff has gone over is because my singing voice is my natural voice. And when you say sophisticated things in a high, innocent, natural voice—why, people are bound to laugh. It’s such a contrast.”

“When I first went to Hollywood, I was terribly lonesome. My sister and her little five-year-old boy went with me. We all felt strange. Even the child when he went out to play came home and
Come into the Kitchen

Not Only is Lucile Gleason a Famous Cook but Jimmy is a Seasoned Chef, Too

When you go into the kitchen with Lucile Gleason you always come out with a sheaf of delicious new cooking recipes and a conviction that domesticity may be glorified equally with a career. Mrs. Gleason has succeeded in doing just this thing.

As the wife of James Gleason, Lucile is rated as one of the most capable home makers in Hollywood. During the more than twenty years since she and James Gleason won their parents’ consent to marry before either was of age, Mrs. Gleason has been actively engaged in household activities. At the same time, she developed a stage career that promises to have an equally brilliant parallel on the screen.

“When I went to school at Polytechnic in Pasadena, I specialized in domestic courses,” said Lucile. “It interested me and, besides, my mother believed that every girl should know how to manage her own home competently. Neither of us dreamed then that my home for years would be hotels and Pullman trains! I think this is the reason that this home of ours in Hollywood is such a precious thing to Jim and Russell and me. We waited so long for it.”

Mrs. Gleason is not a ‘kitchen dabbler.’

When she pushes open the swinging door into her big white tiled kitchens—there are two of them—she does so with the firm step of one who knows how many table-

Jimmy Gleason’s Doughnuts

Beat four eggs and one and one-half cups of sugar together for five minutes. Add four tablespoons melted butter or substitute, one cup sour milk, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon powdered nutmeg and mix well. Add sufficient flour sifted with one teaspoon baking powder to make a stickish dough. Set dough in a cold place over night. In the morning, set in a warm place for two minutes. Roll on a floured board and cut with a doughnut cutter. Fry in deep smoking fat. Let drain on brown paper and roll in powdered sugar.
with Lucile Gleason

By Sydney Valentine

The finished product. How we would like to get in on one of these doughnut parties! We hope you roll 'em in sugar, Jimmy.

Lucile Gleason has two big, white-tiled kitchens and evidently, two cooks. Such a lucky lady! Most people can't keep even one.

spoons of this and cups of that are required for a perfect dish of something-or-other.

It was the Gleasons who did hash a good turn—the sort of a good turn that has raised that questionable entrée to a place where it is now mentioned by our best people in drawing room gossip!

"There is no reason why hash should not have a recognized place on the menu," declared Mrs. Gleason firmly. "Yes, I know it has always been a dish open to ridicule and jokes. But I knew I had a recipe that would make a lot of people change their minds about hash. When Jim and I first came to Hollywood we started giving hash parties. People loved it. I'll bet that recipe has as wide a circulation now as the current Book of the Month volume!"

The baked beans and brown bread suppers at which the Gleasons officiate are becoming as popular as the hash dinners. Some one said the other day that to see Paul Whiteman enjoying a huge plate of Gleason beans is to satisfy one that American jazz is on a sound basis.

Margaret, the plump and good-natured cook, has been with the Gleasons since they first came to Hollywood with their stage play, "Is Zat So," several years ago. She and Mrs. Gleason exchange new recipes regularly and go to cooking school together each week.

Whenever Lucile Gleason has a longing to get out in the kitchen among the condiments (Continued on page 114)
KEEPING FIT

Spring, Gay Challenge to Faces and Figures! These Beauty Recipes will Help You to Live Up to the Season

What is it about spring that starts poets to singing of love and all the rest of us seeking restlessly for something new? The desire to 'stick a feather in our cap and throw the spade away'—an overwhelming desire to play hookey, to make rest and change an important part of everyday living.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," sang or perhaps we should say emoted, a well-loved, though sentimental poet long years ago.

Personally, I have always been a bit uncertain of the poet's meaning concerning that word 'lightly.' Did he mean that only at this season do men make love lightly? Or did he mean that everything, including love, is to be taken lightly in springtime? I suppose he knew what he meant and being a man knew that other men would know. Anyway, ever since, men, young and old, have been following their version of this immortal line.

After all, spring means the same to all of us only in a different way. True to youth and the poets the young man senses spring; every saucy, scarlet mouth, every pair of pretty eyes intrigue his fancy. The older man hears spring, too, and looks up long enough to sniff its fragrance, sigh a little, and wonders vaguely if he doesn't need a new necktie or two.

Mother at home, busy with fresh curtains and new color schemes for the bedrooms, hears it. She wonders if a pretty house is ever as important and exciting as a pretty woman and decides straightway to buy a big jar of that fragrant cream cousin Molly had when she came to visit, a tiny pot of rouge like big daughter's, and yes, a new, becoming and expensive hat in the very latest mode.

The young girl—close to her heart is spring. She doesn't dream much about it, but like mother, she acts. To her, in a very definite sense, spring means beauty. New wispy clothes with the color and rhythm of spring. A face fresh as April rain; eyes clear as May skies; a personality as vivid and radiant as a daffodil. That is what every girl wants—in spring. And if she doesn't have them she goes right to work to acquire them. That's the modern girl for you!

The accumulated wear and tear of winter is manifest in dull, sallow skins, dry, lifeless hair. Lack of exercise, indulgence in rich heavy foods and general inactivity show in figures that bulge-where-they-shouldn't or have taken on unnecessary weight. Back of us is winter with its sparkle and busyness. Ahead is summer with its sports and relaxation. How to attain the lovely skin and sprightly body that goes with the season—ah, that is the question!

Well, first the skin, hair and body must come alive. It's a bit hard in this changing season to keep fresh and bright looking; but if you find yourself on a sunny spring day a bit sallow and sagging and unBEAUTeously revealed, don't be discouraged, girls; take your time and don't worry. There's one blessed thing about Nature. She doesn't leap from one season to another, but gives, always, a lovely interlude in which we may adjust ourselves beautifully to the change.

If your skin is very dry as many skins are in spring, give it plenty of oil. At this season it is well to lay aside heavy creams and use warm facial oil for both cleansing and nourishing the skin. It's delightfully restful and

Anita Page has the dainty, pastel coloring that goes with spring.

One of our most interesting and charming new girls—Kay Johnson.

Colleen Moore with eyes of spring—bright, clear and shining.

Dorothy Sebastian. Mark the dazzling beauty of her perfect teeth.
scouring to dry, tired skins and is much favored now particularly for spring and summer use. Dip your fingers in the smooth oil and smooth it all over your face and neck. Whenever you can, use this at night and leave it on all night. Put on a bathing cap or pin a small towel around the head to protect the hair. When you have covered the face with oil rub some over the hands and in the nails and a bit into the elbows. Hands and arms need attention, too, in spring.

If your skin is dull and sallow, use a bleach. Don’t use a heavy bleach and if the skin is very tender, use a cream or oil before and after the bleach. Or use a circulation cream or lotion which is both stimulating and bleaching in effect. Use this about three times a week. Apply cream or oil first and if the skin is tender it may be well to mix the ointment with cold cream. Be very careful not to use this where veins are close to the skin, but apply it to the throat and chin, around the mouth and along the jaws up to the ears and over the forehead. Don’t let it get close to the eyes. Leave on until the skin is softly glowing, wipe off with cleansing tissues and apply a soothing cream. Leave on ten minutes and take off with skin tonic. This treatment should be given at least an hour before going out as it is likely to sting a bit and to make the skin red. But when it is over, your skin will have a warm natural glow and will be thoroughly alive.

Going back to facial oils, girls with oily skins may use them, too, but should use an astringent afterward. Don’t get the idea that you can’t use creams and oils because they cause blackheads. If you use them properly and take them off properly you will have no trouble. Wipe off the cream or oil with absorbent cotton pads, dipped in hot water. Dry and put a few moments with tonic or astringent. Oily skins, and dry, too, occasionally—can always use bland soap and water at night with a cold rinse afterward. But in spring no one should wash and then go out in the drying winds this season specializes in so ruthlessly.

If the hair is dry and lusterless, give it a series of treatments at a good salon where they give a good scalp massage and have a few oil treatments. If you can’t do this, take a little time off from pleasure or business and give them at home. It’s more trouble, of course, but it can be done. And give your hair a rest from curling irons, marcel’s and ‘permanents’ until it comes back to normal. Cultivate a plain coif—ure for a month or two; it will be good for your hair and when summer comes your hair will be in condition for the permanent wave so many of you look upon as necessary to happiness and peace of mind during the summer months.

Eyes of spring should be lovely, too; bright, clear and shining. Don’t think that because your eyes are tired and

(Continued on page 106)
Looking Over the Broadway Plays Before They Reach the Screen

"The Apple Cart"

The Theatre Guild produced the far-famed latest play of George Bernard Shaw called "The Apple Cart." It is the first Guild production of a new Shaw play since his "Joan of Arc," some years ago.

"The Apple Cart" is the name given to the British Empire and the attempt of the

Right: Katherine Cornell and Fortunio Bonanova. As the "Dishonored Lady," Miss Cornell does very fine work.

Prime Minister and the Cabinet to upset and nullify the last few prerogatives of King Magnus. The time is about 1990, and the first act is laid in the Royal Palace. This act, which occupies over an hour, is totally devoid of action and is occupied in a discussion between the King

Above: George MacQuarrie, Corinne Ross, Donald from "Rebound." Hope Williams, a talented

(played suavely by Tom Powers) and his Cabinet Ministers, dressed in grotesque (to us) costumes of that period, as to whether or not he should give up the right of veto and other small privileges.

The second act is a scene between King Magnus and his mistress (played by Violet Kemble Cooper with vivacity) in which the lady tries her best to seduce Magnus, with the result that they both roll around the floor struggling and laughing like big kids.

The third act is laid on the terrace of the Palace, where the King is going to give his ultimatum to the Cabinet, or, rather, where he will receive theirs—sign on the dotted line or a revolution. The King offers to abdicate in favor of the Prince of Wales, but the Prime Minister (played in a fiery manner by Claude Rains) will have none of that. The King wins; but before he wins the American Ambassador (played strenuously and laboriously by Frederick Truesdale) bursts in and says we Americans have torn up the Declaration of Independence and have voted to go back into the British Empire. The King says no to this, also.

The play ends with the King and Queen (played naturally by Marjorie Marquis) in one another's arms, with both the Cabinet and the American Ambassador beaten. Ernest Cossart, Helen Westley and others of the Guild players appear in this play.

"Dishonored Lady"

It was not a play that I saw called "Dishonored Lady," by Margaret Ayres Barnes and Edward Sheldon, which Gilbert Miller and Guthrie McClintic produced at the Empire Theatre. What I saw was the gorgeous and exotic Katherine Cornell.

It is La Cornell that will fill your eye, fill your ear,
fill your brain, tickle your nerves, move your blood and fill you with a strange and heady intoxicant and a perfume blown to you from a South Sea island not on any map.

Katherine Cornell has every requisite for the making of a great actress: voice, movement, facial flexibility, intelligence and tragic beauty. She is both antique and modern, classic and romantic, Aeschylean and Ibsenish—above all, the eternal Serpent of Sin.

The play is melodramatic rubbish, about as old a piece of hack-and-saw work as ever got catapulted out of its pre-McKinley tomb. In five words I tell it you: a girl kills her lover who is about to expose her on the eve of her marriage to a British millionaire socialist. She is acquitted because all her friends commit perjury. You will see it, hear it and smell it later on.

But forget the play. Go to see Katherine Cornell if you like fine acting by a fascinating woman.

"Rebound"

"Rebound" is a play on a brand-new theme, the sex-relations in marriage and the ensuing triangle. You would think after seeing these interminable discussions on the stage of modern sex-piggery and libidowsenry that they were something that had just been discovered by the author. But there is never anything new in them. Same old speeches, same old situations, same old lounge embraces and the same old "By God, Madeline, I'm not blind!"

Donald Ogden Stewart hath done this

latest piece of fancy, high-toned bric-a-brac in which two couples go through the usual hunting. It troubles accompanied by a run of Winchellings and nifties when the 'plot' gets thin and the 'theme' gets choked with static.

But there is Hope!—I mean Hope Williams, who is the whole show. This talented young woman can put over the most enormous cynicisms with an air of an old lady reading the Bible. Her swagger is a form of acting—and conveys an earful.

In "Rebound" she plays a kind of deserted wife who gets her sap back at last; but no matter about this—Hope Williams is an artist, odd, curious, with a head like some beautiful strange bird. (If I can no longer enjoy the plays, I can at least rave over our actresses.)

"June Moon"

When I heard that the hardest-boiled dramatic critics in New York had laughed from (Continued on page 110)
No, this is not a circus or any part of it. It’s Dorothy Sebastian walking a tight rope over Hollywood to see what she can see and hear what she can hear.

HOT from

All the News from the West Coast Studios

An executive wanted Jim Tully to write the dialogue for a picture. A member of his staff was doubtful; “Jim’s pretty caustic, you know,” he replied. “I don’t care what it costs—get him anyway!” snapped the executive.

Warner Brothers gave the Calvin Coolidges a decent break on the day they “did” Hollywood. They let the newspapers get what they wanted and then turned everyone out so the distinguished guests might have an opportunity to see how pictures were made just as anyone on the set every day is accustomed to see them. They remained for about two hours escorted by Will Hays and Mary Pickford also was with them all day.

After the Coolidges had met Alexander Gray and Vivienne Segal who were playing in the scene from “Viennese Nights” that they had been watching, they were introduced to Jean Hersholt, Bert Roach, Dick Winslow and Norwood Penzer, the last two being children. Then they asked to meet Louise Fazenda whose work they both admire, and fortunately she happened to be working on the lot.

At United Artists they were entertained by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, having lunch in Mary’s bungalow dressing-room. They were treated as friends, not celebrities. No photographs were taken and the ex-president and his wife were allowed to get what enjoyment the lot afforded without being molested. It was extraordinary how many people having entrée to the studio had business there that day! But they behaved themselves. After a ride through Fox Hills the party wound up at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where a number of photographs were taken and where a crowd followed them about from place to place.

I’ll bet they were ready for bed that night because they had been guests of the Breakfast Club and that ham and egg breakfast is served at eight sharp. Mme. Schumann-Heink sang two songs and when she arose Mrs. Coolidge also arose, went over to the smiling, white-haired singer and kissed her. The Duncan Sisters did their burlesque of “Rigoletto,” George Olsen’s Band offering the accompaniment.

On their way from home that morning the girls had made up a new verse fitting the occasion to the tune of their own Remembr’ing. It ran:

Dear Mr. Coolidge, we like to do our parts,
We’ll cherish this early morning, forever in our hearts;
Remember, Calvin Coolidge, the long ages through,
We’d get up every morning to eat ham and eggs with you!

Corinne Griffith has three ambitions. One is to own a chateau within five hours of Paris; the second is to play the Empress Josephine, and the third is to win a set of tennis!

Gary Cooper is learning to play the banjo and Lupe Velez is brushing up on the art. An instructor, a native of Mexico who can speak no English, comes to Lupe’s house three evenings a week to give them both lessons. On one of these evenings Gary arrived dead tired from the studio and said he had almost gone home and not appeared at all. “You lie down, darling,” Lupe said, “and get a little nap before you take your lesson.” And after dinner
Gary stretched out on the sofa while the musician played on the banjo and Lupe with two or three guests played bridge. The first thing any of them knew it was twelve o'clock. Gary was still asleep; the poor musician was still playing! Everyone decided it was time to call it a day.

* * *

Hollywood isn't what it was, my dear. Here's Richard Dix and Lois Wilson just finished playing together in "I Love You," and not one buzz about linking them up with the title.

* * *

Porter Emerson Browne and J. Warner Bellah have been signed by Doug Fairbanks to work on his next picture in collaboration with Lotta Woods who has adapted every Fairbanks story, with the exception of "Taming of the Shrew," since "The Mark of Zorro." Doug's next, according to present plans, will be a talking version of "The Mark of Zorro," but by the time those four have finished with it you won't know the old yarn. The ability of Porter Browne in the way of dialogue and dramatic situation is an old story to the New York stage. "A Fool There Was" is an early effort and "The Bad Man," his last, has been told to Warner Brothers for enough to keep its author in luxury for the rest of his life. J. Warner Bellah has been plastered all over The Saturday Evening Post for several years. And as for Mr. Fairbanks—well, this is how they work.

Porter and Jay have taken a 'single' in one of Hollywood's smart apartment hotels where they get service and everything included in the rent. One wakes up, oh, along about six in the morning and says to the other, "Hey, out of it!" "What's on your mind?" yawns the other. "How's this—?" and he chuckles.

* * *

"Rotten," says the other. "But that gives me an idea—how's this?" "Terrible!"

"Oh, is that so? Well, what about this?" And they're off. For breakfast they go to a little ham and egg joint around the corner. Their 'phone is shut off to all the world except the Fairbanks Studio. Doug will call: "How would it be if—?" starts Doug. "Well, come on over and let's talk this out." Doug has a whale of an idea, Jay told us. The hokum is to be practically eliminated, which is good news. The comedy is to be honest comedy, not forced.

* * *

Dolores Del Rio thought she was all through with "The Bad One" and was dating herself up for a few informal dinners. What was her surprise and embarrassment to have a messenger arrive from the studio just as she was seating her guests, with a note from her director, George Fitzmaurice. "Dear Chequita," it read: "Please be a good girl, stay at home this evening and learn the enclosed few lines. Be at the studio at the usual time in the morning for this retake." The 'enclosed few lines' covered seven double spaced type-written pages.

"What could I do?" asked Dolores. "We had planned to have a picture shown afterwards in my living room. I had to excuse myself—it was a funny thing to do but you must expect anything in pictures."

* * *

Joseph Cawthorne, famous stage comedian, entertained John Barrymore at dinner and gave
him a drink! And what's more it was served in a bucket! Yes sir, and the bucket was dipped from a well of—oh, darn it all! What's the use? This story started out so swell, and why is it all good stories have to be hampered just because conscience steps up and demands that you out with the truth. Well, here it is. It was an old oaken bucket Jack drank from, and the draught it held was pure spring water dipped from a well on the Cawthorne estate.

Estelle Taylor is back from her jaunt around the country on a vaudeville tour, and in spite of the success she had in her new medium of singing, her head is as squarely set on her shoulders as it always has been. She had been in town only a day or two when she was offered the lead in Cecil De Mille's forthcoming musi-

cal play "Madame Satan" and asked to go to the studio for a voice test. Estelle didn't like the idea of it. "I need more seasoning. My voice is much too new," she protested but did promise to make an audition. What was her consternation to find instead of just people concerned in making the test, there was Mr. De Mille and all of his staff, about thirty-five people. For a minute, Estelle thought she would fall through the floor. Then she began to search her memory for something that would give her courage. She recalled an incident on the road when a little dog was trying to wriggle into a stage dressing-room. She could just see it out of the corner of her eye and figured it would be her luck to have some one shut the door on him before she got through. Sure enough, just as she started a crescendo the door shut on the pup's tail and his howl blended with her top note!

"I thought surely the house would burst into a roar of laughter, and if they had I should have died right then and there. Instead of that, not a soul moved. If anyone noticed the duet they never let on and when it was over they fairly cheered. So I thought to myself in this moment of need—well, if I could hold twenty-five hundred people over the howling of a dog I should worry about Cecil B. De Mille!"

Afterwards, Mr. De Mille complimented her very highly and gave her the part to read. That night she turned it over in her mind. "My first talking picture. My first singing part. The first time I have used a French accent. All these new things at once and my voice is new, too. No matter how many times I add it up I can't seem to get the right answer." The part had rather a peculiar situation. She was
Kay Johnson was finally cast in the part and we have a hand for Kay any old time she wants to speak a piece, but I'll wager that Estelle Taylor is just about the only girl in Hollywood who would tell such a story on herself.

Cliff "Ukulele Ike" Edwards was sitting on the stone wall outside the M.G.M. commissary with a disgusted look on his face and a letter in his hand. When asked what had caused this disgruntled state Cliff replied, "I just got one of those chain letters from Doug Fairbanks, darn it all!" Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind on some point. "I'm going to send it to my horse!" he declared.

Fifi Dorsay and Greta Garbo have struck up a great friendship. They are seen about together

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Cliff "Ukulele Ike" Edwards was sitting on the stone wall outside the M.G.M. commissary with a disgusted look on his face and a letter in his hand. When asked what had caused this disgruntled state Cliff replied, "I just got one of those chain letters from Doug Fairbanks, darn it all!" Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind on some point. "I'm going to send it to my horse!" he declared.

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So when Lupe told Irving that she had lost the dressing room for her key, Irving immediately instigated a search for the key to Lupe's dressing-room. None could be found. "Never mind, Lupe," said Irving, "I'll send for the pass key."

"Pass key," stormed the little tamale, "what for I want pass key for, so and so and so and so! Here is key. Lupe has lost dressing-room that fits it!" And she meant just that. There were so many long halls and twist in smoke she couldn't find her way.

Here is Jetta Goudal right back on the job in the French production of "The Unholy Night" and on the lot where all the row went on between La Goudal and Mr. De Mille! And Pauline Garon, whom everyone had marked for the shelf, just waved a couple of French sentences in front of the producers and they grabbed right and left. A girl who knows picture technique and who also knows French is welcome in these parts. Lionel Belmore, the only member of the English speaking cast retained for the French version because he can speak French too, heaves a sigh of relief after each scene and says, "Well, I got through that one all right." It's puzzling when you have learned lines in English to say them in French.

The dashing Andre Luguet, famous star of the Comedie Francaise, was brought to Hollywood especially for the lead in this picture and Jetta plays opposite him.

An amusing thing happened during the filming of Corinne Griffith's "Back Pay." The script required furniture which would be a throwback to the Victorian period. Walter Morosco explained what was wanted and a few days afterwards the property man said to him, "Now, we've got the furniture, the phonograph, lace curtains and all for that set, but we can't find that 'throw' you were talking about, and we figured that if it was one of those early American towns a silk crazy quilt might do just as well."

We were lunching with Frank Albertson whom Fox declares to be the find of the season and who has won the much talked of role of the son in Will Rogers' next, "They Had To See London," now in production at Fox Hills.

There was someone in the restaurant laughing very boisterously and attracting a lot of attention. Frank ground his teeth and made all the motions of one person strangling another. "Gee! I hate to hear anyone go on like that in a public place," he said. "A pal and myself were at the Grove one evening during the stock market excitement. Some man began blowing about how much he had made and how easy it was. We stood it as long as we could and then I bellowed forth, 'Well, I'm in the picture business and I—so on and so on.' He got it, too. Shut up like a lamb."

We asked Frank whether this was his first season in pictures, and were surprised to find that he had been in them off and on since he was thirteen years old. Just bits and atmosphere when he could manage it with school. "Oh, yes," he laughed, "I've been in pictures quite a long time—but pictures didn't know it!"

We have been told that the two cannibals who were brought over from Africa by Director W. S. Van Dyke to finish scenes in "Trader Horn" and who can not speak a word of English were asked by an interpreter what they thought of Greta Garbo. They dismissed the Swedish siren with a shrug and the words, "Stomach too flat."

And now we have an assistant director, the first of her sex to attempt this harassing job. Her name is Winifred Laurance. Her mother was a Russian, her father an Englishman, and she has had altogether a very exciting career and interesting background. She was script girl for Ernst Lubitsch, Ludwig Berger and other foreign directors and now she has taken this last strenuous task upon her slim young shoulders. She is assisting Fred Zelnik who will direct the foreign versions of "Rio Rita" and "The Case of Sergeant Grischa."
Hollywood — then Broadway — and now the European Capitals acclaim it

NO MATTER how perfect a girl's features, she lacks the power to attract romance if she hasn't charming smooth skin.

"Lovely skin is absolutely essential for that attractiveness which touches hearts." This is the conclusion drawn by 45 leading Hollywood directors. For the close-up, with its revealing blaze of light, a smooth skin is essential, they say.

And so, of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. They use this white, daintily fragrant soap not only at home, in their own luxurious bathrooms, but in their dressing rooms on location, as well.

All the great film studios have made Lux Toilet Soap official for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures shall have the very smoothest skin!

The Broadway stage stars, too, have long been using Lux Toilet Soap. And now the continental screen stars—in France, in England, in Germany—are just as enthusiastic about it as are the American stars.

You will love its caressing lather, always so very generous even in the hardest water. And the delicate care it gives your skin! Order several cakes—today.

**Lux Toilet Soap**

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake. . . NOW 10¢
ASK ME

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

By Miss Vee Dee

Bunny S. of Medfield, Mass. What a breezy letter you do write to Miss Vee Dee. I wish heaven would send a wild wind storm and blow all the stars you don't like out of Hollywood. My dear, what a suggestion; but I'll not breathe it to a soul! Thelma Todd, Neil Hamilton, Robert Frazer, Danny O'Shea and Cornelius Keefe all came from your state. Charles Farrell was born Aug. 9, 1902, at Onset Bay, Mass. Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans, La., in 1897. Her real name is Leatrice Joy Zeudler. She has blond hair and brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. She appears in "A Most Immoral Lady."

Loss B. of New York. Take your time; stop crowding. There's plenty of time for discussing, why is a mustache? I'll appoint a committee of three "Ask Me" departments of which I'm all of them, to ask the male stars just why they have to adorn their otherwise good-looking faces with that bit of fuzz. Here is where you'll help me start something good. Conrad Nagel is the first on the list. Now that the campaign is well launched, we're off. Conrad was born March 16, 1897, at Keokuk, Iowa. His wife is Ruth Helms and they have a daughter, Ruth Margaret.

Dorothy of the Bronx. Would I advise the 18-day Hollywood diet? I'm not knocking the pineapple and lamb chop growers association but I don't follow it myself. I'm just a sylph. You can reach Mary Brian and Nancy Carroll at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.; Lupe Velez at United Artists, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.; Johnny Walker is a free-lance player and I have no permanent address for him, but you might try sending your letter to him addressed just Hollywood, Cal., as he is very well known there.

A Blonde from Racine, Wis. How do you get that way? Never mind, don't tell me. How do I pronounce Marie Prevost's last name? Drop the last two letters, make the o long, then snap into and accent the Pre and you have the charming little lady's name. As far as I know the film you ask about is no longer in circulation.

Betty from Pittsburgh. Just drop another quarter in the gas meter and get the latest news about your screen favorites. Billie Dove appears in "Careers" with Thelma Todd and Antonio Moreno. Billie is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. She was married Oct. 27, 1923, but is separated from her husband, Irvin Willat. You can reach Billie at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.; Clive Brook and Richard Arlen at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.; Milton Sills at Fox. Larry Kent is a free-lance player.

Butter Brown of Muskegon. So you want to sell me a lot, do you? That's fine, but what do you mean, a lot of what? Several screen players were born in your birth-month, October: Jean Arthur on the 17th; Marjorie Beebe on the 9th; Gladys McConnell on the 22nd; Carol Lombard on the 6th; Jeanette Loff on the 9th; Janet Gaynor on the 6th; and Sue Carol on the 30th. Colleen Moore was born Aug. 19, 1902. Her latest picture is "Footlights and Fools" with Raymond Hackett and Fredric March, a combination of personality that's hard to beat. Barry Norton was born June 16, 1905, in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Donna of Milwaukee. You're one weakness is my department in SCREENLAND. Am I your slave? You've proved it. You can write to Grant Withers at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.; Loretta Young at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.; Nils Asther and Robert Montgomery at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.; Robert's fan mail is not to be snuffed at since he is going over so big in his celluloid releases, "Untamed" with Joan Crawford and "Their Own Desire" with Norma Shearer.

H. M. from Ragoon. A call from far-off Burma for Ruth Dwyer. Take your bow, Ruth, while I tell your admirer what I know about you. This charming little lady will be known in the future profession ally as Betty Strong. She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and began her career in musical comedy under the direction of the late John Cort. She later entered motion picture work and played opposite Benny Leonard of pugilistic fame in several serials and was featured with Reginald Denny, Johnny Hines, and other popular male stars. She played in a number of British and American productions and is now a prominent London producer for a year or more but is doing picture work in the U. S. A. as Betty Strong.

Lena G. from Dushore, Pa. Send your request for a picture of Lloyd Hughes to First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., where he is under contract. Two of his latest pictures are, "The Mysterious Island" and "Where East is East," produced by M-G-M. His next film will be under the RKO banner, "When Love Comes Along" with Bebe Daniels.

A Puzzled Fan from Chattanooga. No, I'm not a myth but a real lady I hope. You're not the only admirer of Clive Brook—he has millions of 'em. He was born June 1, 1891, in London, England. He has brown hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 149 pounds. His wife, Mildred Evelyn, was an English blonde. He was born with a mustache, who is eight years old, and Clive, Jr., two and a half. Mr. Brook's latest picture is "New Morals" with Ruth Chatterton.

Edna from New York. Of course, I won't mind answering your questions—I don't mind anything. Sally O'Neill's real name is Virginia Louise Noonan and Molly O'Day's is Suzanne Dobson Noonan. Sisters? You bet! Claire Windsor was born in Coffee City, Kansas. Her real name is Claire Viola Cronk.

V. J. H. of Swansea, S. Wales. You think SCREENLAND is a great magazine from beginning to end—far be it from me to contradict you for I'm a bit no-so over it myself. Elizabeth Edna Murphy was born in New York City. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 101 pounds. Her husband is the well-known director, Reginald LeRoy. Doris Dawson was born April 16, 1909, in Goldfield, Nevada. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 103 pounds and has red hair and blue eyes. Lily Damita was born in Paris, France, on July 20, 1906. She has ash-blond hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 3 (Continued on page 128)
"Ordinary soaps can do great harm"
says the famous beauty expert
CARSTEN of Berlin

“Daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate.”

Today, more than ever before, it is important to wash the face with this olive oil soap which is safe, bland, non-irritating.

NEW beauty treatments, such as ultra-violet rays and radio-active preparations, undoubtedly have their value in certain conditions of the skin, but it must not be imagined that older and simpler methods are superseded," says Leo Carsten, proprietor of the famous "Figaro" beauty shop on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin.

"Soap and water, for example, are still the finest possible cleansers for the skin," he adds. "You will realize the importance of this when I say that daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

Herr Carsten, better known as "Figaro," is head of the leading beauty salon in middle Europe... located on one of the most fashionable streets in the world. He, himself, is well known in Berlin social circles as well as in the world of beauty science.

18,000 famous experts agree
In this shop... in other beauty shops patronized by the smart women of the world's leading capitals... the advice to use Palmolive is part of every recommended home facial treatment.

Palmolive is made of the oils of palm and olives... no other fats whatever. Its color is the natural color of these oils. Its natural odor makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

This is the Palmolive treatment
This is the way to get the best results: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it into the face and throat. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all. Yet thousands of great beauty experts, millions of their clients, find it the most effective safeguard for beauty. And Palmolive costs so little that one uses it for the bath, of course, as well. Begin these twice-a-day treatments tomorrow. They will protect your skin from irritation... keep it fresh, glowing, lovely.

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR — Broadcast every Wednesday night — from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time — over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.
dull that you need to fly to an oculist and have them treated. If you put on glasses you may see better but your eyes slowly atrophy. In many cases, a good oculist is necessary. But first, try treating your eyes to more rest, and exercise. There are exercises and remedies that help bring back strength and beauty. I have written about this before and offered the exercises. Well, they're still available if you want them.

And now, about figures. During winter you have eaten too much and exercised too little. That's why you're dull, 'logy,' lacking pep and ambition. We have talked about waking up the face and hair; we must now wake up the body yet it is in a delicate situation. No thick or thin line, no thickness anywhere, no little humps — the slim, graceful body that goes with the sea season and can wear the new clothes becomingly.

Some time ago, the famous Mr. Ziegfeld while it is said, foresaw our national ideas of feminine pulchritude with an almost uncanny accuracy, decreed that the members of his chorus henceforth be other than dainty in outline. Then came the rumor that Hollywood had given its approval to curves, and this met with the approval of both doctors and dressmakers. Personally, however, though the health experts have a right to rejoice that women have gotten over their craze for super-slimness, I believe that Mr. Ziegfeld, Hollywood and the fashion arbiters are the real authorities for the change.

That the present trend is back to normalcy is a credit to our national sense. And this trend doesn't mean that all the attention which has recently been paid to problems of diet and exercise will go by the boards. Indeed, it will have more value now than it is to be applied with common sense. To some, it may seem as hard to become gracefully slim as it was to become stylishly flat; but anyway, building up by exercise, attaining the slim roundness the new clothes require, should be neither difficult or unpleasant.

There is one form of exercise that I especially recommend in spring: not the jerky, unimaginative movement kind of exercise, but the fundamental things that animals do instinctively to keep themselves fit. The one exercise I would advocate, if I could choose but one, would be stretching!

These exercises have much to recommend them because they may begin before one is out of bed in the morning. Most of us do a bit of involuntary stretching upon awakening, feeling perhaps that there must be something wrong with us because we don't feel like jumping blithely out of bed again to the limit. And if you want further instructions about exercises just write to me and I'll send them.

1. Lie flat on your back with arms above your head. Gently stretch your whole body, making each limb feel as though it were trying to reach something beyond its length, legs stretching downward and arms upward. Relax. Stretch again a little more vigorously. Repeat from two to six times.

2. Let one arm lie at your side; drawing up the knee on the same side, rest the leg on the foot. This relaxes the muscles on that side of the body. Stretch the other arm and leg as much as possible. Relax and stretch the other side in the same manner. Repeat exercise two to four times.

3. You'll feel alive now, so jump out of bed and standing straight, stretch the arms up as far as possible. At the same time stretch the legs muscles and rise on the balls of the feet, head stretching up, chin held straight, not sagging. Relax, letting arms fall down, then stretch the arms up once more. When you feel that you have stretched the limit, drop all of a sudden toward the floor — arms, head, shoulders limp. Do this several times until you are all loose and your blood racing.

Stand now, before an open window, and with hands raised, palms outward, inhale deeply, counting ten. Hold, count ten, exhale, count ten and repeat. Do this several times — breathe deep, stretch — it's a superb tonic. Keep your shoulders soft, not tense.

Now your shower, and you're ready to dress. And all this has not taken nearly as long as it has taken me to tell you about it. But it was time enough to add to the length of your days, and to the loveliness in the world.

Would you like to know more about beauty care for the days when winter's gone and summer beckons? More about keeping beautifully fit? How to attain popularity and charm? After all, good looks depend almost entirely on whether you are able and willing to make you really fit. It's all in your own hands!

WHEN BEAUTY BECKONS

Do you read Anne Van Alstyne's beauty department? Every number contains valuable information on beauty care. How to attain a lovely complexion, beautiful hair, a lithe, graceful body; all the details of good grooming that make for individual charm. For personal advice on beauty, write Miss Van Alstyne, at 45 West 45th Street, New York City, enclosing stamped self addressed envelope.
"A drop of it...so! and ten years slip away!"

says VIRGINIA VALLI

"You remember the old rainy days up in the attic? Dressed in grown-up clothes?...putting on grown-up airs? Well, I have a theory that we grown-ups like to dress up, too...But we like to turn back the clock...and play we're our younger selves! Hats...frocks...often I buy them, to encourage that mood...And now...And now, I've a perfume...an ever so much quicker way...A breath of SEVENTEEN upon me...and I'm joyously in the role...playing I'm my youngest, gayest me!

Breath of the Modern Spirit

a new perfume...SEVENTEEN

Young...with eternal youth...Sophisticated...as whispered repartee...Naive...daring...

Soul of the modern woman...part of her vivid personality...breath of her different charm...

Seventeen comes like a crisp, fresh breeze, after all the cloying perfumes you have known. Seventeen — like you — dares to be different...new!

Try Seventeen today...you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with Seventeen! The Perfume, in such exquisite little French flacons...the Powder, so new and smart in shadings...the Toilet Water, like a caress...the fairy-fine Dusting Powder for after-bathing luxury...the Talc...the Sachet...two kinds of Brilliantine...and the Compact, gleaming black and gold...like no other compact you've seen. You will adore them all!
On Location with "Numbered Men"—Continued from page 65

Ray isn’t so keen on the night and day shifts sometimes required in studio work. "But then I think of the week or two of rest that we get with pay between pictures and that cheers me up. Of course, some of the freelance players haven’t such a good job of it, because when they take a rest the money stops.

Ray loves to travel and he loves garlic in his salad. Whereupon, I asked him if he had ever had it in artichokes and proceed to give him my favorite recipe by which he declared he was going to try out.

By that time the ‘mike’ was waiting for him and we trudged up the line.

‘Look at Conrad (Conrad Nagel) taking a snooze in his car,’ laughed Ray. There was the dignified Mr. Nagel, oblivious to the world or what it was doing, as snug as a bug in a rug in his little Ford coupe which he had driven up himself.

Irving Asher told me an amusing thing that had happened at the studio the day before that was Mervyn Le Roy himself and assistant and for awhile he had been General Manager of the British Line pictures in England. "You know how young Mervyn appears," he said. ‘Ah, if he has had a hair cut he looks about nine, and people go about giving him sticks of candy—as well, yesterday someone from the publicity department brought a lady on the set and when she was introduced to Mervyn she beamed upon him and said, ‘And what is your job on this picture?’"

‘Tell her about Ah Yet,’ grinned Mervyn over his field microphone.

‘See that Chinaman over there?’ asked Irving. He worked with the gang in the studio and for those scenes up here Mervyn wanted another face. His name is Ah Yet. I told him he was through and asked the casting director to send me another Chinaman. He sent Young Foo. When Young Foo appeared it was Ah Yet! ‘How’s this?’ I asked. ‘Young Foo was engaged for this location.’ Ah Yet grinned broadly. ‘Me Young Foo. We have two names—get plenty work that way!’

Mervyn and Ray and the rest of the troop were on their way down to the bottom of the hill, where a couple of cameras had been erected for lights to help the cameras do their stuff in a shady place. The job was for the prisoners, at a given signal to run up the steep two-hundred-foot bank.

‘Say,’ puffed one of the men after the fourth sprint, ‘a little of that goes a long way. I won’t get my wind back till next year.’

The next shot was of Ray driving a pair of mules down the road and Conrad Nagel checking up on each of the gang who were watching from the pickaxes. Conrad was already on the job, having sensed, like the good trapper he is, that his scene was approaching. ‘Mervyn,’ he said with a twinkle in his eye, ‘you’re going to have Coop carry that boulder up the hill, aren’t you?’ ‘Coop’ being George Cooper, who plays Happy.

‘Sure thing,’ grinned Mervyn. ‘Right up to that tuft of sage on the top of the hill, George, see? Be careful not to let it roll backwards on you.’

George Cooper unshoulder the little red danger flag he was carrying under his left arm and started flexing the muscles of his right. Mr. Nagel, I take it, picked that job out for me, he threatened darkly.

‘I picked you out of the job of carrying the little red flag for yourself,’ razzed Conrad, ‘when all your friends were laboring with pickaxes and shovels.’

‘Why not! I have always been told to use brains instead of brawn!’

It really was the craziest location I have ever been on. Because of the narrowness of the road, chairs were balanced on the very edge of the ravine and the camera parallels were built two or three feet out beyond it. My chair started a downward trip and while a couple of boys made a grab for it Irving Asher shouted, ‘Never mind if you go over. The quicksand is nice and soft below!’

‘What! Do you mean to tell me you have quicksand up here?’ I screeched.

‘No foolin’! There’s a rift fifteen feet long and ten feet wide right down there.

‘But it’s only three feet deep,’ smiled Carleton B. Scott, assistant Captain of the detention camp. As Ray looked down at the quicksand a rock started to slide with him which might have given him a toss because it was a sheer drop right at that point.

‘Hey, wait a minute, Ray,’ chaffed Mervyn Le Roy. ‘We need you a couple of weeks longer. It you must fall off a cliff, do it on a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture.’ Both Ray and Conrad Nagel were loaned by Metro to First National for the ‘Numbered Men’ picture.

I was disappointed not to find Bernice Claire on the location. A change in the script took her out of the action and gave her two days’ vacation. "But I had to have a costume fitted, my hair shampooed and my picture taken, so I was pretty busy anyway,” this newest of the Warner Brothers’ finds told me later. Bernice is little and has a most engaging personality. Her face is very changeable in expression. Sometimes she looks like a little girl who is listening with much interest to a conversation among her elders. There is a mysterious, mystic quality to her eyes difficult to explain. There is a turbulence about them, not of dissatisfaction, but as though a million different ideas were crowding themselves seeking for expression and she didn’t know which one to clear up first.

Mervyn Le Roy thinks Bernice has a great future. 'I've directed embroidery wows—Colleen Moore and Alice White were two of them—and this girl has something. Besides a singing voice of unusual warmth and beauty she has dramatic ability that will adapt itself to a range of parts. And that adaptability is not to be sneered at by any studio.

Captain Scott of the detention camp told me a little about the prisoners. There are two good ways to win a man: one is through his heart and the other through his stomach. We try both ways. We give the men excellent food and treat them as kindly and with as much understanding as we are capable of. When their day’s work is done, the men play cards, read or listen to the radio. They are all on their honor up here and we seldom have any trouble with them.

The ‘mike’ had been acting up because of his mind wind that made the cut-up department think of our belongings. Poor little Marie Brantham, the script clerk, had a terrible cold and was plainly trying to keep her nose in place well as managing the books and pene lits and stop watches necessary to her work. While another ‘mike’ was being rigged up we looked about the landscape a bit.

‘Wouldn’t a nice drink of water wouldn’t go badly at this time,” said Mr. Le Roy.

‘Water for Mervyn Le Roy,’ announced an assistant through the field ‘mike’ which was relayed to the loud speaker stationed down by the trucks. In a few minutes a ‘grip’ appeared with a five gallon bottle of spring water on his shoulder.

‘Did you bring a canoe along too?’ grinned Irving Asher.

‘Did you ever try to fill one of those paper cups from a five gallon bottle?’ asked Mervyn. ‘Try it sometime. It’s a stunt.’

The loud speaker had been thundering in our ears picking up the conversation going on between the men at work while a crippled ‘mike’, and now it began to record drama. “Well, I’m not saying you’re not right. But we didn’t expect this thing to go on the bum, did we?”

‘If you’re going to have an argument, turn off the loud speaker,’ laughed Irving Asher.

We had our box lunches sitting about in cars. Conrad Nagel had brought his own sandwiches but ours were very good, chicken on whole wheat, chilled orange jelly roll, fruit salad, a bottle of milk or hot coffee and a small box of sardines if any of us needed them. But we also had a finest. Raymond Hackett, Mervyn Le Roy, Bernie Williams (my escort from the publicity department) and Frederick Howard filled Mervyn’s car to overloading and later Ray sat on the running board of Conrad Nagel’s car to have their pictures taken for this story.

It always amuses Mervyn Le Roy when people tell him he looks like a kid. ‘I’m not such a kid. I’m twenty-nine. And I began working when I was eleven selling newspapers in San Francisco. That’s a good start for any youngster. You learn what things you are up against in the world of competition, and you understand how
Do you know
Kotex is inconspicuous
under close-fitting gowns?

The lasting softness, the fact
that it deodorizes, are other
reasons you will like Kotex.

You can't imagine what a relief it
is to know that your sanitary pro-
tection is inconspicuous, that it is fash-
ioned to fit correctly, leaving no
revealing outlines. This is just one of
the many reasons why smart women
prefer Kotex. Then, too, it deodorizes,
and gives a feeling of perfect dainti-
ness. It is soft—a lasting kind of soft-
ness that means comfort through hours
of wear. It won't bulge or twist about
because it's made scientifically to answer
your needs in every respect.

Made of remarkable material
Kotex is so wonderfully comfortable
because it is made of Cellucotton (not
cotton) absorbent wadding . . . the
same material that is used today by 85%
of America's leading hospitals. This
is a cellulose substance that performs
the same function as the softest cotton
with five times the absorbency.

You'll appreciate this feature of
Kotex: it doesn't have to be worn a cer-
tain way. Either side of the pad gives the

same complete, comfortable protection.

And, of course, the reason most
women first used Kotex is this: it is
disposable, instantly, readily. That, alone,
has made a difference in the hygienic
habits of women all over the world.

There are other advantages which you
will discover for yourself, once you use

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes
you gave in 'Mary Dugan' was one of the finest I have ever seen on any stage or any screen.

By the way, this picture used to be called "Jailbreak" and the new title is from the fertile brain of the director, Mervyn	

You have to watch dialogue like a hawk," he said. "A perfectly commonplace sentence will seem unbelievably funny when spoken on the stage or screen.	
Benice had a line that would have brought down the house had I not changed it. A laugh at that dramatic point in the picture would have ruined the whole scene.

When you see "Numbered Men" look for the doughnut scene. Those doughnuts were real, and great was the joy of the staff when they had to take over three or four times and more and more doughnuts were forthcoming. Everyone on the set was getting a break but the men in the world above the scenes. It is called the flies in the theater; I've just forgotten the studio term for it. The men up there looked hungrily on until they couldn't stand it no more. Of course, Claire knew how to rub her eyes thinking she must be dreaming when she saw a nice brown doughnut rise from the plate on the stove toward the ceiling.

The Stage in Review—Continued from page 97

toe to toupee and that the swellest sophisticate and the omnipotent Olympian of them all, George Jean Nathan, had fairly cracked his belly over "June Moon," by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman, I naturally expected to do the same, for I am hard-boiled, a sophisticate and something of an Olympian.

But I didn't. I was amused at his somewhat caustic satire on Tin-Pan Alley, its thrust at Geraham, its sly unpeeling of the hokum, its lack of novelty and morality of these purveyors of the most sickening rubbish that ever got the name of 'music' and 'song' tagged on to it—but I did not get the impression of laughter that I had best forgotten. Probably because I am an idealist.

Mr. Lardner's characteristics however, are fine. These men and women of Hokum Avenue really live and talk and act naturally. The story is negligible. If I could remember what it is about, I'd have my head examined. It's a clean, honest show, too, Linda Watkins, Harry Stockwell, Norman Foster and a perfect supporting cast adding the chuckles and light hilarity.

"Josef Suss"

This is a glamorous, all-scenic, melodramatic vision of Lion Feuchtwanger's "Power," a book which I have not read.

The story concerns the rise of a Jew named Sullivan, who meets and marries a woman named Lardner, and brings her home to meet his parents.

George Jean Nathan, back in the minuetting, picoting eighteenth century. The drama pivots on the fact that while race-conscious Suss has gained the highest peak of power at Karl's court, his father has also become a procurer for his boss, the latter has, through the connivance of the father of the girl he has procured for Karl, tried to seduce Suss' own beloved daughter, who commits suicide rather than submit. Suss in revenge encompasses the downfall of the Duke and his own death.

Maurice Moscovitch as Suss is a new-comer to the American stage. He is an impressive, eloquent actor of the old school, but lacks subtlety and doesn't dig under. He is not the grand manner, but he has a comic genius that makes him funny anywhere, even when he is playing a straight part.

"Joseph Suss" is, however, just "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Fool's Revenge" done over again. Ashley Dukes did it better, and the grand manner on his scene over the body of his daughter, and throughout the play enacted with dignity and cold-blooded assurance the role of an aristocratic Sklyloch.

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Polly Moran

Continued from page 63

is gone. One may be old at sixteen or young at eighty. That's our philosophy. No, I'm not trying to win a nomination for a 1930 Baby Star either for myself or Polly.

That Polly! Impractical, adorable female Pagliacci! She covers her wounds with a laugh.

Everyone loves Polly. Not just the thousands and thousands she has made laugh across the footlights or from the screen—but all professionals.

I happen to know that many stars whom the public adore are cordially disliked in intimate Hollywood circles. Not so with Polly. She makes a hit with her own kind, always.

She is always wondering which one of the many weekend invitations she can accept without hurting some one's feelings. And when our genial Irish Polly accepts a bid you can know she has turned down about six others! And always, she leaves her cares, troubles, and dignity at home. She bubbles like a veritable joke geyser—always dynamic, always moving about, never still for a moment and always the clown.

That's why Polly Moran is one of the most popular stars in Hollywood and one of the most popular on the screen: because she has a big heart, a big mind, and a talent for laugh-making. Not only that, she has the quickest brain in the picture business. That girl is never at a loss for a line.

She has saved more situations by her wit than anybody I ever heard of. Polly Moran is the greatest comic I know.

Marie Dressler

Continued from page 62

standing invitation awaits Marie at the finest, most exclusive estate in the country any time she wants to accept.

And say! You ought to see Miss Dressler off-stage, all dressed up—dignified, sedate, the perfect picture of a swell society dame. But there's always the 'comic' behind this well-poised manner and she sneaks up on you with a laugh when you least expect it.

Funny! Ever since the days of "Tillie's Punctured Romance" Marie has been the funniest thing in pictures. And she gets funnier all the time. Did you ever see what she can do with a hat? That's all the props she needs. A hat, as Ted Lewis says, anybody's hat—even her grandmother's. And that face! I feel like nobody when I'm in a scene with her. I thought I could mug. But that rubber face of hers makes me look like a dead-pan Keaton when I'm in a close-up with her.

All she has to do is make the slightest grimace and everyone else in the scene fades right out of the picture.

I love to work with Marie. She is really a genius and I am honest enough with myself to know I never could approach her greatness. I consider myself lucky to drag along with her, no matter how far behind she leaves me. I know this comedy business, certainly, but when it comes to the real touch—well, did you see that scene of Marie's in "The Hollywood Revue"?

Funny, wasn't it? And did you see her in "Anna Christie"? That wasn't funny, but to me it was the finest piece of acting I've seen. I'm a comic; but Marie, she's everything!

Why Kleenex is safest to remove cold cream

It's the sure way to free your pores of dangerous dirt and grime . . . without stretching or irritating skin

NEVER use germ-laden cloths to remove cold cream! Kleenex is the clean, the safe way. These delicate tissues are so very soft and absorbent they just blot up the surplus cold cream, along with any lingering dirt and cosmetics. The pores are left really clean. And immaculate cleanliness is the first rule of beauty care. Bacteria, you know, start most complexion troubles, such as pimples and blackheads. And bacteria thrive on dirt.

There's still another way in which Kleenex protects your skin. Because of its amazing absorbency, Kleenex makes hard rubbing unnecessary . . . the rubbing that beauty experts believe an important cause of large pores and wrinkles.

You'll find Kleenex invaluable for handkerchief use, especially for colds and hay fever. Use a fresh, clean tissue each time, then discard it. Thus you prevent infection . . . save laundry . . . and avoid reinfection from cold germs.

Ask for Kleenex at drug and department stores.
Hollywood Haters—Continued from page 21

Another New Yorker, one of the old Knickerbocker families from Terre Haute, Ind., declared that the whole town was just a movie set, and that some day they'd 'swallow' it and move on to another location. Even Jack Dempsey, himself, associates Hollywood with hooligans, and will tell you that, in his estimation, they both belong in the same vicinity.

That eminent French sex-apologist, M. Adolphe Menjou, is louder than you'd think he could be in vocalizing vituperations against Hollywood—its words and deeds, its players and producers, its yes-men and no-girls, its cinema and its climate. When he finishes, one is almost convinced that he doesn't like Hollywood.

Just recently J. P. McEvoy had a bad dream for Screenland. It was that his slumbers were disturbed by a night-mare who trotted him willy-nilly back to the Sun-kissed City. Arthur Caesar's serpent tongue is never done hissing Hollywood, despite the fact that this very wit of his had to be taken West for appreciation, and has enabled him to swap a sweat-shop vista for a poppy-carpeted patio.

The eloquent silence of Max Reinhardt and William Locke, as each beat his disnified retreat toward the Santa Fe station, was more impressive than a theater-full of loud speakers. And the gutteral thunderings of Emil Jannings, really one of the Brooklyn Boys, and Conrad Veidt, and Pola Negri, could never, never have received the stamp of approval from the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. Thyrza Santer Winslow, more scened than scene-ing, is transformed from a nice girl to personified tantrum at the mention of Malibu, the sub-division-by-the-sea as it is poetically titled.

To speak of Hollywood to Zita Johann or Eva Von Berner, is just to have a nice evening float away on their tears; and Alice White, a New Yorker from Paterson, N. J., will talk longingly about the Hudson tubes.

The Hollywood Haters present a remarkable phenomenon. Had there been no Hollywood the vast majority of them would have lived to blush unseen, and to waste whatever they may have upon the desert air of kitchens, ribbon-counters, the rear ends of trolley cars and rush-hour subway crowds. But Hollywood has given them a dream beyond their wildest dreams. It has lavished upon them great estates, mile-long motor-cars, all that wealth may bring to possess. And beside this, in many cases, the health to enjoy a life crowded with good things.

Then why the hate for Hollywood? Is it a pose? One wonders. The question asked the answer is generally the same. There is no cultural influence. They miss the theater so. The opera. Art. Mental stimulation. Night Clubs. The discussion of painting and sculpture and literature. And again one wonder.

One star was reeling off the ritual with special stress on the literature angle. Suddenly—quick like that—the questioner hurled a demand at her, 'Quick!' she sneered, 'give me the name of your latest.'

The Hollywood Hater stammered and stuttered for seconds before she could gasp: 'The Bible!'

Yet with all the faults of Hollywood, it is a beautiful, a charming place. And with all the sham and pretense and fake pinning for culture, even the Hollywood Haters are good fellows when they forget to put on the act. They still punch the time clock when the whistle blows. And that their full dinner pails are diamond-studded, doesn't disguise the beef-stew which is their probable dietetic preference.

Even the delicatessen shop-keeper, happiest of men, will join Mr. Justice Holme as a disserter. And it is the delicatessen streak in the elite of Hollywood society, that leads it to hand the movie town a razz in accents which sometimes vary the broad A's with the patois of South Brooklyn, Oomsk or Czekoslovski.

The hating of Hollywood is just a part of the Big Show, the three-ring circus of gold-lined laversities, ermine lap robes and ruby-stoppered hot water bags. It is all very fun, and not too seriously. It gives the boys and girls something to talk about after a hard day's grind down at the factories.

Gloria Swanson Psycho-Analyzed

Continued from page 29

after victory over the introverted side. She has much extrverted feeling and intuition with which to battle her moods, her dream-life, her tendency to be 'up in the clouds.' But having such opposite things in her makes for crises of conflict, inner conflict, torn by opposing forces, and for this reason she lacks the one remaining human quality which is the gift of the straight extravert. She is not practical, save in her work. It is in her work that she wins a crucial victory; but outside of it she is emotion, affection, the queen who orders others, the actress.

Most people who amount to anything have two selves that almost constantly war in each other. But it is this conflict, this constant need to have more strength than the run of people so that you may conquer your inner enemy as well as the world, that weakens ambition, that liberates energies that tend to go 'onward and upward.'

Gloria Swanson is a self-made woman. She has fought tooth and nail from the obscurity of extra parts, and with the greatest daring and courage has marked her own course to superiority of character and world-fame. She gambled her whole career on being her own producer, and almost went under; only to shine in victory by an even greater act of imagination and determination. And, after all, she changed the name to 'Sadie Thompson,' (which seemed somehow to lift the curse) and rode through the cities of the world like a triumphal procession. From top of this, she flowered out completely as one of the two supreme stars of the day, by meeting the challenge of the talkies not only by speaking but with the speaking voice. It is usually a cruelty to oneself to see a movie a second time; but it so happened that I saw 'The Trespasser' twice and it more the second than the first. It is, in its way, a movie masterpiece, authentically American, of our soil and of our times.

Chicago throbs in it, and is almost per-
It is a clock ... a musical clock ... that casts a magic spell

A clock that is more than a teller of time. A clock with dial and cabinet of exquisite beauty. And more. A clock with a magical voice. Each quarter hour from within its case issues soft lingering melody that soothes the nerves and cheers the spirit of all who hear it.

It is the quaint old-world witchery of Sessions Westminster Chimes, a faithful re-creation of the rich mellow bell tones of famous old world cathedrals.

Catch them yourself, today, through your radio receiver. Choose your station from the list on this page. Hear the haunting melody broadcast directly from within a Sessions Clock. As you listen remember that at a nearby store where good clocks are sold you can select from a wide variety of designs, a Sessions Westminster Chime Clock to perpetuate that rare charm in your home. You will find them actually inexpensive ... twenty-eight to thirty-nine dollars! The Sessions Clock Company. Forestville, Connecticut.

This is the clock Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., offer as a prize on pages 54 and 55 of this magazine.

TUNE IN ON ONE OF THESE
(See local program for time)


In the MIDDLETW IST, WTAM Cleveland, KYW Chicago, WORD Chicago, KMOK St. Louis, KMJJ Clay Center, Neb., WDAY Fargo, N. D., WRBQ Greenville, Miss.

In the WEST, KGO Oakland, Cal., KOL Seattle, KOA Denver.

FREE. New interesting booklet, "Old World Witchery." A post card from you brings it.

It is a clock ... a musical clock ... that casts a magic spell

I Knew Them When
Continued from page 61

adorable, they were not for him. Later, this same person answering numerous telephone calls from adoring women, would swear loyalty to each one. Jimmy left for the Coast to try pictures, saying goodbye with an enigmatical smile on his face after requiring us not to write, as he'd be back to Broadway soon. A chaper with a twinkle in his eyes though never a crease in his clothes.

And let me tell of Joan Crawford, who was once known as Lucille Le Sueur. The perfect showgirl because she never took a show seriously. She loved two things: life, and pictures of herself. That girl could find more ways of having herself photographed than Grover Whalen and could give the most naive and astonished looks when her room-mates suggested she have enough room on a dresser for at least one picture of theirs. She, who never had a penny at the end of the week but who was sure to have a new pair of shoes she didn't like. A wonderful dancer and in great demand with members of the opposite sex, whom she didn't give a hoot about. Never took movies seriously, though sincerely admiring them and having, together with a thousand other showgirls, a vague desire to enter them herself. Joan, always on the go, vivid, alive, eager, ever seeking some peace for a restless spirit. We all liked Joan.

And remember! How can I forget? Lights and names! Names and lights! All of them shining. Most of them new. To you old friends I bow in admiration, and my heartfelt wish is that you may have happiness together with your success.
and cook books, she gives Margaret the afternoon off and prepares the dinner herself.

She remembers that Jim’s favorite dessert is ice cream. So she gives him that. But Russell, the 21-year-old son of the Gleasons, has been heard to declare his adoration for chocolate roll with chocolate sauce. So Lucile gives him that.

“Now, I know I honor the family when I get in the kitchen,” admitted Lucile. “But they enjoy it and so do I. And Margaret never complains if I use up every pan in the cupboard catering to the boys’ appetites.

Jim Gleason doesn’t reveal it to many people. But he loves to make doughnuts. He turns them out like a seasoned chef. Often, in the evening when the servants are all gone from the kitchen, he and Lucile will wink at each other. This wink is the signal for an unlighted party for two. Jim says the trick in making doughnuts is to be able to repeat glibly the line about “Sufficient alfred flour to make a stickish doughnut. He always repeats the same five times without stumbling, his doughnuts are done, says Jim.

Lucile Gleason’s insistence that each menu be a perfect as skill and knowledge can make it is based on more than an epicure’s enjoyment of food.

“The dinner table is where we discuss the plays and stories we are working on, and the roles we are playing,” she explained. “I think our biggest inspiration comes through the discussions around the dinner table. So you can see what a big part the stimulation of a perfect meal plays in our lives.

Here are some of Mrs. Gleason’s recipes, including the dessert about which Jim says: “And may Allah help you if you don’t like chocolate!”

**BAKED BEANS**

Soak four cups navy beans over night. Drain and boil in fresh water until beans are tender but not broken. One hour is usually sufficient. Place in bean pot with two and one-fourth pounds salt pork. Mix one teaspoon baking soda, two teaspoons salt, three-fourth teaspoon pepper, two teaspoons dry mustard, one-half cup molasses. Pour mixture over beans and bake four hours, boiling occasionally.

**BOSTON BROWN BREAD**

Mix thoroughly one cup graham flour, one cup cup rye flour, one cup rye meal, three fourths teaspoon soda, two teaspoons baking powder and one teaspoon salt, being careful to see that salt and soda are perfect from lumps. Stir in three-fourths cup molasses, one and three-fourths cups sweet milk and mix well. Fill greased molds three-fourths full and steam for two and one half hours.

**CHOCOLATE ROLL**

Beat whites of three eggs until stiff. Add one-fourth teaspoon cream of tartar. Add gradually, one-fourth cup sugar. Sift three tablespoons cocoa, two tablespoons flour and one-eighth teaspoon salt and add to yolk mixture. Beat thoroughly and add one-half teaspoon vanilla. Fold in egg whites. Line oblong pan with white paper square buttered and pour in mixture. Bake in moderate oven for twenty minutes. Take out of oven, place cake on towel, spread with sugar and roll like jelly roll. Just before serving, unroll and fill with sweetened whipped cream. Roll back and slice. Cover with hot chocolate sauce.

**CHOCOLATE SAUCE**

Melt two squares bitter chocolate in top of double boiler. Add one cup sugar, one and one-half cups of water and boil until it thickens. Add lump of butter the size of a walnut. When cool, add one teaspoon vanilla.

**ORANGE LOAF**

Mix two cups strained orange juice with the juice of two lemons. Sweeten to taste and let stand one hour. When mixed, add one cup cream to a stiff froth and add one cup chopped walnuts. Place juices in mold with cream and nuts on top. Do not stir. Pack in ice and oat and let stand three hours.

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**Stars Who Never Saw Hollywood**

Continued from page 31

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**SCREENLAND**

Continued from page 93

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We are looking for Miss Columbia

Read the Rules of this Remarkable Opportunity

1. Columbia Pictures Corporation is seeking a girl, residing in the United States, to portray Miss Columbia, in a part, created by Judge Ambrose McQuire, Columbia Pictures Corporation will award the Columbia Pictures Studio to the honored Miss Columbia. All expenses will be paid by Columbia Pictures, and an additional payment of $250 will be made for each service.

2. Miss Columbia will be asked to pose for a motion picture to be used in conjunction with Columbia production, either before or after, or during the service.

3. Should the service of Miss Columbia be utilized, the motion picture will be sold to the exhibitors.

4. SCREENLAND is helping Columbia Pictures Corporation in the search for Miss Columbia. If you know the correct method that the service of Miss Columbia is, you will be eligible for the prize for the service of Miss Columbia. The costume, when the service of Miss Columbia is utilized, the photograph shall be available through the magazine to the public, and all the costs of the service of Miss Columbia shall be remitted. Columbia Pictures is the sponsor of this search for Miss Columbia. The service of Miss Columbia will be utilized, and the decision of the judges shall be final. The prize of the Columbia Pictures Corporation shall be $250, and the service of Miss Columbia will be utilized. The decision of the judges shall be final. The prize of the Columbia Pictures Corporation shall be $250.

Follow These Directions

Send your photographs (or photographs) postage-paid, with your name and address prominently lettered on the back to Miss Columbia.

COLUMBIA Pictures

for Better Entertainment
It happened this way: Rockefeller had consistently refused to be photographed. However, on the morning of his ninetieth birthday at eleven thirty, Engelbrecht telephoned to ask permission to make a picture, from his home in Lake Hopatcong, sixty miles to Pocantico Hills, where Mr. Rockefeller was staying at his summer place. "If he refuses," Mr. Engelbrecht, King George of Rockefeller's secretary, "tell him I won't bother him any more. I don't want to annoy him because there isn't enough money in the world to pay for my friendship with Mr. Rockefeller."

Those last words made a big hit with old John, and he telephoned personally to Engelbrecht to come ahead and be there at two-thirty.

By that time, it was eleven-thirty, and Engelbrecht left me to come ahead and be there at two-thirty.

The Fox offices don't bake birthday cakes and you can't gather ninety candles in the twinkling of an eye.

By the time Engelbrecht reached Nyack ferry with cake and candles, it was nearly two-thirty. Knowing how punctual Rockefeller is in the slightest detail, Engelbrecht was sweating blood. When he reached the gates of the estate, he was stopped by guards, refusing him permission to enter. But a judicious telephone call opened the gates. Perspiring but happy, Engelbrecht hurried through the vast estate grounds, arriving to find John D. waiting in a new suit, with a white waistcoat and a flower in his buttonhole. He gave Mr. Engelbrecht a cordial welcome and offered him luncheon.

For an hour John D. permitted Engelbrecht to take pictures of him, putting off his daily thirtyminute nap. At eleven-thirty, he drove which room he is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

It was the taking of these silent moving pictures which gained permission recently for the Fox news to take talking pictures of Mr. Rockefeller at Ormond Beach to be shown at Cleveland on the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday last year.

Scarcely any celebrated person has been neglected by the talking news reels. We have watched Lindbergh soaring through the air, the Prince of Wales and Prince George have been seen in their own voices, and all the actors are in their own voices.

The Emperor of Japan, the most secluded monarch in the world, permitted himself to be glimpsed and heard at a review of the Japanese troops and school girls in a recent athletic celebration. We have seen Queen Marie of Roumania, in her lovely long veil, with little Prince Michael on one side of her, and the sad Queen Helen on the other. We have heard Conan Doyle talk of Sherlnc Holmes and of psychic research. We have heard Thomas Edison speaking of his rubber discoveries. We have admired the King of Sweden entering his place of worship.

And last of all, we have seen Mr. dim-fated Prince Carol of Roumania at an open window with Magda Lupescu, the beautiful dark-eyed woman, whom he has loved above mother, child, wife, and power.

This great invention, the talking news reel, brings all the colorful figures of the world down to the level of our understanding and within the reach of our sympathy.

We watch them. And as our eyes follow their fleeting figures, we realize they say, fears, despairs and loves which so beset our days are the same loves, despairs, fears, and joys which follow them. The news reel has given them all the common touch. It has helped to teach them and us that all men are created equal.

Chaney Comes Back—Continued from page 33

and between times act as stage manager and keep track of costumes, scenery and props. I remember once, in a little town in Canada, we played a wild melodrama, and I played three different roles under the English tourist, all in the same play. I was afraid they'd play 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' but instead they'd put in for one of the bloodhounds.

"There was nothing remarkable about all this doubling in brass, as they used to call it. It was the regular job of every stock actor. I have seen Landers Stevens, for instance—he's in pictures now—play four separate roles in a play night after night, while rehearsing about as many in the same company. They'd put on the following week. George Marion used to do it, Willard Mack—all of the old timers. You see, traveling companies had to keep expenses down, and wouldn't carry extra people if they could get players who'd double."

"And doubling, of course, meant cultivating different voices and dialects. I remember hanging around a saloon in San Francisco for a week, to get the dialect of the German bartender, and then I'd have a hundred different voices."

"I used to have costumes and make-up stuff laid on chairs off-stage. Then I'd play a character, rush out, and make up for another in ten minutes. Finally, I was acting as stage manager, transportation man, playing as many as four parts, and helping in the box office as well."

Canada has a musical comedy show. We did great business at first but the further East we went, the worse it got. We kept dropping members of the company to keep down the expenses. Finally, I was acting as stage manager, transportation man, playing as many as four parts, and helping in the box office as well."

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This is how you lose sight of things through habit. I've been playing in silent pictures so long that I had almost forgotten about speaking lines and people don't seem ever to associate me with the old Chaney of the stage. But, as a matter of fact, I was really speaking lines all the time. In every silent picture I spoke lines in all the action—only, because they didn't record
Alice White gets a high-powered shock!

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By Herbert Crooker

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The combination Victor orthophonic and radio and fifteen autographs records which Rudy Vallee offered in the January Screenland have been awarded to Miss Pearl Hopkins, 2966 Lathrop Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

The winner of the Richard Arlen gilt offered in the February Screenland is Mrs. George D. Morgan, Iris Lane, Westhampton, Richmond, Va.
Won By A Voice—Continued from page 51

herds out on the beach at Guadalupe and we tried to tie 'em up and capture them alive. But they woke up and raised the mad devil before we got 'em bagged.'

Looking Bickford took them whales to the nearest pictures and it's a hard job. He gives you the impression he'd just as soon have never started on the venture.

"What you heard is right," he says briskly. "I thought movies were all bunk and my opinion wasn't greatly altered when I landed out here and began working. Only one thing has changed my mind and Garbo and himself. It's that—Anna Christie." It's the only worthwhile picture made.

"I say that picture is a worthy effort because it was not sacrificed on the Box Office altar. It was filmed just as it was written and acted just as intended without any hokum being injected. It is real and grim, so grim I'm not sure the movie public won't be displeased at its sorrows. It is done just as it should have been done and as a long while should have been done, preserving the drama and playing it straight. I hope the critics realize the greatness of it and help to educate audiences to appreciate all these pictures, all up to audiences. The producers are going to give 'em what they want.

"In 'Anna Christie' you don't look at it and then say, 'Soudan-so' gave a great performance. You say it's a good picture and that's what counts. It is the thing as a whole that is splendid. If you have a good picture, you can make it stick as it is in a barn and still hit your audiences. This picture had the first perfectly-balanced cast I ever saw in a motion picture. And the story was equally balanced as well. It started out with a slow momentum, just like starting a motor. Then it began to pick up speed and with more momentum it reached that big climactic scene where it hit the high spots of drama and emotionalism. There isn't a flaw to be found anywhere.

"Yes, that's true, too. I didn't want to play in the picture because it was a starring vehicle for Garbo. No, I didn't know Garbo or anyone except her. There was nothing personal in it whatever. I just didn't want to be stuck in to support star. As I say, I didn't know Garbo. I know her now. She's a great trouper and a magnificent artist who regards the play as the thing above all else. It was great to work with her.

"Tonight I'm showing off for Mazatlan, Mexico, to make location scenes for 'The Sea Bat.' My whaling boots will be in stage with a couple of guns. I'm combining both my business affairs. Perhaps they will let me make the return trip on one of my boats—they say the whales are running. That's time to do now and I'd like to keep my harpoon eye in practice. Well, sorry to have to go but you know how it is—stop in and see me when I get back to Hollywood.

"Again as he strode across the lot we could hear him singing:

"Strike up the band, here comes a sailor, a happy, merry sailor!" said Garbo, laying her hand fresh from a whaler, "Stand in a row, don't let him go

"For Jack's a cinch but every inch a sailor!"

In New York—Continued from page 91

said: 'Auntie, what's an easterner? The kids all say I'm an easterner.'

"He used to spend most of his time in our hotel room. One day he set off some fire-crackers and burnt a lot of little holes in the carpet. I didn't know what to do. But I thought I'd just as well call up the hotel clerks and offer to pay.

"The clerk said he would come up and look it over. But just before he came into the room there was another terrible smell and I guess a big hole which we hadn't seen before. Hastily she put the waste paper basket over it.

"The clerk came in, looked at the holes which were mostly small and said: 'This won't cost much. We can fix it up for very little. It's nothing, really nothing.'

"Humph," said my little nephew who was taking it all in, 'if you think these holes aren't anything, you should see the one mother covered with the washtub.'

"I'm sure when I go back to Hollywood to make my next picture I'll feel a lot more at home. I love talkies. It's wonderful to be able to stay one place a long time and not be changing from city to city every week. I've been a truner a long time and this is the first time I've ever been able to sit down and draw my breath and not have to think of packing my trunk and hopping a train every Friday night.'

He's the new laugh man of the movies, and he's as funny off stage as on. His name is Stuart Erwin, and now, of course, you remember hearing or seeing him as A.T. in "Sweetie," as well as in other pictures.

Stuart plays opposite Helen Kane in "Dangerous Nan," and Mal St. Clair, the director—who is himself by the way, quite a tall, handsome, distinguished gentleman—says they're one of the nicest gangs with which he ever worked.

On one of the hottest spring days New York has seen since 1879, Stuart was walking around the Paramount lot in a raccoon coat, thick trousers and high boots, which he wouldn't lace up no matter how hard Helen Kane's sister tried to persuade him to do. I'merin went down St. and Prosecuted at New Hollywood for several years before the talkies decided they couldn't get on without him. He is extremely popular both among men and women. He talks very slowly, refuses to be hurried, and pulls a wise crack out of the corner of his mouth every ten minutes.

Stuart took me into the large fifty thousand dollar truck which contains all the mechanical equipment for making outdoor talks and explained the gadgets.

"How did you learn all about this?" I asked, knowing most actors have no technical sense at all.

"I never did know anything about these sound trucks until one day in Hollywood when the temperature dropped twenty degrees in a couple of hours. Suddenly we all developed a burning interest in the technical side of the outdoor talkie equipment. For the first time in three years, the actors actually found out how the cameras were recording their voices because every time the director would stop shooting, the whole cast would crowd inside the sound truck—to get warm!"

"If you think actors live the life of Riley, you ought to meet Norman Foster," Al Wilkie said the other day.

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for May 1930

"Norman Foster?"

"Yes, Claudette Colbert's husband, you know—he plays in the stage show, June Moon, working not at all. Wilkie continued.

"He's the new male lead in the talkie of Katherine Brush's Saturday Evening Post serial, Young Man of Manhattan. He also sings over the radio, and writes plays as well."

Norman Foster is an exceedingly likable young man, and needless to say, one of the hardest working men in the profession. He's tall and slight, with a fine sensitive face, long nervous hands, and a deep flexible voice.

When I met him, Norman was about to go out and get all soaked up.

"No, he doesn't drink. At least not on the lot. But he was about to get soaked all the same. In the talkie, Norman plays the part of the young newspaper man at the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia—the young man who is in love with a newspaper girl, played by Claudette Colbert, the star.

Well, we all know that Philadelphia put on an epic storm the day of the Dempsey-Tunney fight just to make the visitors feel welcome. Monta Bell is directing this picture and he decided to make it the last word in realism. So he has had reconstructed a section of the stadium and an exact replica of the street and houses facing the huge arena. Over it all many dozens of water pipes have been installed. And at a turn of the tap, at the crucial moment in the tenth round, Bell gave the signal and the whole huge building began to bray and torrents of water poured down on the actors playing Dempsey and Tunney. The gong sounded, Tunney got the decision. The crease of the road created three gaps, and Claudette breathed a sigh of relief, mopping their faces and thinking of home and hot coffee.

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Vive La France!—Continued from page 23

"I was in vaudeville. I played here on the coast in 1928. It was good for me, the time I spent in vaudeville. The best way to save for the talkies, unless it is burlesque."

No wonder Mademoiselle Dorsay has had so many engagements. She trained like any good soldier. First in the chorus of the "Greenwich Village Folies," then with Gallagher and Shean, then in various others. "They Had To Feel Paris" and "Hot For Paris." Yes, you will probably make those topmost shining towers, Fifi. So Vive la Fifi! Et Comment! Look! That gay and gallant figure in the handsome military regalia. Can that be—yes, it can be—the debonair Marshal Maurice Chevalier. With war medals for valor and medals of song and laughter collected from the amusement centers of Europe, he now gathers a few more medals from his rapidly growing army of American fans. With his first picture, "Innocents of Paris," he advanced the cause of the French, and with "The Love Parade" the keys of Paris practically his. He has only to finish "The Big Pond," his next, and he will be firmly entrenched in the favor of the American public.

"This is the charming leader of the shock troops, with the roguish smile and deadly Big Bertha beam of flashing eyes? Is there anyone who saw "The Cock-Eyed World" and did not remember that telling barrage of high voltage accent? But, alas, Mademoiselle Lily Damita has deserted to the stage. Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!"

There's Irene Bordoni who laid claim to the French talkie victory in such a big way. The pot threat of those naughtily eyes, that lisricous voice, those oo la la gestures—it would be a pretty poor fort that would put up any resistance to the Bordoni onslaught. Encore to "Paris!"

Claudette Colbert may not be so strictly French—but she is strictly French!—but the French flavor is there. This talented young actress, long popular with New York audiences, now adds several more victories for France. She has stepped right along for La Patrie, first in "The Lady Lies" and now with Maurice Chevalier will gain further honors in "The Big Pond."

Then there's Georges Carpenter, who has proven himself not entirely a man of socks' appeal. Georges can use his feet just as well as his fists and sing a ditty that registers with the best of them. Remember him in "The Show of Shows?" Now, there was a victory for France and the "mike."

Watch those reserve troops in the background, groomed and shining, waiting to take their place in the cartoon. There's Renée Adorée, long one of our favorite French ladies, yet to be heard from; and there's Yola D'Avril who has already done her bit for the freedom of the wild "zees."

So, on they come, these invaders of Hollywood, and there can't be too many of them. With their charm and supreme artistry, with their memory that tells a new brand of gaiety to the screen, with the bubbling champagne of their zest for life, they have found a conqueror's place in cinema land. Vive la France!

---

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Smart though they be, sun styles are often embarrassingly revealing. Yet you can wear them with confidence and meet the public gaze with poise if your skin is smooth and free of ugly hairy legs.

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The Girls Behind the Stars

Continued from page 25

rugged. Here's where another clever young woman demonstrates her skill and artistry. On the slim shoulders of Margery Provost rests the task of decorating many of the modern, the English and the Spanish settings.

Margery, a younger sister of the film-famed Marie, had her fling as an actress and as a Ziegfeld girl, but the lure of draperies and bric a brac was stronger than the fascination of grease paint. Margery spent her spare time assisting her friends in the decoration of stores and homes, and drifting into that department in one of the smart Hollywood shops. The next step was into the studio. There she is.

"I have been here just a year and a half," Margery smiled. "I think I have the most fascinating job in the world. I wouldn't change places with any girl I know.

This apprenticeship to their work is one of the secrets of the success of these young women.

After the settings have been made ready, the feminine players must have clothes and draperies to wear in the rooms. Henrietta Frazer is one of the clever young women who take care of this colorful part of picture making. Mrs. Frazer is assistant to Joseph Rapti, wardrobe manager.

Mrs. Frazer really drifted into her job. Not so long ago she was famed as one of the best-dressed women of her home town, Chicago. She came to New York where she dabbled in interior decoration and music. But her designing and their wearing, were always of paramount interest to her. She so drifted into the studio and has stayed there.

"I came out here three years ago," Mrs. Frazer explained, sitting in her office in one corner of the huge wardrobe building, "and I never want to leave. It is the most interesting work in the world."

But before the Garbos, the Sheerans and the Swansons can put on their gowns, they must make up their faces. A flock may be a dream of joy, but if its wearer's skin is not the right tint, if her eyes are not shadowed correctly, her lips not shaped in their proper magic line, the gown falls of its purpose.

A striking Russian-Italian brunette, Lilian Rosini, is responsible for the make-up of many feminine players. She knows how to make plump cheeks delicately rounded, dull eyes gleamingly bright, sagging lips voluptuously tip-tiled.

Born in New Haven and educated in Russia, Miss Rosini has been a singer, an actress and a screen player. Strange as it may seem, this young woman who spends her daytime hours in others' faces, was given her own first screen make-up by Lon Chaney, the master. It was Chaney, too, who advised her to go into business of screen make-up. She created the first studio make-up department and has become one of the screen's leading authorities on the photographic values of powders and paints.

Before the cameras can start to grind an army of typewriters must do its work. They cover all the fingers with skillful feminine fingers. Which opens another field of endeavor for the girls who have hit the Western trail.

In a sunny office just inside the gates of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, Edith Farrell directs the activities of a large force of stenographers and typists. She is manager of the personnel and script department, engaging all newcomers and promoting them from her offices to various places of importance in the studio machine.

Miss Farrell, a native Los Angelien, has been working in this capacity since she was graduated from business college.

"A studio offers unlimited opportunities for girls with a different and you are given the opportunity to meet so many interesting people.

Being a script clerk on a picture is sort of a sister job to being a secretary. One of the best known script clerks in the business is much-traveled, black-haired Josephine Prevost, who has accompanied Director W. S. Van Dyke on his sojourns to foreign lands.

"Joe" was born in San Francisco but the lure of the movies brought her down the cost to Hollywood after she had finished business college. She has always worked behind the scenes of the pictures. She has gone with Van Dyke to Wyoming for the filming of "Wyoming," to Tahiti for the making of "The Pagan," and has just returned from ten months in the heart of the African jungle where she assisted in the filming of "Trader Horn."

Finding players to fill the parts is another big job in the making of movies. There's an office at the Marcella Novelty Co. that play their important roles. Miss Napp is assistant to the casting director. Before her all-seeing eyes pass the hundreds of eager faces for screen fame, Marcella knows and is known by every actor and actress in Hollywood.

Three years ago Marcella left her native New York to venture into the wide world of Hollywood for a vacation. She liked the sunshine and decided to stay. For a short time she played extra parts in the pictures. One day she happened to knock on the door of the casting office when one of the girls was leaving. Marcella decided that she would never be a great actress but that someday she might be a great picker of great actresses. So she asked for the job of the departing girl, got it and has been working at it ever since.

Another branch of the movie game which is little known beyond the studio walls is the cutting department. Much is written about the players but little is told about the people who decide the fate of the players. In the cutting rooms the actors become either faces on the floor or pieces of the completed reels.

Among the successful women cutters are Margaret Booth and Blanche Sewell, girls who have really grown up with the business.

Miss Booth left high school to start as
a film painter in the D. W. Griffith cutting rooms. Today, she puts together some of the biggest films in the industry. Miss Smith, a native of Oklaho-

ma City, began her career by cleaning and splicing negatives during high school vacations. By 1920, she had become such a large part of the beauty of many of the largest pictures which have come from Hollywood.

Peggy Coleman, a Philadelphia girl, is chief nurse for this studio. With a long record of overseas war service, Miss Cole-

man drifted into studio work when she came West for her health. She directs the studio hospital and looks after the ailments of the famous folk of the film.

There is a place for every sort of train-

ning, for every kind of intelligence in this fast-moving picture world. It is little won-
der that Hollywood has proven a Mecca for ambitious girls from every country in the world.

The stars may come and the stars may go, but the girls behind the stars go on forever.

'Gally' Grows Up—Continued from page 66

Broadway can spend most of their time on the 'Gay White Way' and no one gives a hoot. If a motion picture star spends more than one night a month in such places, there is a yell of scandal. Dad told me I couldn't mix such pleasures with a career and I believe him. I want a career. The pleasures can come after-

wards.'

Despite her antipathy to night life, Joan is not prudish. She early learned that things of which she did not approve might be acceptable to others. Abhorring gossip, she has sympathy with others who have been snubbed or made a victim by Dame Rumor. 'Little Gally' does not mince her words in defending friends, but if the fun of speaking of stars has lost her several acquaintances, but never a real friend. Those who know her best respect Joan's sincerity. For the others, she cares not one whit.

There has been no scandal connected with her name. Furthermore, she is one of the very, very, few young girls in pictures who has never been reported engaged or likely to become some man's bride. Joan is thankful as she believes that men, unlike pleasures, should come after her ambition.

A wonderful transformation has taken place in the timid little blonde I met when she came to Hollywood for Ronald Col-
man's first talkie. The shyness which concealed her from the interviewers to prove Joan 'dumb' has been superseded by won-
derful self-poise. Even then she wasn't so dumb. He simply scared her to death by a sweep of his hand. There would be no trouble in obtaining a whit of an interview now for Joan discourses fluently and pointedly upon the approved Hollywood fashion. There is no more brilliant conversationalist in pictures than 'Little Gally'—when she wants to be. If not disposed to talk, no clam could possibly close up tighter.

Through her screen characterizations, 'Little Gally' has moulded her private self. She adopted her motion picture walk for the most independent little girl and found that would do credit to Alice Joyce. Mannerisms none too becoming have been dropped and others more suit-
able adopted. Even 'Little Gally's' origi-
nal bob has been made over and she now wears her tresses coiffed to suit her indi-

viduality. Really the three P's—Push, Pull, and Shove—have made Joan a woman well worth knowing.

Although her screen characterizations are usually of the 'clinging vine' type, there's nothing 'clingly' about Joan. She is the most independent little girl you ever heard of. Even eucmen take off their

hat in her presence and tender the proper degree. Although she likes everybody and hopes everybody likes her, 'Little Gally' asks no advice in running her business. It is always welcome—provided it suits her to take it. Otherwise the advice goes into one ear and rapidly out the other.

By signing the contract she has with United Artists, Joan proved her business ability. United Artists is allowed to sell her services to other companies when not making pictures for her own. All she is able to get in excess of the salary she has paid her by United Artists is split fifty-fifty between that company and her-

self. As she has made several productions on foreign lots, this amounts to no incon-
siderable sum of money.

Being economically inclined, 'Little Gally' budgets her overhead. One servant takes care of everything about her house and she drives her own car, a coupé. There are no expensive parties held at the Ben-
nett home. While she entertains her friends frequently, the refreshments are in-
expensive though wholesome. Her one
evagance is bridge, and as she plays the game rather well, it costs her little.

There is nothing high bat about 'Little Gally' although she might easily have come so. Thanks to her good common

sense, she is everything else but. Joan doesn't even take all the credit for her success, claiming the great players with whom she has been cast deserve most of it. Probably they did help her a lot, but the world could convince me most of it is not due to her own efforts. Whoever gets it can congratulate themselves for she has come to the front faster than any girl in pictures.

I have tried to write something of what

I know about Joan but there is a lot which could be added. For instance, she is not a shining example of luck or pluck, but just one of the kind of girls who are now coming into pictures. The day of riotous living is past and those who come to Holly-

wood thinking to combine pleasure with business had best return home on the first train. They are not wanted in pictures and have no chance for real success.

It usually takes years to train a star, but that honor has come to Bennett's 'Little Gally' within fourteen months. United Artists have announced her star-

dom and the title of her first vehicle. Joan's screen history belongs to the public, but her future belongs to herself. She has the ability and the opportunity and she will take advantage of it. Ronald Colman, George Arliss and Harry Richman, all of whom she has supported as leading lady, are convinced of her ability to handle a starring vehicle will be a pronounced success.

Meanwhile her dad is pulling for her steadily. Though she is now a grown-up, deep down in his heart he still thinks of Joan as 'Little Gally.'

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brows and eye-brow enhancer is simply marvelous. From Pearl Provo, 2934 Taylor St., N. E., Minne-
apolis, Minn." I have been using your eyebrows and Eyebrow Method. It is surely wonderful." From Slim Fona, J. Corroreus, 5 Pinette Ave., Biddaford, Me. "I am that pleased with your Method. My eyebrows are growing long and luxurious."

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lashes and eyebrows. I'm not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.

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**Yes, It's A Movie Conference**

Continued from page 27

asks if everyone has read the available material on that character. There are few topics of the time which has been in the process of preparation by Messrs. Josephson and Perez. Pencils and note paper rattles, note books come to view, and loose leaf books filled with typewritten sheets, sheets of music and other literary effects are arranged.

"Now," Mr. Baker begins, "I will give you the story as we have developed it last night and this morning."

Subsequent inquiry by your correspondent revealed that the story of "Mlle. Modiste" at this stage had been given by Frank Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton to subscribers for the week! It is the number "The Week!". It is not a number that has been assigned to the leading roles.

Suddenly the conference confab branches to the subject of music, Leonardi plays and the number "The Week!". Not the number of this branch. Robert North and Larry Ceballos sing with the pianist and heads all along the table nod in tune with the music. As the number is sung the pianist closes the not generally known fact that the lyric for Kiss Me Again, as sold in the popular song editions and hence most familiar to the public, is not the same as in the famous old opera.

Then there is a dispute. The subject comes to the minds of the def danc. The scenario experts want to use striking types of Frenchmen in the modiste shop. The dance and musical specialists want when any music was voted as a part of what they could quit shopping and performing action for the camera and begin dancing.

The scenario, Director Seiter and Robert North played in an agreement with the Arbiter Wallis. Dances, is the verdict, will not be performed illogically and without reason. A ballet was also voted down. As it was developing it was evident that the story of the little modiste is to reach the screen without all of that quaint carelessness of realism which the musical version showed.

The musical maestros of the conference saw, of course, that Kiss Me Again is to be the backbone of the musical score, and it was decided that many of the original musical numbers will be retained. Then the question came up on the advisability of retaining practically all of Victor Herbert's music, or of eliminating enough of it to give the studio songsters and composers an opportunity to supply some original songs.

This subject was decided by a process of elimination. Leonardi played each number of the score of "Mlle. Modiste," and if any music was voted as a part of the story it was saved and it was retained.

"Now, here's a regular David Garrick scene," Baker suddenly announced, with his knack of abridged description which his listeners grasped readily. The scene was discussed, improvements were suggested, notes were taken, and the final def danc appears to be satisfactory to everyone.

That "Mlle. Modiste" will be strictly modern and up to date was made certain when any music was voted as a part of the story. The old song, Hats Make the Woman will probably become Gowns Make the Woman. New lyrics are being written for others of the Victor Herbert melodies because of the necessity of modernizing the words.

An interesting observation of your correspondent was that the influence of music in the production was shown roughly at this mahogany board of cerebration by the fact that musicians out-numbered writers of the story by 2 to 1. Numerous times their points carried the day. Perhaps the knights of the typewriter were awed by the melodic magicians.
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I wanted to be," Mary explained. "And she isn't going on the stage nor in pictures, I think. In fact, she is a very practical miss, who likes to mess around in laboratories, and who does nothing else would I'm going to see that she has a laboratory of her own. She has an inventive turn of mind."

Mary had a lot of pretty things brought in for us to look at. Among them was a plain little Japanese sandal, and we asked her what on earth she had brought that home for.

"Oh, that," she said, "was thrown under Doug's and my car as we left the station at Kyoto, in Japan. You see, there were a lot of d氢m-think and that's what he just lost compliment a Japanese can pay you—throwing his shoes under your car to be crushed."

Lunch was served in the bright little library where we sat, and Mary told us how, in the Orient, filling up on spinach and potatoes had caused her to miss an elephant hunt!

"You see, I was so run down from not being able to eat the food we found in the Orient, that I was afraid to bring the heat of the interior. Anyhow," Mary smiled, "can you imagine me chasing an elephant?"

Mary and Doug, it seemed, had been invited by a Maharajah of India to witness an elephant hunt on his domain, but Mary had not been able to go, and so, of course, Doug would have to go in her stead.

Mary told a story on Doug.

"When we got to China," she said, "he insisted, one day, that he must have a dinner of native food, all right and no mistake. He ordered sharks' fins and bird's-nest soup and eggs a hundred years old, and then it was brought on. I could see he was rather apprehensive, but he ate his way right through it like a man. I contented myself with nibbling on the side."

Mary, we found, isn't half as fond of travel as her husband is. She is a home-loving little body.

"Besides, I told Doug that if he had had to rattle around on trains as much as I did when he was little, he'd not be so crazy about travel either," she explained with a little rueful smile.

"But we were treated wonderfully," Mary said, "and, of course, that made us very happy."

We asked about the dress of the Chinese women, and whether it was much modified among the higher classes.

"Want to see a dress such as a Chinese lady would wear to an embassy ball?"

Mary asked.

Of course, we said yes, whereupon she had a maid bring in a red velvet gown. It was a sort of modification of the old Chinese feminine dress—a long, narrow frock in one piece, with a high collar which clasped on one side, and trimmed with gold embroidery."

"The Chinese women of the official classes and the older, more staid circles won't yet wear the low necked gowns," she told us.

The gown had been given her, and Mary declared she meant to wear it some time to a theatrical opening.

There are lovely treasures all over Pick-fair, things brought from Doug's and Mary's many trips abroad; but after lunch was to come the big treat of the visit—a trip into the attic with Mary to look at the gorgeous jade and coral and crystal Buddhas, the cloisonnes and enamels, the rare vases and other lovely things, which they brought home, but have not yet arranged.

"What a gorgeous time Gwynne or maybe her children will have in this attic some day," Pat mused.

Mary picked up a lovely amber vase, but we noted that it was broken.

Mary smiled wistfully as she gazed at it. "There's a story about this," she explained. "See this other vase, this broken cloisonne? Well, I bought the cloisonné because of this other one. You see I broke one morning. Nothing else would I felt very badly about it. Then, in the afternoon, came a Japanese, bringing a load of things for us to look at. Suddenly this vase rolled and hit his lovely bowl that I just lay at the floor and tragedy was in his gize. I spoke up and said, 'Never mind. I'll take it!' He brightenized like the dawn, looked incredulous, then exclaimed, a bit breathlessly, 'Misssy big man!' That was the only way he could express that he thought me generous.

"There we were a couple of rose quarts Bud- dhas that were the loveliest things of the kind I have ever seen."

"And then the humble looking little china drinking cup."

But that cup turned out to be one of Mary's most choice possessions.

"But it's about that one years old, fine porcelain, and was given me by Chu Fong Lee, the diplomat, in Shanghai," our hostess told us. 'It's a trick cup.'

We noted in the center of it a little figure of porcelain.

"You see it's this way," Mary said. "If a man drinking wine filled it just moderately full, it would be right and if he got greedy and tried to fill it to the brim—watch—" and she turned some water into the cup out of a pitcher. Sure enough, when the brim was reached, the water fell out of the bottom! There was some sort of siphon arrangement that let all the water out when the cup was over-full.

"Imagine a Chinese trying to keep face with that happening!" exclaimed Mary.

There were some wonderful carved screens, too, and his other wife, Bud- dha's wife, the arm of which moved! You see the very best Buddha wives always have either an arm or a foot that moves.

There were two perfectly the headdress kimonos that had been given to Mary in Kyoto.

"The Japanese women love to copy us," Mary said. "They will try anything as minutely as you will let them, if you go to their homes or their geisha houses."

We went to a geisha house where a party was given us, and the tiny little geisha girls swarmed around me after, they had danced, gazing and gazing at my clothes. They were very much interested in the polish on my nails. It's pink, you see. They wanted to know if it was the same pink that I used on my lips, and they tried to rub it off my nails.

There were many other interesting old things in the garret, some good, some trash.

"Whenever Robert Fairbanks gives us anything, he always writes on it, 'Mary happy to return to the garret."

In our laughter, Pat a bit off. This was years around, and frequently something comes back to the original donor, but there's an understanding there's to be no hard feel-

"Why, that old lamp brought to a not too handsome floor lamp—has belonged to everybody in the family at one time or another."

That brought to Mary's mind the old horse that had been in the family for years. When he grew very old his only work was
once a year to be dolled up and take a trip to some member of the family. One Christmas he wore overalls on his front legs, Boston garters on his hind legs, a straw hat and overcoat, and was delivered by Jack Pickford to Doug's front door! Mary showed us some relics she had brought from Egypt, and told how she had ridden the pyramids.

"But I had been on camels before, and was wary," she said. "I made sure before I mounted that I was going to ride the very best of them all."

They visited the museum where King Tut-Ank-Ahmen's relics are kept, and found them most impressive. Of course, Mary was quite the little king, who had to take on his job at fourteen.

"Why, his shirts, even when he was grown, wouldn't have fitted a young boy of today," she said.

Then she told us how Howard Carter, who went into the tomb at first, you remember, has used it right to commercialize the monarch's belongings.

"He told us," she smiled, "that he meant to have a cold cream made up like that discovered in the king's tomb, and furnish it with a slogan, 'Tut, tut! I have used it!'"

Down in Doug's suite, Mary showed us the thongs and dozens of silk shreds which Doug bought while abroad. And the dozens of ties, too.

"And pretty often," Mary told us, "I'm called in the morning to see whether the ties are right for the shirts and socks!"

It took the cleverness of Mrs. Neil Hamilton to surprise her guests as well as her husband, the other evening, when she gave Neil a birthday surprise party!

You see, the party was to be at the Baltimore Hotel, and Patsy and I expected that, of course, it would be held in the same ball room as the dining room, instead of which we were shown into a handsome private suite, which has even its own tiny private elevator.

Mrs. Hamilton welcomed us at the door of the period French drawing room, looking lovely in a long, white silk evening gown, in which she had felt delightfully helpless and feminine.

Neil wasn't there yet. He had been told that Henry Kolker was giving a little party, but that he needn't hurry, because working during the day as he was doing, it wouldn't matter if he was late.

A crowd of guests had already arrived, and we found a group of people we knew gathered around the fireplace, the women's bright dresses making a pretty spectacle against the delicate colors of the drawing room furnishings.

Richard Arlen and Jobbya Ralston were among the guests, and Thelma Todd, who had arrived with Emory Johnson. Thelma wore a long pale blue silk dress, and the long black gloves which are now so smart with evening attire. Old Thelma's sister, there too, Josephine Dunn had come with Theodore von Eltz.

When Neil Hamilton arrived he was greeted at the door by his wife and Henry Kolker, and then told that the party was for him, he took it all big, as they say on the set, much to everybody's gratification. For we were all so heartened in being able to give a surprise party that is really a surprise.

Continued from page 53

Bob or Grow?—

note in that Italian head-dress, though.

Corinne Griffith likes to wear berets, particularly at the beach, where she prefers her hair bobbed and will keep it this way. Bember, has used right to give the head a bad line when there is a knot to deal with. In the studio she prefers to wear wigs for parts demanding very long hair. She thinks the constant dressing and oiling made necessary by modern lighting is very bad for the hair. Although a wig keeps the air from her scalp for years, according to certain magazine writers, there isn't any air on the sound stages, anyway, so her scalp isn't missing a thing!

Although many women dye or touch up their hair—well, just ask the hairdresser in your town if they don't—few will admit it except to their closest friends. But Fifi Dorsay speaks right up in meeting and says that since she has been in professional work she makes her hair 'As black as black.'

"You won't believe it but I am really almost black by now, really black and not really dark. So I make me black!" Perfectly simple. Fifi must, for the sake of her work, have her hair of such length that the color will remain, and she can give her an individual coiffure with each picture. But it is pretty short, at that. The texture of it is such that it waves and words into almost any shape that she wants to be without actually being it. Try it sometime and keep your temper. It takes temperament to manage it. And that Fifi has, and to spare.

Her professional preference is a hair that has been done in a pronounced French style, whatever happens to be the vogue at the moment, and just now she is affectting a hairdo she has done with 'funny little curly-cues and curled points over the ears.' Mary Pickford has enjoyed a short bob, but long skirts are making her grow it, just how long she has not decided, but long enough to permit her to make some semblance of 'doing up.' "But I'll never let it grow very long again," says Mary. "It isn't comfortable and it makes her head look too large." If she plays a part requiring very long hair, Mary will wear a wig.

Dolores Del Rio feels that the modern tendency is so much toward comfort, she prefers to be one of the sufferers for a time in the situation. She says that her hair gives her no trouble. "It is just this—and this. And it is done!" I watched her do it. She parts it right down the center back and twists the two divisions into separate coils, then puts them together. They twist into one and then she winds it into a simple knot at the base of her neck or over on one side or right up the back, whichever way happens to suit her mood. When she does a picture requiring her to have her hair this way her hairdresser — and it reaches below her waist — amuses her to see the effect it has upon the men. They come up and talk about it, take a bit of it in their hands and run it through their fingers. The muscivorous ones even have the temerity to kiss it, making at the same time some wise-cracking remark that robins are the fimilar. "You would think a woman's hair was a buried treasure the way they go on." Dolores laughed.

Kay Francis finds herself in the embarassment of having to dig out her long hair having not having the time to grow it. "Just as I get to the place where I think another week will find it long enough to turn up, I am called by my comfort. My comfort give me the close bob, but for my work the neck-length. You can do so much more

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Meet the King

Continued from page 57

... proud of. They are his two sons—he is one of the rare film stars who are willing to acknowledge that they have offspring—and his ability to portray roles in an unconventional manner. He has a crackle in his voice that avails him in keeping his impersonations from being stereotyped—a sparkle that is carried over into his singing.... Bernhard, who is a pronounced voice to be exceptional in that it is a baritone with the lyric quality of a tenor.

He is also aided in making his characterizations unacknowledged by his incessant zeal for intensive study—the zeal that only true craftsmen have. That has given him interpretations of characters that are far from routine. "I have cared over every line of "L'Aiglon" because I should like to be the first male star to play Rostand's famous part. I should give him an embodiment far different from that of Sarah Bernhardt and Marie Adams. They made the son of Napoleon a despairing weakling with his wings clipped by fate, an eagle who recognizes his inability to fly. I should like to make him a great soaring spirit, rising above his frail body and undaunted in his
for May 1930

Jazz, Gershwin and Me

Continued from page 19

constant efforts to scale the heights of a virile rather than an effeminate character. "In the same way, I should like to do Romeo in a vein that's different from the accepted one, naturally, he represented as a young Nordic. I should like to make him a true Latin type, fiery, impetuous, ardent. The great difference would be shown in the tone scene, when Romeo takes the poison himself beside the bier of Juliet as she lies supposedly dead. This could be made a much more dramatic and tingling moment in it. Ordinarily Romeo is shown taking the poison in a spirit of utter dejection, baffled and beaten. I should like to depict him leaping with gusto for it, because this would re-unite him with the women he eternally loves, and he would run to this life in the hereafter as a man runs forward to something happy and compensating."

King paused, while a deprecatory smile curled his face. You see, I'm essentially a man of the theater. I'm not really much at anything else. I ride a bit, yes. But my real absorption is the world of acting."

I'll try to do him justice, he is much better at his recreational hobbies than he acknowledges. He is a good swimmer, an accomplishment which started his day regularly at the Hollywood studios with a plunge into his swimming pool, giving him that vital energy which shows so brilliantly in his work. Likewise, since he took up fencing for the sword play of "The Vagabond King" and "The Three Musketeers" on the stage he has become an admirable expert with the foils, one of the first duelists of young Englishmen, he plays a good game of tennis.

It was likewise the spirit of 'take a chance,' characteristic of some of my earlier roles as Anglo-Saxons, which set him off on his historicist career. It was while he was a schoolboy in England that he decided to run away and hop into a theatrical career before old age overtook, as the years were passing fast and he was then sixteen. So he scammed off, unknown to his family, and arrived at a reputation in which one of which John Drinkwater, who was later to win stage fame with "Abraham Lincoln" and the current "Bird in Hand," was conducting.

He interviewed Drinkwater, who told the very aspiring youngster that he had nothing for him in the way of an acting engagement. "We can, however, use you," said Drink-water gravely, "We have a position open as callboy."

King heard Destiny's voice speaking. "I'll take it," he said. He guessed at a possibility of possibly squirming his way into a part in that fashion. So for two years he gave a very active impersonation of a call boy about the theater. And sure enough, he was able to tuck himself away in several minor roles. Thus he entered the theater by "wriggling under the tent," so to speak. But his was the unequalled spirit that would not be kept out. And he was gaining valuable experience.

All this, however, was rudely terminated by the war. His adventurous spirit for-bade him to stay at home safe, playing at heroes while other men were doing them. So he enlisted by the simple process of adding several years to his age. In this way he went to the front, saw action and was wounded—very severely. His face was badly torn, the worst place of all for an actor to be injured. But by the miracle of modern surgery evoked by the war it was patched together so that it was not noticeable. King himself makes light of his war wounds and his services, but he was decorated for valor.

Undaunted by his war experience, he kept from showing signs of either the moral or physical shell-shock which other soldiers sometimes displayed, and plunged again into theatrical work. But his dynamic spirit seemed for a time to be check-reined. Engagements were hard to find, especially in the old world of English theatricals following the war. It was only when he appeared in a spoken performance of "Peguishment and Galatea" that he won enough notice to achieve a London hearing. After a short period on the English stage he came to America and his success has been unquestioned. He even received the distinction of being included in a Theatre Guild presentation, that of "Back to Me-thods," where our nation's modern stage stars now regard as an accolade.

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Fantastic Hollywood—Continued from page 34

cheeks really are pink and white and that her hair really is as soft and silky as you dream of."

"Marion Davies is far and away better off the screen than on. She has a tremen-
dous attractiveness. I think the way she speaks, with that slight stutter, is ab-

Freckles

jectually fascinating. And she is infinitely more beautiful off the stage than on because on the screen her make-up hides one of her best features. She has lovely almond-shaped eyes but when they are made up they look quite round, like goo-goo eyes.

"Alice White, to me, is the Spirit of Hollywood. She's a real little cutie. Ab-

solutely made by Hollywood; you would not see her anywhere else on earth. She's a little blonde who puts on this delightful doll pretense and with an unusual sense of humor laughs at herself even while she's doing it.

"Now, as to the men. There is Ronald Colman, who is amazingly shy. It is so

uncontemporary to-day to be self-conscious. In the Edwardian days it was all right.

"For instance, at Richard Love's wedding, great crowds of fans gathered outside. When Colman stepped out after the wed-
dding, the crowd was thrilled to see him and the lovely couple way ahead. But Col-

man didn't show any enthusiasm for the crowd. He drew himself up straight as a ramrod and looked neither to the left nor to the right. I think that was a mistake. He could just as easily have shown in some way that he was glad they felt so en-
thusiastic about him.

"However, two other men far exceeded my screen impressions of them. Gary Cooper was the first. His off-stage per-

sonality is so much finer than what the camera catches. Now, don't mistake me, I think he is splendid on the screen, one of the best there is; but off the screen—well, you will just have to meet him your-

self and then you can judge how interesting he is.

"Jack Oakie is absolutely stupendous off and on the screen because of his amazing ability. He works just as much off the stage as on. He seems the best sort in the world.

"One of the things I did in Hollywood was to photograph nearly all of the stars with the mechanical part of the studio as background. I loved doing that—taking them back-stage. I liked watching the work-

ers. The most beautiful girl in all serious movies was a beggar's daughter from out of canvas or making a sea out of net. I

loved, too, having an exclusive breakfast with a screen star who had grown a tre-

esque but I can't endure seeing her playing. But part, and then watching him rush away from the silver service and the old Crown Derby dishes to the studio where he would put on twenty garments and begin port-

raying a beggar rôle.

"I love the complete recklessness of Hol-

lywood. They never count the cost of any-

thing if they think it will bring them a good cinema rôle.

"Mothers dip their children's heads into the dye pot—even though it may mean that the child will be entirely bald at twenty—if there's the slightest hope of their developing into a Baby Peggy.

"I have never seen so many beautiful people. Everyone there is beautiful ex-

cept those blue-furred song-writers. But on

Hollywood Boulevard there are few intelli-
gent faces. I saw more blank countenances on the Boulevards there than I ever saw con-
gregated in any one place in the world. The people in Hollywood are so photo-

graphically beautiful they fail to register anything else.

"Going to Hollywood is like reading 'Alice in Wonderland' for the first time. It is one of the most glorious experiences in life. But it is an experience that can come only once. Fantastic, mad, crazy, incredibly faulty in good taste—as this city is—nevertheless, I loved Hollywood!"

Ask Me—Continued from page 104

inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. Virgin-

ia Lee Corbin was born Dec. 5, 1910, in

Prescott, Arizona. She is 5 feet 5 inches

tall, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde

hair and blue eyes.

Eddie S. of Cliffside, N. J. Be seated,

gentlemen, while we recover from the usual

crowd of applause. I thank you, Eddie,

for your appreciation. We aim to please. You

can write to Nancy Drewel at Fox

Studio 1401 No. Western Ave., Hol-

wood. One Clara Bow is on contract to

Paramount.

Curly of California. You little pepper-
mint, your well-flavored comments on my

department were delicious and not hard to

swallow and I'm ready for another dose. James Murray was born Feb. 6, 1901, in

New York City. He has green eyes, brown

curly hair, is 5 feet 11 % inches tall and

weights 178 pounds. His latest picture is

'The Shanghai Lil,' in which Mary Nolan

Jimmy shared honors with Lon Chaney and

Bette Compson in 'The Big City.' Mathew

Bett is Red. John H. Cokk in the same film. William Haines' new picture is 'Navy Blues' with Anita Page. You

can write him at Metro-Goldwyn-

Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Helene M. of Houska, Ark. An old pal of

Gary Cooper's of Sunnyside Ranch in

Montana! Gary's home address is unknown
to me but he will get your letter if ad-

dressed to Paramount Studios, 5451 Mar-

athon St., Hollywood, Cal.

A Sergeant Girl from Cambridge, Mass.

Nancy Carroll and Anita Page will be

thrilled when I tell them what favorites
they are at your college. Anita is 5 feet

2 inches tall though she looks taller in

some of her films. Nancy Carroll is 5 feet

4 inches tall and hasauburn hair and blue

eyes. Nancy was born in New York City

and Anita in Murray Hill, Flushing, L. I.

She is not married. Since playing in

'Bowery Melody,' Anita has appeared in

'Our Modern Maidens,' 'Speedway,'

and 'Navy Blues.'

Evelyn of East Providence. If a serious

thought ever enticed me what I would

call movie idolizing (or worship) I could

thank all my girl and boy friends for their

appreciation of this department, but words fail

down to this last's cerebrum and consider everybody thanked. Neil

Hamilton was born Sept. 9, 1889, in Lynn,

Mass. His wife is Elsa Whitner, nonpro-

fessional. You can write to him for a

SCREENLAND
photograph at Paramount Studios.

Miss F. M. F. of Santa Ana, Cal. How does one get by the gate man at the Hollywood gate? Does one? That’s the answer, does one? Lily Damita, Bebe Daniels, Lupe Velez, Alice White, Marguerite De La Motte, Mary Nolan and are not married. Colleen Moore is the wife of John McCormick, her manager. Phyllis Haver is Mrs. William Seaman and has retired from the screen. Dorothy Mackaill was the wife of Lothar Mendez but is now divorced. Constance Talmadge’s first husband was Mr. Piagellou, a millionaire tobacco merchant; and Rosemary McIntosh the third, and present, is Townsend Netherc.

Amy S. from Valley Stream, N. Y. You’re right, I’m the informational lady of the great and near-great stars of Hollywood, giving you value minus cost of production. How’s that? Janet Gaynor sings, talks and dances with Charlie Farrell in “Sunny Side Up” from the Fox Studios, 15th and 7th St., Hollywood. Thelma Todd and Richard Barthelmess can be reached at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Mary Brian of Paramount Studios, 5550 La Brea, Hollywood, appears in “The Marriage Playground” with Fredric March, Philippe de Lacy, Anita Louise and Little Mitzi, the new cutie that Bean’s watching. Lillian Gish will be seen in her first talking picture, “The Swing”, from the United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dorothy of Indianapolis. How long does it take a star to answer a letter? Forsooth and what not! You’ve got me running fast on that one. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Lupe Velez in Norfolk. Write to Rave’s Novarro at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., and ask for his photograph—he may send you one and surprise your stars are funny that way.

Belle of Broadway, Missouri. No, I do not give advice about adopting the long skirts—consult your nearest usherholder or let your figure be your guide. Rudolph Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy. Nils Selle was born in Finsbur, Sweden, 1890. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 143 pounds and has brown hair, hazel eyes and was 22 years old on Feb 17, 1930. Joan Crawford has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 123 pounds, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, and was born on March 23, 1908. Lupe Velez has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and is 18 years old.

Two Florida Nuts. Step up and meet the Georgia Crackers. Your confessed ad- miration for beautiful women is welcomed but now that I have it, what am I going to do with it? Evelyn Brent was born in Tampa, Fla. as a Reynolds in Richmond, Va., and Olive Borden was born on November 29, 1889 at New Orleans, La., about 21 years ago. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 123 pounds and has blue gray eyes and dark brown hair.

A Questioner from Chicago. Don’t take life so seriously—you’ll never get out of it alive at that. You can write to Conrad Nagel and George Metesky to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Conrad was loaned to United Artists to play with Lillian Gish and Rod La Rocque in the Swan. Gale Perryman, William Powell and George Bancroft can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. George Bancroft was born Sep 30, 1882, in Philadelphia, Pa. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 195 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. His wife is Octavia Brooke, a retired professional. They have a daughter who is about 10 years old.

Best of Shreveport, La. What do I know? Sounds like a theme song. Write to Charles Farrell at Fox Studios, 1461 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. You’ll be seeing him in “Happy Days,” the Fox revue. His next picture is “Playmates” with Janet Gaynor. Charlie has brown eyes and hair, weighs 175 pounds and is 6 feet 2 inches tall. His hobbies are golf, tennis, swimming and sailing.

Lil from Tampa, Fla. I’m no sooth- sayer, magician or what have you so I’m not the one to say if Clara Bow will answer your letter but don’t be scared—on and write her. “The Hunting Bird” will be her next picture. Gloria Swanson made this film several years ago; now Clara will do the talking version at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Catherine S. of Sebastopol, Cal. You want me to tip off the editor of Screenland to devote more space to your favorite, Ramon Novarro—now I ask you, have we ever sallied forth without Ramon among those present? His singing and talking is just a voice but an accent is one of the high lights of his latest picture, “Devil May Care.” His leading lady is Dorothy Jordan, whose fan mail will swamp the postal authorities since the picture has been universally released.

Little Nell and Angel Eyes. With song in my heart and a smile on my face (just a flash, you know) I never take any of you seriously. If I’d tell my age I might give the wrong number. Sue Carol is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. Evelyn Brent is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Marion Byron, who appears in “The Forward March” at the United Artists, was born in Baltimore, Md. and Loretta Young, a native of Dayton, Ohio. Birthday on March 16, 1911. She has dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 95 pounds.

Mrs. H. S. of Washington, N. J. Life is just one mark against another with me for no special reason but it’s a great break for ye fan friends. Agnes Franey was born in New York City about 18 years ago. She is 5 feet tall, weighs 100 pounds and has blue eyes and wavy gold hair, if you know what I mean. She appeared in the Ziegfeld Follies and in the stage production of “Rio Rita.” Marjorie Weaver is a native from the hole where comedy stage is 2 new screen player who clicks right merrily in “Sunny Side Up” with Janet Gaynor.

Orleans, La., about 21 years ago. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 123 pounds and has blue gray eyes and dark brown hair. Ivy is never longer in pictures.

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thanks, vanity fair, for proving the smart set's interest in screenland

DEAR SCREENLAND readers, all those of you who gave up reading VANITY FAIR when that brilliant publication omitted capital letters in its titles, take heart and return to the fold. A great, important and momentous decision has been reached. The noble experiment has been tried and by demand of its readers, a referendum perhaps, those capital letters will be restored!

But hark, listen to the mocking bird. The 'swankiest' magazine of them all seems to have 'gone movie' and has sensed that its blue-blooded and aristocratic readers are interested in pictures, screen stars, Hollywood and screen magazines, "even as you and I." Now that makes it unanimous, and that's why SCREENLAND, at the head of this page, takes off its hat (and capital letters) to VANITY FAIR.

Yet there's more to it than that. Birds of a feather flock together and VANITY FAIR's astute editor has doubtless noticed that under Delight Evans' editorial direction SCREENLAND has become "America's Smart Screen Magazine" and that it's not at all unlikely that thousands of VANITY FAIR readers may now be counted among SCREENLAND's remarkable circulation growth.

We're ready to root for any brother publisher—and no charge for the advertising — whose magazine brings entertainment into the lives of SCREENLAND's readers; and because you've 'gone movie,' VANITY FAIR, we hope that all of our readers, when they go to the newsstand, will say:

"SCREENLAND and VANITY FAIR."

We would have done this much for the two excellent features in your current issue: "Art in the image of Gloria Swanson," by Miguel Covarrubias, and "Hollywood, a Minority Opinion," by George Abbott. If we were hesitant, all doubts would have been removed because of the artistic portraits of Dorothy Mackaill and Ilka Chase; but the one big thing that makes it impossible to resist boosting you is that priceless fun-poking contribution entitled: "My Love Life—By Dulcimer Dear, as told to 'Delight' Morgan." Oh, Vanity, here's another golden opportunity: Show us a writer named 'Delight' Morgan and SCREENLAND will be 'delight-ed' to give you another bouquet.

One magazine cannot take all the honors for recognizing SCREENLAND, however. There's a little pocket-size periodical called Current Reading that has become quite the thing among folks seeking an open door to mental growth. It's on sale at all newsstands for twenty-five cents and contains selected gems from all the leading magazines, usually thirty articles of general interest, sort of a composite magazine of magazines. Its selecting board of editors aims to pick the cream of publications and writers, condensing the articles without sacrifice of original thought or style. Since hundreds of daily newspapers throughout the country are now quoting SCREENLAND, it has been selected as the standard of excellence among screen publications by the editorial board of Current Reading.

THE PUBLISHERS

Milton C. Work, authority on bridge, as he appears in a Vitaphone Varieties film, in which he illustrates some of the fine points of the game. Many screen devotees are also bridge addicts.
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SOUND NEWS

By Evelyn Ballarime

Peering at Pictures
in Production

I don't know whether the discovery of
a new planet had anything to do with
it or not but Columbia Pictures are
on the hunt for a future star. The
only difference is that Columbia already
has a name for the future discovery (she's
to be called Miss Columbia, of course!) and
the planet was discovered first and is still
to be named. Miss Columbia must have
youth, beauty, and versatility. Come on,
girls, don't be so modest—here's your
chance to crash the studio gate!

Their ability to speak more than one
language has put many screen players on the
screen map again or should we say, put
their maps on the screen again? You want proof?
All right—Pauline Garon is grateful to her
French ancestors; she has been given the
feminine lead in the French version of
"The Unholy Night." Because Gilbert
Roland knows his Spanish, he has been
given the male lead in the English and
Spanish versions of "Mon素re Le Fox."
This film is to be made in five languages;
English, French, Spanish, Italian and Ger-
man. Little Nina Queratro has the feminine
lead in the English, French and Spanish
transcriptions. Antonio Moreno and Barry
Norton are profiting by their ability to
speak Spanish. They are to play in the
Spanish version of "The Benson Murder
Case." Paramount Pictures are forming
stock companies to make films for the
foreign trade and this is the first film to be
made.

Marjory Miller is back in Hollywood for
her next talker. "Sally," her first, was a
'natural' and clicked. First National Pic-
tures have large plans for Miss Miller. By
the way, there's a diamond on the third
finger of her left hand. Right! She's en-
gaged. Michael Farmer, of Ireland, is the
fortunate man. Young and wealthy, they
say.

Have you heard of Greta Garbo's
"Romanee?" Sorry to disappoint you—it's
just the title of her second talker.
Greta plays an Italian opera singer who
falls in love with a clergyman, played by
Gavin Gordon. You've never heard of him?
Allow me to introduce him—Mr. Gordon,
may I present your public? He's young,
handsome, and—oh, see the picture!

I don't suppose it matters much but it
seems to me that Zasu Pitts and Cliff
Edwards have the most individual talkie
voices—well, maybe I'm wrong.

Here's a picture for your Must list:
"With Commander Byrd at the South
Pole." It's a pictorial record of the
explorer's recently finished trip. It will
be shown with a lecture by Richard E. Byrd
and will be released by Paramount.

Although the talkies have been in vogue
for over two years the following players
are only making their talking debuts now:
Lon Chaney, Nils Asther, Molly O'Day,
Lew Cody, Buster Keaton and Mary Astor.
Lon Chaney is making a talkie version
of "The Unholy Three." He made the
silent film some years ago with Victor
McLaglen and Mae Busch in his support.
Jack Conway will direct the first Chaney
talker.

Nils Asther has been on a vaudeville
tour and has been studying English. It
is reported that he will play in "Eyes of the
World," a Henry King Production. That's
good news to Nils Asther's feminine
fans who have been clamoring for his
pictures.

Molly O'Day, reduced to sylph-like
dimensions, is on the Columbia lot and working
in "Sisters," with her sister, Sally
O'Neil.

Lew Cody has been given an important
role in Gloria Swanson's next film, "What
a Widow!" Owen Moore, also, has a
feature part. Gloria will probably
wear such stunning gowns that we will all
be going in for "widow's weeds.

Buster Keaton's first talker is "Free and
Easy." Buster is also making a Spanish
version of this comedy and Raquel Torres'
sister, Renée, has the feminine lead.

Mary Astor speaks for the first time in
"Ladies Love Brutes." (Oh, yeah!) This
is a George Bancroft picture.

Eddie Cantor is out in Hollywood making
"Whoopee." This film is to be produced
by Samuel Goldwyn and Floreno Ziegfeld
and will probably have some of the glori-
ified femmes in it.
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With Frank Fay
Noah Beery—Raquel Torres
Myrna Loy—Fred Kohler
Armida—Tully Marshall

To make sure it's a hit, make sure it's a Vitaphone picture, produced by
WARNER BROS. or
FIRST NATIONAL

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor Process.
In the infant months of the talkies when producers frantically sought everywhere for talent, not overlooking the phonograph business, many a contract took a warbler to Hollywood on the strength of his record sales. And now the singing heroes and heroines of the screen find one of the first tangible indications of their film popularity in the offers to make phonograph records for the big companies.

With the situation as it is to-day, radio, movies and the phonograph market are becoming a co-operative industry with a three-way remuneration for the featured players of the screen who possess or who are cultivating passable voices.

Nick Lucas was taken in by Warner Brothers because of the tremendous popularity of his music on the wax discs. It is true he is an old vaudeville artist but his years in variety didn’t count half so much as the large number of his crooning records which have been selling over a period of several years. His parts in the Vitaphone revues have not interfered with his phonograph career because his recent recordings have proven more popular than before he faced west coast cameras.

Ruth Etting, who has been getting plenty of money for her short subjects for Paramount and Warner Brothers is essentially a phonograph artist who has been considered one of the biggest attractions on wax. Before the talkies, she was the rage with those who like insinuating rhythm warbled in a fascinating way, and while she has been active on the Broadway stage and in night clubs of Manhattan this past season it was her work as a phonograph girl and not her footlights career that made her material for the picture makers.

The latest of the Hollywood celebrities to sign with the Victor people are John Boles and Bebe Daniels. Boles, of course, has always possessed a wonderful voice and it was through his stage singing in “Kitty’s Kisses” that he first attracted the attention of the Victor people and so made his entrance into the movies in “The Love of Sunya.” But, in spite of his exceptional good looks, John was no sensation in celluloid until his voice brought him to the fore. It took a movie popularity to put him on the phonographs of the country. All the time he was in New York on the stage he never had a good chance to augment his income by recordings, but judging from the enthusiastic reports of the disc-makers he is making up for lost years this season.

If anyone had told Bebe Daniels three years ago that she would be working for the Victor Phonograph Company, neither the beauteous Bebe nor her most enthusiastic friends would believe it. It took a crisis in her own profession to bring to Miss Daniels a realization of her own vocal possibilities, a fact of which the Victor people soon took advantage with the result that she alternates her microphonic engagements with her recording dates, and makes a lot more money besides.

The whole entertainment field is so revolutionized that the films, broadcasting and the talking machine are all becoming one large circle with each field borrowing talent or technique from one or both of the others. The result is materially good for those who are fortunate enough to fit into the new scheme of things. Executives in the three branches of this great interwoven business admit that drawing power in one medium usually promises equal success, temporary at least, in one of the other fields. But the most accurate key to an artist’s appeal may be found in the record sales. There is no tangible check-up to a radio broadcast reception. Many things may interfere with the exhibition of a talkie. A poor vehicle, an unfortunate booking or a bad season may affect the film receipts. But the sales of phonograph records tell the story without any alibis.

That is why the amusement chiefs are seriously watching the sales of Rudy Vallee’s records right now. There have been rumors, and, of course, there would be, that Vallee is no longer the national fetish he was a year ago, that the great feminine yen for this Vagabond Lover is not so keen as it was when his inimitable voice first sent its thrilling messages out on the ether. Some hold that his public appearances were not the best thing for him, that he should have remained cloaked in the mystery of the broadcast studio. Vallee is too good a business man not to have followed the right track. He got $10,000 a week while the going was good and he still has his air contracts to bring.

(Continued on page 117)
DOUBLE EXPOSURE
OF HOLLYWOOD!
A NEW CAMERA ANGLE ON THE CAMERA CAPITAL!
FOIBLES OF FAMED FILM-INARIES REVEALED!
FUN ON THE FILM LOTS!
DAME RUMOR PLAYS LEADING ROLE IN "SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD"!

CAMERA WINKS ROGUISH EYE AT DOMINANT DIRECTORS,
PETULANT PRODUCERS, AGREEABLE YES-MEN!
SAUCY SLAPS AT SCREEN CELEBS!
WHAT HAPPENS TO BROADWAY STARS IN HOLLYWOOD?

"Show Girl in Hollywood"
with
Alice White
Jack Mulhall
Come to one of the famous Hollywood film premieres you've heard so much about...
Lunch at Montmartre with all the stars...
See "Show Girl in Hollywood"—the finest realistic comedy ever filmed!
More doings of tempestuous Dixie Dugan (of "Show Girl"—remember?)
With glorious color scenes, irresistible songs and chorus numbers, and lots of stars!

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Color scenes by the Technicolor process.

First National and Vitaphone Pictures
CONFESSIONS of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

I am one of the great army of uninteresting looking women you can see any day on any city street: last year's hat camouflaged under a bright new trimming; face a little too lined and tired-looking for her age; a mind that functions something like this: how to make five dollars, buy Mary a new hat, Bill a pair of trousers, and the Sunday roast—and wondering if her looking has developed a run big enough to show.

But when romance seems to have completely left her indigo atmosphere in its wake; when the pay check looks utterly inadequate and the children are more impish than usual, then my drab, middle-aged husband takes his drab, middle-aged wife to the movies.

Oh, glamorous screen folk, you bring back all the things we have lost. Again we are gay and young and every other te worth-while. The better half swings my hand in his own work-worn one as we saunter up the quiet streets homeward, amably discussing the whys and wherefores of the picture, and at peace with the world.

"A little work, a little play, A kindness done from day to day, A little joy, a little strife; "And this is life."

Mrs. Mary Kempton,
14 Prospect Street,
Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

This is not so much of a confession as the solution to a very real problem—that of two 'young marrieds' in a large city. Before we were married, we had been accustomed to going out a great deal. We knew and enjoyed the smart restaurants, the theaters, opera and symphony concerts. But when one income had to be stretched to cover the needs of two we found the cost of these things prohibitive.

It is terrifyingly easy to grow restless and dissatisfied with everyone around you doing the things you would like to do but can't afford! So we turned to the movies for entertainment—and very good we have found it, too. We have seen and heard the best of the Broadway shows on the screen, often with the original cast. We can discuss them with our friends without feeling stale and 'out of things'—awful feeling!

We hear excellent orchestras, classical and jazz, our favorite night club entertainers, some of the best operatic talent. The talkies have played a leading rôle in helping us over the difficult adjustments of this first year, and we know others in our own circle of acquaintances who have worked out the same problem in this exceedingly satisfactory way.

Mrs. B. P. Steele,
360 E. 55th Street,
New York City.

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes, First prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes June 10, 1930.

Letters in praise of SCREENLAND are not eligible in this contest and should be addressed directly to the Editor. Send your Confessions to the Fans' Department, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

What's wrong with the movies? A perennial question, spiny as a cactus plant. Answer: Mimesis!

A certain picture sets a box-office record; within a few months, self-same picture is surrounded by cousins—yes, to the nth, degree! No face-lifting skill could quite eradicate that strong family resemblance. Interest subsides; the public becomes converted to the wisdom of the advertising dogma: 'Avoid Imitations.'

The chorine and "Broadway Melody" couples are too much in evidence of late. This same holds good with doughboy and French bar-maid episodes. Considerably overworked, this latter is entitled to a nice long vacation and may say A.W.O.L. without fear of court-martial.

Hollywood spends thousands of dollars for the 'best stories.' There is either a plethora of 'best stories' or their plots come in pairs, for lot when flashed upon the screen we behold 'old familiar faces,' unfortunately not inviting. The public eye detects the carbon copy as an art connoisseur would a spurious old master. Better a picture, though mediocre, with a distinctive quality which does not have to rely upon relatives for success.

There may be nothing new under the sun; yet Emerson's advice on 'inventing a better mousetrap' holds good. The public will note—and appreciate.

Owen B. McCarthy,
1113 S. Sixth Street,
Louisville, Ky.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

They say 'Patronize your neighborhood store,' we'll, we patronize the neighborhood theater. Our neighborhood theater is crowded every night. If it suits the working person's pocketbook and puts on the latest shows shortly after they are shown down town.

The modern age is imbued with the spirit of keeping up." It has to. If a girl doesn't make the most of her good points and try to make herself normally attractive these days, she may as well take a back seat. Pictures accentuate and aid this idea. I often go to a show just to note the fashions in hair-dressing and costumes.

Studying the different characters and types in action on the screen is more interesting and beneficial, in my opinion, than reading a book. A study of the actor in action, then a study of yourself will reveal many defects and chances for improvement in character, manner and dress. The talkies emphasize the modern need for alert minds and happy disposition. If people realized this there would be a one hundred per cent happier, more enthusiastic generation than in the present or past.

E. Wyman,
585 Armory Street,
Springfield, Mass.
"NOW... I can stand the Public Gaze"...
Can You?

In a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY—JOAN CRAWFORD says:

"I think the stockingless vogue will always last. Tanned legs without hose are most attractive and I shall continue to go stockless, even with the new styles, except with tailored street dresses."

But don’t forget—Superfluous hair shows up even more conspicuously on tanned skins, so be sure to use Del-a-tone before going bare-legged—also before you put on sheer, all-revealing silk stockings.

CHARM... illusive... appealing... the first requisite of those who wish to be able to stand the public gaze.

It is so easy to be dainty... to appear lovely in other people’s eyes... if you keep your skin smooth and free of superfluous hair.

Lounging on the beach with strong sunlight on your bare legs... at dinner with lamplight shining on your bare arms... Wherever you are, whatever you do, you can meet the public gaze with poise if you confirm your daintiness with Del-a-tone.

Easy to use as cold cream, it actually removes hair safely and pleasantly in three minutes or less.

Perfected through our exclusive formula, Del-a-tone Cream is the first and only white cream hair-remover.

Society women, stage and screen stars... renowned for their charm... prefer Del-a-tone Cream to all other methods for removing superfluous hair from under-arm, fore-arm, legs, back of neck and face. It’s so modern, swift, convenient and so safe.

Send coupon below for trial tube.

Delatone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper $1. Money back if desired. (Trial tube 10c—use coupon below.) Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company (Established 1908), Dept. 146, The Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

DEL-A-TONE
The Only White Cream Hair-remover

TRIAL OFFER

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority—that’s why.

Daisy Loretta Young, First National Star, believes in the health and beauty-giving power of the fluid.
Praise for "Anna Christie"

I have seen and heard Garbo in her first talking picture. What a joy and revelation to hear this glamorous girl speak so well. I sat spellbound through two entire performances, charmed and thrilled with her deep compelling voice and the exquisite artistry with which she portrayed "Anna Christie."

This spell lingered a long time after I had left the theater. Over and over, I lived through these scenes and heard again Miss Garbo's husky, melodious voice. In this picture she revealed a new character, so human and poignant that one's heart went out to her. She is not only fascinating and subtle, she is an emotional actress of the highest caliber.

Miss Marie Dressler deserves a lot of praise for her natural and capable performance as Martha. The entire cast was superb.

Violette Schumacher,
421 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Watch for "Montana Moon"

Joan Crawford deserves much praise for her wonderful acting in "Umtamed." I had seen her in many silent films and admired her ability to portray joyous, light-hearted characters. But with the advent of the talkies, she was launched in a picture ideally suited to her type; a role dramatic, pathetic and interesting.

Her voice is good and her singing carried us into realms of ecstasy. She seemed to be right there in person instead of only a talking phantom. Her portrayal of the untrained girl was touching, realistic, human. May the talkies give her more dramatic parts wherein her talents may be revealed to us.

Mrs. Hazel M. Tucker
Norway, Maine.
R.F.D. No. 2.

You're Welcome!

Coming to a strange city, friendless and with a small baby, the lives of my husband and myself became almost movieless. As we had been accustomed to seeing pictures any time, this seemed very odd. We had not realized how vital motion pictures were in our lives until it became necessary to choose our play hours with discrimination.

As we can only spend a few hours away from home each week, the screen magazines have proved the real solution to our problem. Not only do we eagerly devour each page, but we carefully study the reviews of the current pictures. By doing this we avoid wasting our precious time on a poor picture. We see only those that the reviewers rate the best, and even though we do have to miss a few good shows, we do not miss reading about them and of our picture friends.

Mrs. B. C. Smith
288 Fargo Street, Portland, Oregon.

A Much-Needed 'Menace'

We have heard a lot about the so-called 'menace' of the talking pictures to the stage. It seems to me that it's about time! What has the stage to offer? In New York, innumerable poor plays, with an occasional success the original high price of which is made exorbitant by the ticket scalpers. For the rest of us, two-year-old plays with dingy costumes and third rate cast, but near-Broadway prices.

On the other hand what do talking-singing pictures offer? Stars such as Ruth Chatterton, Lawrence Tibbett, George Arliss and a host of others equally great, in productions made worthy of them by the work of the best playwrights, composers and the technical genius of experts. In the smallest towns we see these plays in all their fineness for a nominal fee. All hail the talkies, the much-needed 'menace to the stage!'

Mrs. Louis M. Haas,
1021 Washington Avenue,
Racine, Wis.

From an English Fan

To countless thousands do pictures come, telling of all that is wonderful, beautiful in life; of laughter and tears, of romance and tragedy, of that blessed of all gifts—love.

From our own colorless surroundings we are spirited far away to a golden land of make-believe. I have wept with Al Jolson. I have laughed with Charlie Chaplin. I have followed Greta Garbo through the trials and triumphs of unselsh love. I have flown with those happy care free children, those music makers, away into the gay cosmopolitan life of Paris.

I have seen the sandy wastes of the Sahara, the frozen tracts of the north; the waving yellow of the prairies corn and the restless moving of the mighty deep. It is an unspeakable joy to wander with those perfect artists into unknown lands, onto untrodden soils. So to the movies, talkie or silent—God bless 'em!

Phyllis Lyne
Stapleagrove House,
Woodburn Green,
Bucks, England.

Too Many Theme Songs?

Must we have a theme-song with every picture? We are passing through an era when an oft-recurring strain of music is of primary importance. A play that is a time-honored favorite may undergo such radical changes in its transition from speaking stage to screen as to be robbed of any semblance of motive or plot, and all connection with the story is lost. Is it not possible, when going to the original tale, enriching and enhancing it by sumptuous picturization? In most instances the theme-song adds nothing to the story value, therefore it may well be left to musical comedy where the haunting melody rightfully belongs. At present it would not surprise me at all to see H. B. Warner (thou whom there is no finer actor) come spraying on to the stage announcing; "Here I am folks, first I'll sing you a little song; hope you like it!"

In contrast "Madame X" stands strikingly apart as the most superb production to date, due in large measure to the intelligent direction of Josef von Stroheim. Throughout its entire filming Mr. Barrymore never lost sight of that almost eternal verity—"The play's the thing."—Katherine A. Nash.

The Toronto, 20th & P. Sts., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Are Talkies Destroying Romance?

A sad thing has happened! In the old days (B.T.)—when that requisite moment arrived for the handsome hero to clasp the lovely heroine to his manly chest, gaze into her beautiful eyes and whisper, "I love you," we held our breaths while the palpitation of our hearts nearly strangled us. Now, when the hero, no longer silent, declares his love, the audience shouts with laughter.

When little Annie wept real salty tears because her lover deserted her, we sniffed, blew our noses to hide our embarrassment and took Annie's grief flutters. Now her audible moans and gulping sobs fill the theater with snickers.

Apparently, there is nothing wrong with our sight, but there must be something radically wrong with our hearing! What is it?

Bernice C. Bowne,
890 Geary St.
San Francisco, Cal.

The New School

The old school of laborious, palpable acting passes. Comes the new, gay, natural effervescent performance which requires real dramatic ability. Almost anyone can strike a tragic pose and hold it indefinitely. We have seen dead living portraits. Now it takes an artist to give the spontaneous performance which Maurice Chevalier achieved in "The Love Parade." Time was when actors' expressions were like robots'—expressionless. An appropriate one was chosen, slipped on and held in place throughout the play. Now, we have artists with intelligent enough to make their expressions rest on their own. Long live the new school of artists!

Irene Woodruff,
26 Mount Vernon Ave.
Charlestown, Mass.
HER SIN WAS NO GREATER THAN HIS....

but

SHE WAS A WOMAN

the Incomparable

NORMA SHEARER

in THE

DIVORCÉE

with

Chester Morris
Conrad Nagel
Robt. Montgomery

Directed by
Robert Z. Leonard

IF the world permits the husband to philander—why not the wife? Here is a frank, outspoken and daring drama that exposes the hypocrisy of modern marriage. Norma Shearer again proves her genius in the most dazzling performance of her career. She was wonderful in “The Last of Mrs. Cheney”. She was marvelous in “Their Own Desire”. She is superb in “The Divorcée” which is destined to be one of the most talked of pictures in years.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

“More Stars Than There Are in Heaven”
THANK you, John McCormack, for your voice, your smile, and your engaging modesty which first shine from the screen in "Song o' My Heart." You may be the world's most popular tenor, and we don't doubt it; but you came to pictures with the most charming humility, as if you were just a novice who had still to win his way. Only a great man could have been so humble. And it is nice to know that the success of your screen debut is so well deserved.
A smile, a voice, a man! You have heard John McCormack in concert or on phonograph records; but it remained for the films to reveal the real charm of the Irish minstrel. "Song o' My Heart" is the best bargain on the motion picture screens today: a world-famous voice singing eleven—count 'em, eleven!—beautiful songs; a sweet story; droll humor—all woven around the endearing personality of a great artist. Welcome, John McCormack!

McCormack has been a famous singer for a long time now. But in spite of the years and the adulation and the material rewards, he has miraculously retained the spirit of youth. It is in his great voice and his big smile. When he sings, the oldest member of his audience grows young again with him.

Frank Borzage, the gifted young Italian director, has invested the simple story of "Song o' My Heart" with an all-embracing humanity. His characters are not puppets moving about the scenery of an Emerald Isle and mouthing dialect. They are warm, human, glowing. To the right is a scene from the picture with McCormack smiling at Effie Ellsler who plays his sister; and with Tommy Clifford, the delightful little boy discovered in Ireland and imported to Hollywood.

John McCormack and his daughter Gwen on the steps of his home in Ireland, where the family spends part of every year. Good news for film followers—the singer has purchased a huge estate in Beverly Hills, California, indicating that he will make other motion pictures to follow "Song o' My Heart." He can't make too many to suit us!
The World Do Move

A Drawing by C. D. Batchelor
SPEECH, speech!

How's your voice today? Say "ah." Ah-ah-ah! That's enough. I didn't ask for a gargle. All I wanted to find out was whether you were in voice. It's very important, you know. The voice is everything—simply everything.

You may have the face of a Dove and the figure of a Crawford and the dramatic talents of a Garbo; but if you haven't a Voice, you might just as well take up embroidery work. It's the voice that wins in motion pictures today—and they don't even care much about the smile. For the first time in the history of the world, women are not being frowned down for talking too much; they are actually being encouraged. Everybody in Hollywood is fighting for the Voice. Of course, after you admit you have the Voice, then you must learn to use it. Just talking won't get you very far. You must speak with the right degree of umph. As J. M. Kerrigan says to John McCormack in "Song o' My Heart," you've got to put umph into it. If you don't know what umph is see the picture; or turn to Rudy Vallee on the radio. Chevalier's voice has umph, so has John Boles. Among the ladies, Miss Swanson and Bebe Daniels have it to the nth degree. Ann Harding has her share; and judging from the box-office receipts, Greta has more than hers. Umph is the vocal It; and you'd better cultivate it.

It's a career in itself. You can't take lessons from Dr. Mario Marafioti, voice authority, because he is all tied up teaching the Metro stars—and by the way, I hear that since our article in this issue was written the learned Doctor has declared after a session with John Gilbert that there is no reason on earth or in Hollywood why our John can't talk with the best of them after a little expert practice. Great news! But the Doctor is so busy with John that we'll have to conduct our own voice lessons.

First I recommend you lease a house, or an apartment, with an oversize bath. This is a great place to let the old voice out. Then attend picture performances—go to dozens of shows; hear everybody from Ina Claire to Andy Clyde, and try a little of each. When you feel you have made some progress in some direction or other, begin calling up your friends. Like this: "Hello-hello-hello, I say, are you there?" When the sputtering at the other end of the wire has somewhat subsided, you continue: "Guess who?—I mean to say, endeavor to ascertain the identity of the person at the other end of the wire, what-what?" About this time it might be well to change to a Swedish accent; or a German accent like that used by the star of "Sarah and Son." And then when you are forced to explain yourself you can always say: "If it's good enough for Garbo, (or Ruth Chatterton) it's good enough for me." There's no answer to that one.

Of course, if you want to be sensible, and in spite of the ridicule of friends and acquaintances retain the voice of your native state with its nice comfortable accent and enunciation and what-nots, you can always defend your stand by calling upon the words of Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, who, from the Fox Movietone screen, took up the question of "Which quality of English is going to be the standard—that spoken in Hollywood or that spoken in England? God forbid us," says Dr. Vizetelly, "from the standard spoken in London where they clip the g's and drop the h's and mumble-jumble many of their words. We have a distinction on this side, and that is the distinction of enunciating every one of the syllables of the words we utter. We do not mumble. I have lived in the United States and in New York City for thirty-nine years and proclaim the fact that English as spoken in the United States is far superior to that spoken in England."

Hurrah for our side! Now we can be ourselves.

D. E.
The MOST FAMOUS
Anita Loos
A Little Girl who Grew Up in the Movies and Became a Great Author Tells You How the Talkies Made her a Fan

By Rosa Reilly

who uses her physical characteristics to get on in the world. But Anita Loos has never forged ahead because she is fair-favored. On her brains and on her brains alone, she has hoisted herself from middle-class obscurity to the top of the literary world, and to the top of an internationally prominent social group which is second to none in brains, breeding and creative artistry. She and her husband, John Emerson, are notable figures in the social and artistic circles of New York, London, Paris, Palm Beach. Yet this 'soubrette of satire,' still in her twenties, is more modest and unmoved than the latest Hollywood ingenue.

"Until talking pictures came along," Miss Loos continued, "the movies held few illusions for me. I was born in a stage family and had been writing for the screen since my thirteenth year.

"When I played on the stage, movies used to be shown between the acts. I knew nothing about them but figured out that there must be some sort of a story before they could be filmed. So I took the address off a Biograph Film can, wrote a story and sent it off.

"The scenario—if I can call it that—was bought immediately. And from then on D. W. Griffith took everything I wrote. But he didn't make my stories into pictures. He would read them and laugh, use parts of them, but when the film finally reached the screen nothing of the original story was left.

"But since this writing paid better than acting I kept up. If it hadn't been for John Emerson I would still be out in Hollywood—God forbid—working in some scenario department."

"John Emerson was called in to make pictures for Douglas Fairbanks. One day he was going through the scenario files and he shouted to Griffith who was sitting near: 'I think I have found just what I want for Fairbanks.' Griffith took one look at the manuscript and laughed: 'Oh,' he said, 'we buy that Loos stuff because it hands us a laugh in the office here but you couldn't use it on the screen.'

"Mr. Emerson thought differently. He went ahead and made the picture. Griffith felt that the climax was a title instead of action. But Mr. Emerson pointed out what they did not at that time realize—that the humor was not in the words but in the situation which led up to the words in the title.

"The picture went over and from then on I titled every picture they turned out. But titulating other people's pictures did not get me anywhere so I started writing stories for..."
Anita Loos Says:

"Talking pictures are much finer than silent films.

"My favorite American talkies so far have been 'Dismalii,' 'The Green Goddess,' 'The Love Parade' and 'The Rogue Song.'

"But Hollywood has not yet been able to evolve talkie technique as remarkable as that developed by the Germans. Two German talkers, 'The Melody of Earth' and 'When Nelson Plays' are wonderful. They have not copied the technique of Hollywood or the theater; they have worked out their own technique.

"Talkies may be as imaginatively limitless as the Einstein theory, as poetic as Shakespeare or Goethe, and educationally more valuable than any course of text books."

pictures which Mr. Emerson directed. They turned out well, but the strange part is I never had a successful picture which Mr. Emerson did not direct. And as he is much too lazy to do any more directing, I have finished my motion picture career.

"From then on I had little interest in films. Silent pictures had become monotonous. Things had gone stale. Technically, everything possible had been done. Nothing new was being created. But it was not the producer's fault. The fault lay in the fact that practically only one great pantomime artist is born every hundred years. Chaplin was our only one.

"Then came the talkies! And a tremendous breath of fresh air rushed into the industry. For the first time in my life I began to go to movies, not because it was my duty to see them but because they amused and thrilled me. My husband and I go as often as three times a week. I've seen everything that's worth taking in even when, because of what amounts to a French embargo on American films, I have to fly from Paris to London to do so during the months when I live in France. Those pictures I particularly like are both George Arliss' films, 'Disraeli,' 'The Green Goddess'; and 'The Love Parade' and 'The Rogue Song.'

"Talking pictures are much finer than silent pictures for a good talkie is infinitely better than a good silent film. And conversely, a bad talkie is infinitely worse than a bad silent movie."

"For the latter reason I am surprised that, excellent as the new American talking pictures are, our producers here in the United States have not yet been able to evolve as remarkable a talkie technique as the Germans.

"That surprises you? The only German talkies shown in this country, I understand, have been inferior ones which have not equalled at all the talkies made in Hollywood. However, in Germany I have seen two talkies: 'The Melody of Earth' and 'When Nelson Plays,' that are wonderful beyond words. And the reason they are wonderful is because they have not copied the technique of Hollywood. They have not even copied theater technique. They have worked out a way of making talking films which is fourth dimensional, resulting in talkies as imaginatively limitless as the Einstein theory, as poetic as Shakespeare or Goethe, and educationally more valuable than any philosophical treatise or any course of text books in existence.

"Take 'The Melody of Earth,' for instance. This film was made in Germany by Taubes. It takes the civilization of the entire world and divides it into four sections: one, Religion; two, Politics; three, Industry; four, Women's Work in the World.

"This is like a picture told in shorthand. None of the shots is of any length at all. Everything flashes before your eyes with such rapidity that for the first time in my existence I got to look on the world as a whole, not as two hemispheres divided into separate countries.

"In 'The Melody of Earth,' there is no business of setting the camera in front of the prosenium arch and shooting without action. This picture is not bound down by any of the conventions of the theater or the screen. It has the most elastic technique in existence.

"Take the religious part of the film. First we have a religious procession in Rome, a long, glorious, and glamorous procession carrying the Host under an arched canopy. Instantaneously we switch to the Fiji Islands and there we see an exciting cannibal procession. In this elaborate heathen ceremonial, the almost naked Fijians are carrying an object under a canopy— an object which to them is also sacred. It makes the most cultivated person in the world and the lowest cannibal type brothers under the skin.

"Not does the picture stop at the Fijis. Immediately, we are carried to India where we see a Buddhist saying his prayers in a pointed temple to a Divinity which may be alien to us—but is close to him; (Continued on page 127)
"We want Buddy!" roared the Times Square crowd. "Who, me?" laughed an unspoiled kid from Kansas.

WE WANT BUDDY!

'Hard-Boiled' New York
Lost its Head Over Charles
'Buddy' Rogers. Why?
This Story Tells You

By Gray Strider

It looked like Election Night in Times Square!
A mob of people started milling around the Forty-Fourth Street stage door of the Paramount Theater. Pretty soon, the crowd got so big, it bulged across Broadway, clear down to the edge of the New York Times Building at Forty-Second Street. Then it made a detour, swarming towards the Astor Hotel, and forcing the overflow into Forty-Third Street, past the press entrance of the theater.
At the box-office window, a three-ply cue of people patiently struggled to maintain their places, in a broad plait which stretched far down Broadway. In surrounding streets all traffic was stopped. Policemen blew their whistles in vain. Red lights turned to green to no advantage. Limousines full of ermine-coated, silken-haired ladies, and silk-hatted, grizzled-haired gents were at a standstill. Even when a reinforcement of Mr. Grover Whalen's sturdiest mounted police came into action, the crowd moved but sluggishly.

It looked like the folks were expecting Lindbergh or the Prince of Wales. But they weren't.

They were waiting for a boy from Olathe, Kansas. This hard-boiled Broadway crowd which has seen almost everything in the world and has not battened an eyelash, was waiting as intently as any hayseed crowd that ever hung around a Main Street 'op'ry house,' for a sight, a glimpse, a word, or a touch of old man Rogers' young son, Buddy, who was making personal appearances at the Paramount Theaters in New York and Brooklyn, for one week each.

When the crowd caught sight of Buddy, bedlam broke loose. Hundreds of women and girls made a wild dash to get within hailing distance. Only one girl made it. Buddy shook her hand and said he was glad to be back in New York again. Almost hysterically the girl screamed: "As long as I live, I'll never wash the hand that Buddy Rogers shook!"

By that time, the crowd was crazy. And if it hadn't been for the police and the fact that Buddy possesses a pair of good sprinting legs, the results might have been serious. For this mob of friendly, good-natured people would surely have crushed Buddy—in a wave of affection. As it was, Buddy's hat got knocked off in the melee. A pretty woman with red hair and gray eyes picked it up and hugged it to her. But instantaneously, it was torn out of her hands by a dozen different women. In a second, that hat was in tatters—with a hundred people fighting for each tatter.

No wonder Rogers looked a little tired when I interviewed him the next week at the Brooklyn Paramount. For this same enthusiasm has been maintained at every matinee and at every evening performance.

Although the doorman at the Brooklyn theater was expecting me the day I called, it was almost impossible to get in. For one half a block the theater was crowded with school girls, text books in one arm, fan magazines in the other. Many stood. Some had camp stools on which they sat. Others squatted on the cold concrete. It was then five o'clock and they had all been at the stage door since school let out at two.

The moment anybody with business at the theater tried to enter the stage door, a surge of girls would try to force themselves in. The doorman looked like he had been riding in a six-day bicycle race. His knees and head sagged. His eyes had black rings around them. His disposition was gradually wearing thin.

At intervals of five minutes or so, the thousand-odd school girls outside would call: "Buddy, Buddy! We want Buddy!"

When the doorman could no longer stand the pandemonium, he would go out and let one girl in to see Buddy—not talk to him. Then she would rush out and all the others would spring on her to get a word of first hand news from the hero.

Inside the theater it was even worse. The first eight rows of seats had been solidly packed since the theater opened in the morning with girls and women who refused to leave when the show was over. The house manager had tried to clear the house. Ushers had used their most persuasive tones. But the girls sat solid, without lunch, without water. Finally at five o'clock, the house manager made an announcement from the stage that Buddy would be out in the lobby in five minutes personally to autograph pictures.

Those seats were cleared as if by magic!

And there was more trouble outside! While I was waiting inside the stage door for Buddy to finish his act, an awful scream rent the air.

Everybody flew outside thinking a fight

(Cont. on page 124)
If America is the melting of the world, Hollywood is the melting pot of America. Gradually the nations of the earth have drifted to Hollywood, their advent more noticeable here than in New York or Chicago because of the smallness of our population. There is an English colony, a French colony, a Spanish colony, a Mexican colony, a Swedish colony. All are striving not so much for fame, except in a few instances, as for expression. But the people who command, perhaps, the greatest sympathy as well as great respect and admiration are the Russian refugees. There are several hundreds of them but not all are in pictures. Unlike many others who live here for years without taking out their naturalization papers the Russians do so as soon as they can.

Among those who are in pictures we find Ivan Lebedeff, whose performance in “Street Girl” won for him a long-term contract with RKO. We find Theodore Lodi, David Mir, Natasha Golitzin, Witcheslav Savitsky, Alexander Ikonikoff, Olga Baclanova and her husband, Michael Soussannin, Winifred Laurance and others. Many others have entered the technical and engineering fields of studio work.

I have talked with a score of them and have yet to find one who felt sorry for himself, who cared to talk about his past experiences, or who wanted publicity. The groundwork for this story I have been months in gathering. The Russians don’t want publicity. They simply want a chance to work and to be let alone. Then why write the story? Well, from a human standpoint it is intensely interesting, to my mind. Are these Russians bitter, or are they resigned? Are they relieved to be given a chance to follow the line of endeavor to which they are most attracted instead of the two careers open to Russians of noble birth, statecraft and the battlefield? Have they learned anything? Few of us are satisfied with our lot. Princes of the blood wish they had been born outside the royal circle. Nothing is
Stars of Hollywood

About the Gallant Russians who are Writing
a New Chapter in the Story of the Screen

more confining than a crown. Yet, if you are born to it, you must wear it. Many of these Russians are of noble blood. Their job, had not the Revolution interfered, would have been duties of State—either soldiering or diplomacy. It is curious how many sighed over this heritage, turning with eager eyes to the arts and sciences and dipping into a study of them on the side. Ivan Lebedeff was one of these; David Mir was another. I do not mean to convey the impression that any one of them is glad of what happened, but when they opened their eyes after the deluge of blood they passed through they must have experienced a sense of joy that at least a chance to work at a profession they loved was still left to them. This applies to the younger people. For the older people who had become established in their work it was very hard, and many of them are still groping.

As an example, take General Wiacheslav Savitsky, former Minister of War of Southern Russia—the Cossack General, he was called. The Revolution found him in the middle forties. He was a soldier, but with the Revolution soldiering as a career went out of fashion. The ‘gentleman soldier’ is no longer needed in Russia. His family had a large personal fortune. It was swept away and the members of it were fortunate to escape with their lives. General Savitsky came to America with a friend, Prince Andronica. Both joined the Joe Miller circus. Eventually, they drifted to Hollywood. They did many things to earn a living, even working as day laborers, but they went at it like steam engines. The boss realized what was the trouble and got them a job at the plaster shop in one of the studios. “Men born to that work know how to take it. You would have made yourselves ill in a short time working as you did.”

The man who commanded the southern armies of Russia, who has been a guest in almost every court in Europe, whose slightest wish was an order instantly obeyed, told me he was ‘very well satisfied’ with this job that paid him thirty-five dollars a week. “My taste are very simple,” he said, “for...”

(Continued on page 120)
Polly Moran—no relation to Moran and Mack—is not going to be left behind by anybody. If her pals, Cliff Edwards and Benny Rubin can sing theme songs, why can’t she? So she looked around her and studied the great theme song singers of all time—well, anyway, since the talkies came in. And with a little of this and a little of that—a dash of Jolson and a soupeçon of Tibbett—Polly evolved a Technique. It may be terrible, but it’s her own.

Left, above: reading from left to right, Polly and Rose. Sonny Boy, where is thy sting?

Above: ah-ah-ah-ah-hah-hah-hah! Is this a singing lesson or a laughing lesson?

Left: the Big Moment of any theme song, determining which will pass out first, singer or audience.
"Now, what shall I sing?" mused Miss Moran.

"I have it—something about a rose—I mean a rose. There's 'The Last Rose of Summer,' but that might be getting personal. There's 'The Rose of Sharon'—no, not in this business. There's 'Cock-Eyed Rose, I Love You.' And 'Rose of the West,' 'Only a Rose,' 'To a Wild Rose,' and just 'Rose.' Darn, why didn't I bring violets? Anyway, study these little lessons in vocalizing and trust your tonsils."

Right: when the theme song singer forgets everything and ends on a loud, triumphant "Ma-a-a-mmy!"
Louis Bromfield, the important young American novelist, with "The Green Bay Tree," "The Good Woman," "Possession" and "Shattered Glass" to his credit, is now writing a screen story for Evelyn Laye, in which the beautiful English stage star will make her motion picture debut. Mr. Bromfield is pictured here with his secretary in his office at the Samuel Goldwyn Studios.

Louis Bromfield's Hollywood Impressions

As told to Marie House

I've only been in Hollywood three weeks and already I'm a California enthusiast!

It has climate, scenery, fascination, everything.

I've spent much of my life in New York and abroad and I didn't know what I was missing until I came to Hollywood.

I've wandered all over Europe. From London, to Switzerland, to the Riviera, three months of each year in Paris, summers in Spain. I've been such a nomad I've had to open four bank accounts in four different countries and it's taken heavy bookkeeping to keep everything straight.

The summer months have generally found me in the Pyrenees Mountains. I am reminded of the Pyrenees when I look around me here, at the hills and the valleys. The scenery is much alike—but the climate is different. Here it is wonderful all of the year around: in Spain only in the summer. In winter it's—well, we won't mention that.

The scenic trips to be made here are beautiful. Recently we went to Santa Barbara and Montecito, one of the most picturesque tours anyone could make. Sicily or the Riviera have nothing to compare with it, particularly in the matter of flowers. Over there the blossoms are either frost bitten or else burnt to a crisp, due, I suppose, to the sudden drops in temperature. And it isn't as nice to live over there either, because those old houses were not built for comfort. Of course, it is cool at nights here, but that is one of the things I like. No, the only place like this in the world, I believe, is the South Sea Islands, for climate.

Hollywood is a splendid place to work. I am hurrying now to finish a new novel and I have several plays in...
Eminent Author Proves the Cinema Capital is Long on Scenery but Short on Orgies

mind. If everything goes well I should like to make Hollywood my headquarters, with about three months vacation every year. I'd want to get away that much. But here I have a home at the top of Coldwater Canyon, with a garden, leisure and plenty of room for breathing.

New York is an entirely different matter! It is in a class all by itself. Of course, I like New York better than any place in the world, a wonderful place, New York; but not for long at a time. It's a place to visit. Still it hardly seemed like the same place when I passed through this last time—everyone is out here, now!

I feel quite at home in Hollywood. I felt at home when I arrived, for here were all of the old familiar faces I'd been used to seeing on Broadway. I have been around the theater much of my life; so it was nice to meet such old friends as Ina Claire, Florence Eldridge, Alison Skipworth, Fred Kerr. And then the writers, Steve Benet, Martin Flavin, A. E. Thomas, Sidney Howard—I could

His favorite heroines: Mrs. Bromfield and the two little Bromfields. Life is a lot of fun for best-sellers!

He is young, good-looking, and served with the French army during the war. Bromfield, born in Ohio, has become a world figure through his books, which have been artistic as well as commercial successes. Here's the author at St. Moritz, Switzerland.

go on indefinitely naming the deserters from Broadway.

Many wonder if this sudden influx to Hollywood will harm the New York theatrical business. There isn't a doubt of it. How can it help but make a difference? I believe they have trouble getting writers and even the producers have joined the procession—west! And how is it easy to cast a play with more than half the actors on the coast?

I had offers to do scenarios before, but they did not tempt me, for it seemed that in the old days, the silent film stories were, after all, of little importance, from the writer's point of view. Now there is the dialogue to write.

Writing for the movies is different from novel writing—but then I am not entirely a novelist. I have done every kind of writing, newspaper work, musical and dramatic criticisms.

The perfect talkie has not yet been made. Possibly it never will be made, but only a lot of experiment can make the necessary progress. It can't come by imitating the stage too closely. It is quite all right to take when you can from the stage, but after all, talking pictures provide a different medium. I believe the talkies are the first really new development of an art form in the last hundred years.

The best talking pictures will be made from original stories, I believe. It is just as important and just as much of a real job as writing novels. I would just as soon see my novels translated into (Continued on page 112)
Anagrams, 
I Love You

Here's the New Indoor Sport of the Stars

What, you don't know what an Anagram is, or Anagrams are? Why, an Anagram is made by changing a given word with a given letter. Try it some time when, as happens too often, life becomes a great, big bore.

Joan Crawford meets a tough Anagram and refuses to go on with the show until she solves it. Director Mal St. Clair and Johnny Mack Brown will give her one more minute and then they will drag her back before the cameras to shoot some more “Montana Moon.”

Trying to trace the inception of a fad is like isolating that parrot-fever germ—hard to do! And now that Hollywood has gone more or less Anagram-crazy everybody is claiming credit for having initiated the vogue. Research shows that last fall an inconspicuous New Yorker visited studio-land with a box of Anagrams tucked under his arm. Thereafter, the epidemic spread to that alert writing crowd from Broadway—Edwin Justus Mayer, Herman Mankiewics, Arthur Caesar, Bertram Milhauser and their ilk. Now everybody’s doing it. The stars have caught on and there’s no stopping them.

Here’s a page from the Anagram Book showing how Mal St. Clair did it.

Mal St. Clair
3 minutes 40 seconds

Here’s a page from the Anagram Book showing how Johnny Mack Brown did it.

Johnny Mack Brown
3 minutes 14 seconds

Left: Johnny Mack Brown’s Anagrams test. Bright boy, John.

More Four-Letter Words. But They’re Not Always as Easy as They Look.

RAID with Y
PAID with V
RAGE with Z
GRAZEL

PEST with Y
TYPES
SNOB with J
BION

SUET with P
UPSET
VEAL with G
CABLE

SNOB with I
BLEON

SUIT with G
GUZEL

HORSE with A
AGILE

HORSE with A
AGILE

TOMORROW
GLOW

MORE FOUR-LETTER WORDS. BUT THEY’RE NOT MUCH HARDER THAN

LOWER with T
TAQ Wel

RANGE with D
PANGE R

VALENT with S
PLEAS E

RATING with G
GATTER

DREAM with I
ADMORE
Elsie Janis 
NOW
The Beloved American Comedienne is Carrying On in Films
By Kenneth Everett

"REPORT to the Paramount studios in Hollywood as writer, advisor, director and actress."

One day in October of 1929 that message sped from Hollywood to a fine old house at Tarrytown on the Hudson, New York, and was delivered into the hands of a woman who read it with a characteristic quick glance, folded it, shoved it into her pocket, and began packing for the trip across the continent.

The wire was in reply to one she had sent westward that morning. "Am ready to go to work," her message read.

Thus, within three hours after deciding to do so, Elsie Janis re-entered the business that has been her life, her real affection, her sole interest, her great adventure, since childhood.

For many months Elsie Janis, the best-known comedienne and impersonator of the great ever developed by the American stage, had been in retirement and seclusion. Overwork, her doctors called it; a nervous breakdown induced by the all-consuming energy which always heretofore had made her laugh when rest was urged. Her mother, who has been her constant companion, advisor and friend all through her life, took her from Paris, where she had been stricken, to the south of France. There, during the course of several months, health slowly returned.

She took ship for America.

Elsie Janis was ready for the show business again.

She came to Hollywood with nothing more definite in mind than the answering wire from Jesse L. Lasky had been. There had been a verbal agreement between them. That was all. Several years before, while playing in "Oh Kay," Miss Janis had appeared in Los Angeles. Mr. Lasky, at the time, had urged her to join his film company at the conclusion of her stage engagement but she had hesitated. "I will, some day," she had told him. "Whenever you are ready," was his reply.

She arrived in Hollywood and found that Lasky and his associates in Paramount were considering the production of an all-star revue. They wanted something beyond the accepted revue formula, however; the public was a bit tired of huge chorus numbers, spectacular settings, and a screen crowded with principals, they believed.

Miss Janis' mind went back to the year she and Her Gang had returned from the battle fronts of Europe, where they had tramped through the mud from rest area to rest area that 'the boys' might be cheered a bit. They had returned to Broadway and found that the big town was literally dazed and staggered by the number of elaborate stage revues offered by almost every theater. Shrewd show-woman that she is, Miss Janis (Continued on page 110)
Have you a favorite moving picture actor whose inadequate voice is keeping his face from the talking screen?

If you have lost one of your special pets because his voice doesn’t come up to talkie scratch, or if your best-loved screen star doesn’t talk the way you think she should—cheer up! In this day of lifting faces, putting off chins, and rolling down hips, very little is impossible.

There has been a revolution in voice training just as there has been in skirts. And thereby hangs the reason for my sudden trip to Hollywood.

When the news got out that I had been signed by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company to go to Hollywood to devote my time to the training of their players’ voices, my telephone scarcely stopped ringing. And the queries were practically all the same. Everybody wanted to know if an inadequately vocal screen star could be developed into a creditable talking picture actor.

That’s a pretty big question. But I answered them all: Yes!

Perhaps you think that was egotistical of me. But I do not say a failure can be turned into a success because I believe myself to be infallible. I say it for two reasons which I have discovered after sixteen years devoted to the subject:

First: Anybody can learn to speak so that his or her voice will be a joy to listen to, both in private life and in talking pictures; and—

Second: Anybody can learn to sing who has a naturally musical soul in his body and an intelligent brain in his head.

It may surprise you to know that singing lies not in the vocal cords but in the mind, the soul and the body.

That sounds revolutionary, doesn’t it? But it’s true. It has taken me ten years to prove it. But I have proved it in the case of Miss Grace Moore of the Metropolitan Opera Company whose instructor I have been from the beginning of her career. And not in her case alone, since I have had some thirty-five or thirty-six other striking examples, including Marguerite D’Alvarez, of the Metropolitan; Julia Culp, one of the greatest lieder singers in the world; Cobina Wright—but perhaps the most dramatic of all was John Halliday, who while playing in the Broadway success, “The Spider,” completely lost his voice. He took many kinds of treatment, and last of all had an operation—without results! He came to me and his voice was restored.

But let’s go back a bit. I was born in northern Italy and from childhood wanted to sing as I had a natural aptitude that way. But my parents forced me to study medicine.
Stars' Voices Be Remodeled?

When I graduated from the University of Naples, I came to America, went on the staff of the Post Graduate Hospital, and later became throat specialist and physician at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Here I treated the greatest singers of the day: Caruso, Chaliapin, Scotti, Titta Ruffo, Galli Curci, Alma Gluck, Frances Alda, Julia Culp, and others.

I treated and studied their throats every day for sixteen winters, and slowly I began to develop a method of singing which was contrary to all established principles. I explained it to my confrères. And again I heard that word 'revolutionary.' It was. It later revolutionized the teaching of singing. Immediately I had evolved my method of singing, I wrote my first book: "Caruso's Method of Voice Production," which gives the physiology of singing. Later, I wrote "The New Vocal Art," which gives the psychology of singing. Recently I have completed a third book, "The Universal Book of Vocal Method."

From the time my first book was published, critics, singers, and doctors fell on me like a landslide. I was criticized by physicians for going outside of my profession. And I was criticized by professional teachers for invading theirs. And every singer who clung to the old tradition of Bel Canto defied me to prove my case.

It was then I started with Miss Moore, instructing her according to the method called 'revolutionary.' Miss Moore is a national figure whose career needs no explaining. Sufficient to say, she has sung at the Metropolitan for some time and has recently been signed to appear in musical operettas with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. Her first picture may be "Jenny Lind," and later she will do "The Merry Widow" with Lawrence Tibbett.

And now, you would probably like me to explain this method that I have used successfully for years and which I propose to use to get the best possible results from players on the talking screen. Since my first book was about Caruso's natural method I will use him as an example.

Nearly everybody thinks Caruso became one of the greatest tenors in the world because of his natural laryngeal apparatus. Yet when he was twenty years old, a celebrated Italian laryngologist told him: "You will never become a famous singer. You have not the throat."

The latter statement was true—there was nothing exceptional in Caruso's laryngeal apparatus. The larger size of his vocal cords or any other peculiarities in his vocal organs were not the decisive elements in his phenomenal singing. On the contrary, there were shortcomings in his throat which were so evident that if he had had to rely on his vocal organs alone for his career, he would perhaps never have become a singer at all.

What then was the secret of Caruso's singing? It lay in the fact that he had cavities in his head and in his body which acted as an immense resonating case for his tones.

Let me make that clearer! The massive volume and rare quality of Caruso's voice—it's exceptional characteristics—were due to the resonance of his body. As one London doctor said: "Caruso's whole body was resonant. Even his bones were musical." This resonance of his was like that of a Stradivarius violin. His much emphasized vocal cords when compared to the striking feature of the resonance of his body, had no more value than the strings of a Stradivarius would have if placed on a banjo.

This resonant quality so essential is exemplified again in the piano. The vocal cords of a piano are its strings. But the soul of the piano is the sounding board. Take the sounding board away, touch the strings and they sound like nothing on earth.

A Stradivarius has a more beautiful tone because its maker applied more genius, more patience, more hard work to his task of making his instrument resonant than those of any other violin builder.

It is for this reason of resonance that any intelligent motion picture star can not only learn to talk but can also learn to sing and sing well, since the voice does not depend on a well turned out pair of vocal cords but upon the patience and hard work used to build up the voice by utilizing the resonance chambers in the mouth, nose, head and chest, and upon the ability of the singer to look on his vocal cords as mere sideshows.

Up until the time my first book was published the old tradition of Bel Canto had held sway. Simply, Bel Canto means singing to produce beautiful sounds. But I preach the doctrine of True Canto, singing to express the content, the words, of the song. Beautiful singing is clear singing, in my league.

It's really pathetic how many people would love to sing. The screen stars are not alone in this ambition, for singing is the most beautiful and most satisfying of all the arts. It brings happiness. It means the outpouring of all one's joys and miseries. Singers are rarely ever unhappy, introspective beings. They are usually simple, natural, beauty and pleasure-loving souls.

Now, all you who would love (Continued on page 108)
WHY

What It Costs To Be A Beautifully Dressed Screen Star, in Money and in Hard Work

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for clothes! That sounds like wicked extravagance, doesn't it? Yet it is about the sum I expend each twelve months for coats, hats, dresses, suits, gloves, shoes, stockings, accessories, and personal grooming.

Recently when I returned from Paris on the Bremen, the valuation of the clothes in my twenty-five trunks—not counting jewelry, of course—even at a modest appraisal totalled over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Through a newspaper story which was syndicated in every state in the union, this fact became known and immediately I was deluged with hundreds of letters.

Two debutantes from Denver wrote me in no uncertain terms. A little mill girl from down south in Louisiana sent me her opinion. Also a stenographer from San Antonio; a dressmaker from Clearwater, Oklahoma; a milliner from Spartanburg, South Carolina. Two Junior Leaguers from the smart, wealthy little city of Wheeling, West Virginia. And dozens of other girls from almost every state and from almost every metier in life.

But the unusual angle about these letters was that while the girls from comfortable or rich homes took exception to the fact that I spend such a large sum on clothes, every single working girl said, in substance: "That is what I have always dreamed of having—enough money to look as nearly perfect as possible every hour of the day and night."

That states my case exactly. I do spend what must seem an exorbitant amount of money to the average person. But I take the business of being a moving picture star—just as I take the business of buying clothes—seriously. I feel that I have a great responsibility towards the hundreds of thousands of fans who have made my career possible.

Perhaps I can explain it better this way: Suppose you were walking through the streets of London. Occasionally you would pass a manufacturing plant or a substantial
An expensive item of a star's wardrobe is evening wraps. Constance's is sable-trimmed.

looking shop where over the gate or on one of the show windows you would see a golden crown. And under it, in gilt letters, the words: Purveyor to His Royal Highness, King George the Fifth.

The shop might be a butcher shop, purveying lamb, beef, and mutton for the royal table. Or it might be a large fishmonger's store, providing salmon, brook trout, black sole, lobsters and mussels for the noble diners. Or it might even be a large jam or marmalade factory—such as Cross and Blackwell's.

Whatever it is, the shopkeepers and manufacturers of Great Britain consider it the highest honor to be called upon to provide delicacies and necessities for Their Majesties' Household. It is a tremendously responsible job, for every fragment of food must be one hundred percent perfect.

Now I look on my work as a motion picture star somewhat in this category. But I consider I have an even more important job. I look on myself as a Purveyor of Dreams to Their Imperial Highnesses, the American People! For that reason, on the screen and off, I try to keep myself groomed as nearly perfectly as possible to satisfy the craving for romance which lies in the heart of nearly every hardworking American citizen.

America is peculiarly in need of beauty and romance—much more so, indeed, than Great Britain or Continental Europe.

Why?

Because, until the last few years hardly any people in this country have had either the time or the money to sit down quietly and enjoy the benefits of leisure and culture; to try to realize their dreams.

We all know it has only been a few hundred years since our land was colonized by groups of hard-working, God-fearing people. They fought the Indians all the year, sweated in summer, hungered and froze in winter, married, procreated and died.

Their children and their children's children carried on the fight. There were homes and schools to be built, fields to be ploughed and fenced, railroads to be constructed, churches to be raised. There never was much opportunity for personal romance. To enjoy the satisfactions that only centuries of money, security and ancestry can give.

Even today, life to most people is hard work. Competition is keen. If we don't do our jobs properly there are ten people to step in and take our places. Therefore, when we work our allotted number of hours, since there is no opera to speak of outside of New York and Chicago, few stage productions, and little restaurant life—in the continental sense—millions of us pour into the motion picture houses for relaxation and amusement, to try to satisfy within a few hours not only the romance and beauty we have been denied, but to try also to satisfy the beauty and romance denied our fathers and our great grandfathers.

The millions who attend picture theaters each week demand three things: first, youth; second, romance; third, beauty. They expect their screen stars to strive to be as lovely, as exquisitely dressed as any princess that ever danced through a child's fairy book.
for one moment, on the screen or off, should a star be less than her best. Never once should she retire into a second-rate negligée, put her feet on a pile of silken cushions, and lapse into the commonplace.

This eternal vigil of keeping clothes and complexion-conscious not only means the outlay of what seems an extravagant sum of money, but it also means the outlay of an inordinate amount of work. Just let me give you an idea of the wardrobe necessary to accomplish this purpose. And while I am telling you, imagine the weary hours necessary to search out, look over, select, and fit these hundreds of pieces of wearing apparel.

At first, it seems like an Aladdin’s dream. But later, buying clothes becomes the most serious business in the world—when you realize your screen success depends largely upon your personal appearance. It’s then you commence to realize that you need philosophy, patience, and most of all— restraint.

It is exceedingly difficult to acquire distinction in dressing when the best Paris models are copied almost immediately in New York, in fifteen dollar machine-made dresses. The least a woman should hope for when she spends a quarter of a million dollars a year on her clothes is exclusiveness. But it is difficult work to get it. Even for a woman with practically unlimited means.

The first article a screen star should buy—even before her underwear—is the best string of oriental pearls she can afford. These are an absolute requisite since they can be worn at almost any hour of the day or night and with almost any sort of costume. Pearls cost anywhere from a thousand dollars for a tiny string up to the hundreds of thousands. A triple strand necklace of medium-sized, perfectly matched oriental pearls can be procured for one hundred thousand.

Naturally, every star cares to have more than a string of pearls. She may wish to own in addition a diamond and ruby ring and bracelets, an emerald set, and other combinations of costly gems. Distinguished women in any country, of course, acquire the best gems they can find and then have them re-set as occasion requires, always keeping the same jewels but changing the style of setting, the design, as fashion dictates.

The next most expensive item in any motion picture star’s wardrobe is wraps. One should have a day-time coat in mink or sable which can cost anywhere from five to twenty thousand. Also, it is necessary to have an evening wrap of ermine or chinchilla, which would run from five to twenty thousand for ermine, up to fifty thousand dollars and over for chinchilla. Nor does that include two fur neck pieces for suits, from five to fifteen hundred each.

Then take day-time clothes. Since we are shopping for the whole year, a star should have at least five sports suits at two hundred each.

And here we mustn’t forget two tailored suits, absolutely indispensable for the truly smart woman’s correct wardrobe—at two hundred and fifty dollars each. To say nothing of two riding habits, one for cross-saddle and one for side-saddle—at approximately two hundred and fifty each.

But even the most tailored woman can’t live in sports clothes alone since the new fashions have appeared which make luncheon and smart late afternoon ensembles a necessity. Some quite plain frocks for such occasions at one hundred and fifty dollars each and a few trimmed with fur, for elaborate parties and teas, which may run as high as a thousand each, are absolutely essential for a screen star who appreciates her responsibilities.

And still that leaves us without evening dresses of which a star should have at least seven. Simple ones for spring, lighter ones for summer and gowns of a more distinguished type for fall and winter. These with suitable wraps to harmonize fly up the scale from five hundred to a thousand each.

Now, so far, we haven’t even touched on accessories! First come shoes. These may cost from fifty dollars up for day-time, and a star should have at least forty-six pairs a season, as well as an adequate supply of evening slippers which sometimes cost as high as one hundred and fifty dollars.

Then stockings present a large item. Ten dollars a pair for day-time to from twenty to fifty dollars for evening. And so many are necessary since they are gossamer.

Add to this, six dozen pairs of gloves; fine crepe underwear trimmed with real lace, at two hundred and fifty each; lace girdles at one hundred a piece; a thousand dollars a year for the care of the hair; twenty-five hundred dollars per annum for daily massage; a thousand dollars each twelve months for specially prepared perfumes; to say nothing of manicures, creams, lotions, powder, soap, handkerchiefs, bathing suits, in-between coats, blouses, and hats—of which latter item a star should have three for each costume so that she may vary her headgear according to the mood she is in. (Cont. on page 119)
ROLES
the STARS
would like
to PLAY

Claudette Colbert
as Juliet

The charming Claudette hopes some day to play Shakespeare's loveliest heroine. Here she is in a dream costume symbolizing her conception of the glorious rôle.
Kay Francis as Cleopatra

Perhaps more than any other actress on the screen Kay Francis carries out the popular idea of the siren of the Nile. She is a subtle Cleopatra, capable of amazing intrigue—but can you imagine her in the queen's lighter moments when she and Antony ran around ringing doorbells in Alexandria?
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. as Mephistopheles

Young Doug is the most imaginative of all our leading juveniles. He has confessed to an ambition to play L'Aiglon and Hamlet, but his newest enthusiasm is the part of Mephistopheles. Here is a young modern's version of a robust rôle, enacted against modernistic backgrounds.
Janet Gaynor as *Luana*
from "The Bird of Paradise"

The rôle above all others that Janet would select to play on either stage or screen, if she had her choice, would be Luana. While in Honolulu on her honeymoon she took lessons in the hula dance. The skirts and all the trappings she wears in these portraits are authentic.
Jeanette MacDonald as Ming Toy from “East is West”

This brilliant prima donna who has deserted the stage for the screen would relish portraying the rôle of the charming, coy Ming Toy from the play that had such a success some years ago. Miss MacDonald gladly disguises her fair hair and wide eyes to assume the straight black banded wig and almond optics of the Oriental heroine.
Mary Brian as Babbie from "The Little Minister"

Her youth and sweetness make Mary Brian an ideal Barrie heroine. She would bring what Sir James himself calls 'that damned charm' to the rôle in the beloved Barrie play.
John Mack Brown as the young Abraham Lincoln

Some of the rugged honesty and quiet strength of the great national hero have been caught by Johnny Mack Brown, who would, in all sincerity, like to play Lincoln as a young man.
Lila Lee as *Mimi*

Lillian Gish has been the only screen Mimi of "La Bohème" to date; so it is interesting to note the widely differing conceptions of the popular part by two such outstanding actresses as Lila Lee and Bessie Love. Lila sees the Puccini heroine as a fragile, yearning beauty—an idealization of the rôle.
Bessie Love as Mimi

Here is another Mimi—a touching little creature as Bessie Love recreates her. She is wistful rather than tragic, a thoroughly sympathetic and understandable character if not so spirituelle as Miss Lee has imagined the rôle.
Gary Cooper
as
Sidney Carton

A little lesson in film history: how many of you remember William Farnum in the first screen version of Charles Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities?" It was a notable production, and Farnum gave a stirring performance. Now we introduce a new candidate for the rôle of Carton—Gary Cooper. Gary hopes to play the part on the screen some day.
And again—do you remember Geraldine Farrar in "Joan the Woman?" What a different Maid from the delicate, ethereal martyr here portrayed by Loretta Young! And yet there is a steely strength beneath Loretta's child-like loveliness, and if she were ever cast in her favorite character she would acquit herself creditably.
It seems to us that if more Wagnerian heroines on the operatic boards looked like Betty Compson, the serious musical entertainments would be as popular as the talkies!
Renee Adoree

as

Josephine

Here is a heroine! Being French, Renee has always longed to play the beautiful and brilliant Empress Josephine. And these pictures prove that she could.
Fay Wray as Kiki

And if you don't think the once-demure Miss Wray could play the Parisian gamine whom Lenore Ulric created on the stage, glance at these portraits and change your mind. Fay could play—and she hopes to one of these days—a wholly delightful Kiki.
Glenn Hunter first played the rôle on stage and screen. But Jack Oakie has been hoping so hard to present his version to screen audiences that it actually looks as though Paramount will star him in it. Watch out for Oakie in "Merton of the Movies."
William Powell wants to play *A Wealthy Retired Motion Picture Actor on the Riviera*.

Bill couldn't resist this. He really would like to play Cesare Borgia some time; but his favorite rôle above all others is a rich retired screen star, basking in sunny France!
This is the story of a guy, a regular, natural guy, and his mother, a regular, natural mother.

Meet Jack Oakie and his Ev.

Mrs. Evelyn Offield (the good old family name was Offield) knows more about Jack Oakie than anybody does or ever will. They have been close pals ever since Jack was born. That’s why we’re asking Ev to tell us about her boy Oakie.

Just as soon as Jack signed his Paramount contract and could see that he was going to stay in Hollywood for a few months, out went a call for his Ev to hop on a train and come west.

Ev is a nice old lady with a grand sense of humor and a great perspective on life. She’s plump, white-haired and jovial. She has the identical Oakie face with every wrinkle in her face a laugh wrinkle.

First, I’ll tell you that Ev is not a doting mother. She

thinks Jack is a swell boy—and she’s right. But she doesn’t constantly remind you that Jack Oakie is one of the biggest stars of the screen. She doesn’t tell you that he’s misunderstood. But she likes Jack Oakie. She says he’s lucky. She knows he’s had a good break.

Now, Ev lives in a little bungalow on a side street of Hollywood. She’s happy and contented to see motion pictures and clip all the pictures and articles about Jack Oakie from the papers around Hollywood and paste them in a book.

**Above:** Jack’s best girl—she never breaks a date, makes him save his money, and does his mending. She is Mrs. Evelyn Offield.

**Left:** at the age of four Jack was known as Lewis Offield and his mother had hopes that he would grow up to be the governor of New York state.

**Right:** the smile that is the latest screen sensation. Jack Oakie’s mother doesn’t tell you he’s misunderstood. She says he’s had a good break, that’s all.

Before Ev was married she was one of the best school teachers in Sedalia, Missouri. So good that many children are now named Evelyn for her. She has always been energetic and ambitious. She once wanted Jack to be the Governor of New York State. During a political meeting in Salt Lake City, when she was the delegate from Missouri, she sat next to Mrs. (Continued on page 108)
The Grand Central Station at 42d Street, the first place to gladden the eyes of the stars when they arrive in the big city on the Twentieth Century Limited. They emerge from the arched gateway to the left.

A Star's Day in New York

9:40 A.M. Arrive in New York on Twentieth Century Limited.
10:00 A.M. Register at Hotel Ambassador.
1:00 P.M. Lunch at Sardi's.
2:45 P.M. Matinée, "June Moon," at the Broadhurst.
5:00 P.M. Tea at the Ritz.
7:30 P.M. Dinner at the Crillon or Caviar.
11:30 P.M. Night Clubs.
2:00 to 4:00 A.M. Harlem.
5:00 A.M. Breakfast at Dave's Blue Room.
And then—home, and to bed!
INFIDELITY, said some old guy with new ideas, is what makes marriage bearable. And that’s the way it is with New York. And Hollywood. If it wasn’t for New York, Hollywood would just roll over and play dead. They say so themselves.

Mind you, not that the stars would care to live in New York. Oh, my goodness, decidedly naut! Why, we wouldn’t have the town if they gave it to us, would we? No, indeedy. So there.

But, nonetheless, the wise men and foolish virgins might all well be Followers of the Prophet. For they’re always facing East, and wearing out their knee-pads making genuflections.

You see, New York is—well—it’s different. They’ll tell you so. There are places to go. And things to do. Then there’s Jimmy Walker. Grover Whalen, too. It’s worth the trip just to say howdy.

It’s interesting right from the beginning. For upon alighting from the good old Twentieth Century Limited, what is the first place to gladden the eye saddened by the red barns of Kansas? Nothing in the world but the far-famed trysting place of Clara Bow and Harry Richman. To wit, the Grand Central Station. Since it has been re-christened ‘Clara’s Love Nest,’ folks have taken to chipping pieces off for souvenirs. Soon it will be all whittled away.

Having cut themselves a slice of station—or ‘deepo,’ as the Hollywood intelligentsia call it—you pay off the hired hands who have been struggling with your vanity case, and experience the thrill of personally meeting one of the town’s authentic bandits. No matter if your hotel is two blocks (squares to you in Philadelphia) away, you’re going to see our city just the same. So it is only after doing an East Side-West Side, while the musical taximeter ticks ‘Merrily We Toll Along,’ that you arrive either at your original destination or at some nearby hospital. The taxi-drivers favor the latter. But sometimes they miss.

If you stop at the Algonquin, you’ll be carried to your room with a certain slow dignity by Frank, the elevator boy, who has been elevating the drama for twenty-five years and has more service stripes than Pershing or Peggy Joyce. En route, Frank’ll tell you who’s in town, and in a spirit of innocent fun, you’ll probably immediately disturb Bert Lytell, or some one, to come on up and split an infinitive with you. Naturally, you’re one who can take his infinitives or leave ’em alone. But now, remember, you’re in New York. And it’s compulsory to make boop-oop-a-doopee.

If you don’t pass out before luncheon, you’ll brush the alkali from the face with a whisk-broom, and being thus recognizable, George, the headwaiter, will give you a spot near the celebrities. Good, old celebrities! What would the Algonk be without them? There they sit, and sit and sit, year after year—like the Lion of Lucerne. Or Phil Scott.

(Continued on page 125)
The young idol of the Chinese stage, Mr. Mei Lan-Fang, has been the reigning novelty of the current New York theatrical season in his classical dramas of the Orient. He plans to visit Hollywood at the invitation of Douglas Fairbanks.

Despite what Mr. Kipling has written about East being East and West being West and never the twain meeting, the twain has met—in the person of Mr. Mei Lan-Fang.

The twain has met—and how! For this greatest actor of the Orient, who has recently played in New York where he became the reigning novelty of the current theatrical season will use the modern mechanism of the west, the talking picture, to introduce the ancient classical dramas of the east.

In the drawing room of his suite at the Hotel Plaza in New York, Mr. Mei stood, holding a telegram in his hand. Through an interpreter, he explained:

"I am going to California. I have here a telegram from Douglas Fairbanks inviting me to visit him. While I am in Hollywood," he continued, "I not only hope to make a real study of cinema art but I also want to make some talking pictures—in technicolor."

Mr. Mei's drawing room was jammed with people. Newspaper reporters, artists eager to sketch him, heads of theatrical organizations trying to book him for a tour, Chinese students longing for a word with the great man, interpreters, secretaries, friends, agents, and maids and porters who were packing his paintings, his books, his porcelain, and his many magnificent costumes preparatory to his moving to a hotel more convenient to the theater where he was appearing.

Apart from all this western confusion, the young idol of China stood, as calm as a jade Buddha. Tall, slight, dressed in a long stiff robe of exquisite dark blue brocade, with a darker pattern of roses in it, Mr. Mei conversed with each person in turn. Although he is thirty-six years old, he looks like a youth. There is a quiet charm, a calm courtesy about him which I have never observed in any other individual.

Mei Lan-Fang's off-stage voice is deep, low, capable of incredible variations. His hands are the most beautiful I have ever seen. Long, thin, white, tapering. His face is indescribably gentle. His whole personality exudes a courtliness such as one imagines was possessed only by the old Mandarin Princes.

Mr. Mei, as you probably know, plays only women's rôles in the ancient classical Chinese dramas which he is introducing for the first time in New York City. Off-stage, this Chinese actor appears virile and athletic. But on the stage, his waving fingers, his floating walk, his high falsetto voice invoke a picture so far removed from our realistic ideas that it is hard for us of the West to follow him. Nevertheless, even the most unimaginative, insensitive, prejudiced person in a Western audience instantly senses that in Mei Lan-Fang one is seeing a great artist. For never once, while he goes through the rigidly conventional pantomime, singing, recitation and dancing which form a harmonious whole in these old plays, do we have any other illusion but that Mei is in reality a woman—graceful as water, haunting as music, beautiful in a high and dreamlike degree.
and the MOVIES

China's Great Actor, Now in America, Plans to Make Talking Pictures

Through an interpreter, Mr. Mei continued:

"In China, we have no new form of drama. From innumerable centuries of history which reach back almost to the legendary period, we draw our subject matter for the majority of plays.

"Realism is shunned. The imagination of our Oriental audiences is developed to an extraordinary degree. We substitute our imagination for realistic scenery. We are content with a cushion, a chair, a beautiful hanging.

"A whip suggests a horse, a piece of blue cloth a wall, a word an orchard. Actors unbolt and push open imaginary doors and are separated by walls unseen except in the imagination of the audience.

"There is, in China, no indigenous popular drama without musical accompaniment, although for some time past an effort has been made by the modern set to produce spoken plays without music after the fashion of those in Europe and America. The music which accompanies our dramas is, for the most part, what we call p'ii-huang music, formed by brass percussion instruments.

"Plays are commonly divided into two great groups: the wen, or civil and operatic, and the wu, or military. The former are quiet, but the latter are set to loud brass, and contain swiftly-moving stage battles."

"It is not Mr. Mei's idea to make talking pictures with an idea towards releasing them for distribution in this country. Western realism, he considers, is too far removed from the ritualistic, ballet-like acting of the East.

"But he wishes to make talking films, in technicolor, so that the thousands of Chinese in the outlying, isolated towns and villages of his own country may become familiar with the ancient, classical dramas of their nation.

"He realizes that it is not possible nor practicable for any actor in one life time personally to cover the one million five hundred thousand square miles of territory in China, but he considers it a strange and romantic fact that this new, modern mechanism of the West, the talking picture, should be the vehicle for circulating the old traditional plays of China, some of which go back to the third and fourth century A.D.

"In China, according to Mr. Mei, American talking pictures are inordinately popular. The audiences love Clara Bow, John Gilbert, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Alice White and John Barrymore. While only the larger cities are wired, as yet, for talking pictures, Mr. Mei hopes that it will not be long until the smaller cities enjoy the same privileges as we have here in America.

"The Chinese moving picture theater is more intimate than ours, I understand. In China, one meets one's friends at the theater, sits at little tables, and tea, drinks and food are often served during the performances. Admission costs from fifty cents to one dollar; and the larger cities, such as Shanghai and Peking, have large, commodious houses.

"Although China has one or two privately conducted motion picture producing companies, American films are preferred above all others. Chinese films are rarely successful because China has few good technicians, camera men and directors. And instead of trying to develop her own dramas with which she is familiar, she apes Hollywood methods with which she is extremely unfamiliar—the result varying from the pitiable to the ludicrous.

"Mei Lan-Fang comes by his dramatic instincts naturally for his grandfather, Mei Ch'iao-ling, was a renowned impersonator of female roles from 1871 to 1861. He was also the head of a training school for actors. Mr. Mei learned his dramatic technique from his uncle, Yu-t'ien, one of the most famous musicians (Continued on page 111)
The STARS'

Economy is all the Rage in Hollywood, where Thrift is the Slogan

ECONOMY the regulation of resources; frugality in expenditure; thrift.—Webster.


Not only have a few stars fallen for it heavily, but practically every star. No longer is it 'quite the thing' to flash a big wad of bills around. No longer is that pleasant little pastime of trying to 'out-dress' or 'out-spend' a rival celebrity popular.

How times have changed! Formerly, movie stars' weekly pay checks melted faster than grease paint 'neath the California sun. But not any more. Not since the coming of the money managers.

Many a prominent star receiving a tremendous salary is today on a twenty-five or fifty-dollars-a-week spending basis, with their whole income under the control of financial experts, who must countersign each and every check before it can be cashed or given away.

There are two interesting reasons for this rather unique state of affairs. One is that stage players, who not even in their palmiest days earned salaries like those paid for talking pictures, are now in the ascendant in Hollywood. They are level-headed and experienced enough to realize that the money won't always come rolling in so beautifully. And knowing that, they do their very best to hang on to the hard-earned shekels!

The second and perhaps foremost reason for the film city's sudden wave of thrift can be laid squarely at the door of the late Wall Street disaster of 1929. The bulls and bears had their battle and the picture folks suffered thereby. Some of them lost only a little. Others lost practically everything they possessed. One actor who had earned something like $180,000 in two years, 'dropped'

Little Jane is one of the reasons Ann Harding is so sensible about saving her money. Ann is as economical as she is beautiful.

Tony Bushell and his wife, Zelma O'Neal, caught in the midst of a shopping spree—now, don't let it happen again! (Left.)

Buddy Rogers' father is taking care of his son's business affairs. Buddy gets $25 a week for his personal expenses. Thrift!
every penny he owned. A $25,000-a-year actress lost $75,000 and was heavily in debt besides.

The Wall Street riot set the film colony thinking—thinking ways and means of hanging on to their money in the future. The coming of the economy experts solved the question.

There are now many such finance firms scattered over the film capital. One firm alone has thirty motion picture clients on its lists and manages their affairs in every particular.

One of the oldest of these firms is the Equitable Investment Company, formed five years ago. Its personnel is made up of real experts—college graduates with long and varied experience in law, banking, insurance, accounting, etc. The firm’s general manager is J. E. Rex Cole, who is economy itself. He isn’t mean like the old Scotch gentleman who bought an apple orchard and then waited for an earthquake to come and shake down the fruit, but he does talk thrift to his clients straight from the shoulder.

Warner Baxter was this firm’s very first client. Also, he was one of the first actors in Hollywood to turn control of his own income over to someone else. Now the Cole clients include Clive Brook, William Boyd, Neil Hamilton, Patsy Ruth Miller, Ann Harding, Joan Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong, Robert Ames, Zelma O’Neal, Tony Bushell, and many others.

At one time Rex Cole had Buddy Rogers but Bert Rogers, Buddy’s father, is now living in Hollywood. He is taking care of Buddy’s business affairs. He also uses the budget system. Buddy gets $25.00 a week for his personal expenses.

Jobyna Ralston Arlen cares for all the money of Richard (Continued on page 116)
Richard Dix—

Turn any corner of any street or road in America and you will meet Richard Dix. What I mean is that he is the typical 'say-it-with-a-smile,' 'come-on-boys,' 'sure-I’m-great-stuff-girl-friend,' go-getting, he-man American. Even unto his looks. What Europeans notice, with amazement and sarcasm, is that the American man, in general, has a smooth, fairly wrinkleless face, that is, somewhat a boy's face, innocent, smiling, good-natured in expression, with a touch of Indian in the shape, and that he is often tall with an out-door air. Compare Hoover's face with that of a French statesman and we see a babe next a gnarled, bewhiskered, wrinkle-grooved sophisticate.

But the Europeans are often fooled by this boyish appearance. Behind the innocent mask there is usually the blood of the Indianized pioneer, ruthless, reckless, hell-raising, out for scalps. The Europeans were stupefied at the laughing, reckless manner in which the A. E. F. went over the top. 'Give me victory or give me death' could be the American slogan. That is the way our prize-fighters slug, the way our football teams make their goals, the way our men build up big industries. When it comes to sociability, all smiles and 'Hail, hail, the gang's all here,' but when it comes to fighting, heap Indian.

Which explains why we could call a man Dix, or a Dix, as we'd call him a Yank, or an American.

Nevertheless, ladies and gentlemen of the movie audience, having said all that, I'm going to draw some of it. Richard Dix is first and foremost an actor and has been a star longer than almost any other movie actor. He has, in fact, been an actor always, saving for his childhood and the short time he put in working for a Minneapolis bank. And you can't be an actor and an average man at one and the same time. Dix is built for and has played the part of an average American to perfection.

But average guys do average things. They don't yearn, as against their family's advice, for Kleig lights and camera; they don't like make-up; they aren't adored on sight, and shadow-sight at that, by countless young women, here and abroad; they don't give the impression of being heroes; they don't go in for a study of music; and they don't, in this land of the free, remain unmarried. Richard Dix is the most unmarried man in Hollywood. A national prize should be awarded him. Any man who can withstand the dominance of the American women, especially in the home of that perpetual Prize Beauty Contest we call Hollywood, is certainly far from average.

Why does this bronzed six-footer with the guileless face and the deep musical masculine voice maintain an astonishing popularity with the ladies and yet stay unwed? If you ask Dix he will say that he has always wanted a real home, a real wife.

My answer, or rather guess, would be that he is an actor, which means that he would rather play a part than be it; and that he is on to himself, which most actors aren't, for we see most of them rush into the front door of matrimony only to be ignominiously ejected through the rear door. Playing a husband and being one are so vastly different that the comparison gives one the creeps.

Nor am I disparaging actors, or any other artists, when

Richard Dix is the go-getting, he-man American—with a difference. James Oppenheim explains this departure from type in this story.
I say this. This world would be a poor place indeed if there weren’t a breed of men and women born to play parts, whereby the rest of us are entertained, sometimes inspired and even instructed. So artists should have their privileges, one of which is to be less married than the rest of us.

But to get down to brass tacks. Dix is charmingly honest in his answers to the questionnaire sent him by SCREENLAND. Who would suspect, for instance, that this smiling, easy-going, go-getting typical American admits:

I am a little self-conscious at times.
I am a little shy at times.
I like being conspicuous—but not at home.
I am very jealous—if in love!
It is hard for me to ‘sell’ myself; that is, ask for a job, a raise, make a deal—except sometimes.
Life isn’t a game to me, to be played through like a sport.
It is not easy for me to order others around.
I am only a fairly good actor in public.
I am a one-woman man by nature.

In other words, there is a bit of the introvert (the type that finds it difficult to adapt to the world) in Dix. Perhaps only a small bit, but there it is—the reason, probably, that he is an actor instead of an engineer or aviator. For most artists, finding it hard to live parts, play them, whether writing stories, or acting. I hasten to add that Dix appears to be less introverted than most of them. But first let us get this line of charming and unexpected candor:

**Question:** Are you considered ‘deep’ by others?

**Answer:** No, I am not.

And they say that all actors are pyramids of conceit! When it comes to the extraverted side, here we are:

I completely forget myself when I talk, work or play.
I am very practical.
I very quickly get over a quarrel, disappointment or loss.
I’m a good mixer (very much).
Well, I am at Lone Pine again, and glad of it. And here, too, is my old friend the Square Deal Garage, 'where almost right is all wrong' which certainly is an ace line. My last trip was with the Ken Maynard company and this time I went up with the "Under Western Skies" company. Clarence Badger directs and the players are Lila Lee, Sidney Blackmer, Kenneth Thompson, Olive Tell, Farrell Macdonald, Tom Dugan, David Newell and J. W. Johnson, Fred Kohler and Raymond Hatton are in it, too, but they had finished their bit before I arrived.

I remembered Lone Pine as being one of the most beautiful spots in California. Nature is very grand up there. And on this trip I discovered an interesting fact about it. Farrell Macdonald who plays the amusing and lovable Buzzard, is a naturalist and amateur astronomer as well as a splendid actor. I say amateur because he does not make astronomy his business, but, as a matter of fact, he has made an extensive study of the subject and it is his main hobby. What interests him most is the fact that natural science proves the claims made by metaphysicists. Well, anyhow, Farrell told me that there, within the radius of about fifty miles, is the highest and the lowest point in the United States. Mt. Whitney, the highest, with an elevation of 14,502 feet; and Death Valley, which is far below sea level. Also, within the same number of miles, is the Sierra Nevada range of mountains of which Mt. Whitney is a peak, said to be among the newer formations of the earth; and the Alabamas, said to be among the oldest—this according to geology. On a rocky promontory of the Alabamas a little stone house was built by Clarence Badger's staff and all the pictures illustrating this article and scenes of the country you will see when the picture is released, were shot right on one of the oldest rock formations in the world's history. Which will be interesting to the geology class, anyway!

"Where have you been?" asked Sidney Blackmer when he saw me stumbling over the rocks. "We expected you last night. Farrell had his telescope up in the lot back of the hotel and we were going to show you the stars. We got Betelgeuse and the moon and had a lot of fun."

"And I was whacking along doing my best to get here," I replied. "I didn't land until eleven-thirty and went straight to bed. I knew no one in the troupe would be awake at that hour with a five-thirty call. Where's Lila?"

"Probably asleep, lazy little thing," grinned Sidney. "She has an eleven o'clock call this morning." Oh, the jealousy of these actors when one can sleep later in the morning than the other! Sid, Farrell Macdonald, Tom Dugan and John Johnson had been on the set since seven, having motored from the hotel at Lone Pine ten or fifteen miles away.

"It's great to be out today," Sid went on. "Yesterday it was awful. Cold and windy, so windy Lila could hardly stand against it. I thought I'd have to tie a rope around her to keep her on the cliff at all." He pointed to an outdoor stone oven. "We had a fire in that yesterday—the young couple trying to get along in the wilderness idea, you know—taking scenes with it was punishment. The wind kept blowing the smoke in my face and I was supposed to play an emotional, romantically emotional scene in front of it. Technique at a time like that stands a
man in good stead."

Sid, you know, is married to the beautiful Lenore Ulric. In this picture, both Lila Lee and Sidney Blackmer have unusual characters to play. You’ll hate Sid at first and feel very sorry for him afterwards, and you’ll weep for Lila at first and want to spank her later in the picture.

The stone cottage Lila and Sid were supposed to live in was the cutest thing I almost ever saw, overlooking the snow-capped mountains, the valley, and the purple range beyond that hid Death Valley from our view. In front was a tiny stone porch with an arbor and two little cactus gardens in front.

“It’s amazing how rapidly they work here,” Sidney told me. “Yesterday, Lila and I were building this cabin—we are supposed to build it ourselves in the story. We just worked on the first layer of rock and that’s the state this cottage was in last evening at five o’clock.”

“What do you mean to say all this was built just since last evening?”

“Every bit of it. Arbor, roof, cactus gardens and all. They finished at two-thirty this morning.”

“Well, of all things! I’ll bet the boys were good and cold.” They had put up several sun arcs which turned night into day ‘way up there in those lonely mountains. The whole house wasn’t of stone, though, just the first and top layers. The sides were imitation—plaster an inch thick spread over a frame. But the doors and windows are practicable, the floor is solid, and there is space for a fireplace. I was told the house should last easily two years. Not a bad evening’s work.

“Hello, slaves,” sang a merry voice and there was Lila Lee in a smart camel’s hair coat and purple silk scarf covering her head which she declared was just a little sex appeal between scenes. She looked as fresh and lovely as the morning. Whenever a player  

Director Clarence Badger, with cap and glasses, Farrell MacDonald, and the technical crew. Note the microphone suspended in mid-air. The camera booths weigh eight hundred pounds and are dragged by man-power over the boulders.
Arthur Lake offers a Gift for Golf

Tee off with Arthur Lake—Well, Not Exactly With Him But On Him If You Win The Golf Outfit Which He Offers For The Best Letter

Address letters to Arthur Lake, Screenland Contest Department, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.
ARThUR LAKE becomes a babbling brook when he starts talking about golf. He has 'dat ol' davil' golf fever—and it's incurable. Oh yes, Arthur is a golf enthusiast. With the California weather so tempting and the greens so inviting—can you blame him? Of course not! But here's where you come in—Arthur offers a golfing outfit exactly like his own to the writer of the best slang letter. Arthur's outfit is a man's, of course, but if a girl wins the contest, Mr. Lake will be glad to present her with a girl's golf outfit. So, you see, the contest is for everyone, male or female. Come one, come all!

The outfit consists of a leather golf bag, a set of nine 'irons' and a set of three 'woods,' made under the name of Walter Hagen, noted professional golfer. The entire set is one of which any great player would be proud.

Woods and irons are 'matched,' chosen carefully for weight and balance. It is an exact duplicate of the outfit with which Arthur plays.

Write the slangiest letter and also answer Arthur's question and the gift is yours. By best letter is meant, the clearest, cleverest and most sincere.

**Arthur and a close-up of the gift. The bag is of dark brown leather, has pockets to carry balls, sweater and shoes. A strap inside separates the wooden clubs from the iron clubs. Want it?**

Come on, sling the lingo, and you, too, can throw a pose on the golf links—only Arthur really plays a good game of golf. Fore!

WE all know Arthur Lake as a snappy, wise-cracking collegiate number. So, true to form, Arthur suggests a Slanguage contest. And what could be more appropriate, we ask you?

Here's the idea: Transpose the following letter into slang and the person sending in the cleverest slang letter, which will include your answer to Arthur's question, wins the prize. Profit by your slang.

Here's the letter:

**Dear Arthur:**

You are certainly a fortunate young man to be paid a salary to make love to such pretty girls as Olive Borden and Sue Carol and Mary Brian.

Do you really enjoy your love scenes with these girls? Or would you prefer your romance away from studio eyes—out on a hike in a canoe, for instance? Does it annoy you to have the director order 'Cut' right in the middle of your kissing scenes with Miss Carol or Miss Borden?

They say the early bird catches the worm. Well, you have started early enough. By the time you are ready to marry, you should be experienced enough to choose a very charming wife and your wedded life should be happy.

In future pictures, I should very much like to see you in (What kind of roles and photo-plays would YOU best like to see Arthur play?).

Sincerely,

Contest closes June 10, 1930.
"I am a working woman," Billie Dove announces, "and my work at the studio is the hardest kind of labor. Many days I put in from eight to fifteen hours; to say nothing of the attention I must give to my home. Very frequently I hear women say that housework is drudgery. So is acting in motion pictures."

Well, now! Work in the movies drudgery! And all this time you and you and you have yearned for a job in the movies. Let's think this thing over! Somehow, we didn't look at it that way, did we? We thought of the glamour, and deep down in our hearts we were thinking of a possible 'love-life.'

"Ah," we've sighed to ourselves, when no one was looking or in hearing distance, "there must be nothing like the movies and that good old 'love-life' we've heard so much about."

Plop! Get out of the way or you'll be knocked down by that air castle!

Well, if Billie Dove says that starring in the movies is a life of drudgery, make your decision before it's too late. Be a drudge or a drone, just as your little heart desires.

"There are so many things to take into consideration," Billie Dove explains, "when one considers the hard work and the physical qualifications necessary for a motion picture career. I have made it a set rule to enjoy an undisturbed eight hours' sleep every night. I determined that parties and evenings of gaiety and recreation should not interfere with this rule. But work at the studio very often does. I have worked before the cameras and microphones and under the tiring, blinding studio lights for fifteen hours at a stretch. When I went home I was dead tired. I never wanted to go back to work. Perhaps you will agree that there is an element of drudgery in this manufacturing city of Hollywood where the exports are celluloid with synchronized records.

"Then there is the upkeep of stardom," she went on. "I'll venture to say you haven't much of an idea what I mean by upkeep. A motion picture star, I mean, a feminine star, is aware just how much attention she must give to this upkeep every time she looks into her mirror. For when wrinkles come, Miss Faire Lovely must go. And isn't it a form of drudgery to keep the complexion clear, the hair..."
glossy and the flesh firm?

"Exercises are most necessary. Upon rising each morning, I perform the usual daily dozen perhaps two dozen times, including the simple movement of bending forward and touching my fingers to the toes. Then I take a cold shower. Then, off to the studio to work! Before retiring, when I return from work, exhausted, I tumble into bed

and perform what I call 'a bicycle ride.' This is done by lying on the back and elevating the legs and hips, and then following a rotary course with the legs, keeping in mind the illusion that one is pedaling a bicycle. This develops the leg muscles and keeps the hips slender and boyish."

When that is done, Billie confided, one is usually tired enough to drop off into a sound sleep, unless there are lines to memorize for the next day's work. Another item which comes under the category of work for the film star is fan mail. Answering the letters you write in to ask what size shoe your favorite star wears. You know by now that all of the stars do not answer these personally. Sometimes you receive the information in the form of an autographed photograph with sweet but not compromising sentences. Sure, you've received those things!

But Billie Dove answers her fan letters all by herself on her own typewriter. She believes in the personal touch. And the statistical fellow who counts the mail gives us his word on a celluloid oath that Billie receives 500,000 fan letters a year. But she answers them herself. Drudgery? Yes, but Billie says she gets a kick out of it. And in her spare time she paints, and she is somewhat of a musician, too, favoring a grand piano.

The house-work of a motion picture star is no small consideration, and Billie Dove takes this very seriously. She designed the greater part and the general idea for her beautiful home and she contributed ideas for the modernistic furnishings. Her servants declare that she is a stickler for cleanliness, and if there is a spot of dust anywhere, the lady of the house will find it. She supervises their work and sees that it is done properly.

She also supervises the meals and has been known personally to order the groceries. She is particular about the food which is served on her table because it is her foundation of health. Her big meal (Continued on page 126)
Mother Makes Good!

Above: Lenore Coffee (Mrs. William Cowen) and her daughter Joyce.

Upper left: Lucile Webster Gleason, actress and playwright, and her son Russell.

Above: Clara Beranger, scenarist, and her daughter.

Left: Agnes Christine Johnston, famous film writer, and her three children. Miss Johnston is Mrs. Frank Duzzy.

Right: Bess Meredith, who has written many screen successes, with her eight-year-old son.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
From "THE SEA BAT"

The scene is the harbor of Mazatlan, Mexico, a small seaport on the Gulf of California about 1100 miles from Los Angeles.
"And the elephant sneezed and fell on his knees"—but he didn't, luckily.

Below: a movie star meets a zebra. He'd change his stripes for Bernice.

Above: this seal is a star in his own line and he is anxious to impress the little star from the film studios.

A LITTLE girl from musical comedy came to Hollywood. She was quiet and a hard worker, and never bragged that she was the protegée of the famous opera singer, Madame Jeritsa, who had predicted a brilliant future for her. Then the little girl appeared in her first musical movie, "No, No, Nanette," and made good. Now Bernice Claire is one of the bright and shining lights of Microphoneland, with new friends and fan letters and everything. You'll see her soon in "Spring is Here." And how do you like her own private circus?

Girls of the circus have their domestic moments, as Miss Claire demonstrates (left).

Below: a big day in the life of the principal zebra in Mr. Al G. Barnes' circus.

Although Bernice Claire has never been a member of a circus troupe, she has the humor and courage of all true troupers. When she visited the winter quarters of the Al G. Barnes circus she cast off all her stellar dignity and remembered only the thrill of being 'back-stage' at the show—that girls and boys prefer to all others.
Screenland's spring circus has an all-star cast. Bare-back rider, Bernice Claire. Chief clown, Miss Bunny Claire. Head elephant trainer, Bernice Claire. Lady in leopards' den, Miss B. Claire. May we add that Miss Bernice Claire is one star who never uses a double?

Right: sitting on top of the world. Bernice Claire is supported by Jumbo, the prize elephant.
Below: a Shetland pony is petted by a screen-star and doesn't mind it a bit.

Above: probably the highest-priced bare-back rider in the world. Bernice, get right down, this instant!
Below: Bernice temporarily exchanges her star's dressing-room at the studio for a circus wagon.

If you have never been tickled by a friendly leopard you haven't any idea how Bernice Claire feels.

Whee! Bernice Claire soon learns the ropes of a circus and says there's nothing like the smell of the sawdust and the sight of the circus tents and the wagons to bring on a good old case of spring whoopee.
MARILYN MILLER is in Hollywood again, working in her second musical movie, an original story with music by Jerome Kern, who composed the score for "Sally."
LUIS Antonio Damasco de Alonzo of Chihuahua, Mexico, was slated to become a bull fighter. But fate decreed that he should turn out to be Gilbert Roland of Hollywood.
DOESN'T she look like Gloria Swanson here? Lottice Howell's voice opened the studio gates for her. You'll see and hear her soon with Ramon Novarro "In Old Madrid."
A NEW young man to write letters to: John Garrick. An Englishman, he has won a definite place in Hollywood with his pleasant voice and manners and—yes, that smile.
All photographs of Miss Dorothy Mackaill taken exclusively for Screenland Magazine by Elmer Fryer.

When some girls go dramatic they get high-hat. Not Dorothy. She still likes to step.

When plumper young ladies ask Miss Mackaill how she stays so slim and svelte she is apt to answer: "Dancing does it."

No Hollywood diet for Dorothy. She eats what she wants and dances when she pleases.

You have only to glance around these two pages to understand why Dorothy Mackaill was an outstanding attraction of the Ziegfeld Follies. That was before Art called and Dorothy answered by going into pictures. Now she is an important actress, but she hasn't forgotten how to dance.

Of all the new spring hats we have seen somehow we like Miss Mackaill's the best.
Dorothy is wearing the very latest collar-and-cuff set for dancing girls. The cuffs are elaborately embroidered in rhinestones and the collar—why, where's the collar?

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?" At Dorothy Mackail's invitation? Try and stop us.

"Sorry, but I don't know any more steps," says Dorothy. What, no encores? Oh, come on! Just one teeny, weeny little encore? Oh, all right!

Yes, there's no doubt about it in our minds whatsoever—we certainly do like that hat.
THE miracle maid of movieland keeps marching on! Directors cry for Betty Compson’s services, so she hurries from one studio to another—in her specially-built town car.
AN actor unique in screen history: Lewis Stone, who now plays father rôles as easily and gracefully as he once played impetuous lovers—and he's still very, very popular.
YES sir, she's still our Bebe. This glamorous Daniels girl whose dusky beauty has been supplemented by a stirring voice has a new leading man—Mr. Ben Lyon.
DOROTHY REVIER, blonde, serene, and beautiful, can play sirens or sweet young things with equally agreeable results. She is the gem of Columbia’s collection.
What the Genteel
And She Did, Back

And if skirts keep getting longer and wider, and veils remain in vogue, and ruffles and bows and furbelows stay in style, the well-dressed young lady of 1932 may find herself wearing clothes not so very different from these worn by Marion Davies in her new and most amusing film, "The Gay Nineties."

Left: a little jacket suit with 'nipped-in' waistline—where have you heard that before? Hat, veil, and scarf show polka-dot motif, also used in the gay 1930's.

Below: for the races, the trotteur of small checks, with fur hat and matching muff, is too smart for words.

"Oh, tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" Yes, five more, kind sir—if you can believe all you have heard about that famous Florodora Sextette. Marion Davies plays one of the six maidens who flounced about the stage so prettily with plumes and parasols and made musical comedy history, back in "The Gay Nineties."
Young Girl May Wear

in the Gay Nineties!

This is the time of year when fashion forecasts are being made. Well, Screenland's fashion department wants to make one right now. If something isn't done about it now, next season's styles will resemble those pictured here so closely that it won't even be funny. Are they comfortable? Just ask Marion!

Right: skirts are longer (and funnier) with the fashionable flare. Plaid is smart for jackets. Muffs are the vogue. 1890—and 1930!

Below: the natural waistline is 'in' again. Skirts may be in tiers and flounces—and frequently are. Note sleeve bows.

A dressy chapeau is trimmed with a big more bow, giving a glimpse of an elegant coiffure—too ducky for words, my dears!

Fashion note: the train is an important development for formal wear. The natural waistline is emphasized. Ruffles are simply the last word. Large feather fans are carried in our best society. And if gentlemen trip on ladies' trains while going in to supper it only proves that the brutes are unworthy of our Gibson Girls. So there!
The once-despised screen has offered Ruth Chatterton a wider scope for her talents than the stage ever did. She has become a superbly versatile actress.
A LITTLE girl with a turned-up nose motioned for the attention of her four schoolmates. She leaned over the table of the leading confectionery store in Washington, D. C., where she and her chums were indulging in ice cream sodas. Her eyes flashed with ambition. In her excitement, she drew marks in the table cloth with her spoon.

"Someday, I will be a great actress. I decided it right now. Watch and see!"

The girls stopped eating their ice cream for a moment. They giggled in the sudden excitement but continued without giving the statement much thought. It really wasn't so different for a young girl to be stage-struck. Each one of the four probably had experienced the same desire at some time.

The difference was that these girls, from Mrs. Hazen's private school at Pelham Manor, who were spending their Christmas holidays in Washington, weren't aware of the definite personality possessed by this fourteen-year-old Ruth Chatterton girl. As the four talked about the marvelous show they had just seen and the handsome leading man, the fifth girl balanced her new ambition in her mind. Later, one of her schoolmates smiled to herself as they walked along the street. She turned to Ruth:

"I dare you to go on the stage!"

Youth is always ignited by dares.

"Come on!" challenged Ruth.

The girls quickened their steps and followed to the nearest theater. They waited outside in the alley and Ruth went in. She came out a chorus girl. And she never returned to school, despite strenuous parental objections.

Today, not at all oddly, the wild statement of this young girl with the turned-up nose has come true.

Ruth Chatterton is now one of the reigning royalty of the talking screen. Upon the foundation of hard... (Continued on page 122)
Reviews of the
By Delias Evans

**Song o' My Heart**

The most endearing of all the new films is John McCormack's sight and sound debut. These days the producers are building stories around voices as they once built around beautiful faces and figures. In this case they chose a world-famous voice and assigned Frank Borzage to direct. Happy selections! What with the great voice, and the simplicity of the story, and the delicate direction of Mr. Borzage, "Song o' My Heart" becomes the most charming picture on Broadway today. It's touching, tender, human. Its star is not a pomposous gilded tenor but a charming, modest, gentle man with a grin to match his girth and a splendid twinking sense of humor that encircles the plot and the cast and the audience. To hear McCormack sing Little Boy Blue with its imaginative Borzage setting is a treat. You'll like Mr. McCormack's Ireland better than previous Emerald Isles you've seen on the screen with their hejabberas and warra-warros—and be glad to know that John's Ireland is the real thing. Tommy Cliford and J. M. Kerrigan are grand.

**Young Eagles**

Another "Wings" if the enthusiasm of the audience I sat with is any indication. "Young Eagles" is, of course, another drama of war in the clouds, and not as exciting as its predecessor. But it has Buddy Rogers, if not Clara Bow; and Buddy's presence in a picture these days is almost enough for some people. He's a demon flier for Uncle Sam who pits his daring and skill against a dreadful German known as 'the Grey Eagle.' There is the best air-fighting I've ever seen on the screen—amazing shots of the great birds swooping through the clouds, and exciting 'crack-ups' that will keep you on tenter-hooks, whatever they are. Plot? Oh, yes, aplenty—Jean Arthur as a busy little spy and Paul Lukas as the enemy menace, to say nothing of Stuart Erwin as 'comedy relief.' Mr. Erwin is almost as 'inimitable' as Jack Oakie. In fact, the young star, Mr. Rogers, has competition in this picture, for Mr. Lukas is one of those villains you love to hate. But Buddy's ingenuous charm works as usual. He is still the star.

**The Case of Sergeant Grischa**

If you have had enough for the moment of musical comedy motion pictures try this, a very sombre drama directed by Herbert Brenon from the novel by Arnold Zweig. You really should see it because it is the kind of picture that will be talked about over dinner tables and discussed here and there, pro and con. Some people will like it. Others will be bored; while still others, I'm afraid, will be amused. But let's see what it's all about. Grischa is a Russian lad who escapes from a German prison camp because he 'wants to go home.' If you can sympathize with him from the start, you may be in sympathy with the picture. Grischa encounters a farm girl who helps him exchange identity with a dead soldier. But he is recaptured and faces a firing squad. Not pretty, you see; not heroic. Brenon's direction touches the high spots occasionally. Chester Morris works hard as Grischa, as does Betty Compson as Bahka; but there is a suggestion of Broadway artificiality about them. Jean Hersholt's performance is the most notable. Gustav von Seyffertitz is good.
Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects
The Six Most Important Films of the Month

Montana Moon

Westerns are coming back! You'll believe it when you see Joan Crawford in "Montana Moon." Joan can revive the Western vogue if anyone can. This glamorous girl is once again cast as the most flaming of all our dancing modern maidens; but this time, against a background of fresh air and fresh cowboys. It's a pretty familiar formula: dashing rich girl playing the game of hearts until a Real Man comes along, and then—redemption, and love and kisses. In "Montana Moon" Joan is, as always, the life of her party; but she wanders away from 'the gang' into the wide open spaces where the great outdoors and all growing things, especially John Mack Brown, get in their work. The girl ups and marries the cowboy and leads him home. Complications, of course, when the little bride gets homesick for whoopie. Very 'movie,' but ingratiating. Joan's voice is improving all the time; she couldn't very well be easier on the eyes. Mr. John Brown is nice. Cliff Edwards is very funny.

The Girl Said No

This picture will probably bring on a case of Haines fever among William's devoted admirers. Because in it the star plays another one of his cut-up roles that make the critics gnash their teeth and the audience chortle. "The Girl Said No" is a Haines frolic in which big Bill runs through his entire bag of tricks practically without stopping. First, he's a smart-aleck boy fresh from college; next, he's a smart-aleck lover pursuing a girl engaged to another; then he's a forlorn and repentant lad resolved to mend his wild ways and make the girl respect him; finally, he is smart-aleck again, having put over the big business deal and kidnapped the girl and, as usual, got his own way. There are some genuinely funny moments, notably those scenes in which Bill barges in on Marie Dressler to sell her some bonds and succeeds in a big way. Bill's love scenes with Leila Hyams will make you understand why Peggy Hopkins Joyce once chose him as the great screen lover. Go ahead and laugh; Peggy and I stick to our story.

Show Girl in Hollywood

Well, boys and girls, here's that trip to Hollywood I've been promising you. Watch out, now—don't bump your heads when you step into the de luxe sight-seeing bus. All aboard! You're going with Auntie Alice White, who's the "Show Girl" of Hollywood, with ballyhoo by J. P. McEvoy. What a liberal education this picture is for the film fans, to be sure. An 'expose' of filmmaking; a glimpse into the screen studios; a ride down Hollywood Boulevard; lunch at Montmartre—see the stars as you sandwich; and orchestra seats at a Hollywood premiere with stars all around you—they get under your feet and in your hair. The movies poke pleasant fun at themselves in this picture. In the merry-go-round of hilarity Alice White is at her best as Dixie Dugan, the Broadway show girl who crashes filmtown and makes good after humorous and dramatic complications. Alice sings, she dances, she pouts. Jack Mulhall, Ford Sterling, John Miljan, Blanche Sweet and scores of comics and cuties pitch in and make this a fun fest for you to enjoy.
Critical Comment

Only the Brave

A PICTURE that will leave a pleasant glow when the lights go up, and will undoubtedly double the fan mail of Gary Cooper and Mary Brian. "Only the Brave" isn't a special but it has a certain quiet satirical charm that will remain in the memory long after the impression of other more 'important' pictures will have faded. Once again—it isn't what they do, but how they do it. Frank Tuttle has taken this familiar old story of the northern spy who falls in love with the beautiful southern belle and has made it seem new and refreshing. Of course, Cary and Mary, the juvenile Gilbert-Garbo of the talkers, may be trusted to supply love scenes of sincerity and appeal. Generals Grant and Lee are among the members of the cast; and the historic scene at Appomattox aids the illusion. Cary in his uniform, Mary in her crinolines make just about the prettiest picture to be seen anywhere on the speaking screen these days.

Match Play

THIS is a two-reel comedy that deserves feature rating and attention. It's a picture that will please those few die-hards who only go to the movies when they are dragged by other members of the family. If you have one of those crooked-uncles or hard-to-please papas, try to inveigle him to the theater where "Match Play" is running. He'll be won over to our little new art of the sound screen, see if he isn't. There is no love triangle to bother him; no back-stage blues, no theme song. Just good, clean fun on the golf course, escorted by none other than Walter Hagen and Leo Diegel, mind you. Andy Clyde, the pivot of the piece, provides laughs in the best Sennett tradition; while Hagen and Diegel put on a show that will make you sit up and take notice whether you're a golf addict or not. Smooth and easy dialogue in which the famous 'pro's' participate, and Marjorie Beche for heart interest. Swell! Please don't miss it.

Lord Byron of Broadway

I 'LL break it to you gently. Yes, it's a story about a song-writer, and there are at least four 'popular songs' sung during the production. But—please wait a minute—"Lord Byron of Broadway" is just a little different. In fact, it's a whole lot different. Yes, it is. And you'd better see it, because it's really a nice picture. For one thing, you'll meet some new people. Charles Kaley, Marion Schilling and Ethelind Terry are newcomers you'll like. As if they weren't enough, there are Cliff Edwards, rapidly becoming one of my favorite comedians, and Benny Rubin, whom I'm gradually getting used to. Kaley plays a song-writer to whom 'love' is simply an excuse for a new song—until one little girl convinces him that 'love' is real and 'love' is earnest. I don't know what you'll think of Charles Kaley. He is interesting in a part that might easily have been poison to the girl fans. Yes, it looks as though Kaley is with us to stay.

Mamba

"T"HE sun shines east, the sun shines west, Mammy—"No, "Mamba." I'll tell you all about "Mammy" next month. This is just so you won't be confused. "Mamba" is nothing like an Al Jolson picture. It's oh, so grim and gruesome—the good old story of beauty and the beast, or bought and paid for. Eleanor Boardman plays 'me proud beauty,' sold to Jean Hersholt for a goodly sum and brought to Africa for a reign of terror from her despised husband. Fortunately, Ralph Forbes is handy, to defend the heroine and to look very personable in his German officer's uniform, monocle and all. For a stirring climax there's a beleaguered stockade with the English coming to the rescue, to make it more international. Hersholt is sufficiently hair-raising as the mean Mamba to warrant Eleanor's panic when he approaches. Technicolor is most becoming to Miss Boardman—yes, "Mamba" is all-color, and I don't mean just the Zulus.
Not since "Stella Dallas" has there been such a tear-inducer in the cause of mother love as "Sarah and Son." Stella and Sarah represent the old and the new styles of screen mother. You remember how Stella Dallas stood outside in the rain and suffered? Well, no such unhappy ending for Sarah. She's a modern woman. She has her son taken from her but she never rests until she finds him. And when she finds him she runs off with him, and no foster mother or anything can part them again. Ruth Chatterton is a poignant Sarah. She has a most difficult assignment in this rôle, which requires a German accent throughout—handled skilfully by the star. There are only a few scenes between the mother and her new-found son, so that these few are all the more telling and touching. Philippe De Lacer, the most charming boy on the screen, is still unspoiled. Dorothy Arzner's direction—I hate to admit it—is stilted in spots.

Fantastical Elinor Glyn tale turns into a good, brisk motion picture. It's never believable but always entertaining, so don't let's quibble. Of course it couldn't happen, but what do we care? At least, there's action, and plenty of it; and in the first reel you don't know what the last reel is going to bring. And that's an advantage, too. It relates the adventures of one Ludwig Kranz, fabulously rich and ugly European, who drops out of sight and his airplane after his beautiful blonde wife leaves him on their wedding night. When he turns up later as the handsome Pierre to woo and win his wife all over again, you still don't know just what Mme. Glyn has up her sleeve by way of a dénouement. Warner Baxter plays Ludwig-Pierre in picturesque style. Catherine Dale Owen is dignified and stately—and beautiful. You'll like Hedda Hopper as the heroine's gay and giddy sister. Not an important picture—just amusing.

Sarah and Son

Azrner's current film, "Sarah and Son," is an emotional story of a mother's love for her son. The film is directed by Dorothy Arzner and stars Elinor Glyn as Stella Dallas and Ruth Chatterton as Sarah. The story follows Stella as she searches for her son, whom she has been separated from. The film is praised for its emotional depth and performances, but some critics note that the direction is stilted.

Such Men Are Dangerous

A Fantasy of Elinor Glyn's "Stella Dallas" turns into a good, brisk motion picture. It's never believable but always entertaining, so don't let's quibble. Of course it couldn't happen, but what do we care? At least, there's action, and plenty of it; and in the first reel you don't know what the last reel is going to bring. And that's an advantage, too. It relates the adventures of one Ludwig Kranz, fabulously rich and ugly European, who drops out of sight and his airplane after his beautiful blonde wife leaves him on their wedding night. When he turns up later as the handsome Pierre to woo and win his wife all over again, you still don't know just what Mme. Glyn has up her sleeve by way of a dénouement. Warner Baxter plays Ludwig-Pierre in picturesque style. Catherine Dale Owen is dignified and stately—and beautiful. You'll like Hedda Hopper as the heroine's gay and giddy sister. Not an important picture—just amusing.

Be Yourself

Here's a really funny picture. Fannie Brice may not be the funniest woman on the screen but she comes perilously close to copying that title in her second sound cinema. It's immeasurably better than her first film because it is not just an elongated short but a well-worked-out vehicle in which the star is supported by one of those casts you encounter only once in a blue moon of movie shopping. Robert Armstrong plays the puillistie boy friend of big-hearted Fannie, a cabaret singer. Harry Green and Gertrude Astor are also present, and at their best. Fannie puts her 'pug' over only to have him throw her over for the blonde gold-digger played by Miss Astor. But never mind—Fannie finds a way, assisted by the always intelligent and sympathetic direction of Thornton Freeland. Miss Brice croons as capably as ever, and brings emotional sincerity to her more serious scenes. Armstrong is really splendid in his humorous rôle.

One Romantic Night

Lillian Gish's first talking picture is another film version of the Molnar play, "The Swan." Any competent ingenue could have played the princess. Miss Gish's tremendous talents are wasted in the rôle. She is quietly humorous and charming—she does all she can to make her antiquated vehicle interesting. But the odds are against her. Superlative direction might have helped; but Paul Stein's excellent, painstaking, workmanlike style did nothing to help things along. Only Von Stroheim or Lubitsch could have extracted real meaning from the slight circumstances. "One Romantic Night" proves little one way or another as to Lillian Gish's talkie qualifications. What could she do with a great tragic rôle? Marie Dressler, O. P. Heggie and Conrad Nagel are the most conspicuous members of Miss Gish's supporting cast, in which Rod La Rocque plays the part of the philandering prince with appropriate bluster.
“Happy Milestones

Hollywood Celebrates Its Birthdays and Anniversaries, Too

By Grace Kingsley

It’s to be a surprise party, and Bebe thinks there are to be only three people there with her and her mother!” exclaimed Mae Sunday, who was giving Bebe Daniels a birthday party at the Roosevelt Hotel.

Everybody was in cahoots, there at the hotel, to keep the thing quiet, from managers down to maids and waiters. So when Bebe arrived she was ushered into a darkened dining room!

“What’s this?” she demanded.

Then they sprung the lights, and there were a hundred people waiting to welcome their friend.

Billy Haines and his pretty sister were among the first people we talked to after Bebe had said a slightly tremulous hello to everybody, and we had been greeted by her mother, Phyllis Daniels, and by Mae, who was looking lovely in her party gown. Bebe, as usual, was dressed in white.

We looked around for Ben Lyon, but alas, on this night of all nights, poor Ben had had to work, but, of course, he came later on in the evening.

Lilyan Tashman was there, but Eddie Lowe hadn’t come. He had received the news, that day, of the death of his brother, who had long been ill, and naturally didn’t feel like being present at any gay festivities. He did come, very late, however, to escort his wife home.

“Oh, dear,” sighed Patsy, the party hound, looking about, “all the long white gloves in Hollywood will soon have changed hands, literally and figuratively.”

“What do you mean—changed hands?” inquired Lilyan.

“Why, everybody is wearing them, and as they are too bulky to put into bead bags, and will be handed to escorts at supper time, naturally the girls will forget to take them back when they get home, and their escorts will probably think they belong to somebody else, and pass them along. I had two pairs that didn’t belong to me mailed to me this week, and one pair sent by a man’s chauffeur, and I have no idea who they belong to.”

“Well, anyhow, you’ll have some in case your escort tonight forgets to hand back your gloves,” Lilyan consoled.

Carmelita Geraghty came in, looking as Spanish as could be, clad in a slinky black gown, and wearing long black earrings. She was all to the Carmelita, and not a bit to the Geraghty, as Billy Haines remarked.

“She’s really a nice, quiet, sweet girl!” Billy chaffed her, whereupon Carmelita pretended to go into a tempestual Spanish rage.

Allan Dwan and his wife were there, just back from Europe, and Allan said he liked Germany best of any foreign country, because it had more pep and enterprise than any of the rest of them.

Doris Dean Arbuckle, divorced wife of Fatty Arbuckle,
Bebe Daniels expected three people at her birthday party and a hundred came. Bebe's mother arranged it, and the most popular stars were among the guests. Ben Lyon told Bebe he had a present for her outside but couldn't bring it in. "A horse?" asked Bebe—but it turned out to be a Ford car, a replica of Bebe's big town car.

was there, accompanied by Al Hall; and there were Norman Kerry, Barney Glazer, Edward Knopf, Marie Mosquini, Alma Tell and just dozens of others.
Jack White brought Pauline Starke, his wife, to whom he seems as devoted as he did years ago when they were first engaged.
Buster Keaton, strangely enough, was in quite a grumpy mood that evening, and his wife, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, who, to me, is still the beauty of the Talmadge family, was looking as sweet and charming as usual.
Buster told us that he was sure Fred Stone would sue him when he saw his, Buster's, latest comedy. "I've gone Fred Stone and danced, all over the place," he told us.
"Oh, there's Alma Rubens!" cried Patsy.
And there, sure enough, was Alma, out on the floor dancing with Norman Kerry.
She was looking very sweet and pretty, and there is a new look of peace on her face, but something of an expression of sadness, too.
"I wonder if Billie Dove and Howard Hughes are falling in love with each other," remarked Patsy. "I see them together a good deal. They are here together tonight."
Billie told us, though, that she hadn't been going out much of late, for she had been working so hard.
John Boles, handsome, gallant and courteous as ever, was there with his wife. We hear that he speaks perfect French, and that this is going to be a great help to him in pictures.
Polly Moran was a guest, and kept everybody giggling as usual. She had come, I think, with Billy Haines and his sister.
Blanche Sweet came with Dan Denker, who seems rather devoted these days. He played the lead in "Rio Rita" in New York, you know.
"Blanche is the miracle lady of Hollywood," remarked Patsy. "She not only holds her age—she improves on it. She actually looks ten years younger than she did ten years ago."
I forgot to say that Norman Kerry had brought Marion Harris. These two seem to be always together, and it is quite definitely known that she isn't going to be reconciled to Rush Hughes, to whom she was married.
Norman was wearing quite a fierce-looking mustache, and when Bebe was dancing with him, and it tickled her nose as she talked to him, she exclaimed, "how often have I told you that you cannot bring aigrettes into this country?"
Lilyan Tashman and Allan Dwan kidded each other about a party they had both attended back in New York during their recent visit there.
"It was five o'clock in the morning, I know," said Lilyan, "but I just couldn't get away."
"No, you were standing in a pot of glue, and if you could have got your shoes off, you could have gone
(Continued on page 128)
If you're young, blonde and slender, with a beautiful face, a lovely singing voice and an ability to play the piano, the Boston Conservatory of Music is no place for you. At least not when you can take the train to New York and get a job in talking pictures at umpty-umph hundreds of dollars a week.

Roberta Robinson had been attending the Boston Conservatory for several years when the bright idea struck her to come down here to New York and look over the talking picture market—object, a contract. So she closed her piano, kissed the home folks goodbye and set out for the big city.

But the big city received her coldly. To be exact, no studio could see her as a picture type, even looking through their largest and strongest lenses. Although she visited every company not a single casting director cast his eye in her direction.

Roberta felt pretty badly. To go home and tell the folks your young dream of a career is busted is medicine pretty hard for a girl to take. So Roberta sat down and thought—hard.

The first thing that came into her mind was the fact that all singers and concert artists have agents. "Why shouldn't I have one?" she asked herself. "I should," she answered herself. And put on her hat, and hopped the subway to an agent's office.

The agent looked up wearily. "Another talkie-struck girl," he thought to himself. But he decided to let her sing. That was easier than arguing.

He got the surprise of his life. Roberta really could sing. And well. In fact, she sang so splendidly that he became enthusiastic, and immediately took her over to the Paramount studio for a test.

She went over big. There is a patrician appeal about Miss Robinson which is hard to find. In addition, she has real beauty and a brain which actually works.

Roberta's first picture will be with Helen Kane in "Dangerous Nan McGrew," so look out for this new screen find when that film hits your town.
Adolphe Menjou returned from France and may remain.

By Anne Bye

Lillian Gish has shaken the star dust of Hollywood off her soles, at least temporarily. She is, at present, installed in her beautiful apartment on Beekman Terrace, New York, where the wind blows in wild and free from the adjacent East River.

With a parrot named John Gish—after Lil’s grandfather—who spends most of the day saying, “Oh, my dear!” a wire-haired fox terrier named Georgie, and her German maid, Josephine, Miss Gish puts in her time working hard on the lines of her new play, “Uncle Vanya,” which is in rehearsal under the Jed Harris banner and will have opened on Broadway by the time you read these words.

Nearly every evening, Miss Gish goes to the theater, often with George Jean Nathan—but she refuses to discuss this friendship with any reporter.

Lillian’s love for the theater is a solid thing which has existed for many years. Eighteen months ago, Miss Gish made up her mind to become a stage player. With this in view, she went to Germany and spent a great while at Salzburg where she rehearsed with Reinhardt and his players. This was a real feat, for all plays, naturally, were given in German and Miss Gish had difficult work to gain the wide command of language necessary for such roles.

It looks like Old Home Week in the Crawford-Fairbanks menage. For young Douglas Fairbanks’ mother is about to become a permanent resident of Hollywood.

This is how it happened. Jack Whiting, the popular musical comedy juvenile, is at present on his way to Hollywood where he will make “Top Speed,” for First National, with Joe E. Brown and Bernice Claire. Now, since Jack’s wife is no other than the former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, young Doug’s mother, you can see what a great happiness this will be for the boy, for every one knows that Doug Junior has always been staunch and loyal to his mother. When he was married, instead of having the ceremony performed in Hollywood—the logical place for such an event—he came all the way to New York so his mother might be present at the

(Continued on page 112)
My grandmother, Mrs. I. Alexander, raised me. And I suppose she spoiled me, like all grandmothers do. She never could bear to punish me, and she used to humor every one of my whims.

For instance, if I as much as suggested something I would like for dinner, she would go out of her way to get it for me. Grandma is part Italian, and I get my taste for highly seasoned foods from her.

And even now she remembers all those fattening things I liked when I was a little girl. And I'll go home nights to find she has made some of the spice cookies I like so well, or raviolis, or enchiladas. If I don't taste them, her face falls so pathetically. I know she worked hard to make them, so I take a little. Then all my good resolutions are gone. I take another helping, then another. And after a few days I find I've gained several pounds.

We like things cooked in olive oil. And is grandma a good cook? Well! I believe she could cook wood chips and make them delicious. And she never goes by a recipe. Just a dash of this and a pinch of that. When I cook, I have to follow a cook book religiously.

I'm not a good cook myself. I haven't had much experience. When a woman works hard and cooks and cooks, and does not like cooking, she tries to shield her daughter or granddaughter from it. That was the way it was in our family. I never showed any talent along that line, so I was never made to do it.

I would mess around the kitchen sometimes. When a pie or cake was being baked, I always liked to make baby ones for myself. Meats, vegetables, or heavy foods never interested me while in the process of cooking.

But I have always liked to experiment. In cooking, as well as in other things, I like to try to make some-

**Mexican Enchiladas**

Prepare a mixture in the proportion of three parts corn meal to one part flour and two eggs. Mix corn meal, flour, eggs, a pinch of salt and one bunch finely chopped parsley. Add enough milk to make a running dough. Form into tortillas and fry. Mix two pounds finely ground chicken, one large chopped onion, one ounce chili powder, one-half ounce comino powder and one-half ounce oregano powder into a paste. Roll the tortillas up with the paste inside, pour chili gravy over, and sprinkle with Italian cheese.
Italian Spaghetti

Break one pound spaghetti into boiling water, boil for fifteen minutes and drain. While spaghetti is cooking fry two slices of ham cut in small pieces with one medium size chopped onion; add two peeled tomatoes, also chopped. Dust with two tablespoons flour, add one cup broth or water and let simmer until the right consistency. Add one clove of garlic chopped very fine, then add the spaghetti and mix well. Serve with a well-seasoned tomato sauce and sprinkle cheese over it.

thing that interests me. When I was a little girl, I would come home from a friend’s house and try to duplicate one of the dishes I had eaten. I especially remember one time when I had been to a birthday party. The cake was particularly heavily decorated. It must have been one of the first decorated cakes I had seen. Anyway, I came home fascinated.

Grandma wasn’t home. So I decided to surprise her with a cake decorated to rival the birthday one. I couldn’t have been more than six. I didn’t know a thing about cake baking except that you put flour and milk together and baking powder, then stuck it in the oven. Well, I managed to get something baked. But when I attempted to decorate——!

Grandma was surprised all right. She came home to find her kitchen covered with cake flour, milk, sugar, syrup, and me standing in the middle of this mess—howling half in rage and half in sorrow. She didn’t say a word. Just rescued me from the debris, and comforted and petted me. After that, I was able to tell a coherent story.

She persuaded me to wait a little while before starting on a career of cake decorating. And explained that bakery cooks had special tools to make those pretty curly-cues and rose buds.

I had forgotten all about the cake until on my next birthday, a big, round, highly decorated image was set at my place. This cake had all the rose buds of the other, and several blue birds, too. The bakery cook at the corner of our street had donated the necessary tools.

Brightly colored food advertisements in the magazines intrigue me. I like to cut them out, and when I’m not busy working at the studio, experiment with the recipes. I still like to try out things at home that I have eaten at restaurants or at friends’ homes.

When I attempt things for (Continued on page 106)
Proving that Every Bride's Wish for a Continuance of Beauty May Come True

In springtime, all the poets sing of love—and as spring passes into early summer the song deepens into a very paean of beauty and happiness. In youth, and spring—one looks upon love as eternal, on constancy as the natural attribute of all honest men. Doesn't one have all the poets and all the great old lovers—Dante, Abelard and Robert Browning to prove it?

There is something in the heart of everyone of us that beats in time to the wedding march. "Here comes the bride" a swaying, fluttering vision in filmy white, floating down a broad church aisle. roses crowding about the altar, girl attendants in pastel colors forming an exquisite background suggesting the rainbow in the heavens after a summer shower.

Romance and memories surge back to us with the scent of the lilies and roses, Nature's rich gifts for this bridal month—and we breathe a prayer that the June bride and each bride of every month of the year may find her heart's desire at her rainbow's end.

If a bride could have but one wish come true, I believe she would ask for a continuance of love and beauty. And surely, love and beauty were never meant to die. Love, carefully cherished, should deepen with the years. And the beauty of sparkling eyes, the exquisite flush of a lovely cheek, the glorious luster of rippling locks—such beauty was never meant to vanish.

The beauty of first youth passes, but time's fingers may be taught caressing ways. For youth to remain unchanged would be as great an anomaly as for one to stand still mentally. But there is a charm that comes from beauty of living, depth of feeling and understanding, a spirit of youth that is more beautiful than youth itself. And there is an external loveliness that comes from exquisite grooming, perfection of detail—a beauty of daintiness that everyone may possess. Beauty need not fear the passing of the years.

We have seen girls who, at seventeen, have all the promise of beauty and at thirty are faded and sallow, their bodies fat and drooping, their whole appearance marked by the small sins of neglect. But as they grow older comes an urge to good looks and at thirty-five, forty, even older, because of the faithful care they have given to skin, hair and...
of Daintiness
By Anne Van Alstyne

figure, they are called 'handsome.' It is not always because circumstances have been kind. Often, the will to beauty is perversely left out of the characters of those who are most richly endowed with its attributes, while it appears amazingly in girls who have all their lives been called 'plain.'

So you see, girls, it’s all up to you. You may be young and irresponsible with plenty of money to spend on yourself; or a busy business or professional girl, you may be a bride of today with love and the world at your feet, or a bride of ten or twenty years ago. But one of you has as good a chance of being charming as another. You are all equal—because your beauty is what you make it. Even if you started with an equal measure of good looks you would come out about the same, for it’s the will to beauty that determines which way or how far you will go.

Before you were married, Jack or Harry or Tom raved about the melting depth of your eyes; your long, curling lashes; a curl that caressed your cheek. He will continue to appreciate these assets after you are married—though he may sometimes forget to rave about them! But a beauty that every man appreciates, that may be yours to have and to hold through the years, is the beauty of daintiness. Smooth, shining hair, hands that are well-kept, a smooth skin, a trim, neat figure—these things a man senses and approves though he has been married one year or forty.

A dainty woman is always an attractive woman, and daintiness means more than just cleanliness. You may jump in a tub of water, scrub yourself hard with soap and a flesh brush, jump out again, dry quickly, get into a dress fairly bristling with cleanliness—and while you may be clean and look it, you won’t be dainty. You may take a scrubbing brush and sandstone to your hands after digging in the garden and get them thoroughly clean but they won’t look dainty. And you may stay too long on the golf course in a hot sun without protecting the skin and have a healthy, tanned look, but you won’t have a dainty one. You can wash your hair with soap and water, dry it quickly, run a comb through it and say "Thank goodness, that’s done!" It may be clean, but it won’t have the well-groomed look that belongs to hair that is carefully washed, dried in the sun and air and then well brushed. (Continued on page 114)
The STAGE

Considering the New Plays before the Screen Claims Them

"Flying High" is George White's musical mélange of aviation monkeyshines, with Bert Lahr as principal comedian. Lahr is an original—the craziest, funniest buffoon on Broadway.

Warren William and Helen Flint in "Those We Love," George Abbott's first play since he has signed himself to the talking movies.

"Gangway for de Lord!" shouts the Angel Gabriel at the fish-fry party in Heaven in "The Green Pastures," a play made by Marc Connelly from Roark Bradford's "Of Man Adam and His Chilf

The Green Pastures

"Gangway for the most perfectly mixed eighteen scenes of beauty, sublimity, satire, laughter, pathos and acting that you have ever seen or are like to see for many years! Gangway for Connelly, Bradford, Laurence Rivers, Robert Edmond Jones, the singers of spirituals under the direction of Hall Johnson and the great, simple, sublimely touching impersonation of the Lord by Richard B. Harrison.

"The Green Pastures" is a fable done in negro psychology, by a company of ninety negroes, of the Book of Genesis. Gabriel, Moses, Joshua, Aaron, Adam, Eve, Noah, Isaac, Jacob, Abraham and Cain, with other well-known ancients, are here. If you've ever seen anything more humorous than the departure of Noah in his ark or Moses before Pharaoh, or anything more solemnly beautiful than the exodus out of Egypt, then give me the name of the play.

Well, "The Green Pastures" cannot be described. If you can get in for the next year, see it. And it will make one of the few great pictures of all time—if the bigots can be chloroformed.

Simple Simon

Florenz Ziegfeld blew into town with Ed Wynn in a musical extravaganza called "Simple Simon," which sets the
Adam's apple a-chortling as long as Ed himself is on the stage and which at least delights the eye when he isn't there. Then there are the magic of Joseph Urban and the dancing ensembles.

Ed Wynn appears in a make-up of a half-idiotic schoolboy who falls asleep and dreams of fairies (flash-back to woods and fairies), and by his almost ethereal boobishness clowns us into a mood that is sometimes called hysterical.

There are a lot of other good people in this show; but Ed Wynn is distinctly it. If you want to bump off the blues, take a night with Ed Wynn.

Apron Strings
Here is a vital little play all about the Little Boy who wouldn't or couldn't cut the apron strings that held him to his mother. It is the mamma boy worked out with laughs and splendid acting, and a lesson to all young fellers who want a girl to go after her as you go after a job or a football—scramble for her!

"Apron Strings" is by Dorrance Davis, and it tells us how Danny Curtis, one of nature's purest youngsters, lived on ethical directions from his dead mother's letters. She had left him a trunkful, telling him all about the courting period and the delicate first week of marriage. It is all nice, caramel-sundae stuff, and Danny attempts to follow the rubbish (not knowing that his mother was a sophisticated Beatrice Fairfax on a Western paper who used to pass out this bunk to millions of 'Anxious Readers').

Well, the up-to-date girl, Inez, and her hurly-burly, do-it-on-the-dot mother had a fearful time with the Dear Sweet Boy till his lawyer finally burnt up the letters, got him drunk—and so up the
Charlie Chaplin is still firmly resolved not to go talkie. In fact, he definitely states that he, himself, will never talk in pictures. That does not mean that he never will make a talking picture with other players. He may or he may not. He hasn't decided about that.

Charlie intends to make silent pictures because he believes there is a great market for them. Being an owner of United Artists, that organization is morally and legally bound to release any picture he cares to make, silent or sound. The exhibitors are not bound to buy it, but Charlie has had plenty of evidence that they will. When he couldn't meet the release date on his latest picture, and told the exhibitors that he couldn't, he was deluged with wires begging him to hurry up.

Charlie operates differently from almost every other picture producer. They calculate that if they put so much into a picture they will make a profit of so much. Charlie doesn't figure that way. He works at a picture until he is satisfied that he has something to give, never mind how much is spent on it. And maybe he won't make a thin dime on it—but he is reasonably certain that he will.

He is moving the Chaplin studio to other quarters because the La Brea property is becoming too valuable for motion picture purposes. He bought the site in 1916 and paid $33,000 for it. Today it is worth a million and a half dollars. The taxes almost exceed the original purchase price. Charlie is considering many offers but will probably locate in Burbank or the beach. He plans to spend between ten and twenty million dollars yearly in production and will select new people and build them up rather than sign well-established stars as was at first announced. There is no truth in the rumor that John Gilbert has been signed or even approached on this subject. This news the Chaplin Studios deny ever having given out, nor did John Gilbert make the statement.

Meanwhile Charlie's picture, "City Lights," is still in the making—the company working very hard three days a week as a general rule!

Joan Crawford is all in. Eight changes of costume in a picture is considered an ordeal to be fitted for, but poor Joan has seventeen in "The Blushing Bride." That means hours and hours of standing, as every girl knows. And as though that weren't enough, she is being put through an intensive training by Albertina Rasch for the dancing she has to do. "Of course, I'm frightfully out of practice and that's why it is so hard," said Joan. "It is nothing for a dancer to practice for an hour or two without a moment's rest, but when you have been out of it for as long as I have it is something awful! I just passed right out of the picture the other day at Mme. Rasch's studio and had to be put to bed." Joan says there is one thing about it that comforts her and that is a total lack of worry on the subject of whether she will be overweight by the time the picture starts.

Robert Montgomery is in the cast, also Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian.

John McCormack worked for ten weeks on "Song o' My Heart" and received fifty thousand dollars a week—yes, I said fifty, not five. To make him feel at home a special bungalow dressing-room was built for him. A de luxe
bungalow, substantially built with brass name plates and knocker on the door. There are four rooms and two baths. There is a large yard beautifully landscaped with shrubbery, trees and flowers, and the roof—but wait until I tell you about the roof. It is thatched, as the Europeans thatch their roofs; and Russians were employed to do the job. Insufficient straw was ordered and more had to be sent for—from Europe; while the Russians remained on the pay roll so that not a moment would be lost when the straw finally arrived. It was a great break for the Russians.

Of course, the contract players are given nice dressing-rooms, too. Apartments, two rooms and a shower. Not nearly as grand as the accommodations for the visiting artist, but as charming as the very real interest taken by the studio decorator can make them. He shops in dozens of towns for things that he thinks will suit the tastes and personality of each player, and the result is at once homey and beautiful. Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Edmund Lowe and others have lovely studio homes.

* * *

They just won’t let Chester Morris break way from prison. Here he is in again—in “The Big House” for Metro, directed by George Hill. Wallace Beery, Karl Dane and Robert Montgomery are in it, too. George Hill always gives his actors a break. They don’t have to wear make-up “This isn’t a beauty contest,” said Karl Dane.

Wally Beery was stuning himself between scenes and Chester Morris sneaked up behind him and lighted a match under his chair until he almost caught fire. But Wally only stirred a little. By the way, United Artists has bought the stage success, “Death Takes a Holiday” for Chester. He’ll be a Barrymore yet!

Everyone went out to see Ronnie Colman play cricket at the Midwick Polo Club where a scene in “Raffles” was being filmed. That is, Ronnie didn’t really play; he only stood in for the close-ups. Not that he can’t play England’s favorite pastime but he is much out of practice. Sam Goldwyn commandeered the services of twenty-four expert players to perform before the camera. It is the first time cricket has been played in a picture, we were told.

* * *

Alison Skipworth, who plays an important part in “Raffles” and is an old time stage favorite, is much amused by the things one has to do to make pictures. In one of her scenes she was supposed to turn over in bed and groan loudly. Director Harry D’Arrast couldn’t figure out how to give her the signal for the turn-over and finally hit upon the idea of poking her with a long pole out of camera shot at the psychological moment. Takes between scenes were so long that ‘Skippy,’ as she is called by her friends, found herself napping. When people first come out here they are just a bundle of enthusiasm, rarin’ to go, but after sitting about for hours on end waiting for the mechanics they learn to conserve their energies for the comparatively few minutes before the camera.

“You don’t have to be crazy to be in pictures,” ‘Skippy’ says, “but it helps if you are.”

* * *

Brenda Forbes, the lively younger sister of Ralph Forbes, is in our midst. She was riding in Beverly Hills with Ellen Guilbert who begged her not to post because she
was out of practice. But things began to go well and Brenda went faster and faster. Suddenly in rounding a curve in the road she lost her balance and fell face downward in a pile of bricks. When Ellen got to her she was just emerging.

"Fancy my doing that," exclaimed Brenda, taking it as a huge joke. "How frightened the poor horse was, and where is he?"

"Never mind the horse. How are you?" demanded Ellen.

"Oh, I'm perfectly fit. My hat—where is my hat?—there—now. Let's find the horse and continue our ride."

But Ellen saw that Brenda's face was scraped and bleeding and wanted to get her home. When Brenda looked in the glass, she said, "Why, what a sight I am. Why didn't you tell me I looked such a sight?"

"I didn't want to frighten you," said Ellen.

"Oh, dear me," whaled Brenda. "What shall I do? Ralph studied to be a doctor once and he never got over it. He'll not give me a moment's peace until he has me bandaged up. He just adores to mend people."

"Let's put some iodine on the cuts. Perhaps then he will think that you have been taken care of enough," Ellen cheered her.

"You don't know Ralph as I do," said Brenda darkly.

That evening Ellen was called to the phone. "What did I tell you?" said Brenda, "Ralph was delighted! And I'm a mass of patches. I shan't be able to go out for days!"

Cecil De Mille has a bathtub scene in "Mme. Satan," now in production.

"Is he superstitious about having a bathtub in every picture?" a visitor asked.

"No," laughed Barrett Kiesling, Mr. De Mille's press representative, "he isn't superstitious. After all, Mr. De Mille has made fifty seven pictures and only seven of them have had bathtub scenes." Such is fame.

Clara Bow says she's going to stay thin and let her hair grow.

Fox got out the green velvet carpet for De Sylva, Brown and Henderson when they returned to Hollywood to write an original score. At the station they were presented with a key to Los Angeles, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Malibu and surrounding points. Then a dainty miss stepped up and piped, "But this is the real key, the key to Movietonnia!"

A beautiful bungalow has been especially and cleverly decorated for them by the studio decorator, Richard Lewis Smith. In the main room dark-town flappers and their swains are pictured in various stages of jazz, while back of them loom the crazy outlines of futuristic sky scrapers.
A dancing girl of an earlier and dinkier civilization supports Dorothy Lee, snappy 1930 model who graces RKO's musical movies.

Folks were wondering who the handsome man was that Doug Fairbanks greeted so cordially the other day on the United Artists lot. A closer view revealed the familiar face of William Farnum, but it wasn't any wonder he hadn't been recognized at first glance for he was all done up in the silks and satins of a king of long ago. Yes, Bill has come back to pictures. He will play King Louis XV in "Flame of the Flesh," with Norma Talmadge. It is now in production, and is the story of Mme. Du Barry.

Do you know that there have been more worth-while songs composed for the sound screen in the past year than in three previous years of popular song composition? Harry Tierney, who composed the "Rox Rita" music, and has a long New York career to his credit, says so. And Harry should know. He wrote "Dixiana," too, which Bebe Daniels is now doing at RKO.

Lon Chaney was all enthusiasm the other day, the reason being some pictures of his little grandson that had just arrived. Lon was showing them to everyone he knew on the lot.

"Catherine," asked Julia Fayre of Catherine Dale Owen, "what were you thinking of all during the time Lawrence Tibbett was singing that song to you on the rock in the 'Rogue Song'? Don't tell me your thoughts didn't wander!"

"Well," confessed Catherine, "I can tell you that Larry has absolutely perfect teeth, not a cavity in one of them, but one tonsil is just a fraction of an inch higher than the other. And I am an expert now on the correct movement of the diaphragm. It was the best singing lesson I have ever had!"

Johnny Mack Brown is just burning the screen up these days. Almost every company is fighting for his services, even though he is tied to a Metro contract. Raoul Walsh wanted him to do "The Oregon Trail" for Fox, but Metro popped him into "Billy The Kid," which Vidor will direct. Walsh is going to wait for him, though. How's that for popularity?

The team of Talmadge and Roland has come to a pause if not actually to an end. Gilbert has been borrowed by Metro to do the lead in "Monsieur Le Fox." He will play it in two languages, English and Spanish. Conrad Nagel has been selected to play opposite Norma in "Flame of the Flesh".

When everyone thought that Catherine Dale Owen and Prince Youcca Troubetskoy would announce their engagement almost any time, it was a great surprise to find that Catherine and Youcca were 'just friends' and that Youcca had announced his engagement to Ethel Sykes, one
of the 1930 Florodora Sextette beauties scampering about the Marion Davies set.

* * *

"Joby would make a real opera star," enthused Robert Woolsey to his brother comedian, Bert Wheeler. "Do you know that she can take high C as easily as a bird?"

He was speaking of Jobyna Howland, who is over six feet tall and who first attained prominence in the stage play of "The Gold Diggers." She is now appearing in RKO's "Radio Revels."

"Well," drawled Bert in a facetious reply to Bob's sincere compliment, "I should think she could. She's up high enough to see anything!"

Larry Tibbett led the way from opera to pictures and look what comes of it. Mary Lewis goes out to Pathé and gets $4,000 practically for every minute she sings on the screen, and Grace Moore goes to Metro and goodness knows how much she gets. We have it from some one who saw them that the knobs on her dressing-room doors were encrusted in sterling silver. Now we ask you! Where is this thing going to end?

Edward Everett Horton and several others were watching the stunt of a plane over the First National studios where he is playing in "Mile. Modiste." Eddie, a born comedian, had a bath towel around his neck instead of a muffler as most actors would have, even if the grease paint might spoil it.

"That plane reminds me of a fight I saw of two young eagles and two crows," remarked somebody. "The eagles were dangerously near the crow's nest and they resented the familiarity. They concentrated upon the eagle nearest their home while the other eagle beat it clear out of sight, leaving his buddy to his fate."

"Well," said Eddie, in that earnest, half-shy voice you all know, "I'm glad he saved himself. You know, eagles are scarce!"

Ina Claire and Pathé have decided to call it a day. Meaning that her contract which had, at the time of this decision, only five more weeks to run, has terminated. There are no hard feelings, nor at all. Miss Claire states that the Pathé Company have been wonderful to her and that she greatly enjoyed her first picture, "The Awful Truth," with them. But she is quite anxious for more diversified roles than they have to offer at present, so they decided, in the friendlyest way, to sever their relations.

* * *

Lawrence Tibbett is just as charming as you would imagine him to be after seeing and hearing "The Rogue Song." He has an enthusiastic personality and a gaiety of heart that sweeps all before it. It is possible that this bubbling joyfulness of spirit is as much the cause of his success as the magnificent voice that he has naturally, and the splendid technique he has worked so hard to acquire.

Nine years ago, Lawrence Tibbett was on the bill of the California Theater here in Los Angeles, getting fifty dollars a week. His teacher, Felix Hughes, urged him to go to New York and study with Frank La Forge, whom he knew could get Tibbett a hearing at the Metropolitan. All this came about, as the world knows. Mr. Tibbett talked of his first chance at the opera house. He had been singing bits but owing to some illness or accident, he was offered the part of Valentine in Faust. It was a dangerous offer to accept and a dangerous offer to refuse. He felt that his future rested upon his decision. Of the two dangers he chose taking the part and he went into it with a sink or swim determination. He made a hit and from that time on rose steadily. He is the only player who ever rose to prominence from the ranks of the Metropolitan and he is the only player who ever stopped the show on that famous stage tred by the greatest singers of the last forty-odd years.

* * *

Talkie letters? Anyhow, it's an age of pictures and the fans are using this new photoscript stationery to show Buddy Rogers a close-up of themselves.

In days of old when knights were bold they must have looked just like Gary Cooper. And if fair ladies fluttered we frankly don't blame 'em.
BEBE DANIELS, one of the most fascinating of motion picture stars, says there's one essential charm . . .

"HOW to be captivating?" Bebe Daniels smiled a deprecating little smile as she considered my question. But when she began to speak her appealingly beautiful brown eyes were thoughtful.

And then I learned this lovely actress feels emphatically there's one thing has more to do with a girl's attractiveness than any other charm — a beautiful skin — clear, soft, smooth.

"How alluring in any girl! How sure to win admiration! And to the screen star, Bebe Daniels earnestly explained, a skin of breath-taking loveliness is really essential!"

"Only the girl with smooth skin," she said, "need not fear the relentless eye of the camera. For even the cleverest make-up will not suffice under the searching lens of the close-up.

"That is why," she went on seriously, "many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features.

Hollywood's favorite beauty care

"Lux Toilet Soap," she concluded, "is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth."

Bebe Daniels, you see, is one of the 511 beloved Hollywood actresses who give their skin regular care with Lux Toilet Soap. Fascinating Anna Q. Nilsson . . . cunning little Sally Blane . . . vividsly charming Betty Compson . . .

Actually 98% of the lovely complexion you see on the screen are kept silky smooth by this soothing, fragrant soap. Lux Toilet Soap is just like the expensive soaps you get in France, Hollywood says.

And the lovely stars use it regularly at home and wherever they're making pictures as well.

So enthusiastic are they that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

9 out of 10 Lovely Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 511 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

On Broadway the stars of the outstanding stage successes, too, use it. And since so many of them are playing in the talks, with their many close-ups, they are more than ever grateful to this delicately fragrant white soap.

The European screen stars, too—in France, in England, in Germany—have now adopted it. You will be just as delighted with it. Order several cakes—today.

LUX TOILET SOAP

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway — and now the European Capitals . . .
**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, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.**

**Helen of Ottawa, Ont.** So you're a poor wanderer out looking for addresses, are (Continued on page 113)

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**About V.V.**

**Richard Arlen and two of his most adoring fans. Dick has many other admirers who write to Miss Vee Dee about him.**

Vollet K. of Cleveland, Ohio. Is Colleen Moore 'high-hat'? I never noticed it. In fact, Colleen is one of the good little girls whose fans of films, both on and off the screen. Colleen was born Aug. 19, 1902, in Port Huron, Mich. She has brown hair and eyes (or blue and one brown, if you must know): is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Her real name was Kathleen Morrison before her marriage to John McCloskey, Larry Kent, whose real name is Henn W. Trumbull, was born Sept. 15, 1900, on shipboard two days out of Liverpool, England. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes.

Sally from Fresno, Cal. I give special pains to all new questioners so where will you have yours? May McCay with her 4 feet 11 inches and Viola Dana's 4 feet 11 1/2 inches are two of the shortest grown-ups in pictures. Alice White is 5 feet 2 inches and Clara Bow is 5 feet 3 1/2 inches tall. Write to Gilbert Roland at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Fornosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Gilbert plays opposite Norma Talmadge in "New York Nights."

Adelaide M. of Brooklyn. Don't you worry about the younger generation—worry makes the older generation older. Leatrice Joy's latest release is "A Most Immoral Lady" with Walter Pidgeon and Montagu Love in the cast. Leatrice was born Nov. 7, 1897, in New Orleans, La. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds.

A Fan in Hollywood. Seeing the stars as they are in real life, are you? No, don't tell me you saw several of my favorite actors with the same girl twice—that is too much for one pair of eyes; there should be two of you. Cornelle Griffith was born Nov. 25, 1898, in Texarkana, Ark. She has brown hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. Her latest release is "Illes of the Field." Mary Astor and Gertrude Astor are not related. Cornelius Keefe was born July 13, 1902, in Boston, Mass. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 165 pounds.

Momosa from Liverpool, England. I'm terribly thrilled over your good wishes for my department—any time you want to unload another lot, I'm ready with hands across the sea. Pauline Frederick's latest picture is "The Sacred Flame" with Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee and Walter Byron, your vice president is F. M. Johnson, the wife of George Webb. You can write to her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., and they will forward your letter.

Mary B. P. of Fairmount, Va. What do I do in my off moments, if any? If any is right. It's a great secret so don't repeat it but my burning ambition is to write a short story—so far, the longer I write the shorter the story, if you follow me and I hope you won't. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., is 45 years old. Conrad Nagel is 33. Adolphe Menjou is 40 Clive Brook is 38 Lon Chaney is 40, Harold Lloyd is 36, Ronald Colman is 39, Jack Duffey is 47. Oliver Hardy of the co-starring team of Laurel and Hardy is 38 and Stan Laurel is 34 years old.

Caril Louise of Fowler, Cal. We still have a few 'dream princes' in the movies unattached. There are Richard Dix, Ronald Colman, Walter Byron, Lane Chandler, Gary Cooper and Jackie Coogan. Go on and dream, don't let me wake you up. Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City, Mo. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. She is the wife of James Regan of New York City. She appears in "Song o' My Heart" with John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, in a singing and talking Fox picture. Dolores and Helene Costello were born in New York City and not in Spain or Mexico.

Geraldine from Cross Cut, Texas. What is considered the best 'Western' film to date? I don't know, do you? The latest releases of the following stars are: Clara Bow, "The Saturday Night Kid"; Billie Dove, "The Painted Angel"; John Gilbert, "His Glorious Night"; Colleen Moore, "Footlights and Fools.""; Joan Crawford, "Untamed"; William Haines, "Navy Blues," and Alice White, "The Girl from Woolworth's."

Sandy and Friend of Worcester, Mass. You have been reading my department a long time, yet find it amusing. There's a real compliment and a couple of loud cheers for me but try and find them.
It cleans the crevices between teeth!

Between the teeth... in tiny crevices... there's where decaying food collects. Mere surface brushing won't dislodge these impurities. Colgate's floods them out... its active, penetrating foam surges into the hard-to-clean places where sluggish pasty dentifrices won't go... Dissolving the deposits... washing them away... cleansing the crevices thoroughly, as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly.

Try Colgate's... it is approved by more Dentists; used by more people, than any other toothpaste made.
Come Into the Kitchen with Alice White

Continued from page 93

CHILI AND BEANS
2 lb. coarsely ground beef
1/2 lb. onions, chopped
1 oz. chili powder.
Fry the onions in fat enough to cover the bottom of the pan, put meat in, and add chili powder. Add 2 oz. of flour mixed with any kind of broth you happen to have. Add hot water until the mixture has a consistency. Cook slowly until the meat is almost done.

Cook 1 lb. of kidney beans until tender. Drain, mix with chili and meat and let simmer until mixture is well blended.

RAVIOLI
2 lb. fresh beef
1 lb. spinach (cooked)
2 lb. flour
4 eggs
1 tablespoon olive oil
A pinch of salt.
Braise the beef until done as a regular roast. Then grind through meat grinder. Grind the onion by itself and add to the meat mix in enough gravy to make a thick paste.

Mix the flour, eggs, and olive oil together and add enough water to make a solid paste. Add salt to this out flat and cut into portions with biscuit cutter. Put a spoonful of meat paste on each portion and cover it with another portion, pressing edges together. Put in a pot of hot boiling salt water for 15 minutes over a slow fire. Pour hot tomato sauce over this and serve.

The Stage in Review—Continued from page 97

The family, they turn out beautifully. The dish is perfect. But let me make it for guests! Then, no matter how carefully I work and measure, the things is a total failure.

I had some delicious Italian spaghetti at one of the Hollywood cafes. By much wheeling and pleading, I got the recipe from the chef. The next free day I tried it with üzerine. Suited well for dinner and praised it generously. He declared it was better than at the restaurant.

The next time I had guests for dinner, I decided to make this dish. Not badly, I had boasted about how I could cook Italian spaghetti to these people, and promised them this treat. Arriving home late, I started cooking immediately. Very carefully, I measured each thing and watched the clock so as to have each thing correct.

But all I had for my pains was the funniest tasting mess I had ever seen. I was heart sick. It was too late to try again.

Besides, it was impossible because I had used all my ingredients. I called the restaurant and luck was with me. They were serving Italian spaghetti that night. This chef laughed at my predicament, but kindly sent enough spaghetti over to feed us. This made me out the money to try to cook for guests myself, unless I had time and materials enough to try, to try again.

I suppose it depends upon how you have been raised, and what tastes have been developed as to what you like and don't like. I highly seasoned food. Unless the dish is well seasoned, or has a sauce. I can hardly eat it. We have always had a predominance of spicy and hot foods. We like sauces, touches of garlic in salad dressings, and meats cooked in olive oil and seasoned with pepper or tobasaco sauce.

Chili and frijoles, tamales, enchiladas, raviolos, and dishes like these that are my favorites, we try to have them at least once a week. Of course, I have to be careful about eating too much rich food. I'm not naturally fat, but I don't care to take chances.

I have given my favorite recipes and hope that the readers who try them have more luck with the Italian spaghetti than I did.

SPICE COOKIES

1 1/2 cups brown sugar
3/4 cup butter
1 cup raisin, seeded and chopped
2 eggs
2 teaspoons milk
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
1 cup sugar

Enough flour to make a smooth dough. Cream butter and sugar; add beaten yolk of eggs, then well-beaten whites. Add milk, soda and spices, then add flour gradually, mixing well until mixture is stiff enough to roll. Bake in a slightly better than medium oven.

Flying High

George White's play "Flying High," a musical melange of aviation monkeyshines, containing Oscar Shaw, Grace Blinkley, Peare Osgood and Russ Brown.

Forget all that—for there is one Bert Lahr in the show who is the craziest, funniest, nuttiest, daffiest, monkey-faced buffoon I have ever seen. This man is an original, a man who takes you back to primitive vulgarities that hew down our culture and civilization to the lowest strata. I say all this in praise, for a dose of Bert Lahr every once in a while is good for us.

For pure, brainless, wild, hysterical, belly-laughter go to see Bert Lahr in "Flying High." Here is vulgarity raised to an art.

Those We Love

Once in a while a play in New York makes a hit and goes in for an unexpected run. And sometimes the play deserves the luck. Such a play is "Those We Love" by George Abbott and S. K. Lauren.

George Abbott himself does the lead, and it is mainly due to him in his role of a husband who was literally pushed by a suspicious wife into letting his foot slip on the roseleaf of infidelity that the play gets over. It has also other things to recommend it: the characters are well limned, and while there are absymns of emptiness here and there, it is in the main a well-cobbled piece of writing.

It all takes place in Westchester county. He is a writer. She writes songs down in the city. They are really in love, although married, and as another another.

The Family Idea, however, wins out at last, mainly because of the fine performance of Edwin Phillips as the son. Mamma and Dad, you know!—and certainly papa had a right to slip. Another good piece of work was that of Armina Marshall as the wife.

"Those We Love" sounds real and is not flagrant. Solid middle-class food.

Love, Honor and Betray

"Love, Honor and Betray," a cynical satire by a Frenchman, might just as well be called "Love, Honor and Decay" because the whole action takes place in a cemetery with three pictures flash-backs which tell us why three men who all loved one woman came to their death. They arise from their graves to Sproo River the matter over.

I am a most hardened sinner, a cynic and haven't a shred of delusion or illusion about the Unfair Sex; but the brutal and chilling cynicism of this play sent shivers down my spine and froze my gizzard. That one thing that redeemed it was the all-conquering beauty of Alice Brady in her beautiful vampish role. No wonder one of these fellows committed suicide, another fell dead of apoplexy and the third died of depleted glands! She had it in the Emily- dimension.

There are some keen remarks in the dialogue. The idea of the three men walking out of their tombs and telling their stories to one another is bright, original, but the finale, the young daughter running off with the mother's chauffeur in the cemetery to the sardonic laughter of the three buried love-saps, made us put our overcoats and furs in a hurry. A terrific assault on sex-love, truly; but is it Art?—as Ben Turpin once asked Buster Keaton.

But see La Brady in her gown. She can act better than she did in his clinic; but she can never dress better or look more glandular.

The Plutocrat

Arthur Goodrich took Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Plutocrat," a somewhat sly satire on an American millionaire abroad, and sold the idea to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coburn. In turn, some one is going to sell it to the pictures, and it will make good dialogue, much more.

It is hardly a Coburn play. Anyhow, it's all about a Western one hundred and one percent Babbit and his larynx-whistling and the hound and the tip-top adventures abroad. It is farcical, almost Krazy Katish; but not without its ha-ha and coos and gurgles.

How well all these plays are done now on Broadway! In "The Plutocrat" there isn't a cough in the carload of a cast.
Those charming women, who step with equal grace from the severe lines of sports clothes into the new and alluringly feminine silhouettes! How attractive they are—combining the radiant glow of health with the soft, gentle curves of the new fashions...

This charm of a smart figure is one that is easy—actually easy—for millions of women to achieve. The important thing to remember is that the diet must be wisely and safely planned.

Haven't you known many girls who, after dieting a few days, complained of dizziness, of headaches, of listlessness? Who frequently lost their color and sometimes became seriously ill?

The trouble is that most reducing diets lack roughage. Without roughage, improper elimination inevitably occurs. Its poisons sweep through the entire system, undermining health and destroying beauty.

Yet it is easy to avoid this danger. Just add two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN to the diet daily. ALL-BRAN is not fattening—yet its abundant bulk keeps the entire system clean of all poisonous wastes. In addition, it contains iron which helps prevent anemia and also brings the glorious color of health to cheeks and lips.

Eat Kellogg's ALL-BRAN regularly and avoid the unsatisfactory, and sometimes dangerous, pills and drugs. You will enjoy the many ways it can be eaten without adding many calories. Soaked in fruit juices, with milk, in clear soups, on salads. Cook it in bran muffins, breads, omelettes. In these foods, important vitamins help balance the diet. ALL-BRAN is recommended by dietitians.

Always ask for the original ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package—made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name

Address
Can Stars' Voices Be Remodeled? — Continued from page 31

Mrs. Oakie's Little Boy, Jack

Continued from page 51

William Jennings Bryan and heard a lecturer say that the uncrowned queens of America were the mothers of men. From that time until Jack was born, Ev thought it would be fine to have a boy and encourage him to become somebody. So Jack Oakie, little Lewis Offield, was born. “I don’t expect you to believe this,” said Ev, the other day, “but Lewis never cried when he was a baby. He was just so good! Women used to stop me on the street and kiss him and love him. And Ev, too, talked about how much she thought they were silly old women. Remember this, Ev is a very intelligent lady. She’s a psychologist. She gave her children’s home any lucky American children ever had.

“My husband,” said Ev, “didn’t care what Jack did. And I didn’t. Jack was always happy. No matter what the children did, we thought it was grand. You know, we never whipped Jack. That’s scientific training. And I never thought he was bad. No, he was a funny little kid with a lot of devil and mischief in him—but he wasn’t bad.”

In one of his scrap books is an article written by one of the school girls about a party he attended. Part of the article reads: “And that little Lewis Offield (Jack) sang a song and you’d never think to hear him sing that he was so bad. He was just terrible. All the time he was singing, his mother, who accompani­ed him on the piano, watched him because you never knew what he would do. He was the boy who took several other boys to Mrs. McDonald’s big new bath­room. He filled it with water, and then they all jumped in and began swimming. The water ran all over the floor.

Then Ev remembered Jack’s circus. “When Jack was eight years old,” she said, “a circus came to town. From then on, nothing would do but Jack must have a circus. We had given his sister music lessons so we thought we’d give Jack a lot of fun and let him have a donkey and a $50 tent, in which to hold the circus. Well, he had the donkey and clowns and seats and everything. On the night of the performance, once, I was out and rounded around the neighborhood. When we walked, we noticed that we were stepping into some white powder that was covering the ground. Here, Jack had bought a barrel of lime powder from the cellar and covered the ground to make it look like sawdust. Land’s sake, the stuff took all the color out of my shoes! I was the stupidest thing happening home! But I didn’t care. Jack was happy. You see, his father and I never cared very much what the children did just so they were happy. We kept the donkey for several years. Four or five children could ride him at once.

Jack was the most persistent boy I ever heard of. When I arrived, I told all the women that Jack might try to come but for them not to let him in. Well, in the middle of the afternoon, here he comes—all dressed up in bow tie and everything. He just put his thumb on the doorknob and kept it there fifteen or twenty minutes until we had to let him in. Of course, the ladies took him out in the kitchen, gave him ice cream and he left immediately.

“On his tenth birthday we said Jack could have a birthday party. Some boy around the corner had his birthday the same day, so Jack and he were going to have a double party in our garden. I had two large cakes. The other boy’s mother came with her maid. Each was carrying one side of a huge cloth basket full of doughnuts. ‘My lands,’ I said, ‘what are all those for? I sure we’ll never use them!’ Well, we didn’t say the boy’s mother, Jack has asked all the boys his size in the town to the party. And when the time came, the hill, where we lived, was covered with boys. There must have been 108 kids there all of whom Jack had measured with his height and asked to his party. You never saw such a variety of boys in your life.

Jack used to sing solos in the church. He had a beautiful soprano voice. One day, he was to sing Ousourd Christian Soldiers. At the last minute, he decided he didn’t want to sing there, and he sang right out, ‘be not waiting there’ with a big wink to the choir.

When Jack was fourteen years old, his father died. I was given a position in Scudder’s School for Girls in New York and, of course, I took the children with me. I was ambitious and learned about politics. My main idea was to make Jack a politician. I wanted him someday to be the Governor of New York State. If you don’t think that, Lewis,” I used to say, “I know how to make you the Governor of New York. One time, he and his chum, a member of the Walter Hagen golf club, went up to Albany on a trip to the state capital. He remembered my wish for him to be Governor and wrote me a note while he was sitting in the Governor’s chair. ‘Dear Mother, I’m doing the best I can for you. I’m sitting in the Governor’s chair.’

Ev Oakie sang every Sunday for four years in the All Angels’ Choir in New York City. He has a very good voice now. But he never sings out. After I saw ‘Hit The Deck,’ I said, ‘Why didn’t you sing good when they let your ‘Why, Ev’
Nowadays it is not enough for a theatre to give you the best talking pictures. It must reproduce dialogue and other sound with utmost clearness—in short, it must pass your EAR TEST.

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Elsie Janis Now  
Continued from page 29

had seen an opportunity. She and Her Gang leased a theater and offered New York an unpretentious, intimate, gay, lifting, friendly 'little' show that was an immediate hit.

Why not the same idea for the screen?—she reasoned.

It was at that moment that "Paramount On Parade" was inceptioned.

For eight months, Elsie Janis gave supervision to the assembling of Paramount's deliciously new-type talking screen presentation.

In her work she had full command of every resource available in the great motion picture industry. Writers, directors, composers, artists as well as players in almost any number were hers to build with. She built with the unerring shrewdness of a score of experience in every branch of stagecraft had given her.

In addition to her work as general supervisor, working with Albert Kaufman, an experienced studio executive, Elsie Janis served as director, dialogue writer, song writer and set designer. Two of the numbers in "Paramount On Parade" (there will be two of the numbers directed by Elsie.) She, with Jack King, a composer, wrote three of the ten new hit songs that are sung. She sketched in advance the plans for several of the numbers against which the various action is played and from her suggestion the artists in the department of set design drew up finished plans.

It has been the most fascinating work of her life, she declares.

"Imagine the thrill of building a new-type revue with thirty-five famous stars as a cast," she said. "On the stage, as the general rule, we have but a few box-office names to work with. Likewise, in the theater, we retain one composer, one lyric writer, to prepare the musical scores. But at the movies we have the choice of the best works of several composers, and the privilege to choose from the best works of a score of trained writers. Making "Paramount On Parade" has been a matter of careful selection rather than a matter of searching for material and talent."

Because of this, her first real experience in making a talkie, Elsie Janis feels that the balance of her career will be devoted to Hollywood and its studios. Although she is repeatedly being urged to return to the legitimate stage in her new work, the utmost satisfaction to her, the real future of the theater is now in the field of talking, musical, films. The truth of this is pointed out by her in the fact that in Hollywood now are gathered some of the greatest figures of the theater. Maurice Chevalier, with whom she appeared in London in "Hello America," is making one of his many English-speaking stage, is prominently featured in "Paramount On Parade." Another great stage artist with whom Miss Janis once starred in "The Swede," she has paired with him throughout the run of "The Century Girl" in New York. Errol, too, is in "Paramount On Parade."

Miss Janis feels that her work with Maurice Chevalier is that of the most interesting part of her new duties. He, to her, had always represented the epitome of perfection in the deft humor of musical comedy and the concert artist.

"Maurice Chevalier is a true artist," says Miss Janis. "He possesses, to the fullest possible extent, that spark of personality, ingratiating charm and friendly spirit which enables a player to reach his audience. That is the 'secret' of his success. He reaches across the footlights and gathers the audience into his arms; plays directly to them, and they love him for it."

It is this same spirit of intimacy and friendliness that Miss Janis attempted to capture throughout all of the many numbers in "Paramount On Parade." She ranged it so that Richard Arlen, George Bancroft, Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Clive Brook, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Gaye Cotton, Jack Oakie, Helen Kane, Dennis King, Jack Oakie, Zelma O'Neal, William Powell, Charles Rogers and the more than thirty others in the imposing cast should be permitted to step off the screen, to get close to those 'out front' who came to be entertained.

It was 'Her Gang' again. Elsie Janis' life as well as her present work has been interesting.

She was born in Columbus, Ohio, forty-one years ago. From earliest infancy, according to her mother, who is now is Hollywood, Elsie gave evidence of her genius for pantomime and mimicry which in later life carried her to the top in her profession. Her talent is "The Slipper," "The Passing Show," "Miss Information," "The Century Girl," and many others. One of these 'many others' was "It's All Wrong," of which she was part-author and composer. It was in September of 1918 that she appeared with Chevalier in "Hello America" in London; then following his discharge from the French army because of wounds which had left him incapacitated for further military service.

It was after the war that Miss Janis became producer of her own shows, a work she followed with such intensity of effort that it brought about her marriage, success and temporary retirement from the stage.

The stage, however, was never the extent of Elsie Janis full activity. She has, in addition during her career, written almost one hundred published song successes, several plays, several librettos for musical comedies, and has worked in collaboration with Gene Markey, and has played in motion pictures.

She once was starred by the Hobart Bosworth company in a picture, "The Swede." In appearance, the Elsie Janis of today is still the Elsie Janis of "The Slim Princess" and "The Century Girl," two of the most popular musical comedies of the left little mark. Her smile is the smile of a youthful heart, her eyes flash with

said, 'I was a job. You didn't think I was going to be an opera singer. Just wait, they haven't given me Tibbett's part yet.' After his graduation from high school, Lewis was a telephone clerk in the stock exchange. They liked him there. He was promoted and before he left, Mr. Stearns offered to lend me $80,000 to buy Jack a seat on the exchange. But I wrote him that he was going to take a boat ride to California. He was kept busy after he came west. "Jack has a sister, Sally, Mrs. G. A. Lindbergh, in New York. You know, he says hello to her every time he sings or talks over the radio. And she hears it, too. She's married to a tall Swede and they have two blonde children. Jack often used to go to their house in New York for dinner. "When Jack's first big picture, 'The Fleet's In,' opened in New York, the girl at the window knew Sally was Jack's sister and let her take the two children to the press row. When the little girl hadn't been out of her seat and asked, 'Is Uncle Jack going home to dinner with us tonight?' "No, sh,' said Sally, 'He's in the movies now.' "When you're in the movies, how can you get out of the movies?" 'Listen, little girl,' said a reporter next to her, 'it's plenty easy to get out of the movies."

Ev lives in her bungalow now and clips her papers. She goes down the boulevard each day and gets the new magazines. She laughed a lot about a theater advertisement for "Sweetie" in Portland. It read, 'Jolson, go back in your corner, here comes O'Keefe.' And Ev's eyes twinkled with amusement. "There's a pretty good chance that it wasn't a friend who wrote the ad, because we haven't any friends in Portland."

Every evening Jack calls his mother at six o'clock on the telephone and tells her whether or not he has to work. Every free evening he takes her out to dinner. Ev likes her Jack. And she's okay with him. "You can't be too sure of his feelings," she says. He was never bad—just a boy. She thinks he is wise and lucky. And Mrs. Evelyn Offield, as usual, is right.
of China.

At seven, young Mei had mastered music and song. At twelve, he made his debut as a tenor, or impersonator of female roles. Since then he has become famed throughout the five hundred millions of people who inhabit China and Japan. He is the only actor in present-day China whose appearance on any stage in any part of the country at any season of the year is hailed invariably by a capacity audience.

For some years, Lan-Fang has borne the honor of being "Foremost of the Pear Orchard"—which is equivalent to saying he is China's foremost actor. This name is derived from the fact that the Imperial Troupe during the golden age of Chinese art, under Emperor Ming Huang, were called "Disciples of the Pear Orchard" because they performed in a palace surrounded by pear trees.

Mr. Mei is married and has four children, three boys and a girl. He married a young and beautiful actress formerly on the stage in Peking.

Mei is said to be fond of taking watches apart, playing American phonographs until his friends take the records away in self defense, and he likes to walk in his garden in the early morning hours.

This great Chinese actor is well-known as a painter of considerable ability, having a special section devoted to his pictures at a recent Japanese Art exhibition. Lan-Fang is extremely interested in biology, entomology, as well as electricity and machinery. His collection of ancient manuscripts and old treatises on music and the dance is probably the most extensive in China. He is also an intensely social person and at his beautiful home entertains many famous Europeans and Americans.

"I wish very much to learn your art and to take it back to China with me," Mr. Mei said in conclusion. "I love your energetic people, your excellent food, and the touching negro spirituals. But the speed—the speed makes me feel lost. When I go into a subway I feel as if the world were being destroyed about my helpless ears. I am afraid I could not remain permanently in such a hurrying city. I am used to the country, to gardens and quiet spots. And it is there in silence that I prepare myself best for my work."

Why I Spend $250,000

Continued from page 34

With all these luxuries—which to a screen star are necessities—you can very well see how she can easily budget her personal appearance at the two hundred and fifty thousand dollar a year mark without overdoing it.

But even to me, a quarter of a million dollars for clothing in one year for any one woman seems wanton extravagance. Yet, if that woman is a motion picture star who is trying to bring romance to one hundred million people every seven days, do you think the cost is too much?

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes
movies. Yes! And I would have no feeling about making changes in them. I realize this would be necessary. If they were to be made into plays for the stage, changes would be made. That would be expected because they are different mediums. But I think that in the end the best pictures will be made not from adaptations but from original stories written for the screen. Because then you are writing directly for your medium and can take into consideration the technique of that medium.

I am now working on a story for Evelyn Laye. This young English actress should be a sensation in the talkies. She has everything! She is beautiful, has a lovely voice, and is a splendid actress. Of course, it has been difficult to determine on just the right story for her—but we hope to have it finished soon, so that she can begin work on it as soon as she returns from her vacation in England which will be about the first of July. Rudolph Friml will do the music.

After that, I'll probably do a story for Ronald Colman. I expect to help with the direction of the pictures. Not the technical part, of course. But it is one of the policies here and as a rule you can become, after a while, an author knows better than anyone else the effect he has imagined. I understand Pannie Hurst was pleased with the way they handled "Lummock" and she worked closely with Herbert Brenon, the director.

They say the movies were still in their infancy when the talking pictures came along. Now, I believe they will virtually have to begin all over again. Everything changes so rapidly. In two years more, great strides will have been made in the technical side of the talkies.

It's quite true that America leads the field in the film world. The influence of American pictures abroad is colossal. There are practically no stars of importance in foreign films, that is, with any great following. They produce some excellent films in Germany, but they have no stars who are as popular as ours. Even in the tiny French village, I understand the old chapels were converted into movie houses, showing films of Charlie Chaplin and Gloria Swanson!

So many have criticized the architecture here; but I find it charming and quite in keeping with the climate and the mood of the land. It is much like old Spain: the Spanish, the Basque, and the Provençal houses are quite right for Hollywood.

The west, and particularly the southwest, however, is an entirely new country: a new civilization really. The east is different, and Europe is decidedly different—they are as different as the poles.

I don't know much about the night life of Hollywood, if any. I haven't seen much of that. I have been to a few dinner parties, but it was much the same as it would be anywhere else! Familiar faces, familiar talk. I have met some of the moving picture actresses whom I did not know on the stage. I found Eleanor Boardman and Colleen Moore charming; and Kay Francis. And June Collyer is. I believe, the prettiest girl I have ever seen!

To get back to the beauties of California, and you may judge me a booster if you wish—but I consider Beverly Hills one of the most beautiful, in fact, the most beautiful suburb to a large city anywhere. And I can think of few things that can quite equal the trip from Hollywood to Beverley overlook the vista of all Los Angeles and down to the sea, particularly at sunset, and then later she becomes a sea of lights.

Perhaps I've been too busy to encounter any real orgies—I may catch up with a few yet. I've only been here three weeks, after all!

But certainly, although this is my first trip here, I am already completely sold on Hollywood!

In New York
Continued from page 91

most important occasion of his life. Incidentally, Mrs. Whiting and her daughter-in-law Joan are great pals.

* * *

Claire Luce, who tells us she is considering offering to make talking pictures, is one of the most glamorous personalities I have ever met.

You know that the golden-haired Claire used to be a Follies girl. But she is far above the average type. Despite the fact that she is an exceedingly wealthy young New Yorker. Miss Luce has kept persistently at her career. Only last year she scored a tremendous success in "Burlesque" in London, and returned to America where she played in "Scarlet Pages," receiving fine notices from many of our hard-boiled New York critics.

Miss Luce is an unusual woman in many ways. Born in extremely humble circumstances, she has worked her way to the top. And now with the world at her feet, she still looks ahead.

Strictly speaking, Claire Luce is piquant rather than beautiful, but she has a distinction of appearance worthy of an empress. She is a fine conversationalist, a good linguist, and possesses a more than surface knowledge of music, politics, art, and architecture. It seems to me that both socially and professionally, there are few heights to which her talent, her appearance, and her personality do not entitle her to aspire.

* * *

Is Adolphe Menjou going to stay on this side or will he return to France? This is the question which is agitating all the fans who love his sophisticated, man-of-the-world personality. We hope he stays here—for many reasons. But foremost among them is the fact that it would be exceedingly difficult to find anybody to fill just the niche that he has filled so admirably for a number of years.

We have all heard that it is easier to recruit women for the movies than it is men. Most girls' natural inclination is toward the dramatic, whereas, most young men's fancies turn to the page. And it is extraordinarily difficult to find male stars who possess the suave charm which has brought Menjou fame. Because of this, we hope we have not lost him to the foreign films.

When Menjou returned from Paris the other day, he reported that all Europe is furious, exclaims that it is wing pictures. He claims that single American film made four hundred thousand dollars in France alone last year. Try that out on your wallet and imagine what every Frenchman thinks three times before he parts with a centime!

"In three years," says Menjou, "I believe our Hollywood producers will be emulating what Germany and Europe are doing, making pictures which might be called talkies. Naturally, they will either have to import foreign artists or establish studios. In Europe I intend to stay three weeks in Paris, where I have all heard to be a very successful play to make a talking picture of it in French, German, and English. Then I am going to Hollywood."

Menjou said he is not ready to make pictures; is the first all-talking picture made in the French language in France He also made an English version which will soon be released in London.

* * *

Lucile Gleason, wife of Jimmy, mother of Russell, dean of feminine vaudevillians, came to town. She brought her charming mother with her. Russell's grandma is spry and snappy.

One of the first legitimate players to go to Hollywood, Lucile alternates between stage and screen, spending more and more of her time in Hollywood where she can stretch out in her chaise lounge, kick off her shoes and lie down to quiet sleep, without any thought of trains to be caught, new acts to be tried out, or lumpy hotel beds and stringy roast beef.

Lucile has always been one of my pets. Her jolly personality, her fine stable character, and her really excellent artistic interpretations have been great contributions to our variable talking picture industry. She was to have returned to vaudeville at the Palace here in a new act with husband Jimmy, but instead she was called back to the Coast by Jimmy's illness. Nothing serious, but the vaudeville act has been postponed.

* * *

My dear, she actually did, that is, I mean, Ruth Taylor was married! Yes, the blonde Lorelei Lee. of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is honeymooning with her nice, new husband, Paul S. Zuckerman is the lucky man. He is a wealthy New York stockbroker, which means blonde stock is preferred right now. They were married in Phyllis Haver's Greenwich Village pent house by none other than Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York. Seaman, Phyllis' husband, is the Mayor's best boy-friend. Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Kathryh Carver, were at the ceremony. Best wishes to you, Mrs. and Mrs. Zuckerman!
The daintiest way to remove cold cream

Pastel tinted Kleenex Tissues . . . which are used once, then discarded

Exquisite tints . . . absolutely pure and safe . . . make Kleenex especially dainty. The smart, modern box automatically hands out two sheets at a time.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

O'NE important reason why Kleenex is so essential to proper beauty care is this: it is absolutely clean and hygienic.

Most methods of cold cream removal are inefficient, and even dangerously unclean. Cold cream clothes, for instance, are usually filled with germs. And germs in the pores are the starting point of pimples and blackheads. Towels are inefficient, because their harshness prevents absorption, and thus oil and dirt are not removed.

Soft, dainty Kleenex tissues actually blot up the surplus cold cream. Along with the cream come any dirt and cosmetics which may be lingering in the pores.

It isn't necessary to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, which beauty experts say induces wrinkles and premature aging. And it isn't necessary to soil and ruin towels.

Many people use Kleenex almost exclusively for handkerchiefs. Think how much more sanitary it is, when there's a cold! Kleenex is used just once, then discarded. Cold germs are discarded, too, instead of being carried about in a damp handkerchief, to infect others, and reinfect the user.

Kleenex does away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering. Ask for Kleenex at any drug or department store.

Richard Dix Psycho-Analyzed
Continued from page 59

Well, the ratio of introvert to extravert is about 14 to 42.

I should say that Richard Dix is a well-extraverted sensation type, with much of feeling and thinking as assistants to sensation. Sensation is earthy, masculine. It is realistic, getting the dope through the senses, through seeing, hearing, touching, and so on. Insofar as feeling steps in, the type becomes emotional; but where thinking plays a part (thinking being highly masculine also) the type becomes hard-hitting, with an awful wallop. The American doughboy was, in general, just about like that: emotional, sociable, good-natured until it came to fighting. Only Dix does more thinking than most of them.

An Americano, ladies and gentlemen, a big boy from St. Paul, Minn, with the difference that he is an actor and a good one at that. Men like him; women are charmed. He appears to enjoy life, and the rest of us enjoy him. We should miss him if the screen lost him.

SALLY EILERS is another screen favorite who considers Kleenex an absolute essential: "I'd expect all sorts of complexion trouble if I didn't use Kleenex regularly to remove every trace of make-up. It's so thorough, so sanitary."

Sally Eilers
There is no more important detail of good-grooming than vibrant, live, shiningly clean hair becomingly worn. It's so easy, too, to have nice hair—spun-gold, red-brown or coal black, may demonstrate the beauty of daintiness.

And clean faces! You can't be dainty unless your face is clean, and this isn't always such an easy matter, especially in cities. I believe thoroughly in the merits of cleansing cream and I believe also in good old soap and water, intelligently used.

The relation of clean faces to permanent skin beauty is a close one. Study your skin and find out what soap and creams best agree with it. Treat your skin with watchful care and you'll need to mourn the passing of extreme youth. If you're clever, you can be better looking at thirty, at thirty-five, than you ever were before!

Well-cared for hands contribute largely to the effect of daintiness. Don't make the mistake of using harsh soaps on the hands, and avoid hard water without a softening agent. Don't let the hands become, or at least remain, stained.

Keep a cut lemon at hand to remove any stains that appear. Have hard creams and lotions always within reach. Have one on your dressing-table, one in the bathroom cabinet, and one near the kitchen sink and use it after each washing and drying of the hands. Shape your nails prettily and give them some attention every day.

Add to your beauty care each day a brisk walk, good posture, plenty of fresh air and food—and you ought to keep moderately fit.

Now don't ask, young brides and older brides, when you are to find time to acquire the effect of daintiness morning, noon and night. You can easily do it if you make your beauty rites a part of the daily routine.

Your new home keeps you busy, of course, if you let it. The only thing you are busy before, with business or professional cares, never a minute to call your own. But now—well—what with jumping out of bed early in the morning, musing on the ice man and start the coffee and order the groceries, with meals to plan and prepare, shopping to do, and a few social occasions with 'the girls'—you've hardly time to breathe before it's time to slick up your hair, powder your nose and wait for John's return. You don't want to ' slump' or grow unattractive, yet as for spending a lot of time beautifying before retiring—

No, girls, you don't. You know a man's beauty habits are comparatively simple. He has had no experience with going to bed encased in cold cream, waving combs and bob caps or wearing gloves to keep hand lotions off the bed linen. He has no understanding of why it's necessary to spend a lot of time in beautifying, particularly just harmonies, as most of us are. Did you ever spend a luxurious hour in a bathroom with green walls and tiles, violet and white and rose towels in the racks, a generous supply of violet soap, green bath salts in a violet glass container and violet-scented dusting powder in a green glass jar, and an enormous luscious violet puff? If so, then you know the part that lovely surroundings may play in the beauty of daintiness.

When you are ready to bathe, drop a handful of spicy and fragrant bath salts into your tub of warm water. Have a clean wash cloth and a cake of your favorite soap. Today, there is a soap for every skin—olive oil, almond oil, glycerine, oatmeal, lemon, cucumber, castle, plain unscented soaps if you prefer them, and there are many exquisite scented soaps from which to choose.

After the soap and water and rinsing with a quick shower or spray, dry well, and douse the face with fragrant powder.

Speaking of soap, we are reminded of a unique bath accessory in the form of a goodly sized wooden bowl with a cake of soap that just fits. This is placed in the tub for the length of the bath, then taken out and set aside for next time. This lasts several months, it is said, one soap greatly in its favor—no starting to take a bath and finding the last minute that we've all out of soap! It is put out by an English firm which specializes in powders and perfumes of quality, and is now bringing out a new cream especially laved for its protective qualities. An interesting feature is that the design on this jar was copied from a jar discovered in the tomb of an Egyptian Queen, thus revealing woman's vanity 5,000 years ago!

If the water in which you bathe is inclined to be hard, use a prepared water softener or a hard water soap. An old-fashioned method of softening water and whitening the skin was to place in the tub a small bag of cheese-cloth filled with oatmeal.

A salt bath is tonic, as everybody knows who enjoys salt water bathing. Sea salt may be purchased for this purpose; rubbed vigorously over the body, followed by a shower, this treatment, thus, this bath is a marvelous stimulant in the morning upon rising, or at the end of a tiring day.

Our grandmothers knew the soothing quality of starch as a dusting powder and...
"Such priceless zip!"
says JUNE COLLYER,

charming young favorite of the silver screen.

"It's the first time in all my days I've known a perfume that could keep step with a whiz of a sport frock... and a love of a dance frock, too...

"Seventeen is mine... All around the clock I wear it... I tell people that I think it was just made for me!"

If you're a modern...

SEVENTEEN is for you

A perfume... newer than the newest small talk! More modern than your swiftest motor car. More daring than your latest thought.

Yet subtle too... naive... and elfin... like a dryad's darting shyness... springtime... April... taken in crystal draughts.

SEVENTEEN is you... a whisper of your own verve and personality... the accent for your modern, sparkling different charms.

* * *

Try Seventeen today... you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with Seventeen! The Perfume, in such exquisite little French flacons... the Powder, so new and smart in shadings... the Toilet Water, like a caress... the fairy-fine Dusting Powder for after-bathing luxury... the Talc... the Sachet... two kinds of Brillantine... and the Compact, gleaming black and gold... like no other compact you've seen. You will adore them all!
used it in the bath for the satiny smoothness it gave the skin. Today, this ingredient, perfected by science, comes in convenient form; a portion of it is dissolved in the bath gives the water a pleasant smoothness, and after you bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, your skin will reveal the smoothness of a baby. This beauty bath is within reach of everyone and is delightful in effect.

There are other vastly important details of personal cleanliness, among them the prevention of superfluous hair. Clothes are more feminine this season, meaning that skirts are longer. But this doesn’t solve the problem at all. We still have the decaffeinated evening gown, sleeveless afternoon frocks; hosiery is sheer as ever, the vogue for socks or no stockings will continue for country wear; sports frocks are short and some of them sleeveless and the one-piece bathing suit we have always with us. So the need for getting rid of unwanted hair is greater than ever.

Scientific authorities today recognize superfluous hair to be an unnatural condition with women, but believe it can be eliminated through treatment which destroys or devitalizes the hair root below the surface of the skin.

There are ways to remove superfluous hair temporarily, but many of these are open to serious criticism. For instance, the use of the razor which removes hair only at the surface and strengthens and coarsens the hair exactly as it does a man’s beard.

The modern woman rebels against clumsy old-fashioned methods of removing the offending growth of hair. They are glad to learn about and to adopt scientific modern methods which remove superfluous hair from under-arms, arms, and legs quickly and efficiently and with the assurance that it will not grow back heavier than ever before. All this process attacks the hair below the surface of the skin the result is

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Screenland

Removes

.. Hair

as it by Magic

Imagine being able to wash away unwanted hair with a liquid! Just sponge the unsightly growth with DeMiracle and rinse with clear, warm water. You actually see the hairs dissolve.

It sounds like magic! Yet that is exactly what happens.

No razor, no pastes, no waxes, no powders to mix. Instead, you just wash away unwanted hair with this delicately perfumed liquid which retards the reappearance of hair, and positively will coarsen the growth.

With DeMiracle it is so easy to have delicate white skin, free from the blemish of hair—Satin-smooth under sheer silk stockings. Quick—Safe—Dainty, it is the “only” liquid depilatory you can buy, and it is a necessity for the sophisticated woman.

Sold everywhere: 60¢, $1.00 and $2.00. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, order from us, enclosing $1.00. DeMiracle, Dept. D-1, 125 W. 14th St. New York City.

DeMiracle

Washes Away Hair

Arlen, Richard, like Buddy, has $25.00 a week to use. He signs no checks. Jody invests the money in very safe bonds or in building and loan.

Harry Eddington, executive at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, looks after the income and principal business affairs of John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. He makes them a small spending-money allowance and okays every purchase, banking the bulk of their money. They can hardly blame Harry if either of them ever get to the ‘hungry’ stage! He keeps them on a regular budget and has survived the job for nearly four years now.

Then there are Rebecca and Silton, who take charge of the incomes of Helen Twelvetrees and James Hall. Rebecca, however, insists very strongly that she is no mean old tyrant, but on the contrary, lets her two well-known clients spend their money pretty nearly as much as they like. Her main duty consists in keeping a sharp lookout to see that her stars aren’t ‘gyped’ or cheated by any smart salesmen or tradespeople.

Bogart Rogers used to manage Clara Bow’s income and fortune, but now Clara’s secretary and companion, Daisy De Voe, does the job very wisely and nicely.

Rod La Rocque has been “incorporated” quite a while now, and is “run” by a regular board of stern-faced directors.

One of the first steps in a concern of the above mentioned order is in the nature of a questionnaire, which must be filled out painstakingly by each individual. The form goes something like this:

How much are you earning each week?
Do you own or rent your home?
How many people do you support? If not, how much do you owe on it?
If you rent, what do you pay?
How many cars have you and what make?
How many people do you support?
How much do you owe?
How much is owed you, and by whom?
How many people do you employ and in what capacity?
What do you spend for clothes?
How much do you spend for entertainment?
Do you gamble or invest in liquor?
What are your legitimate investments?
How much insurance do you carry?
How much do you give to charities?

The player usually receives twenty-five dollars weekly for speculation, or in some cases it may be fifty dollars. The remainder of the weekly income is placed in the bank in a joint account. All bills
are paid by the firm, the client and agent both signing the checks. Of course, it is the client's money and the contract can be discontinued at any time, since it is really only a "gentleman's agreement."

Most of the agents discourage the employment of valets. And, too, many personal maids are frowned upon, too. Also, buying liquor is looked upon with great disfavor.

A certain well-known star admitted he paid out $3,000 for liquor during the past year, explained his newly-appointed agent. "And what for?"

"Well, I have my position to keep up. I'm expected to entertain and lots of the boys won't buy unless liquor is served."

"Ah, so that's it, eh?" replied the agent, putting on his great scowl. "Now I'll ask you some questions! Does entertaining and passing around free drinks make your work any better? Does it make your job any more secure? Does it make your employer respect you more? No! Well, this year we will set down two hundred dollars for your thirsty pals—and even that's too much!"

Racing and various other forms of gambling are mostly out, too. And frequent and expensive pleasure trips to Agua Caliente and Tia Juana are scowled at.

"But we hardly ever advise them to buy expensive homes, but rather to rent," declares Mr. Cole of the Equitable, "of course, if they can buy a new home, that's different. We recommend, for the most part, only a few necessary clubs, but we are very liberal where charities are concerned. We think it is right for people who acquire large sums of money suddenly to be generous in this manner. As a rule, we never interfere with our clients' choice of doctors or lawyers, although we do once in a while point out that $150 is too much for an appendix when $500 is the Hollywood market price for movie stars. Lawyers, too, sometimes send in frightfully huge bills, greatly overcharging certain prominent stars. However, when they learn we do the checking and paying, they quickly drop their prices down to normalities."

Most of these finance firms reckon the screen life of their clients to be about five or six years. It is their chief aim to see that their stars save as much of their money as they possibly can, so when their five or six years are up, they will still be able to live in comfort and without any debts to worry them.

All of these agents recommend good sound investments and they are very strong for endowment insurance.

One of their greatest problems, they aver, is the "relative" question.

"When our clients begin to get famous," they explain, "he or she discovers all kinds of relations scattered about that they never even dreamed about! We don't object to our clients helping out the more worthy of these relations, but we do say they shouldn't shower money on 'fifty-second' cousins or such, who never noticed them until they reached the heights of fame!"

The wave of thrift was bound to come. Stars of the talkies earn such enormous salaries, live their lives in the fierce glare of publicity, enjoy all the privacy of a pet goldfish in a bowl of water, that consequently, they are vulnerable to all sorts of schemes and shysters. It is a fact that with many of them one financial agent is not a mere luxury but an absolute necessity.

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Movies in the Air — Continued from page 8

SPICY aroma — tinct — ozen that clears the head and soothes the nerves—invigorating, woody air that makes your eyes sparkle—that's the new Swiss Pine Bath!

Distilled essence of pine needles from the heights of the Alps, Swiss Pine Bath possesses the beautifying qualities of the pines in concentrated form. A few drops of this emerald liquid in your bath transforms your skin into soft satina with that warm, glowing health that no amount of cosmetics can achieve. And how you will sleep—to awake with the freshness of youth in your eyes!

Incidentally, Swiss Pine Bath is famous in Europe as a treatment for catarrhal, rheumatic and toxic conditions.

Swiss Pine Bath is one of those little luxuries that those who love beauty cannot afford to miss. Ideal for gifts or prizes. Mail the coupon for a real thrill!

S P I C Y

BEAUTY FROM THE PINES

SWISS

PINE BATH

B A L N E O  P R O D U C T S  C O .  Inc.

Balneo Products Co., Inc., 254-6 West 31st St., New York.

Enrolled for U.S. for which we pay postage. One trial-size box containing five single-bath vials of imported Swiss Pine Bath (Lavanda-Balsam).

Name _____________________________

Address ___________________________

[Address]

[Spicy aroma — tinct — ozen that clears the head and soothes the nerves — invigorating, woody air that makes your eyes sparkle — that's the new Swiss Pine Bath! Distilled essence of pine needles from the heights of the Alps, Swiss Pine Bath possesses the beautifying qualities of the pines in concentrated form. A few drops of this emerald liquid in your bath transforms your skin into soft satina with that warm, glowing health that no amount of cosmetics can achieve. And how you will sleep — to awake with the freshness of youth in your eyes! Incidentally, Swiss Pine Bath is famous in Europe as a treatment for catarrhal, rheumatic and toxic conditions. Swiss Pine Bath is one of those little luxuries that those who love beauty cannot afford to miss. Ideal for gifts or prizes. Mail the coupon for a real thrill!]

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Movies in the Air — Continued from page 8

him a more than comfortable income.

But the criterion of his winning or increasing favor will be seen in the reports of his record sales for the coming six months. They will tell a story that no one can refute or excuse. And the same is true for the agent artists.

Harry Richman went from a Seventh Avenue cellar to a United Artists special because of his particular talent fitted him for the entertainment chain that leads a singer from cabaret shouting through national radio hookups, through lucrative phonograph sessions and into the big money of starring in movie engagements. Richman was nobody when a kind fate arranged a radio tie-up with the club where he was earning a small salary for singing the latest song hits. One station carried his voice for months, but it had that peculiar quality that made listeners neglect the larger stations when Harry was doing his stuff. He sang 'N Hot Water in the Bronx until a million radio fans knew every word of it, and then his salary started rising as his technique improved.

From radio he went into the list of phonograph artists and with the good luck of such songs as Muddy Waters he started smashing the sales totals that have been in the industry for years. The whole thing had reached George White took advantage of his popularity, and United Artists, after making over $1,000 for the single song and doing extremely well, found him good material for one of his flacker successes of the season, "Puttin' On The Ritz."

Even the cotillion entertainment which depends upon mass patronage has its slumps. There was the time when radio first came into vogue when the phonograph manufacturers were ready to declare bankruptcy. For months during that crucial time, few talking machines were sold and the record sales fell off at an alarming rate. The Victor people tied up with the Radio Corporation of America and the result was a combination Victrola and radio receiver. Columbia followed step by step even co-operation in the distribution of the implements wasn't sufficient. The phonograph manufacturers had to buy time on the air to plug their products. The business started recovering and is now in a most flourishing condition.

The movies were in an unhealthy state when along came talking equipment at a most opportune moment. The film makers had applied some of the mechanics of radio to their own business with the result that they made their silent tintypes audible. When radio interest was slightly waning and the source of new, novel talent was being exhausted, the broadcasters turned to the movies for their magnet names.

Before the trio had learned the value of co-operation a movie star looked upon radio broadcasting as good publicity and was glad to make his radio debut. Now the value of the tie-up is still recognized but the celebrity gets negotiable luce for the service.

Maurice Chevalier gets $5,000 for singing a whole song, and doing it for the air. Maggie Brice adds a thousand dollars to her income by a bit of fun-making for a few minutes. And the most fitting example of all is Wll Rogers, who is fulfilling a thirteen week contract which nets the homely philosopher a hundred dollars a month.
On Location "Under Western Skies"

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has a chance to sleep late they always greet the rest as 'slaves.'

"When did you get here?" Lila asked me. "We waited up for awhile and then remembering how late we were in arriving and how tired we all were decided we'd better go to bed. Isn't it gorgeous up here? How are the puppies?" she asked Irma, the script clerk, who was wearing a little slip under her woolen stockings.

"Where are the puppies?" I asked. Lila laughed. "Meaning feet," she said.

"Irma's heavy boots gave her a terrible blister yesterday.

"We'll be up to you in a minute, Lila, aren't you all set?" asked John Daumery, assistant director.

"Excuse me, Helen. I must prepare for my great moment," and Lila, Alma, the hairdresser, and Harry De More, the make-up man, went into a huddle.

Mr. Badger, who is one of the gentlest people in the world, welcomed me kindly and asked me to make myself at home. He has a beautiful home up in this country about three miles from the location and nearer the Nevada range which he built several years ago. Mrs. Badger had come with him this time and also three or four house guests so she wouldn't be lonely while her husband was engaged in the business of making motion pictures with sound. This is the first time, however, that he has had the luck to take a company on the location in California he likes best.

It was a swell troupe. Farrell MacDonald in an absurd make-up as Buzzard, with a very red nose and funny peaked cap; Tom Dugan in mustache, strange clothes, watch chains and so forth, but the priceless thing about his wardrobe was his shoes. It is a good thing this picture is to be one hundred percent Technicolor and I hope they give a close-up of Tom's shoes. High, shiny black toes, pink buttons and terra cotta tops. After being made up at the shrill of day for three days all he did while I was there was one scene in which he ran up a hill back to the camera, and that was a long shot! He grasped Buzzard's hand and wrung it. This being a silent "hit" he acted out with it. They're improving and how! The mildest of the speeches of all breathless-like: "There are twenty women following me up the path," and Buzzard's cutting reply, "Well, what's it to you?"

There is a very amusing scene between Buzzard and J. W. Johnson, who is an old New Englander and much exploited favorite with whom you have seen him in dozens of pictures. When the scene was over, I told Lila I had just caught myself from giggling in time to save the scene. "You did Lila?" Lila Louis Marlowe, second assistant director, was sitting just back of us at his director's stand which was balanced on a rock (he has a small audience) and I grinned, "Lila couldn't look like Louis Stone, though." He does, too.

The director's stand is an interesting contraption. It has three electric bulbs enclosed in metal netting, used to signal from the set to the sound trucks about a city block away. There is a telephone connection, too. One light is yellow, one green, and one red. When the yellow flashes it signifies that the scene has been given the "A. C."

meaning that the sound track and camera track are locked. Green light means that the motors are turning over and red light means their speed is up to normal and everything is ready. As soon as Mr. Badger blows a whistle and the dialogue and action of the scene begins, then, if some sneeze or something funny like that happens, Mr. Badger is out quite a bunch of dough, the amount being governed by the length of footage run. Once a scene that had run for two minutes was spoiled because an old man behind the camera broke down due to talent," reported Lou Marlowe to the sound truck. The reason for everything to have been recorded. Lila had never heard that phrase before and was much amused by it.

Not that anyone should have the nerve to blame an actor for not knowing his lines on account of the crazy way most of them have to learn them. Sometimes the dialogue is so stilted the director has to change it all, not only to make it clear but to keep the audience from going into hysterics at the wrong moment. Sometimes this has been done in the last minute just before the scene is taken. Is it any wonder the actor trips up? And the microphone is as merciless as the camera.

When each thing is done on the stage an actor could 'fake' his lines and slum over a word or two and the audience was none the wiser. But a sound picture audi- ence is a much more discriminating one. Every word will be worked into this business one of these days by some smart guy because millions of dollars are lost in this absurd way. It is so inconsistent. All sorts of comforts are ordered for the leading players, comfortable transportation, the best accommodations a place affords, yet they are not allowed the time and necessary re-hearsals to make sure of doing the work they are capable of doing. This isn't true of all companies, but it is true of most.

"My, my public—all two of them—are going to hate me, ma," wailed Lila after the scene the other was taken in which she had in high-hatted her husband who was doing his damnest to make everything right between them. "Hard-hearted Hannah over here, that's what I am!"

Sidney's brother, Luke, had visited him for several days and to make their interesting Sid had arranged to have him play a very small bit in the picture. He was standing next an old extra man who has been forty years on the stage and screen and hadn't a line to say in this picture. "I don't remember ever having seen you before," he said to Luke. "How long have you been in the business?"


Olive Tell, Kenneth Thompson and David Newell, a new-comer to pictures whom you are going to like and who has just signed a contract with Paramount, hove into view. Lila said Olive doesn't know a thing about acting and you know, they made a mistake at the studio and sent us up here two or three days before Mr. Badger was ready for us. We felt a little foolish. Everyone shouted. "Well, for goodness sake, what are you doing up here?"

"What do you do with your time, sloths?" Lila wanted to know.

"We went shooting, and I was a terrible shot this morning," said Olive, "those tin cans just would not stay still."

"How do you make your eyelashes stay on, Lila?" asked Olive. "Mine didn't but they've been so well the last time." And the two girls went into a heart to heart discussion of the best way to put on eyelashes. Lila's was put on to let Harry De More or Roy Pringle do the job for her.

Max Julian, the still man for the unit, asked us to pose for pictures. "Oh, I can't," said Lila. "My hair is still in comb."

"Never mind," Sidney and I chaffed, "you're good-looking enough as you are."

"Well, I don't know what all of my two pieces will think of Max, who has't a bone in his body."

And just a word for the still man. It's no joke to be one on an outfit like this. I'll bet there wasn't a boulder within sight of the location that Max didn't scale, his camera on his back, to look for the best shots.

I should think Lone Pine would be swarming with artists. Talk about the color in the Cape Cod country—it can't be mentioned in the same breath with the beauty of these hidden valleys. And it has the same sandy barrens in places. Here and there, but miles apart, are little farm houses, and at this time of the year the sap is bright green in the willows and pines. I didn't do much but see many shades of green and gray and lavender in the world. They were all mixed up in a riot of color and above them towered the majestic peaks of snow-capped ridges. We stood on one of the promontories and looking through the binoculars let them rest at first on the farm house, then sweep out toward the west-till, we opened up the vast sweep of the mountains. The little houses, everything stood out crystal clear. Even the horses added a spot of glory in their blue and white coats against the tender green.

That night there was an entertainment in town, a performance of one-act plays given by the young people. Almost the whole company attended and the house was packed. It was very interesting, too. Some of the costumes came from the city but others were home-made and very charming. There was a sincerity and eager- ness about the players that made a hit with all of us. Sidney was asked to make a speech and they gave him his cue just before the last act, but he had hardly reached the aisle when one of those funny mis-understandings that happen sometimes in the best of theaters took place lack of coordination between the front of the house and back-stage. The players didn't know Sidney was going to make his speech at that time and the curtains opened, displaying a very pretty Mrs. Sanger as a background for the actor. Well, poor Sidney! He got out of it very gracefully; the audience knew it was right and they had a bow and a smile and a gesture of abdication in favor of beauty he changed the situation from an embarrassing to an amusing one. But we were too much for Lila. We were reduced to tears of laughter by the time he got back to us. Later, the director of the plays told us he had absolutely disappointed they all because they had been looking forward to the speeches.
When we got back to the hotel Farrell Macdonald was up on a telephone in the back yard and we all looked at the stars and the moon. The moon looked like a piece of putty with bubbles in it. Some of the stars were blank in mind.

This is the first location upon which I played lazy in the morning—I must be feeling my age. The third morning I managed to get up myself till thirty but Lila beat me by an hour and a half. The second evening of my stay, Mr. and Mrs. Badger invited Lila, Sidney and myself to their home. I was terribly thrilled because I had heard a lot about it and I wasn't a bit disappointed. It has the most livable looking room I've seen for a long time. Very large, plenty of windows and tables and enormous leather lounging chairs that one can rest in, not merely sit upon. The windows at the west end of the room are placed in such a way as to frame the view of the mountains as though it was a picture. One large one in the center two smaller ones. At night the effect is extraordinary. There was a moon and the snow reflected the pale cold light. The mantelpiece was noteworthy in that it was made of lava and over the top bits of it were twisted like elephant's tusk. And there were five gorgeous Angora cats, live ones, the pride of Mrs. Badger's heart. There was an astounding cake in two tiers made by the Badger chef, beautifully decorated with pink roses, and five little brown quail that looked as though they were about to fly away. Lila was given the job of cutting into them which nearly broke her heart. Another cake was shown to be used the next night which had a perfect duplicate of the house and grounds painted upon it in colored icing. Even the mountains in the background and the sky were there and across it one read, "Under Western Skies" in honor of the picture. It looked like an oil painting so exquisitely it was done.

After a tour of inspection in which we were shown Mr. Badger's den which is a perfect workroom, we tried to solve a few of the dozens of puzzles Mrs. Badger has gradually accumulated, fascinating things.

The next morning, Sol Polito, the camera expert, arrived early at the sun through a dark glass which he wore on a cord around his neck. John Dauntery, first assistant director, called him Abdul because, until the last word, no sound was given the "A.C." which is the signal to start.

"Well, you may be the last word with the light, but if the wind whirls, no matter how hard the sun shines, we don't go," laughed Joe Kane, the mixer. "So that evens up our importance."

Clarence Badger smiled. A director just has to be a double for Patience on a Monument the next two days.

Next morning, it was Sid who had the late call while poor Lila was up before dawn. Farrell asked where Sid was. Lila answered with spirit, "He's probably asleep. I'll bet he is in a warm room this minute with the heat on and the windows down—yes, and the kitten asleep on his pillow!" referring to a stray kitten Sid had taken to his heart. It was very cold that day and the wind blew terribly, making work an almost impossible thing. David Newell and Lila were the only ones at it during the morning and the others gathered around Farrell's telescope to see what the stars looked like in the day time.

David plays the young man whom Lila would have married if she hadn't met Sid. Sand blew in their eyes and mouth and sent Lila's skimpy muslin dress whipping about her hips. I couldn't help wondering whether the goosefeather on her pretty little arms was going to pick up in the camera. The weather was no help to histrionic art that day, but no one grumbled—much. There is that schedule to meet and every one knows that it doesn't matter how, just so it is met.

In case you don't know it, I must tell you that Lila Lee is an adorable kid. One of the most beautiful girls on the screen to my mind, and one who has made a great come-back. Like a little mouse she was last year, quiet, with a bewildered look in her eyes that went straight to your heart. How different now! She decided to go back to work in earnest, no half measures. She became interested, too, in a certain young man, which may account some for the radiance that shines about her. In the last year she has risen to one of our most sought-after leading women. Just shows what setting your mind to do a thing will accomplish, and she looks as happy as a child.

Luncheon each day was served in the cars. "Our private dining room," said Lila, bowing me into it. Sidney ate with us, too. After luncheon he read one paper while Lila worked on the cross-word puzzle in another and I caught up in my notes. Edna, Lila's maid, saw to it that we had plenty of hot coffee. The William Ander- son outfit was catering. They used a rough board shanty not far from the hotel and we all trouped there for meals, except the bitches that were brought to us, and how good the sandwiches were!

There is lots more to tell about the location, but no more space to tell it in. Out of one hundred people only eight or ten were acting. The other ninety were camera men, technical men, 'grips,' electricians and drivers. How different from the old days. Now it's like moving the world to take a company on location. Close to half a million dollars lay scattered over those rocks. That may sound fanciful but let's look into it. There were five Technicolor cameras and each one of them cost ten thousand dollars. There goes fifty thou- sand dollars. There were about twenty sound trucks averaging about fifteen thou- sand each. There were ten Cadillac limousines and several touring cars and there were the sound booths, 'mike' booths and a hundred other necessities. In the old days all they needed were the cameras, the film, reflectors, props for the scene, chairs and the commodiary.

The gang was a good-natured one, always cracking jokes and turning trouble into fun. When a sound booth weighing eight or nine hundred pounds had to be moved in the sand on top the promontory and into and over ridges of rock a shout went up: "Hey! All the minute men! Come, or we'll be defeated. The light is gone!" And every available man came running. Once they had one of the unwieldy things on a rope and all hove to like seamen to get it swung into place.

John Dauntery had been clambering over the rocks looking for angles. He returned to find everything at a standstill and de-manded jokingly, "Now, what is the situation?" He was a comical sight in his blue overalls, heavy fleece-lined driving gaunt- lets, sweater, muller, but never a hat. The situation was that the talent was waiting for the sound which had broken down be- cause of the gale that was blowing.

What can you do with such a business? You just take it as you find it—and thank heaven you've got it!
myself I do not require more. For my family—" he stopped a moment and then completed his sentence, "in the family I could wish that I knew better what to do." His wife, two children and two nieces are in a European country, making the brave right far existence of the men outside so many of us more precious and exciting.

When Emil Jannings appeared in "The Last Command" and the story about it was from life, hard-boiled New York, he attracted the Nobel Peace men and women's attention. Some of my noble men and women don't earn their living. They live in palaces and are waited upon by servants! According to mass psychology that is the way it is. Survivors are imposters—oh, they may survive, all right, but we don't want to meet them in the subway! They don't belong there. And if they were nobles they wouldn't be there, they'd be in a palace. How we love our dreams—never mind whether they are true or not. We will believe them, until some wiser wapin' man says that we are all mad.

You'd be surprised how many doors of limousines are opened to you, how many trays of food are carried to you by men and women born to the manor if not the purse. Not only in Hollywood, but all over the country.

"The Last Command" was in reality the story of Theodore Lodjensky, a former General attached to the Czar's private bodyguard who has become well-known in pictures, his screen name being Theodore Lodi. He was the high-priced Grand Duke that Will Rogers makes such a hit with in "They Had To See Paris." (Do you remember how they both chucked Irene Rich's dull party and staged a private one of their own?) Lodiensky told his story to Ernst Lubitsch just as he told it to me. Lubitsch got the idea that it would make a great screen story. He told Jannings who thought so, too, and Von Sternberg also became enthusiastic and directed Jannings in it. It is said to be Lodiensky's story, but it is also the story of many of the Russians here. It is Savitsky's story, too. With their success men sweep away from under their feet they are as helpless as new-born children. The greater the money power the more helpless they are now, and even begin to walk about with other weapons. That is the difficult thing. They don't know what other weapons or how to begin.

Lodiensky's story, briefly, is this. He had held Moscow against the Revolutionists for six or seven days, then finding that the whole city would be slaughtered unless they surrendered they did so, on condition that all lives would be spared. This was promised, but in three weeks Lodiensky and many of his companions were thrown into jail. They were asked to give the names of others but they refused. Three times Lodiensky was taken out to be shot and kept standing while a dozen others paid the death penalty. This was to break down Lodiensky. Lubitsch had some money sewn in his clothes which had escaped the guards. With some of it he bribed a jailor to take a note to a friend who was in Paris. The friend was allowed to see him, also, through bribery. He brought a loaf of bread and told him that it concealed something that he would return later. The friend would wait all night outside the wall," he said. A steel saw was in the bread. It had no handle and Lodijensky's hands were torn and bleeding before he was able to saw two bars of his window work. The space was wide enough for him to crawl through. It was nearly dawn when he finished and with one leg over the ledge he discovered another dilemma—over many feet from the ground—for enough to open the bars, or at least broken for. Desperately, he reached on both sides of the window for something to catch to and then one of those miracles happened. It was a fairy tale.

There was a rain pipe running from roof to ground just within reach. A shorter armed person could not have made it. He slid down the pipe, the bungions on his coat making a fearful racket, the metal further mangling his hands. His friend had a Mercedes all ready to go and although the noise he had made around the guards, the car at a speed of a hundred miles an hour bore him to safety. With his wife, he escaped to France and later at the advice of and with the help of boy Jack, an American university professor, he came to America.

He and Mrs. Lodijensky landed with fifty dollars in their pockets. He didn't know where to start. He didn't speak English at that time, but finally he landed a job as riveter that paid him twenty-three dollars a week. In time, he saved four hundred dollars of which he was very proud. He and his wife opened a millinery shop. She had learned something about the trade in Paris, because she liked to do such things for herself. The shop was on Madison Avenue and Fortieth Street in New York. Trade was very bad, however, until the General happened to meet Karl Kochen who wrote an article for his paper called "The Russian General, who turned his Sword into a Needle."

"If I had capital then I should have made a lot of money, for trade boomed overnight," General Lodijensky told me. "We moved to more fashionable quarters and looked very prosperous on the outside but behind the scenes we were hungry. It is certain that I was going to get into credit, but several people spoke of it that day. Natasha herself seemed quite unaware of it, and she never mentions her 'family' to strangers and she will not talk about the change which lead her into conversation about it. "Being a prince or a princess is a business, really, and we are no longer in the business of being princes and princesses," one of them said.

David Mir feels the same way about it. He has even changed his name and few people, even the Russians, know who he really is. There are a few who knew him in Russia but they are as secretive as he is about disclosing his identity, which he declares does not matter. "I am an American. I am a more modern man. " When my Russian is past—wiped out. It does not matter who my father was. It only matters what I can make of myself now, how I can adjust myself to the American spirit."

As David Mir you have seen him in many pictures. He played with Bessie Love in "The Idol Breakers" just before he did "The Four Flaming Days" in which he played the lead with Balianow in "The Secrets of the Czarina" and in "Bringing Up Father." He did the technical work on "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "The Four Flaming Days" in which he also designed the costumes and played the part to his last dollar. A wealthy man whose name I have been asked not to mention, gave him enough to start over again, and the other day the Russian Eagle was opened, and soon became a success. But again fate steps in. The city is widening Sunset Boulevard. The new lodge will be turned over to the Laurene Eagle. Once more Lodijensky will have to move.

But as Natalie Goltitins says, "We Russians are so used to wandering about that another move doesn't mean very much." Now that Natasha, Lodijensky's daughter, is an actress on the screen, is one of the fortunate refugees, in that she and her family are together. It took years for them to find each other but they are happy now, and live in a charming home on Hollywood Boulevard. All but one sister who married a multi-millionaire and is living in London. Her husband was eager to toss a couple of millions to his wife's family or have them all under his roof but the Goltitzins wouldn't hear of it. "We couldn't do that, you know," said Natasha, "my father's wife is Natasha's older sister. My father is now a physician, you see, and he has a good practice. My mother has a little business. They can afford to help us, and I will help her. An agent sells them for us. My younger brother is going to school here and Natasha does some work in pictures now and again.

That gentle though firm independence showed their blood, as proud as any that ever flowed in Russia. Both princesses, and having a strain of Tartar blood, none of the family were carried away with a fortune, now. "It is too foolish," Natasha smiled.

I remember an afternoon spent on the "General Crack" set when Natasha was pointed out to me. In the coronation scene she was right in the foreground of the scenes taken facing the altar. Not every girl who is a princess looks like one, but Natasha does. She had on that day, a very dull ruby with a diamond clasp, a necklace, bracelets of brilliant stones. She was dressed as she would have dressed had not misfortune overtaken her. It is said that she is beautiful, but several people spoke of it that day. Natasha herself seemed quite unaware of it, and she never mentions her 'family' to strangers and she will not talk about the change which lead her into conversation about it. "Being a prince or a princess is a business, really, and we are no longer in the business of being princes and princesses," one of them said.

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of the crown prince, Conrad Nagel and Evelyn Peabody played the leads. He went abroad awhile ago and returned to find a new technique in vogue—the talking pictures. Fortunately, he is a singer. He spoke beautifully and several other languages perfectly. He and his two friends, Serge Malavsky, a pianist, and Serge Tenov, a dancer, form part of a program that is given every Saturday night at the Russian American Club on Harold Way. This charming place gives entertainments like these on Saturday evenings similar to the Chauve Souris introduced to America by Baliff. On the entertainment nights, one sees more Americans and motion pictures than in any other place. Michael Vavitch is its president. The Russians call him 'Little Uncle.' And when they are hard up he sees to it that they do not starve. "Has he money?" I asked. "Oh, no, very little. But he has a restaurant," smiled my informant. "And while the food lasts he is glad to give it. Luckily the food is so good that wealthier patrons are regular attendants. David Mir and his two friends started a movement to build the little Russian Church which is on Michael Street. They gave their earnings, and urged those who could, to do likewise. You see, they have their own church, they can only afford paper, they can't even buy a bookshop; but anyone is welcome and made to feel at home. They cling together, because many of them can't speak English, but they learn it. The writers, musicians and managers of the Club were all soldiers during the revolution. They are all friends. Life placed some of them as actors and some as waiters but that doesn't matter. To return a moment to General Savinsky. When he was engaged to play a part in "The Last Command" life looked rosy to him. For five weeks he was paid seventy-five dollars a week and he began to think his fortune was coming back to him. A strange twist of fate, this, that a Russian General should be looking at being in a picture in which a seven thousand dollar a week star was playing the part he played in his youth. Later, Von Sternberg, who seems to be a pretty fine guy, sold Savinsky the idea of playing the part of the charlatan in "The Case of Lena Smith." At first he wouldn't play it, he didn't want it. And a furious Roy, he protested, "I am a soldier. I can play soldier parts because I won't be acting, but I can't play comedy." "Oh, yes, you can," said Von Sternberg. "I have been in this business a long time, and I know when people fit certain parts. You do as I say and you will be all right." "Well," said Savinsky, "I trusted Von Sternberg. He is a European. He has background and he has brains. I tried very hard to do what he told me to do and when I saw it on the screen I was surprised that I am pretty good!" But Von Sternberg went abroad and the talkies came to America. Lean days followed. Corinne Griffith did "Prisoner X" and Savinsky was called to do an extra bit. Beulah Livingstone, who directed the publicity for Corinne Griffith productions, heard of General and questioned him. "There is no reason why I should deny who I am," he said. "But I am not interesting. What I used to be is not interesting now anymore." There are always the scoffers, and some of them did not believe of the facts of his life that he had not wished or thought to mention. The scoffing, however, hurt. It happened that he saw in the window of a Hollywood store a picture postcard of Carl Nicholas reviewed the Griffith Company's Russian troops in which Savinsky was standing by the Car's side in full military uniform. There was only the one in the store but he bought it, and placing it on his desk, said loudly and with a dignity that brought tears to her eyes; You see, Madame, I do not think that Corinna would do to it that he was a given part that ran through the picture. He would do anything and is capable of doing many things, but he doesn't know how to go about it. He is seen in every famous restaurant in the world, is familiar with the sort of things they spend thousands of dollars in research to get, and would be tremendously valuable in any technical department. He has also a fund of stories that would make marvelous pictures. When General Lokody's authenticity was repudiated by man in Ivan Lebedeff's hearing. Ivan said: "Do you know that he is not a General or is it that you don't want to believe it?" "We'll blustered the man, "So-and-so told me that a friend told him—" "Well," said Ivan evenly, "what would you think if I told you that on October 25, 1916, I had been given leave from duty on the Roumanian front and had stopped off at Reni to see my Uncle, General Maklakov. The Emperor had come to review the troops with him and was General Lodjensky. My uncle entertained the Emperor at dinner. Lodjensky sat next the Emperor and I was across the table from them. "Well, there was no answer to that. "How can you dare," went on Ivan, "assail a man's reputation when you know nothing of the facts?" Ivan Lebedeff seems at last to have reached the glory of the heights. I have heard about him for years and of his popularity; and it does seem that when he goes anywhere people the young girls have no eyes for anyone but Ivan, yet his rise has been slow. Knowing something of his background, his handsome face and coolness in time of danger, his courage and clearness of thought, I asked him why he chose pictures as a career. He laughed. "The I was fed during the Revolution united me for any normal work. The business of politics in time of war, escapes from prisons and severe government of people are things one cannot toss off like a cocktail. When I got to Constantinople I busied myself in the financial world. There was some of the excitement I needed to be had from the uncertainty of the stock market. I made and lost two fortunes and was making a third when I was offered a job in UPA productions. 'Why not,' I thought to myself, 'Life is one of dreams. Success is always just around the corner. It interests me to try and get inside of the mind of a man and act as he would act, not as I would act, in his place.' Ivan is the son of Basil I. Lebedeff, Privy Councilor to the Russian Empire. Ivan himself was decorated for distin- guished service as a George Cross, 4th, 3rd and 2nd class, and St. George Medals, 4th, 3rd and 1st class and pro- moted to the first officer's rank. There is the story of Alexander Ikonoff who thought his family were dead. He worked his way to Hollywood by cleaning cars, washing dishes and catching fish. A year after he was given a part in a Bebe Daniels picture. A year
Build Your Beauty at home with Paul's Free Beauty Book

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The Girl With the Turned-Up Nose

Continued from page 85

The Girl With the Turned-Up Nose

later he was working at Paramount with Von Sternberg when a letter came to him from his sister who was in Bulgaria. She had seen the Bebe Daniels picture, recognized him, and her letter contained news of his family. His mother, eighty-nine years old, was in prison. By that time, Alexander had become a citizen of the United States. He sent the ransom money required for his mother's release and heard that it had been received but his mother had died very soon afterwards; it is likely that she had had too great for her advanced years to bear.

And then there is Winifred Laurance, now enjoying the distinction of being the first woman to become a first-rate director. She is assist- ing Fred Zelnick in the foreign version of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." Winifred was born in Japan but her mother was Russian and her father English. When war broke out in Japan, Winifred's mother escaped with the child to her own country and got there just in time for the outbreak of the Revolution. They escaped to France. When Winifred grew old enough she learned shorthand but declares she was very bad at it. She has a very positive and earned personality, marked by confidence, so she was always able to get good jobs. She was working for an executive from First National in Paris for a short time, and he was so impressed with her ability that he told her if she ever came to America and wanted a job, to look him up. Now Winifred had had her eye on America for a long time but she wasn't worrying about it. She believes that one cannot want anything very badly and not get it; so she was thrilled but not surprised when a friend booked passage for the States and asked Winifred to be her guest. If she could get a job she was to stay in America; if not she was to return with her friend. But the First National executive was as good as his word and twelve days after landing in this country Winifred was working at the studio.

"I am so glad I was not born in this country," she told me. "I would not have had the thrill of coming here. I don't think Americans realize what we feel when we embark for this country. America is like a ship on the deck of the Berengaria as we pulled out I heard a mighty wave of song pour from the throats of the third-cabin pas- sengers. Europe were joining in that hymn of thanksgiving. It happened that I was a guest of a wealthy woman and was on the top deck but I belonged down there with those countrymen of mine who had suffered as much and as much as I did. I could hardly bear to be up there where men and women appeared so bored with life that even getting up in the morning was irksome. What did they know of crushed hopes and crushed hearts and bitter striving? There was very much more enthusiasm for the enthusiasm of the immigrants. But I wanted to be down there with them. I wanted to sing with them, and I did."

Miss Chatterton, a former stage, better, not revengeful, not boastful, not proud. Eagerly looking for a chance to be themselves, having in their power to give richly to the country they have so proudly adopted. So when you see those I have mentioned or any others that space forbids mention of, give them a hand, for both the men and the women are true soldiers on the battleground of life, and they are our countrymen now.
for talking pictures, Miss Chatterton is the leader. She knows everybody. One look at Ruth Chatterton’s dressing room on the Paramount lot tells you that Starr wants to have the long hours of fatiguing rehearsals. But she stuck it out through a long, tedious winter and spring of a musical stock company’s waddling dance.

One year later, she decided to break away from musical shows and applied for small parts in a stock company with Lowell Sherman, Pauline Lord and Lenore Ulric. With these players, she learned the technique of the drama, a priceless apprenticeship for an untutored girl of fifteen.

Even in the overcrowded atmosphere of the Broadway legitimate shows, ability is quickly singled out. Ruth Chatterton’s rise was meteoric. She was starred at eighteen. Her outstanding role was as the leading woman for Henry Miller in “Daddy-Long-Legs.” Her first starring vehicle was “The Old Maid,” which has been made into the all-discursive musical romance with Nancy Carroll called “Honey.” Miss Chatterton made a perfect heroine such as herself, as “Mary Rose.”

Cleverly, Ruth did not let Broadway see too much of her. She often vacationed in Europe, and was spent in France where she studied the language seriously. This fluent knowledge of French led to her own translation of “La Tendresse,” which she presented, produced and played the starring role.

After a number of successes in New York, the star came to Los Angeles to appear in “The Green Hat” and “The Devil’s Plum Tree.” In the meantime, she had married Ralph Forbes, the handsome young English actor, who was appearing in motion pictures in Hollywood.

While both she and her husband were playing the leading roles in “The Green Hat,” they bought a home in Beverly Hills. Frequent trips back to the New York stage kept Miss Chatterton from her new home, but her recent affiliation with Paramount has made it possible for her to enjoy its luxury. At present, she is supervising the redecoration of the interior of this home.

Towards the end of the engagement of “The Devil’s Plum Tree” in Los Angeles, Emil Jennings was an interested member of the audience. He asked Paramount to sign the star of the play for the leading in “Sons of the Fathers.” Following her entry into motion pictures, John Colton refused to have his play, “The Devil’s Plum Tree,” produced in New York without Miss Chatterton playing the leading role.

The success of this actress has shown just how well she adapted herself to the screen. She has used her lovely voice in “The Doctor’s Secret,” “Madame X,” “Charming Sinners,” “The Laughing Lady” and, now, “Sarah and Son.”

She says the hardest picture of all was “Sons of the Fathers” because it was silent. She is very much interested in talking pictures.

According to present indications, Ruth Chatterton’s versatility will make her stay on the talking screens for quite some future years. She is defined and real—an actress first, a personality second.

Ruth Chatterton — fascinating! vivid! subdued! aloof!

The winner of the Betty Compton camera contest which appeared in the March issue of Screenland is: Isabelle Wardie Jordan, 17181 Pontchartrain Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.
had started.

But it hadn't. Two girls, more daring than the rest, had started to climb up the fire escape which they hoped led to Buddy's room. As they got pretty far up the side of the tall building, one of the girls looked down. The distance to the ground frightened her—and she fainted! The other one lost her head and started screaming.

Oh, it was a great week for the doorman at the Brooklyn Paramount Theater! "What makes the women that way about Buddy?" is the question everybody is asking.

I had seen him on the screen and thought he was a likeable enough young man. But so are William Haines, Gary Cooper, and others.

There's nothing of the Don Juan-Casanova quality about Buddy. He's as far from a lady-killer as it's possible for any man, to be honest, poetry, put you with liquor, stare you in the eyes passionately, drop into poses, or do any thing in any way to enmesh your interest. He isn't a fopp, a hanger, he doesn't magnetize with his personality, his voice isn't glamorous—but once you see him, it's all over.

Yes, he fell, too. Hard. I went there prepared not to like the boy. I expected to find a mentally narrow-gauged, ham actor. I came away thinking Buddy was the finest actor I'd ever seen.

And don't care what he does, tomorrow, next week, or twenty years from now. Nobody and no occurrence can change that opinion. For Buddy is fundamentally right. That's why the crowd falls for him a dozen others.

You can dress up a gigolo. You can put striped trousers on his legs, a morning coat on his back, a silk hat on his head, and leather shoes on his feet. You can stick a hundred dollar bill in his pocket and force light-fawn-colored gloves on his hands. But even thrusting real snobbery into the star's shirt front of a gigolo won't change him into a gentleman. He won't be real. And he won't be able to make a screen audience accept him as real.

The secret of Buddy's screen success is his realism, his fundamental honesty. Girls know that Rogers is a man they can take their last card on. They trust that boy with my pocket book, my honor, and my little sister—if I had one!

Buddy is loyal, decent, kind, with fine susceptibility. Buddy is the sort of man who never lets a woman down. The sort you can absolutely depend on. He's not urban. He never will be urban. He is of small town frame and fibre, thank goodness. He's the sort of boy every normal girl who knows her onions wants to marry.

If Buddy had stayed in Olathe and not gone into pictures, he would still have been a success. Back in that small town he would by now own the leading newspaper, or dry-goods store, or garage. He would have plenty of opportunities in his life, would be an usher in the church and he would never be behind on his rent. He'd own a nice home, probably with both mortgages paid off. He'd own a good car—and he wouldn't have bought it on instalments. He'd belong to a good country club. He'd play a good game of golf, a good game of tennis, a good game of bridge, and probably take maybe one cocktail, maybe two. But he would know where to stop. He wouldn't be a genius at anything but he would be a good all-around guy, nearly everything.

He's the kind of man who would become engaged to one girl, marry her, love her even when she was the fat mother of a dozen children, and when the公开发表他 wouldn't be ashamed to sit on the front porch on a hot summer's evening with his feet on the rail and his coffee.

"What about this marriage business?" I asked Buddy in his dressing room, after his set was finished.

"Why,—why, I don't know," he answered, somewhat flustered, with his cheeks going a little pink. "I never got married because I've never been in love—yet."

" Didn't you ever even think you were in love?" I asked again.

"Honest—I never did," he replied, looking me straight in the there's a bunch of nice girls and maybe there were one or two liked better than the rest, but—wasn't love," he added significantly. "I'll know that when I meet it."

Then he changed the tenor of the conversation as if he were a little ashamed of being so serious: "Aw, shucks, I don't want to think about getting married for five or six years now. Pages has given up his business and come out to California to be my business manager, mother keeps house for me, my kid brother lives with me, and every now and then my married sister and her two kids come out to visit. We're so happy now, I don't like to think of anything changing—until something really big knocks me over."

"What kind of girls do you like best?" I persisted.

"All kinds," he came back quickly. "Out in Hollywood, where girls like to go around with—June Collyer, Mary Brian—but I can't say what type of girl I like best. I don't really know now.

"Well, what kind would you like to marry?" I kept on.

"I'll tell you. I don't know if I'd like to marry a blonde or a brunette or a red-haired girl, but I'd like to marry a girl who was musical for the first thing. I'm crazy about music. I'd like her to be a working girl, for the second, on the screen, or the stage, or in business—so she'd know what this business of making a living is all about. And third, I'd like my wife to ride horseback and play tennis and swim. I'd like just a regular girl.

The strange thing about Buddy is that men like him almost as well as women. When he was here, Milton Schreinker, a Western Union telegraph boy, number one thousand and fifty-four to be exact, one of the many hundreds who wanted to meet Buddy.

He tried every way he could think of—to no avail. Finally he hit on a foolproof plan. He sent Buddy a telegram and delivered it himself.

He walked into Buddha's dressing room and he was so fussed he couldn't say a word—just stood there.

Buddy gave him a tip and then read the
It Was the Greatest Shock of My Life to Hear Her Play

—how had she found time to practice?

"WELL, Jim, I told you I had a surprise for you!"

Quite casually she had gone to the piano, sat down—and played! Played beautifully—though he had never seen her touch a piano before.

"When did you find time to practice?" he asked.

"I have no teacher," she explained. "That is, no private teacher. I learned to play the piano an entirely new and simplified way. You see, since that day I saw an announcement of the U. S. School of Music in the New York Daily News, I bought a piano. I played it, and arranged for a course in piano playing.

"But you didn't tell me anything about it," he said.

"You know I've always wanted to play," she answered. "And I thought I'd surprise you." "Well, you're certainly succeeded," he said. "And to think that only a short time ago you couldn't play a note! What a surprise it will be to all your friends!"

That one with the down-on-the-farm head is Marc Connolly. Good, old Marc! He's got a hit—"The Green Pastures." Of course, you simply must see that, honey. That funny, little one—that's Alec Wollcott. So amusing. But you can keep this up far into the night and the rest of the world will think you're a pleasant thing just because one Buddy Rogers, a boy from Olathe, Kansas, came to town!

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round

Continued from page 33

It was the greatest shock of my life to hear her play. She was the one who had the down-on-the-farm head, Marc Connolly. Good, old Marc! He's got a hit—"The Green Pastures." Of course, you simply must see that, honey. That funny, little one—that's Alec Wollcott. So amusing. But you can keep this up far into the night and the rest of the world will think you're a pleasant thing just because one Buddy Rogers, a boy from Olathe, Kansas, came to town!

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of the day is breakfast—often served at seven o'clock so she will not be late to the studio. Breakfast includes fruit juice, a small steak, hot buttered toast and warm milk. For luncheon usually eat at the studio—she prefers a fruit or a vegetable salad with an oil dressing. Dinner at night is a modest repast. Billie demands a soup, a chop, a salad and a fruit of some kind. The star's cook has no worries when it comes to concocting a tasty sweet. Billie Dove refuses to eat pastries. (Part of the upkeep, stranger!)

While we are spying on the star's domestic life, a glimpse into the privacy of her mansion might be interesting. One of the most amusing rooms is the dining room, dubbed the Ego Chamber. It is so-called because of the numerous portraits of Billie and the scenes from her screen successes which adorn the walls. It is here that the interest is the red room on the second floor, exquisitely appointed, and which has the appearance of the private sanctum of a Chinese mandarin. You spy behind the red elephants. A Buddha shrine, exotic incense burners, Chinese prints, gay pillows and a comfortable divan. Billie calls it her Yes Room because it was here that she answered the phone when an executive of First National Pictures called to ask her if she would sign her first starring contract. Billie answered, "Yes!"

To return to the subject of this monograph: Drudge or Drone? one will observe that Billie Dove drudged through no end of discouragements since her early days in New York when she began posing for commercial photographers. But when the artist called, or when the studio, the Flea Circus, and the Aquarium. But there are plenty of fish in Hollywood. In fact, there are plenty of fish in Hollywood. In fact, there are plenty of fish in Hollywood. In fact, there are plenty...
Evidently, Billie overheard them, took the hint, and began acting before the privacy of her mirror. (Drudgery?)

Came a day in 1926 when that ol’ davil sun came out for the heroine of this scholarly play and Billie finished off a picture called “The Marriage Clause,” and almost every company in Hollywood wanted her. Billie blinked her luminous eyes and signed a contract with First National as a featured player—not a star—and made “An Affair of the Pollies.” After seeing her fine performance, the company clapped its hands, tore up the old contract, and made her a star with all of the trimmings. It has been said that this came about through the demand of exhibitors all over the country. And when exhibitors demand things—well, they usually get what they want.

Before she knew it, Billie Dove graduated from being a Small-Time Drudge to a Big-Time Drudge. She’s been in the big money ever since. When the talking pictures came and caused more consternation in California than did the San Francisco Earthquake, Billie Dove retired to her Yves Room and went into conference with her vocal cords, the a-e-i-o-tors. And when that was done, she went for the consonants, put them over her knee and gave them what is now known as a Dove Larruping.

Today, as history states, things seem to be all right. Billie has made such a careful study of Drametry and its relation to Dronetry, that no one is surprised anymore. Miss Dove has carefully regulated systems which run like clockwork, unless the meanie at the studio says, “Miss Dove, your company is working until midnight tonight.” When that happens, Billie laughs it off with a gesture of gaiety, lies herself to a corner and thinks wistfully of that European vacation she has long been promising herself but has not yet enjoyed. Secretly she may have ambitions to become a Drone.

The Most Famous Movie Fan in the World

Continued from page 19

to the North Country where Eskimos worship welcoming the coming of the sun, of life, of whatever to them is God!

“Now in the political aspect of the film we get the present conditions of every nation in the world. First, we see a Japanese, giving a political talk on the streets of Tokio. Next, we are switched to Leninist Russia, where a new Soviet prophecy. Immediately, we are carried to England where in a leafy garden Bernard Shaw carries on a political argument.

“From this we realize how many people in the world are heated up over political issues and none of them is getting anywhere at all. Such things are superb for international release. It gives you a breadth of vision which you cannot possibly obtain in university classes. You derive a certain kind of human comedy which you can never discover in text books. There are no comments in the pictures, no edutiorials. The world is laid bare before your eyes. In this way the audience is never fooled, it is impossible for any thinking person not to get a tremendous titillation out of it.

“Now is this true only of what one might call the best of the best? Or does the most infinitely touching film I ever saw was a German two-reel comedy made also by Taubus, called ‘Wen Nelson Spies,’ or ‘When Nelson Plays.’ Nelson is the Irving Berlin of Germany, the most popular songwriter in that country.

"Now here in America for the same sort of picture we should probably open up with an actor sitting in front of a telephone singing ‘I’m All Alone by the Telephone.’ But in Germany they use the sound as the backbone of the picture, weaving around it poetry, love, color, struggle, by the use of simile and metaphor. It sounds weird but isn’t. For the sound centers your interest. The sound gives cohesion. The sound opens up your imagination absolutely to limitless worlds.

“Wen Nelson Spies’ has more new technical ideas in it than any picture that has ever been produced. Photographically it is terribly good. The camera angles are splendid and its elasticity is amazing. The sound always never gives up either the action camera nor the sound camera. For instance, they will start singing a chorus of one of Nelson’s popular songs. The first three words will be sung by a woman in a butch shop. The next three by a paper hanger, hanging his paper. The next by a milk boy, delivering his milk. The sound then will be heard. The sound is the thread that draws everything together. The sound is the element that makes the picture four-dimensional.

“First we will see the City of Cologne—shots showing the modern industry of the city. Then without regard to time we are swung back five centuries, where the camera will be placed before an old baronial castle on the Rhine. Immediately, we see footmen in the costume of the fifteenth century. We see a woman sit down and..."

Harold Seton Says:

Many motion picture stars suffer from “inflammatory rumors.”

John Barrymore always takes—because of his profile.

Joan Crawford and Marie Dressler are members of the Stick family—Lip and Slap.

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MOtion picture star KATHERINE MACDONALD has the loveliest eyes in the world. For years she has used her own lash cosmetic. Absolutely waterproof. Will not starch or break. Keeps her lashes long, soft and natural. Make your eyes alluring pools of loveliness.

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The Most Famous Movie Fan in the World

Continued from page 19

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HAPPY MILESTONES—Continued from page 89

Mildred "Mlle" Delavay had prophesied that Mildred would be famous in pictures. "We were at the Orpheum one afternoon," she said, "and saw a very pretty little girl, Mildred. But before Mildred had played in pictures. Lila exclaimed: 'Oh, see that pretty girl! She'll be in pictures some day!'"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford were there, and Bob and I remained all evening, seeming quite as passionately devoted to each other as ever. I don't think either danced with anybody else, and I must say very stepped beautifully.

Kay Hammond, who is to play Mrs. Lincoln in Griffith's 'Abraham Lincoln,' was among the guests, having arrived with her nice husband, Henry Weatherby, of the old California family of Weatherbys. Miss Hammond is well known as an actress in Los Angeles and Hollywood, where she has played many leading parts.

Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead were there, and Connie Keefe, who had brought Dorothy Phillips, Helen Ferguson, and Mildred Sintz, and Pauline Starke, MRS. Hal Roach, Billie Dove, William K. Howard and his wife, Gloria Hope and Lloyd Hughes, and many others.

George Stone got the orchestra to play 'School Days,' and all the dancers joined hands in a circle and danced around like kids.

There was some entertainment afterward by the talented hostess and her guests, Ruth singing charmingly for us, and Gus Edwards doing comic recitations.

A lot of amusing fooling took place when, as dinner progressed, somebody suggested that Gus Edwards act as master of ceremonies.

It seems that, when Ruth was a tiny child on the stage, after her mother passed away, Waldron and his wife took her under their wing when she had to go out on the road and perform. He forgot this kindness, and has kept in touch with her benefactors ever since.

It was ever so much o'clock when Georgie looked at his watch. "The wee, sma' hours will soon be large hours!" he remarked. And we left along with most of the other guests, after drinking a health to Ruth and Gus, who are as blooming and happy a couple, I'm sure, as Hollywood has ever seen. "Have an anniversary party every year!" sang out Ruth, and Bob added, "I'll bring you a present even when you have your diamond anniversary!"

"If you have your movie telescope out, you know that there is a new movie star"
arising on the horizon!” exclaimed Patsy. “She is Judith Barrie, who did so nicely in ‘Party Girl,’ and who is going to be starred by the Halperins for Inspiration Pictures.”

“Well, I’m pleased to hear it,” I answered, “but, after all, what has that to do with us?”

“We’re invited to a nice party given for her tonight by the Halperins, this being her birthday, and she being just twenty-one.”

Vicor Halperin dwells in a picturesque Spanish house in a fashionable part of Los Angeles, and it was there the festivities were to be held.

Judith is a lovely blonde with a lot of personality, and with ways that win you completely, and she greeted us so sweetly that we instantly declined that, so far as we were concerned, she was a star already.

Harry Langdon and his beautiful wife were there, and Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Elmer Harris, the playwright, and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Schertzinger, and many others.

Harry Langdon is always a tremendous lot of fun at a party. It’s not only that he does amusing stunts, like singing and doing his funny ventriloquial act, but he has a little quaint humor that is like no-body else’s.

“Most comedians in real life are inclined to be so dead serious or so high-brow,” commented Joan Crawford, “but Harry’s humor just bubbles.”

Harry told us about the studio buying some pigs for a picture, and how they had to hire women with wide skirts, the skirts being made up of printed leaves on which answers to questions were printed. There were questions from little slips, and then turned the doll around to your astrological birth-sign, which was printed on the paste-board pedestal, and read to you from them.

Mrs. Wyatt Brewster, one of the guests, is Victor Scherzinger’s sister, and looks exactly like him, by the way. She plays the harp beautifully, and when dinner was over, she obligingly played the instrument, which had been troubled over that afternoon.

Harry Langdon sang some amusing songs, among them a weird burlesque comic one called “Murphy,” and a funny ventriloquial stunt, using one of Victor’s child’s dolls, as he hadn’t his celebrated dummy, “Mike,” with him.

He told us about kids with his ventriloquist in a hotel—how he had left his door open for the benefit of the Irish chambermaid who was working across the hall, pretending he was kissing a girl and she was trying to get away.

“But the joke was on me,” said Harry, “since she called the house detective, who insisted on searching my room.”

Mr. and Mrs. Halperin proved ideal hosts, and we spent a most delightful evening.

“ON A BROWN is giving Doris Arbuckle, Roscoe’s divorced wife, a birthday party,” Patsy told me, “and just everybody will be there. It’s to be tomorrow night, so don’t forget to do your hair in curl papers tonight!”

The party was held in the private suite at the Roosevelt, in Hollywood, and special maids and waiters had been engaged for the occasion.

Ona greeted us, looking pretty in a green evening gown, made long, with a swirling skirt, and Doris herself was prettier than ever in a white beaded silk gown. Al Hall had been her escort. In fact, Al seems to be her favored admirer these days.

Al was in the throes of being assistant host, and Doris said: “He’s working so hard that I almost cry every time I look at him!”

Kathryn Crawford was there with her fiancé, William H. Ruggles, and we asked Kathryn about her long lost mamma, recently found.

“Oh, I’m trying to make mamma go Hollywood and accept invitations out to parties,” said Kathryn, “but she likes to stay at home.”

Crushes of guests arrived, including Norman Kerry, Skeets Gallagher and his wife, Frank Mayo and his wife, Margaret; Sally Elmer, who, of course, came with Hoot Gibson; Sally Blane, whose escort I did not see; Harry Barnes, Tom and Mrs. Miranda, William Haines, Roger Davis, Priscilla Dean and Lieut. Leslie Arnold, Charles and Hazel Dorian, Felix Hughes, Marland his wife, Natalie Kingston and her husband, George Andersch, the banker; Loris and Finis Fox, and a score of others.

Buster Collier brought Marie Prevost.

“Oh, you know they are together all the time,” whispered Patsy. “I think it’s really a case.”

Nearly all the feminine guests wore gardensias, and presently a gardenias contest was inaugurated. It was found that Doris was wearing the most, but that Natalie Kingston’s flowers were the largest.

“One nice thing about gardensias,” said Priscilla Dean thrustily, “is you wear them, you don’t have to use any perfume!”

We dined, buffet, in the big drawing room of the suite, and went down stairs to the Rose Room to dance, or stopped costly in the party room to chat.

“Altogether,” said Norman Kerry ‘to Doris, as he took her leave, “we wish you a long life—especially if you have a party every year!”

Read Grace Kingley’s gossip every month and keep up
with the social life of the screen stars.
You are Cordially Invited

Of course we are all proud of our own home towns, but few of us want to be called provincial. The good things of life come only to those of us who are ambitious enough to want them, and such folks, you will note, are usually world-minded, world-conscious. They want to know what's going on across the street, around the corner, in our neighboring countries and over the seas. Nothing can get by them!

"And nothing is so challenging as the tremendous progress that the motion picture screen has made in its influence upon the lives of humanity's millions. It is the one thing that can always be talked about in terms of millions, millions of dollars weekly for a hundred million paid admissions.

"But in this vast audience there's a tremendous class of people that stops to realize the real greatness and the real power of the screen.

"This, we feel, is the state of mind of SCREENLAND's readers.

"They are motion picture fans because they are also fans of other good magazines, good books, good music, good radio entertainment. They can converse about current events as readily as they can discuss Greta Garbo's first talking film. They are interested in the screen because it is so comprehensive, because it gives them everything—fiction, drama, comedy, and the visual and vocal news of the world.

"In other words, SCREENLAND readers go to the pictures not only because they admire Garbo and Colman and adore Buddy Rogers and Alice White. They go as well to see the biggest bridge being built, to hear President Hoover's latest speech or that of some other country's President or King. They want to see and hear what's happening in the great wide world around them, and to these intelligent people the screen means not only amusing entertainment, but education, instruction and culture, painlessly applied.

"Have you noticed that SCREENLAND is the one screen magazine that pays its readers the compliment of taking for granted that they are intelligent and alert?

"We follow every event of the film world—not only of the interesting, exciting, and colorful personalities who know only the world of Hollywood and make pictures about it, but also those other people, world celebrities in many cases, who bring their genius to Hollywood so that it can be turned into picture material. If a world-famous author is signed to write original stories for the screen, this wide-awake audience wants to be told all about it. What is this celebrity's reaction to Hollywood? What does he with his interesting mind and far-flung imagination, think of cinema city and its inhabitants? Of course you want to know!

"We told you what the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia thinks of the screen as an incentive to world peace; we reported, exclusively, the picture opinions of Edgar Wallace; we gave you Captain Edward Molyneux's reactions on screen stars' wardrobes; we first gave you J. P. McEvoy's observations on the screen colony; we discovered Cecil Beaton's selection of the six most beautiful women in Hollywood, passed it on to you and then followed it with his superb gallery of stars' portraits. Oscar Straus, world-famous composer, became a SCREENLAND contributor; and in this issue Louis Bromfield, distinguished author, gives you his Hollywood impressions.

"This, then, is our belief: that the superior type of motion picture devotees are SCREENLAND readers; that they are interested not only in the love affairs of their favorite stars, but in the really worthwhile events that are quickly and surely shaping the screen into one of the finest arts. To preserve this interest, we must give you a broader and truer picture of the picture industry while the stars are turning out pictures and the world's great minds are transmuting their talents into screen stories, sets and scores.

"We said you are cordially invited. In this issue, and in our next and in all to follow, you'll meet more important people, people who will snap you up out of your daily routine and make you want to continue your world-tour of the mind. Join SCREENLAND in our Spring cruise: you'll visit many countries, meet fascinating new faces and feel like a new person yourself. Come along!

The Publishers.
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Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, soothing and healing to the lips... yet is firm in consistency and outlasts several of the usual lipsticks.

Tangee Lipstick, $1.00. Also the same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compakt, 75¢. Creme Rouge, $1.00.

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Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, $1.00. Day Cream, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1.00.

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MAURICE CHEVALIER — whose personality wooed and won the whole United States in his sensational Paramount successes — stars again in "Paramount on Parade." Maurice Chevalier was a sensation in the drab black-and-grays. But in TECHNICOLOR... he steals your heart for keeps! For it is the real Maurice who carries you along on the crest of many emotions... talking, laughing, dancing... singing his newest hit, "Sweeping the Clouds Away," from "Paramount on Parade." Technicolor, too, you realize, has "swept the clouds away." The dim shadows of yesterday's "movie" today glow with life. Scenery, costumes, the characters, all seem to awaken as Technicolor imparts a personality that is fresh, life-like, enchanting.

Technicolor is natural color
America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

July
25¢

Constance Bennett

GARBO "ROMANCE"

Hollywood Makes You Young . . .
Says George Arliss
Take these 3 easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness…

Millions of women instantly gain added charm and loveliness with these three delightful, easy-to-use Maybelline preparations. They use Maybelline Eye Shadow to accentuate the depth of color of their eyes and to add a subtle, refined note of charming allure. Four colors: Black, Brown, Blue, and Green.

Then—they use Maybelline Eyelash Darkener to instantly make their lashes appear dark, long, and beautifully luxuriant—to make their eyes appear larger, more brilliant and bewitchingly inviting. There are two forms of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener: Solid form and the waterproof Liquid; either in Black or Brown.

The third and final step is a touch with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to artistically shape the brows. You will like this pencil. It is the clean, indestructible type, and may be had in Black and Brown.

Take these three easy steps to instant loveliness now. Begin with the Eye Shadow, follow with the Eyelash Darkener, and finish with the Eyebrow Pencil. Then, from the height of your new found beauty, observe with what ease you attained such delightful results. This radiant transformation is achieved only by using genuine Maybelline products. Insist upon them.
THE SCREEN'S MOST LOVABLE BANDIT CONTINUES HIS ADVENTURES IN OLD ARIZONA IN THIS GREAT OUTDOOR MOVIE TONE ROMANCE

THE ARIZONA KID with WARNER BAXTER AND MONA MARIS

Greater than "In Old Arizona" and "Romance of the Rio Grande"—two pictures that established Warner Baxter as the supreme lover in outdoor roles.

An ALFRED SANTELL production
THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM:

ON LOCATION WITH WARNER BAXTER.
By Sydney Valentine

SCREENLAND'S SCREAMIES

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

MARILYN À LA MODE. Marilyn Miller

BILLIE DOVE — A Portrait

HAROLD LLOYD — A Portrait

GRETA GARBO — A Portrait

GLORIA SWANSON — A Portrait

BETH AND BETTY DODGE — A Portrait

BESSIE LOVE — A Portrait

CLAIR BOW — A Portrait

BARRY NORTON — A Portrait

THELMA TOLD — A Portrait

BASIL RATHBONE — A Portrait

LAWRENCE GRAY — A Portrait

JUNE COLLYER — A Portrait

MARY LEWIS — A Portrait

WHO'S AN UGLY DUCKLING? Mary Lewis.
By Myrleen Wentworth

REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES,
By Delight Evans

CRITICAL COMMENT ON CURRENT FILMS

REVUETTES OF OTHER PICTURES

TUNING IN ON HOLLYWOOD WEDDING BELLS.
By Grace Kingsley

THE STAGE IN REVIEW. By Benjamin De Casseres

IN NEW YORK. By Anne Bye

COME INTO THE KITCHEN WITH BILLIE DOVE.
By Emily Kirk

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD. News and Gossip

ASK ME. By Miss Vec Dec

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Delight Evans, Editor

On Location with Warner Baxter.

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No. 3
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** THE SIGN OF GOOD TIMES **

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SAFETY IN NUMBERS
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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THERE’S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER and GREAT ENTERTAINMENT AT THEATRES WHICH SHOW PARAMOUNT PICTURES

No more delightful way to spend a summer afternoon or evening than at the theatre nearest you that plays Paramount Pictures. You’ll always find it cool and comfortable inside and you’ll always find a great show — some of the best Paramount Pictures ever are being released now and right through the summer. A partial list is at the right. The titles cover everything you need to know about them because they’re all Paramount. Winter time, summer time, any time —

"WITH BYRD at the SOUTH POLE"

NANCY CARROLL in "THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY"

CLARA BOW in "TRUE TO THE NAVY"

JACK OAKIE in "THE SOCIAL LION" and "THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE"

WILLIAM POWELL in "SHADOW OF THE LAW"

"THE BORDER LEGION"

GEORGE BANCROFT in "THE CAVE MAN"

"DANGEROUS NANCY McGREGOR"

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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Paramount Pictures
Why suffer with heavy, burning, bloodshot eyes after tennis, golf, motoring and other outdoor activities? It’s needless when a few drops of harmless Murine will instantly end the irritation and soon make your eyes clear and fresh again.

A bottle of Murine, complete with eye dropper, costs but 60 cents at drug and department stores. Keep one always handy for quick relief from eye irritation and strain.

By Evelyn Ballarine

Who and What the Shooting’s For

WELL, for crowning out loud, let’s see what’s going on in Hollywood! For one thing—opera stars take hold of talkie town and help out considerably. The Lawrence Tibbett gave us our first taste of an operatic voice in “The Rogue Song,” and we crave more. We’ll get more, says Metro-Goldwyn, who has just booked Grace Moore of the Metropolitan Opera Company. “Jenny Lind” will serve to introduce you to Grace Moore and Miss Moore to the talkers. Pathe have signed Mary Lewis, another Metropolitan prima donna. However, Miss Lewis isn’t new to the screen. She played in Christie Comedies some years ago but deserted the silent screen for the stage where she could open her mouth and sing and not receive a custard pie for her effort. This time Miss Lewis is in pictures as a star—and that’s a come-back. RKO have Everett Mann as their operatic white hope. You’ll first see him in “Dixiana,” opposite Bette Daniels. Next he will be starred in “Heart of the Rockies.” Then, of course, there are Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald with Paramount Pictures. They can give us light operas in heavy doses and we cry for more.

And now for the uppers. Let’s find out what the comedians are doing; let’s look into their bag of tricks. Charlie Chaplin’s new picture “City Lights” is said to be practically completed and will be ready for release in early fall. Of course, you know that Charlie simply refuses to go talkie. Buster Keaton is going to give us a war comedy called “War Babies.” What with “Journey’s End” and “All Quiet on the Western Front” holding sway on Broadway, Buster’s film will be timely. However, the Keaton war film will be different inasmuch as it will have some love interest with Sally Eilers filling that capacity. And speaking of Sally Eilers and love—she and Hoot Gibson are engaged. The wedding date hasn’t been definitely set as yet but it won’t be long now. Harold Lloyd has started on “Peek First.” Barbara Kent will again be his leading lady and most of the picture will be filmed in Hawaii. William Haines’ next is “Easy Going.” Leila Hyams and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. are featured. The title is very much like a typical Haines comedy. The personality kid, Jack Oakie, is making “The Sap from Syracuse.” Ginger Rogers, who made a hit as the young sophisticate in “Young Man of Manhattan,” will be in the Oakie picture—and that’s okay with us. And Andy, who is still making introductions to us, will make their debut soon. They have signed a contract with RKO. The title of their first cinema effort will be “Check and Double Check.” Needless to say, neither Amos nor Andy are regretted! Since television has not yet put in its appearance, the movies give you a chance to see your radio favorites as they are. Which goes to prove that if you make a hit on the air the next step is pictures. Exhibit A—Rudy Valette.

The crime wave is still on in film circles. Eddie Lowe will play an underworld character in “Scotland Yard.” William Powell won’t be a detective in “Shadow of the Law”; he will play a criminal for a change. Columbia Pictures will produce “The Criminal Code.” And Lon Chaney is remaking “The Unholy Three.” More crooks.

Dorothy Mackall had one suppressed desire—she wanted to do a hula dance in a picture. She has been given that opportunity, she shakes a mean grace skirt in “Bright Lights.” (Reserve your seats now.) And now Dorothy has no suppressed desires. Columbia Pictures probably look upon the film colony as “one big happy family.” At any rate, they seem to be working at it cinematically. They are making “Sisters,” with Sally O’Neil and her sister, Molly O’Day; and they have secured the screen rights to “Brother,” the play which starred Bert Lytell on the Broadway stage last season. Yes, Bert will play in the talker.

Ray Wray and Gary Cooper are co-starring again in “The Texan.” And so are Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes—they will be seen in “The Runaway Bride.” Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Janis are teamed again in “The Singer of Seville.” And, of course, Richard Arlen and Mary Brian, the most consistent co-stars, are together again in “Light of the Western Stars.”

Fashion models have found their voices at last. They talked in a recent Fox Movietone News. New voices as well as faces for the screen. Fifth Avenue Studios are training girls to be mannequins. Will they give them diction and voice culture next?
VITAPHONE
JOINS TWO JOYOUS STARS IN ONE GREAT COMEDY SPECIAL

Funniest thing on four feet—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner

Teaming for the first time, in a picture teeming with laughs!

"HOLD EVERYTHING" held all hilarity records in its one-year run on Broadway . . .

Now here it is on the talking screen, with every riotous roar retained by Vitaphone.

"'Hold Everything' is a riot... rich and rare"... "full of the best 'gags' ever developed"—say famous newspaper experts who have seen it.

But don't take their word for it.—See for yourself!

WARNER BROS. present

HOLD EVERYTHING

ALL IN TECHNICOLOR with

JOE E. BROWN ★ WINNIE LIGHTNER
Georges Carpentier ★ Sally O'Neil ★ Dorothy Revier
Abe Lyman and His Band
Confessions of the Fans

FIRST PRIZE LETTER $20.00
In four different countries of the old world, I have found moving pictures my best friend. Pictures have talked to me and I have understood them in every land even though I was not able to understand the language of that land.

When in 1923 I found myself in this country, alone, unable to speak a word of English and desperately lonely, with no one who cared and nothing in the world to live for, it was to motion pictures I turned for comfort. For one picture especially I give thanks, as it kept me from utter destruction in one large city on a cold and cheerless Christmas eve.

I wonder if realistic pictures of life I found more necessary at times than food, and certainly more helpful. Pictures have put me in a different land, a land of romance and happiness. There is a world of knowledge and teaching in them, ours for the taking.

Now that I am really happy for the first time in my life, I need pictures to keep me happy; and an unwritten agreement makes my husband and me loyal fans for always.

Mrs. Joan Turnblad,
Detroit Lakes, Minn., Box 235

SECOND PRIZE LETTER $15.00
Many have wondered what Ali Baba saw when he pronounced those magic and potent words, 'Open Sesame.'

I know what he saw. I’ve pronounced those selfsame words, only in my language. They are ‘One, orchestra, please, and immediately I am ushered into a fairy cavern of untold treasure.

There I have found, spring, and sunshine and love. I have found winter, and hearts snowed under, bejeweled with sharp crystal—and age. I have found pearls of tears, and diamond smiles—golden hearts and voices of silver.

I see there the rich silks of pride which tear so easily, and the frank incense and myrrh of hope which permeates and sweetens the vast coffer of life which holds all this treasure.

These are the contents of the cavern. These are the treasures Ali Baba saw and these are the treasures I have seen. With the magic pass word I enter this fairy cavern, and when I have enjoyed its treasures to the utmost I depart from it, a wiser and better girl.

Grace de la Croix,
222 J. L. House,
Newcomb College,
New Orleans, La.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER $10.00
As a lover of the screen, here is my candid opinion of it. I love to live—full, invigorating, progressive living—and to me, the motion picture is life. If motion pictures today are not life with all its sublimity and degradation, its crushing disappointments and surprising progress, its hellish passions and electriﬁying emotions, its damning sins and its blessed hopes for the future, then there’s no such thing as life!

We are senseless puppets in a crazy distorted condition if the motion picture is not life.

The motion picture to me is a great demonstration field. Marshalled in bold array upon that ﬁeld are the gigantic enterprises of masterful minds for me to study; the splendid achievements of science for me to appreciate and for my inspiration; the sublime thoughts of this old world in gorgeous masterpieces of art, craft and profession; the idiosyncrasies and eccentricities of the genius—their glory and their ignominy making up the challenging techinic of life!

These are my own because of the motion picture!

Instruction, inspiration, culture, achievement—how to lead a happy life.

M. T. Tucker, Jr.,
Bonded Tire Co.,
Concho at Oakes,
San Angelo, Texas.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER $5.00
Even our grandparents, with their rigid ideas of the simple life, realized the necessity of some form of amusement, in proof of which we have the expression, ‘All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,’ which they coined and handed down to us.

In this generation, we are all agreed that amusement is a vital need and that our ability to play increases our ability to work. As an individual and as a mother, I assert that there is no form of amusement that compares with moving pictures. They are entertaining and instructive, which is a rare combination. They are reasonably priced. Here in our city, we have some rarely beautiful moving picture houses, while each neighborhood has a smaller, less expensive house where the same pictures are shown. I unhesitatingly say that I have learned more of geography and history from pictures than I ever learned in school.

Mrs. Arthur H. Brydges,
217 E. St., S.E.,
Washington, D. C.

Page Dr. Vizetelly

One of my strongest reactions to the talks is the joy of hearing English spoken, not garbled. I’m sure it will have a certain effect in time—as did the legitimate stage in the long ago. People become careless in this turmoil of such a life as we lead down on the main streets of the big towns and the little towns, and we get to taking short cuts in our language and picking up slang until we speak a language scarcely recognizable as English.

To hear Ruth Chatterton, Ronald Colman, Clive Brook and H. B. Warner and many others make one swear to turn over a new leaf and speak clear, clean-cut English, and I don’t mean with a broad Har- vard accent, or a clipped London air. What delightful players they are, and how much more delightful when one can hear them speak. None of them would win a silver cup at a beauty show, but they are there with the brains, and the skill and the charm, which is greatest of all.

Joy O’Hara,
Santa Rosa,
Cal., Box 343

Ruth Chatterton a Good Example

It has been a long admitted fact that the silver screen has influenced to a great extent the dress and manner of the American middle class public. Now comes the talking screen and we are given glorious opportunities of hearing the English language spoken as it should be. No one hearing Ruth Chatterton from the screen could fail to admire her lovely voice and the nice inflection given each word. More than one loud-voiced flapper heard her and
Her bridegroom's life, or her own disgrace—which should she choose?

Torn from her royal husband on her wedding day, must she give her FIRST KISS to the handsome rogue who held her bridegroom captive?

You'll find an amazing answer in this story of the strangest wedding night any bride has ever known!

All-Star, All-Color, All-Luxurious, prepare for entertainment extraordinary when the sign on your theatre says, "Here comes the BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT!"

7 Stars for the price of one!

VIVIENNE SEGAL
ALLAN PRIOR
WALTER PIDGEON
LOUISE FAZENDA
FORD STERLING
MYRNA LOY
LUPINO LANE

A John Francis Dillon production, based on the operetta, "The Lady in Ermine" by Rudolph Schanzer and Ernest Weill. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
WITH 100% TECHNICOLOR
secretly resolved to use her as their model in the future. And is that not an accomplishment?

In the last year, I have not only seen the best possible in stories on the screen, but I have heard the best voices in this country, truly and perfectly reproduced. What a boon to the average man and woman. Such voices as Dennis King’s, Lawrence Tibbett’s, John Boles’ and countless others, all at prices which they can afford to pay. Three cheers for the talking screen!

Mabel Sides,
38 N. Euclid Ave.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Those Regulation Endings

I believe the achievement of greatest significance attained by motion pictures is the adoption of better and more appropriate endings. We became tired of the old idea of seeing nearly every picture end with everyone contented and satisfied. It is not natural or true to life. Yet, if we wish to take home and practise a good moral we have learned from the picture, the outcome must be logical.

With recent plays, the authors, wisely enough, have left a few incidents untold, stressed a good moral and left something for the fans to think about. In this way, the pictures are not easily forgotten and they fit in better with our own unfinished lives. This welcome change has been more pronounced since the coming of the Vitaphone.

Mark A. Nettesheim,
Pewaukee, Wis.

A Bouquet for Lois Wilson

Why do we like talking pictures? Because, until the advent of sound it never had been our privilege to see such an assemblage of beautiful women, splendid men, famous singers and dancers as we can see almost any day. And because—well—trying to tell why we like certain things is like trying to tell why we love our parents and children and animals and flowers and beautiful sunsets and the things that belong in our lives and that make life worth living.

And to try to explain why we like certain stars is almost as difficult. I admire Greta Garbo and other great ones of the screen and worship at their shrine. But into my heart has crept the image of a sweet and charming actress and implanted there is a sincere desire to see and hear her in many more pictures. I love her voice and her winning ways. To me she is like the fragrance of the violet after the cloying sweetness of hot-house flowers. So here’s to the spirit of romance and happiness—Lois Wilson.

Burton Holcombe,
Kissimmee, Florida

An Appreciation

I have just seen William Powell in his first starring picture, "The Street of Chance" and I want to say that in it, he did some of the finest acting the screen has witnessed in a long while. In his portrayal he achieved dramatic heights without resorting to any theatrical display. His death scene was a marvel for brevity and simplicity which did not at all lessen the poignant appeal of it. A natural sincerity is the predominant note in William Powell’s acting, that—and the intangible something which stamps him a great artist.

Here's to William Powell! In his well-earned stardom may the roles that come his way be worthy of his fine intelligence of delineation.

Pauline Lontz,
30 S. Euclid Ave.,
Pasadena, Calif.

Screen Satisfies Need

Romance and adventure are still with us, despite the confining advances of a modern civilization.

By day, I am a chemist, engaged in exacting labors. By night, I am what I wish to be. Comfortably seated in the theater I thrill to the masterly deductions of the great detective; by degrees I lose my detachment; and revel as the master mind for a fleeting hour. Or, if the mood sways with me, I follow the glamorous trails to the golden Southwest, where, in the purpled distance the dim fixity of mountain range becomes a signal and release from care. I go to the sea in ships. I thrill to the wild frenzy of wind and wave. I take my track at the helm and, teetering in a stiff breeze, set my course by the silent, immutable stars.

Perchance I must trail in the vast Northwest, where emerald pines brood, blue lakes ripple in the hard yellow sunshine and the defiant peaks tower into the very maw of heaven.

Whatever the life I wish to lead for a brief hour, the movies are waiting. And then, safe through a thousand perils brought, I am ready to return to the mundane world and meet difficulty, even as my screen heroes.

Eugene W. Blank,
134 Frazer Street,
State College, Pa.

Unsung Stars of Filmdom

Why do we hear so little about such personalites as Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, the Warner brothers, Carl Laemmle, the late Marcus Loew and other prominent motion picture producers? In the glamour of the screen world today with its countless stars and lesser stars, the producers remain largely in the background; yet they are the real, unsung stars of filmdom.

Since the beginning of motion pictures the one mutual desire of successful producers has been to please the public, regardless of cost. Pictures have arisen from crude, unimportant affairs to the almost unbelievable pinnacle that they occupy among the foremost accomplishments of today. Sound and technicolor are two milestones of progress that have been passed. Experiments are being made daily that will result, eventually, in a still greater improvement of pictures. And, fortunately, prices of admission to present-day masterpieces are within the reach of practically everyone.

Let us know more about the men who have exerted untiring effort, who have expended and risked and sometimes lost fortunes to make pictures humanity’s supreme entertainer.

E. C. Purbrick,
State Park, S. C.

Is Silence Golden?

To be sure I was not being biased and old-fashioned I have missed but few talking pictures in the past year, and I am convinced they are a poor substitute for the beauty and realism of the silent pictures. To me, there is the same difference there is in enjoying a book to oneself and in having someone read that book aloud to me.

I have found some of the pictures nerve-racking, especially the sound news. And why must they flash the title on the screen and then have one speak it?

In the year I find a few that stand out. Norma Shearer in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Hollywood Revue," "Wolf of Wall Street," "Girl from Havana." Even these cannot hold the interest as Garbo does in her silent pictures, or as Ramon Navarro in "The Pagan."

I dare say I sound bitter, as I am. My favorite diversion is absolutely ruined and I must turn to the speaking stage. Why can’t the film industry at least let us be choosers? They could make first a talkie, then a silent picture, saving the canned music for the towns which cannot have the wonderful orchestras we have in the cities.

Bertha K. West,
1406 Merriman Ave.,
New York City.

(Continued on page 128)
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Three Little Bennetts

Left, the Big Bennett named Constance; center, the Littlest Bennett named Joan; and right, the Middle-sized Bennett named Barbara. The Three Little Bennetts lived in a little house in the country—in Palisades, New Jersey, in fact. Mama and Papa Bennett were on the stage. And when the three little Bennetts grew up they, too, turned their thoughts to the theater. Constance packed her bags and went to Hollywood and made good. She then quit pictures for a matrimonial cruise but later returned to her first love and made a snappy come-back. Barbara learned to dance for the stage but when the talkies put in their appearance, Barbara—Mrs. Morton Downey—spoke her little piece for the screen and did very nicely, too. Joan made a hit in her first talkie and is still going strong. And thus, children, ends the success story of the three little Bennetts so far.
NEW HEIGHTS
IN LIGHT
ENTERTAINMENT

Our fads and our foibles, our sports and our hobbies, all are grist for Sennett's laugh mill. If your pet interest is bridge or golf, the stock market or radio, flying or dieting, you'll take it less seriously and therefore enjoy it more after you have laughed over it with Sennett.

Mack Sennett puts his finger on the funny side of our modern interests with a touch of genius that is his alone. With each new picture he pokes fun at another angle of our crowded twentieth-century life—and reaches new heights of laughter.

These MACK SENNETT TALKING COMEDIES are now making millions laugh their troubles away in thousands of theatres all over the land. Every one of them is worth the price of admission wherever you find it playing.

"MATCH PLAY"—A short feature special with the golf champions WALTER HAGEN and LEO DIEGEL. The funniest fussy foursome that ever played the links. With some shots that will make you catch your breath.

"HE TRUMPED HER ACE"—A delightfully smart comedy, featuring Johnny Burke as the "dummy" who would play bridge on his honeymoon, and Marjorie Beebe as the bride.

"HONEYMOON ZEPPELIN"—Many will consider this Sennett's greatest picture, because of the marvelous action and thrills that are packed in between the laughs. With Marjorie Beebe, Daphne Pollard, Nick Stuart, Edward Earle.

"RADIO KISSES"—Miss Beebe, George Duryea and Rita Carewe in another ultra modern farce that introduces Mack Sennett's own new color photography.

"FAT WIVES FOR THIN"—a laugh feast on the perils of modern diets, with Miss Beebe, George Barraud and Andy Clyde.

MACK SENNETT TALKING COMEDIES

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
As "The Man from Blankley's"
John Barrymore revels in a
delicious rôle. It is a comedy of sur-
prises; and if you have seen Mr.
Barrymore only in his more serious
roles you will marvel that this
great actor can be so many-sided
and continuously amusing.

To see and hear John Barrymore
in his latest talking picture is a
novel experience no screen spec-
tator should miss.

Barrymore is at his quizzical best
as the slightly inebriated gentle-
man who attends the wrong dinner
party in a thick fog—the London
variety and his own. There are
complications which afford John
an opportunity to discard dignity
and just have a good time.

Dedicated
to
JOHN BARRYMORE,
Comedian

You know all about Barrymore the
dramatic actor. You have seen him
in such serious pieces as "The Sea
Beast"; you have applauded his fine
Richard III. in "The Show of Shows"; you
admired him as "General Crack." But now
we wish to call your attention to another
Barrymore. This time it is John Barry-
more, comedian-star of "The Man from
Blankley's," who invites your appreciation
and merits your applause.

John Barrymore made his screen debut
years ago as a funny man. He was a real
riot in such comedies as "The Man from
Mexico." Then he went back to the stage,
to become its leading tragic actor. When
he returned to the screen he was a dis-
tinguished dramatic star with "The Jest"
and "Hamlet" to his credit. And he con-
tinued in the deep and dreary drama. Then
his sense of humor asserted itself. He
would do a talking comedy—just for a
change. The result is "The Man from
Blankley's," in which he is suave and
subtle and very, very funny. We can't help
hoping that Barrymore, the comedian, will
occasionally triumph over Barrymore, the
tragedian. We appreciate great acting; but
we love a man who makes us laugh!
A PANIC OF LAUGHS

The Perfect Comedy Team
Marie DRESSLER
and Polly MORAN in
CAUGHT SHORT

with
ANITA PAGE

Adaptation and Dialogue by
WILLARD MACK
Directed by
CHARLES F. RIESNER
Suggested by
EDDIE CANTOR'S
book.

From wash-boards to Wall Street—from cleaning up in the kitchen to cleaning up in the stock market! What a riot—what a scream—what a panic of laughs—are these two rollicking comedians as they romp their way through the merriest, maddest picture you ever saw. How they put on the ritz while the money rolls in! Then came the dawn—and back to the soap suds with Marie and Polly. Don't, don't, DON'T miss seeing “Caught Short”.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
The $1,500 Dress

PROBABLY the most expensive dress ever owned by any girl, even a screen star, is Norma Shearer's, which she wears in "The Divorcee." It's worth its weight in gold! Real gold, assaying 14 karat, was woven into the cloth that Adrian, the designer, used to make the gown. Shown at the right are Adrian's original sketches, including a view of the 'winged' back.
JUST as we get all keyed up to the fact that Voices are the Thing, along comes no less an authority than Professor Florenz Ziegfeld with an entirely different idea. Ziegfeld, you must know, has 'succumbed' to the screen and is now in Hollywood helping to translate his stage success, "Whoopee," into terms of talkies. Of course, the moment the Professor arrived in California people began to pester him as to the real secret of feminine beauty. You see, Ziegfeld is supposed to know a thing or two about girls, since he features dozens of the prettiest in his shows. So whenever he lets himself go on the subject, everybody listens. Here's the latest:

"A good nose, I think," says Mr. Ziegfeld, "is the most important feature a girl can have." Mr. Ziegfeld! You don't mean to tell us! A nose? Now the most passionate and profound admirers of the Ziegfeld extravaganzas report that although they carry away with them very charming and complete impressions of Flo's entertainments, they couldn't for the life of them tell you five minutes later whether the beautiful blonde on the end in the front row has a Grecian or a Roman nose, whereas they can tell you a lot of other things about her, including her telephone number. No, Mr. Ziegfeld, it won't do. A nose really matters very little one way or another to a Hollywood ingenue, anyway—unless she talks through it.

We're signing up all the Best People. The two latest to join our happy screen family are George Gershwin and Joseph Urban. You know George "Rhapsody in Blue" Gershwin. He's to compose music directly for the screen. Not just adapt his musical comedy successes or direct his "Rhapsody," but sit right down at the piano and write brand-new stuff especially and exclusively for Fox pictures. That's something to look forward to.

Joseph Urban, scenic genius of the Ziegfeld shows and the Metropolitan Opera, will design the sets for two Fox films: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," which will star Will Rogers; and "The Man Who Came Back," with Charlie Farrell. Soon those little eyes and ears of ours will become so accustomed to the very best in music and art from the movies that we'll refuse to accept substitutes. We'll become as keen patrons of the arts as the Italians or anybody. All we need is a little experience, and we're getting it from the screen.

And we don't have to be bored getting cultured, either. We can sit in comfortable cushioned seats, at a low admission price, and look at and listen to interpretations by painless artists. The great music will be sung by pretty young things with slim figures. No fat opera stars allowed. Before they can become screen bets, they have to reduce. Then, when they are as svelte and handsome as Garbo and Novarro, and not before, they can warble for the 'mikes.' We're particular, but we're nice to work for!

D. E.
NO BEAUTIES in Hollywood?

By Thomas Talbott

"I found scarcely a real beauty in Hollywood," said Olive Snell.

Catty? Not at all! Miss Snell is herself an extremely attractive woman, besides being an eminent and impartial judge of beauty in all its many phases. She has painted beautiful women of Europe and America; studied them, selected them. She knows what she is talking about!

"Beauty," continued Miss Snell, "is not a mere matter of having the proper number of regular features set at the proper angle in a properly proportioned face. Beauty is often a quality which the undiscerning eye cannot immediately see but the discerning mind can instantly sense.

"For that reason, a portrait painter must be a combination psychologist and medium, able to penetrate the envelope of flesh in which a sitter hides his inner self from the world. A portrait painter must not only be able to penetrate this envelope, but he must also have the ability instantly to select from the many intricate qualities he discovers there, the one composite characteristic which he can catch on canvas exactly to express the personality of his subject. Otherwise, the sitter might just as well have a park photographer snap his likeness on a ha' penny card."

Miss Snell is one of the two most famous women portrait painters in England, and has painted a larger number of beautiful women and distinguished men, from Mayfair to Mandalay and back, than any other contemporary artist. Some of her sitters include the Prince of Wales, Prince George, the former Queen of Greece, Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst, and many others whose names are listed in the Almanac de Gotha. And now she has seen and sketched the colorful Hollywood stars.

If you could look around the walls of Miss Snell's studio and see her Hollywood paintings, you would be surprised, for you wouldn't recognize any of your Hollywood favorites as the screen portrays them. Miss Snell has discarded their superficial masks and pierced to the core of their personalities.

We see Lilyan Tashman as a white panther. Evelyn Brent as a princess. Myrna Loy as a sensitive artist. Joan Crawford strongly resembles the Aubrey Beardsley type. Her mobile features reflect all the passing emotions from which masterpieces of beauty are created.
Sounds Incredible, Doesn’t It? But Olive Snell, Famous Artist, has a New Slant on our Screen Stars. Read her Impressions

Marion Davies as a fascinating gamine. Joan Crawford as an Aubrey Beardsley character. Young Douglas Fairbanks, the sophisticated, as a shy bow-boy, but far from a blind one. Loretta Young as a Madonna.

Although Olive Snell has visited America before and has painted many of the well-known American beauties of the day, this is her first trip to Hollywood. And it has been an amazing experience, for, as she says, “Hollywood is a joke—but it’s not funny.”

It was a great transposition for this famous British painter when she left her quiet country house in Devonshire to go to Hollywood, where in the flower and vegetable market she calmly sat on a camp stool, with her husband’s man servant behind her, and called out: “Lawrence, a little of the yellow ochre, please”—as the startled natives watched her transfer this colorful spot to her canvas. For Miss Snell’s life has been spent far from the mad whirl of the screen.

For that reason, it seems to me that she is one of the fairest judges of Hollywood beauty since she brings to the question an open mind. It is all fresh to her as it could never be to us who have grown up with the cinema industry.

Olive Snell came into the world under a happy star. She was born the daughter of a country gentleman, lived her life until womanhood almost entirely in the beautiful English countryside, made her debut in London, and later married Major Eben Pike, of the Grenadier Guards. From this marriage there are three children—David, Penelope and Christian. Only after her children were born, did Mrs. Pike become a student and protégée of the celebrated artist, Augustus Johns, and develop into one of Great Britain’s foremost painters.

“The loveliest women in Hollywood according to professional beauty standards,” Miss Snell explained, “are possibly Corinne Griffith, representing the languid blonde type, and Billie Dove, representing the lush brunette. And yet they interested me less than the others. I am little concerned with mere formal beauty. A male painter probably would select either Miss Dove or Miss Griffith as true beauties because he would judge them with his emotions instead of from a detached, aesthetic viewpoint. And certainly, emotionally both of these stars exude an aura of beauty. But a woman portrait painter does not allow herself to be swayed by personal emotion or influenced by the magnetism emanating from a sitter. Any woman, painter or no, must necessarily see feminine beauty from a different angle than men do.

“Two women on the west

(Continued on page 124)
Hollywood . . . .
Makes You Young
Says George Arliss
An Interview by Rosa Reilly

George Arliss!
You have seen him in "Disraeli" and "The Green Goddess." You may have seen him on the stage. You know he is one of the great actors of his day, and you have probably heard that his two talking pictures have made him a great commercial success at motion picture theater box-offices the world over.

But what do you really know about Arliss? Isn't he a vague, shadowy figure—a mysterious being who manages to recreate characters in an inimitable manner but whose real personality remains hidden? Now that George Arliss is becoming such a favorite with screen audiences he must emerge from his roles and meet his public. The movie fans want to know the

George Arliss—one of the greatest actors of our times, who has kept faith with the finest traditions and still kept pace with the march of dramatic events. And now he is the outstanding artistic and commercial hit of the talkies.

idols they worship. Mr. Arliss, you must step up and meet the folks!

Mr. Arliss is not often interviewed. Once having attained his eminence—which includes an autobiography and international renown—a star is entitled to considerable aloof seclusion. But on this occasion Mr. Arliss found himself being interviewed. And being very charming about it.

Although I had heard of Arliss all my life, I had never met him. I rather expected an austere person who would deal sonorously with the glories of the past, hit talking films a good kick, and end with a dissertation on the beauties of the legitimate "drayhma."

I got a first-class shock! Arliss is young! I don’t mean in years. (He has been on the
stage for forty.) But he looks years younger in person than he does in photographs. His skin is as clear and as pink as a boy of twenty. His eyes shine. He has no wrinkles whatsoever.

His figure is thin and supple. His hands are firm, sensitive, beautifully shaped. In fact, his whole appearance was so youthful that I couldn’t get on with my interview. I had the bad manners to stop and ask him how he managed to keep so young.

"Being on the stage has kept me from growing old," Arliss was good enough to answer. "And," he added, "working in talking pictures in Hollywood is helping to keep me young.

"When you are on the stage or working in pictures, you are taken out of yourself. You do not have any time to think about your own troubles or ailments. You go to the theater (and when I say theater, I use it in its larger sense meaning both stage and screen) you may feel like the devil. But you put on your make-up, and by the time you have been playing a few minutes, you feel fine. Anybody who is engaged in creative work that they love is bound to feel young."

We know that is true. Eleanor Duse was a striking example, Sarah Bernhardt another. The latter was over seventy when she made the film "Camille."

However, the cases of Duse and Bernhardt were different from that of Arliss. They were old but gave the illusion of youth on the stage. Arliss plays mature men on the stage, but when he steps through the stage door into the harsh light of day, he doesn’t give you the illusion of youth, he makes you feel the reality of it, as borne out by his own mental and physiological characteristics.

Mr. Arliss had just returned from a vacation in England to start on his new talking picture, "Old English." When he landed, he said, "Although I am devoted to the stage and always plan to do one play a year, at least, I really like talking pictures."

"I feel," he continued, "that the legitimate stage will help the talking screen and the talking screen will be of benefit to the stage. One of the most important ways in which the theater can assist talkies is due to the fact that the stage is the ‘trying out ground’ for the screen. Many of the better films have evolved from successful stage productions.

"Talking pictures, on the other hand, will eliminate from the legitimate theater commonplace and inferior plays.

It is impossible for the legitimate stage to play at film prices. They are bound to charge more money. And when they charge more, they are bound to give the public its money’s worth in entertainment.

"While talking pictures also bring fine entertainment to many millions, there will always be those people who will want to see flesh and blood actors. Then, too, there will always be plays which will not be considered a good choice for talking pictures; plays that are designed to appeal to a more or less limited audience. But the fact that talking pictures are so good will keep the theater on its mettle, impulse it to be better than it is now.

"The potentialities of talking pictures are even now unguessed. It is not as though some little man were hidden in a room making experiments all to himself. Instead, there are many rich corporations paying large sums of money for experimental purposes. Improvement is bound to come rapidly.

"The mechanical improvement is what is most necessary. Already the producers have procured good actors, fine directors, excellent technicians. But the voices of the actors must be reproduced as they really are.

"For instance: do you know that at the present time, the microphone can only pick up approximately one-third of the modulations of the human voice? As the mechanical contrivance is improved, a greater variety of these modulations can be reproduced, making the tone more natural.

"Another point which producers are only beginning to discover is that moving picture audiences are willing to listen as well as look. Formerly the heads of film corporations used to think that audiences would not listen to conversation. I think the future of talkies is going to be far more interesting soon because those in charge are going to rely so much more on real literature than on pictures. The spoken word will actually be used to a large extent.

"Of course, playing in talkies and playing on the screen are two different media. But I never lose patience when I am making a picture for I realize I am dealing with a machine, not a human.

"Sometimes on the stage, an actor feels like becoming impatient when his audience is unintelligent, when they laugh in the wrong place, or something of the sort. For they are human and should know better. However, it is no good to get impatient with a machine which is really what the talking picture is.

(Continued on page 125)

THE FIRST INTERVIEW EVER GRANTED BY GEORGE ARLISSTO ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE! READ THE GREAT ACTOR’S OPINIONS OF HOLLYWOOD AND TALKING PICTURES
HOW ARE YOUR

This is the New Salutation in Hollywood, where the Voice is the Thing

If ever you've lived in Italy you would think yourself there again to walk through the streets in Hollywood these singing days. The tree-top tenors and the sidewalk sopranos me-me-me, ah-ah-ah, and dough-dough-dough from sunrise to sunset. The other day I passed one of the latest sports model cars on the boulevard and from the driver's seat I heard fish-fish-fish-fish. Later, I learned this same screen star had been told by his teacher that Madame Sembrich found that word the most efficacious in placing her lovely voice in the right groove. My next door neighbor bellows forth "Tis me-speaking to you, Molly!" with an Irish brogue you could cut with an ax—he says Eva Turner, the golden-voiced soprano of the Chicago Opera, told him that this one phrase did more to place her voice than any other single exercise she knew of.

Only a few years ago, in this Bagdad of the Pacific, the stars looked upon music as a very small part of their lives, something to call upon to help them emote through a tearful scene or something to dance to. "Tis all very different now. At every party, premiere or gathering of any sort, the musical program is a matter of foremost importance. Singing lessons, voice culture, Italian, French and German methods and the 'what have you' of the voice box are the topics of discussion among the groups of picture players everywhere.

Some of the greatest actresses of the stage, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Laura Hope Crews, Nance O'Neil and others are teaching their sisters of the one-time silent drama the great art of speaking; and be it said to the credit of Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swan-

son, Bebe Daniels and others that they are making great strides in their work. Besides the time and money (which it is said comes to $1000 a week and more for these lessons) stars everywhere are taking singing, French, Italian and Spanish lessons.

Every singing teacher in Hollywood has a different way of putting over his or her stuff. The old Italian method and the one great universal fact that all teachers agree upon is that the voice must be forward, out of the throat, and yet imbued with the strength and tone which comes from the diaphragm; added to this, a singer must be relaxed and poised—all these are hard things to teach to the average Hollywood screen player.

The character actor of other nations has looked upon singing as just as necessary to his art as walking, fencing or even breathing; but most of our character men would have cherished a desire to punch one in the nose who had suggested to him a few years ago that he take some singing lessons. Yet now the hard-boiled, broken-nosed, scar-on-the-face gangster and gun-men of the screen walk down the boulevard with their music roll under an arm vocalizing as they walk, as unconsciously as small boys singing on the way to school!

The Voice is the thing right now in Screenland. "How are your pipes?" is the latest salutation in Hollywood, to which the answer may be "Not so hot"; or "My pipes are frozen, how are yours?" I have heard that the title of Hollywood's most recent theme song is Hot Pipes, I Love Thee! The drug stores of Hollywood say they have never done such a business on pastils, throat lozenges, oil sprays,

Gloria Swanson hitting the high c's to the accompaniment of composer Vincent Youmans. Mr. Youmans wrote the songs for Gloria's next talkie, "What a Widow."

Grace Moore and her voice teacher, Dr. Mario Marafioti. Miss Moore is to make "Jenny Lind" as her talkie debut.
gargles and what have you for the throat. All sorts of new and harmless glycerine drops are flooding the market. The stars are finding themselves in better health and looking younger than they did ten years ago, for if the truth were really known and understood well nigh unto eternal youth is the reward for sincere and daily work on the voice. A year in Italy attending the performances at La Scala almost nightly during the season convinced me that these Ponce De Leons of the film world might do well to note that less dieting and fewer facials and beauty treatments and more exercise and singing would bring them better and more lasting results.

My first night at La Scala, sitting in the first row attending a performance of "The Masked Ball" revealed to me a pair of legs such as I'd never seen on Broadway nor in Hollywood; while above the knees in tights to the waist and on up to the face was the most perfect figure I ever hope to gaze upon. To match this was a well-shaped face that I judged belonged to a girl in her twenties. Later, I learned that the possessor of the beautiful legs was a woman of sixty-five years, long famous in the rôle of the page in Verdi's famous opera! Journet, the superb bass baritone, is over seventy, and he could race many a man twenty-five years younger on looks, figure, and quality of voice. These are only two of the countless cases that I could cite of singers who have gained and held tight to that greatest of all life's gifts, youth.

The singer who does not get fat is the healthiest and most youthful person in the world in proportion to his years; and Hollywood, always eager and ready to grasp something new, has learned this fact and all are taking to this new form of indoor sport like a rosebud takes to sunshine.

Tibbett is the Lindbergh of the talkies—he has brought to the sound screen what Lindy brought to aviation; perfection, attainment; gained not overnight nor because of any push or pull, but attainment gained from hard work, concentration and preparedness. Lawrence Tibbett gave his all to become a singer; he has studied against great odds, without the benefit of European training, yet always ready and eager to learn from those he knew had something to offer him of the truths of voice training or of operatic tradition. Hours and days, months and years of study and constant work did not seem too much for this man to give to his art, and his work in "The Rogue's Song" makes the overnight crooners look like babies competing in the Olympic Games. However, these boo-boo-poo-doo crooners have their place in the musical development of the talkies, too; and who knows, one of them may grow into a Meistersinger of the Mike!

Right now there is sort of a world pilgrimage to Hollywood—the first of its kind in our country. One might put it that there is a sort of a Shrine of Song being erected. All the song birds the world over are flying Hollywoodward.

The song writers from Broadway, from gay Paris, from Vienna, Berlin and Russia are either in, or on their way to Hollywood, for somehow the strains of the Pied Piper of song have been heard north, south, east and west. Just what will be the result of all the song children who are following the Pied Piper cannot yet be foretold, but for the moment, and it looks as though for many a moon to come, the Hollywood salutation will be: "Good morning, how are your pipes?"
Stephen Vincent Benet, author of "John Brown's Body," writes the dialogue for the Griffith picture, "Abraham Lincoln"

By Rosa Reilly

A Poet goes to Hollywood


When Stephen Vincent Benet, the poet-author of the great American epic poem, "John Brown's Body," also the writer of the dialogue for David Wark Griffith's new talking picture "Abraham Lincoln," was asked how he felt after completing the former work, he replied: "Just like a person who has given birth to a baby grand piano."

Stephen Vincent Benet has the gift of genius. But he also has the gift of speaking in the vernacular of the man in the street. For that reason he has made a perfect scenario writer.

Perhaps your introduction to this thirty-two year old American poet will be when "Abraham Lincoln" comes to your town. At that time you will see and hear Walter Huston, the celebrated Broadway actor, as the Great Emancipator. But while the voice will be the voice of Walter Huston, the words and the soul will be the words and the soul of Stephen Vincent Benet.

It was David Wark Griffith who asked Mr. Benet to go to Hollywood, to write the dialogue for his new speaking film. After spending ten weeks on the west coast, Mr. Benet returned to New York, and it was here that I interviewed him.

He is the most difficult man from whom I ever tried to get a story. Almost inarticulate. He feels rather than speaks. To describe the real man is almost impossible. He gives out so little of himself.

Rail-thin, he is tall, tired, diffident. His personality is appealing rather than positive. The only place his genius shows is in his hands. They are thin-skinned, thin-tipped, beautiful.

Mr. Benet wore, a brown suit, a blue shirt, and among other things, thick spectacles. He smoked incessantly, and looked out of the window at the Hudson River while talking. I suspect he likes scenery better than people.

In the preface to his immortal "John Brown," Mr. Benet has described himself far better than I can. As you perhaps know, this great work was written in France, where he was sent by the Guggenheim Foundation. In the invocation, speaking of himself, he says:

"This flesh was seeded from no foreign grain
But Pennsylvanian and Kentucky wheat,
And it has soaked in California rain
And five years tempered in New England sleet.

"To strive at last, against an alien proof
And by the changes of an alien moon,
To build again that blue, American roof
Over a half-forgotten battle tune.

"And call unsurely, from a haunted ground,
Armies of shadows and the shadow-sound."

In the last line, "Armies of shadows and the shadow-sound," he was, of course, speaking of the Civil War. But that line, to me, is prophetic of his entrance into the moving picture industry, for what are silent pictures but "armies of shadows," and what are the talkies but "shadow-sounds?"

When I spoke to him about Hollywood, he said: "This was my first trip to Hollywood. I went there solely to write dialogue for Abraham Lincoln. With the exception of Mr. Griffith, Mr. Huston, Douglas Fairbanks, Jean Hersholt, and the technicians—who I very much admire—I saw nobody. I simply shut myself up in a room and wrote the dialogue. I might just as well have been in an office in Times Square, New York."
As we all know, the benevolent octopus that is the talking picture, has reached out and grasped many masters of many art forms and taken them to Hollywood to assist in making pictures. Some have done good work. More have failed. This is particularly true of novelists and dramatists. And yet, nearly every great picture has been adapted from a great novel or a great play or a great adventure by somebody who understood real dramatic craftsmanship. Take the first great picture of all—and one that is still great— "The Birth of a Nation." This was taken from Thomas Dixon's stirring novel, "The Clansman," and was adapted by Frank E. Woods and D. W. Griffith, who had a real feeling for their jobs. The same is true of "Abraham Lincoln."

In this connection, I asked Mr. Benet why it was so difficult to procure good stories for the screen. He replied:

"I am not a fair example of a writer called from another medium to write for the screen. I went to Hollywood to do a job I liked extremely, on a subject about which I had read and studied a long time.

"The question of writing for the screen is a knotty problem—one not easy to work out. It is not the fault of the writer. It is the fault of the producer, and of the public. If the public wants good stories, the screen will have to attend only good pictures, and stay away from the inferior ones. When you hit the box office, you get results.

"A producer has a certain number of theaters which have to be filled with talking films. Consequently, at the inception of the talkies, there was a tremendous demand for stories. Playhouses had to be filled. Something had to be thrown together. But now that that first rush is over, producers should have some standard of comparison and stories should improve.

"But here again, the producer has made a mistake. He pays well-known writers large sums to go out to Hollywood and write talking picture scenarios. Many of them cannot do it. For the film scenario is distinctive from every other form of writing. You don't expect Irving Berlin to turn out a 'Tristan and Isolde,' nor do you expect Richard Strauss to write a mammy song. Therefore, why should you expect a novelist to turn out the concentrated drama which is the talking scenario?"

"Many famous writing men have had no facility for writing for the stage. Henry James never could. Nor did Conrad. Dickens, in spite of his enormous interest in literature, never wrote a play. Neither did Thackeray. But Victor Hugo was a master of both. So is John Galsworthy. Owen Davis, too, is one of the few contemporary writers who can turn out both stage plays and screen plays with one hand. He can work in almost any theatrical medium.

"If a writer has a peculiar sensitivity for screen writing, he can turn out scenarios. Otherwise he has to learn the craft. And the only way this can be accomplished is by patience both on the part of the producer and on the part of the public."

"I, personally, feel deeply grateful to David Wark Griffith for introducing Mr. Benet to the films. And I hope "Abraham Lincoln" is not Benet's last screen masterpiece. For more certainly than any man in America, this young poet has the power to create and re-create again the beauty, the romance, the glamour and the heart break which is America.

"Having been born in the town where John Brown was hanged, having gone on many a straw ride where the old song, "John Brown's Body" was sung, I never had any clear idea of the north and the south, the east and the west, at the time of the Civil War. Having my southern eyes full of prejudice, I didn't realize that it was the soul of John Brown marching on, which fired the spark which lit the flame which started (Continued on page 127)
Millionaire Boys Make Good Movie!

The camp in the Canadian wilds where Douglas and Shirley Burden assembled their picture tribe and technical staff for the filming of "The Silent Enemy."

At left (without hat) Shirley Burden.

From the eiderdown and golden spoons of a childhood spent as the prized darlings of the unusually rich, two sons of America's aristocracy of both culture and money, have braved the hardships of life in the forest through the long Canadian winter to secure a motion picture of the wild natural life of the North American Indian. And they did it!

The two young men, first cousins, both millionaires in their own right, are Douglas and Shirley Burden, of the better than Social Register Burdens who town-house in New York and do their estating in the grandeur of Mount Kisco's exclusive colony.

Douglas is in his early thirties; he is slender and wiry with light brown hair and clear eyes. He is highly strung and acts quickly once he decides on an activity and with tremendous enthusiasm but with an amazing patience for detail—an artist, a scientist and a very clever young business man.

Shirley only reached his majority this year and is the most eligible young bachelor in this country. He is tall and slim with curly chestnut hair and very merry blue eyes. He admires his older cousin immensely and joined the picture expedition enthusiastically, a willing lieutenant for Captain Douglas.

Shirley Burden learned the mechanics of picture making and last summer when the cousins returned from Canada he ran the projection machine in the little theater he fitted out on the grounds of his estate while his cousin edited and titled.

The picture, an epic of an aboriginal people, is called "The Silent Enemy," the enemy being hunger which, to speak in terms of the drama, is the 'villain and the menace of the piece.'

The screenplay cost $650,000 to produce—about half of this cost going to the sound features added after the silent version was completed. Paramount is releasing it.

Douglas is an anthropologist and holds high and voluntary office in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. From an interest in ancient animals it is but a step to an interest in ancient people. The anthropologist became fired with a keen desire to make a faithful record of the fast diminishing race of the North American Indian, and being a modern young man he turned naturally to the motion picture as his medium.

He had no technical knowledge of pictures so he went to an expert in such matters, Mr. H. P. Carver, interested him in his project, and secured his cooperation as director.

Together they searched the files and shelves of the great libraries in New York and the Smithsonian Institution in Washington for books, old manuscripts, every published and unpublished thing about Indians; for stories, legends, habits, customs, costumes, myths and religions—all the lore available to make a true and faithful picture. For, under the tutelage of Mr. Carver, the scientific narrative had developed into a story with a theme, conflict and a climax.

In the early summer of 1928 when his friends and family were departing for the gay, social life at Newport, Southampton and European resorts, Douglas Burden with Mr. Carver, left for Canada to select the locale for the picture and engage the Indians who were to be the actors.

All Eastern Canada was combed for true types and only full-blooded Indians were wanted. Whole families,
How Two Sons of America's Aristocracy
Turned Picture Producers and Made an Epic of the North American Indian

By Pamela James

The millionaire boys from Manhattan lived in these shacks while they filmed their Indian epic, braving the hardships of a Canadian winter and arduous work. It was real fun to them.

A few of the Indians who play in the picture, assembled to greet the padre on a Sunday. Note the tepees at upper left and right.

Chinko, a boy of twelve whose unusual personality makes him one of the stars of "The Silent Enemy."

fathers, mothers, children of all ages, grandparents and even great-grandparents when they could be found, were hired to make up the one hundred and fifty people needed to complete his picture tribe.

They traveled hundred of miles in uncomfortable and crude vehicles, over rivers and lakes in a canvas canoe and packing it as they went on foot through forests and over mountains, far into the hinterland until they found, in widely scattered places, the principal characters for the story.

The scientist and artist were perfectly blended and with the true zeal of both Burden searched until he found the types which fitted the characters he meant to portray.

Long Lance, a real chief, young, strong and handsome, was chosen for the hero.

Starlight for the heroine, and she was as pretty as her name.

Chinko, an unusual boy of twelve was a prize discovery, and his attractive personality interested his employers so much that when the picture was finished they arranged for him to enter a school to be fitted for the fine young manhood of which he gave promise.

Yellow Robe, another real chief of noble demeanor and mighty strength of face, a man of character who has been honored by the Governments of both Canada and the United States, was secured for the role of the old chief who ruled his people wisely and well.

Scarface for the evil medicine man, and an old Indian woman for her witch mother, took many miles of eager searching but at last they were added to the cast—as villainous-looking as the most ardent realist could desire.

Early in September they were back in Ontario at the temporary camp where they were joined by young Shirley who had spent his summer hiring lumber jacks and laborers who were to fell trees and build the winter camp for the picture, buying supplies and materials and arranging for dog teams to bring in mail, newspapers and other necessary things when they would be established for the winter.

Mr. Carver's son, Richard, joined them with the scenario and continuity he had written during the summer and the technical staff for the picture which had already been engaged in New York.

'Then came the Indians!' The whole one hundred and fifty of them: Ottawas, Temiscamingues, Abtiys and Sioux, to be merged into one tribe for the purposes of the picture.

When everybody had arrived—Indians, lumber jacks, laborers, cooks, technicians, a dietician, a doctor, nurse, school-teacher and a priest—everybody necessary for the body, mind and soul of the people gathered together to go back into the previous century over the trails of their ancestors, the Burdens were ready to begin their mighty monument on the silver screen that the present and future generations should not forget the ancient race of the great continent of North America.

Over two hundred and fifty in all, the party moved on to the permanent camp twenty-two miles (Cont. on page 127)
Will Talkies American

Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, Big Noun and Verb Man, Tells Us How the Sound Screen will Improve our Vocal Talents

As told to Gray Strider

"The talking picture is bound to influence American speech," says Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, who in his far from easy lexicographer's chair, as Managing Editor at Funk and Wagnalls, has collected more than two million English words, checked them and classified them in the different categories to which they belong.

"The talking picture," continues Dr. Vizetelly, "is not only bound to influence American speech—but influence it for the better. If you wish to improve your speech, an easy way is to drop into one of the many thousands of talking picture theaters where you may hear American speech correctly spoken.

"You notice I do not say English speech, but American speech. For despite the fact that I was born in the British Isles, I consider that people here in America speak better than their British brethren. Hard and unmusical as American speech often is, nevertheless Americans sound all of the letters and do not distort the rest. They do not clip their 'g's,' use the terminal 'aws,' and the feeble 'hi's' so commonly heard in England.

Dr. Vizetelly is the only man I have ever heard who comes right out and says that we Americans can hold our own verbally with the British. And he must be telling the truth. For I can't imagine any lexicographer telling a lie!

In fact, Dr. Vizetelly has re-organized my ideas of lexicographers in general. I always thought a lexicographer was an old man in a skull cap, ambling around a rose garden with his nose stuck in a musty book. But I was wrong, if Dr. Vizetelly is at all indicative of the profession. This man says he is sixty-six years old. And he must be for he has been an Editor at the Funk and Wagnalls' Company for forty years, but he doesn't look more than fifty. Tall, straight, well-built, humorous, enthusiastic, his big gray head sets on his strong shoulders at a jaunty, youthful angle. He is full of jokes and common sense. And his outlook is commercial rather than highbrow, as the following incident illustrates:

"When I came over here to America forty years ago, my speech was as broad as Broadway is long. I realized immediately if I wanted to get ahead commercially, I must learn to speak in the vernacular of the men with whom I was associated. People neither like you nor understand you if you set yourself apart in any way. What may be perfectly natural to you may sound affected to them. So my first lesson learned in America was 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do.' And that is a good guide for any young man or woman who wants to get ahead.

"Now by that, I don't mean that you should corrupt your speech, lapse into slang or colloquialisms or provincialisms; but I do mean that you should combine the best features of your own speech and of the speech of your educated associates.

"But here is another point to remember when you are listening to stage or screen English, with an idea of patterning your own language after it. Good speech is not the
Influence of Speech

ownership of a high-flown affected accent, but good speech is the ability to speak clearly. That is the reason it is better for you to pattern your enunciation after an educated American than it is after an Oxford accent, for nearly all educated Americans speak clearly, whereas their British brethren, alas, do not always, as I explained recently in a movietone I made for Fox.

"In America, there are phonetic abysses between the 'down-easter' and the far-westerner. Chicago does not talk in Boston's vernacular; Alaska's English differs from that of Florida; and between Philadelphia and New York there are detectable differences. But, every inhabitant of the United States can understand every other inhabitant. In England, supposedly the home of pure speech, such is not the case.

"For instance: A boy from an elementary school in Edinburgh may not be able to understand a pupil of a London elementary school because each speaks in a local dialect with the local accent. For that reason, the Department of Education of Scotland has forbidden the teaching of southern English in the Scottish schools. In London, they speak of the Glasgow accent. But the Glaswegian talks of public-school English as dialect. The same is true of the Colonies.

"Australian and Canadian English differs, and the same is true of New Zealand. A friend of mine, on a visit from New Zealand said: 'I left England wondering what on earth the English voice was. In the North, tens of thousands of English men and women speak nothing but dialects. In London, I heard cockney in almost every street. In the West-End, well-bred affected tones were the general rule, with the modulations produced as if spoken around a substantial marble wabble in the region of the tonsils.'

"There is no reason for Americans to have an inferiority complex about their speech. For faulty as many of us are, the educated person here in the States has, in general, preserved that which is best of the English pronunciation, modified in a measure by the influence on this speech of the inflections and intonations voiced by persons from other parts of this country.

"I as well as anybody realize it is difficult to speak correctly. The tendency to mispronounce is common. And I am as guilty as the next man, even after spending forty years working to bring about correct speech.

"Very often I talk over the radio. No matter how frequently I speak, I am always a bit stage struck when I stand before the little microphone. Even after five years of radio work, when I stand there and realize I am speaking to a million people, my tongue plays tricks on me.

"Some time ago I was speaking over WOR. The word 'decade' was mentioned by me. When I finished my speech, I put on my hat and coat preparatory to leaving the studio. But before I could get out, Atlantic City called on the telephone and a gentleman there asked to speak to me. I picked up the receiver and heard him say: "’Dr. Vizetelly, how do you pronounce ‘decade’?"

"’Why, ‘dec-sad’! I answered immediately.

"’That’s right,’ he replied. ‘But you didn’t say ‘dec-sad’; you said ‘dec-sad’!"

"And I had. At home, as a child, among my brothers and sisters we had commonly mispronounced the word, and what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh. That is why the building up of fine, clear speech is no trifle.

"In America, there are many of us who speak badly. And it is not directly our fault. It is due to parental neglect, ignorance or indifference. Hard as school teachers may work to correct these errors, their labors are of little avail if the diction in the home is dominated by the inelegancies of the street.

"The spoken language," said Professor Raymond Weeks, of Columbia University, New York, "is far more important than we believe. It has been called the garment of the soul. It is every person’s duty to divest himself of a vicious accent learned in infancy and to put on in its place the . . . mantle of . . . polite pronunciation. Nothing in the world,” he continues, "is so intimate a part of us as our spoken words, neither clothes, nor furniture, houses, books, friends, ideas—manners even."

"While I very much admire American speech," Dr. Vizetelly went on, "there are several grave errors which I should like to see corrected:

1. We can not have good speech by speaking with closed nostrils. That makes our utterances sound flat and nasal, and is the fault which the British so object to in Ameri-

Now you’re talking!

"Good speech is the ability to speak clearly.

"If you wish to improve your speech, an easy way is to drop in to one of the talking picture theaters where you may hear American correctly spoken.

"The words we think were coined specifically for the 20th century may go back hundreds of years. Take ‘whooppee.’ A Broadway columnist is commonly credited with coining it. But he didn’t. In a 15th century manuscript, one of Henry VIII’s chaplains is pictured as giving vent to ‘Whooppe aloud, and thou shalt hear him blow his horn!’"

Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly.

(Continued on page 119)
Is Eric Von Stroheim a genius, an idealist, a great director? Whatever he is, whatever he does, he is talked about. Here he is at the Warner Studios ready to answer another director's call to step on the "Three Faces East" set and do his stuff as an actor.

"MR. VON"
To watch the great Garbo at work on the set—that's the ambition of everyone in Hollywood and points east, north, and south. It can't be done. Garbo doesn't want people to watch her work. But Screenland was privileged, and saw the star at work on "Romance." At the right: Garbo playing a scene with her new leading man, Gavin Gordon, as Clarence Brown, surrounded by his technical staff, directs her.

GARBO—"ROMANCE"

A Screenland Scoop!
On the Set with the New Romantic Greta Garbo

By Marie House

The pendulum has swung back. Jazz is out. The new Romantic Age is here!

We've long suspected it, the mode has more than hinted it, now Greta Garbo sponsors it. Hail "Romance!"

Imagine, if you can, the svelte Garbo in crinolines and flounces. Lilies of the valley, little curls and curtsies. Imagine the smouldering Garbo in a whimsical romance, fragile as moonbeams, sweet as an old-fashioned garden, redolent of lavender and old lace. Imagine it—of course you can!

Not a Garbo in slinky, swanky, subtle garments, not an earth-bound drab girl on a coal barge, but a lovely Garbo, all poetry, all love—but with just the right amount of purple past, you understand, for that's what Clarence Brown told me.

And would you like to peek on the Garbo set? Well, would we like a slice of moon, we scoff. Can a duck—would we—oh, don't be silly!

Clarence Brown beckons us. The door is open, he will conduct us on the set. And who could do it better than Clarence Brown, ace director with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who brought Garbo to such a successful debut in the talkies, who helped make that tremendous hit "Flesh and the Devil." A director eminently fitted to do this charming "Romance" as the second talking vehicle for Garbo.

We are in a rectory. (Try to act at home.) The large Gothic arched windows are hung with Christmas wreaths. The snow of a winter dusk is softly falling, outside, of course. Here a fireplace with its cheerful flames, a low ottoman, an easy chair, a grand piano whose keys are mellow.

A scene from "Romance," directed by Clarence Brown who also made "Anna Christie." Lewis Stone plays the friend of Madame Cavallini, the opera singer, enacted by the versatile Garbo.
with delicate airs, minuets and polkas. Candles in their quaint old candelabras, tapers, daguerreotypes, charming old-fashioned portraits. Have you the picture? Hold it while the cameras, three of them, count them, focus for the shots. One to take 'her,' one to take 'him,' one for the twain, in this little scene between Garbo and her lover.

Here's Garbo's new leading man. You'll want to know him, Gavin Gordon, a new recruit from the stage. Discovered, if you must know, and, of course, you must, playing in "Among the Married" in a local playhouse. A tall, charming, blond young man, just now arrayed in the poetic garments of a young clergyman of the 1860's.

Garbo's, shall we say 'sit-in' reclines in the easy chair while Gordon does his stuff. A tape measure fixes distances, heights for the cameras, the microphone on its hanging crane is swung here and there to catch the conversation as it floats upwards.

Over here in the corner, behind these flimsy screens with Keep Out chalked in a school-boy hand, is the improvised dressing room of Greta the great. Let's peek. A chaise lounge, a dressing table, a curling iron, two books on a low stand, "Bible Studies" and "The Life of Henry James" they are, if anybody cares.

The directorial eye is everywhere. Josephine da da monk, who has quite a featured part as the particular pet of Madame Cavallini (Greta Garbo) makes herself at home on the director's arm, on his shoulder. A fascinating bit of furry monkey pep. Watch for Josephine. She'll be a hit.

Shoo! Here comes Garbo!

Do you want to know the truth about this famous blonde from Sweden? Yes, you do. And it's practically unanimous. Well, she's sweet. She's shy but beautifully proud; she's tall and lovely, and those of you who have been catty can go to the foot of the class. Her eyelashes are real, so there! She wears black velvet, with tight-fitting bodice, long flounced skirt, short puffed sleeves. Blonde hair in a cascade of tiny curls; delicate cameo-like features. Our Greta!

We sidle up to Mr. Brown. Tell us, we wheedle, just a little of what is in store for us.

"The public will find in this picture, more of the Garbo they are used to, a different Garbo from Anna Christie, yet essentially the same. A sophisticated woman of the world, a lovely opera star who has a tender romance with a young clergyman. In the O'Neill drama they were earthy characters with a sordid background. Here we have somewhat the same situation, in a satin atmosphere."

And the love scenes, we breathe?

"There are scene after scene tenderly played, the more poignant because you see this famous diva, this sophisticated worldling, in these whimsical, quaint little love sequences. This is quite the first time Greta has appeared in such a setting."

We try to adjust Greta to this. And does she like it, we want to know?

"She adores these crinolines and flounces. The tiny hats. And it is a lovely story. I like it myself. I find myself enjoying it more and more."

(Continued on page 116)
BATHING BEAUTIES and BEACH FASHIONS

Silhouette by May Moylan. Photograph by Wm. Grimes.
Speaking of Clara’s summer 1930 model bathing suit, is it possible there’s just one string to our Bow? Or perhaps that smart little lacing is just the tie that binds. The tie laces up the decolletage of Clara’s white jersey one-piece with bright blue ribbons. Note the little red-head’s new beach shoes—comfortable, with their sensible heels, but very smart, too.

Below: a glimpse of the bathing beauties encountered on the beaches in the Gay Nineties. These girls are actresses from “The Floradora Girl.” From left to right: Lenore Bushman, Patricia Caron, Ethel Sykes, Ilka Chase, Marion Davies, Vivian Oakland.
Ah, there, Leila Hyams! White is definitely popular for swim suits this season; either for the entire ensemble, as in Miss Bow's suit, or just the top, as preferred by Leila. The 'shorts' are of black jersey; made in a circular fashion, they are snug at the top and flaring toward the hem. The tuck-under tops with 'shorts' are much worn on our best beaches by some of our very smartest young things.

How do you like these snappy suits, not to mention caps? (No—not at the right; below! We'll get to the one at the right later on.) Quite daring in their day, those naughty little panty-ettes and puffed sleeves. Hurrah, and a couple of hussars, for 1930!
After all, there is nothing like the conventional, one-piece bathing suit, of this year or last year or the year before, particularly when owned and occupied by Lottie Howell. Miss Howell’s suit is new this year; but even if it weren’t!

A modern girl in a modern swim suit: Anita Page, casting her shadow before her. Anita would grace any bathing suit, but this seems to be an especially pretty one. Perfect for the jeune fille.

Right: oh, oh, Dorothy Jordan! You’re not going to get that beautiful suit all wet, are you? Still, the bathing cap looks as if you mean business. Dorothy’s suit adopts two shades of green, the top part showing a lighter shade with piping of the darker green matching the shorts.
Anita Page is so pretty that she makes any old springboard look interesting. What she really wishes is that we would go away with our old cameraman so that she could use the springboard for diving and not merely decorative purposes.

Not since the good old Mack Sennett days have we seen so many bathing beauties and diving divas! But who could sigh for the good old days when we can look at Alice White right now?

Jeanette MacDonald’s single piece suit flaunts a waistline decolletage for sun-tan purposes. A narrow strap at the neck holds the suit in place, eliminating shoulder pieces that do not allow the back to sun-tan evenly. Well, we’re all in favor of it.
Here's what we call team work, or hands across the sea, or across the page. It takes a trained acrobatic dancer like Dorothy McNulty to do this stunt.

Leila Hyams shows a rubber wristlet that fits snugly over her wrist-watch to keep water and sand out of the works. Smart idea.

Here's a new one—fish-racing. Leila Hyams and Dot Sebastian, extreme left, play a game of racing along the beach with their rubber fish and landing in the breakers—with a splash, and giggles. Try it yourself some time, only first catch your fish.

Dots—and dash! Dot Sebastian features polka-dots in her dashing beach ensemble of white pajamas and black coat. After a bout with a beach ball there's nothing like the shade of an oversize beach umbrella.
So This Is Summer! (We Like It)

Blending with the golden summer landscape, the yellow printed pajama suit worn by Bessie Love matches her yellow straw hat and hair. Yellow sandals also carry out the color scheme of the little Love's ensemble.

You have to be as supple as Dorothy's pal, Mary Lawlor, to register a kick like this. Try it sometime on your own beach; but don't blame us for breakage.

Right: Gwen Lee rests between swims, wearing a becoming two-piece bathing suit showing a combination of white and powder blue—ideal for blondes with Gwen's white skin and blue eyes. Her cap is of white felt—Miss Lee's, not the lady's on the rubber pillow.
For girls who wish to defy the sun, Mary Brian suggests this pajama costume, with long sleeves and high neck. The blouse is of red and white dots; the trousers of cream sateen. The sun hat completes this practical ensemble designed to preserve Miss 1920's skin.

Below: Gwen Lee's "prisoner's suit." The stripe supplies a new idea for beach sports wear this season. The pattern is in green and white linen, the stripes being used for the blouse and parasol, bag and border of the sleeveless jacket.

Left: Lattie Howell plays pirate in this gay suit of red and white—check and double check! A white bandanna completes the costume.

Below: the modernique influence in beach wear is seen in this striking three-piece black and white pajama suit of Mary Brian's.

Something really new in bathing suits is sponsored by Lillian Roth. It's the 'one-shoulder' model, which ignores one arm completely, and the trunks of which flare jauntily into circular folds. Black and white shantung and Lillian Roth made it.
Joan Crawford, left, is one of the famous film stars who help to set the summer styles on California sands. Here is Joan's favorite beach pajama outfit: of bright printed silk, with fitted bodice, and snug-fitting trousers which flare toward the ankles in approved sailor-boy fashion.

Below: only for swimming will girls appear in abbreviated costumes this summer, says Leila Hyams. Out of the water they will don enveloping pajamas with widely-flared trousers. Miss Hyams' costume, of jersey, has the knee-length coat, favored quite as much as the short jacket.

For the yacht club and the beach, June Collyer suggests dotted pajamas in red and white. The bow fastening of the coat strikes a new note. (To the right.)

Below: Anita Page proves how attractive a summer girl can be in the new beach costumes, in spite of their all-enveloping patterns.

For those girls, and there are many this year, who prefer to keep their skin in its natural fair state, there are pure white bathing suits which accentuate this coloring. Gwen Lee chooses a white suit with modernistic patterns of blue, with cape of matching pattern.
Some of the girls, May Moylan among them, are true to the sun-tan style. Here's her pet suit—strictly for swimming and sunning.

Miss Moylan, between swims and sun-tans, seeks the shade of her trusty beach umbrella and devotes herself to looking pretty.

Lillian Roth in the bathing suit that is a polite sensation on the California beaches, when that wicked one-strap effect gets in its work.

Two little picture girls out for a record: Dorothy Sebastian and Leila Hyams, after a hard day's swimming, turn on their portable phonograph.
When Joan Crawford goes swimming she travels far out in the gray-green ocean; so she chooses black, shirtless suits for practical purposes. They must also be backless to win Joan's approval.

Leila Hyams, for all her delicate blonde beauty, is one of the best girl swimmers and medicine ball tossers of the film colony.

Hollywood's show girl, Alice White, believe it or not, prefers this smart, sane, and sensible one-piece suit for swimming.

A game of beach-bridge played by Dorothy and Leila. The game is played like honeymoon bridge, using heavy cards that will not blow away.
We can't imagine a more charming opponent for a good, rousing game of medicine ball than Dorothy Jordan, all tricked up in her best beach costume, with wide trousers with their snappy stripe. But it might be hard for a mere man to keep his mind on the game. (Left.)

Leila isn't kidding; she really can dive, and does. But before she takes the plunge she wishes to call your attention to her bathing shoes which, she says, are so practical you don't know you have 'em on, and you can't kick them off. All right, Leila—now go ahead.

Below: a beauty in a pure white bathing suit—Billie Dove. To complete a perfect ensemble, Billie wears a white beret. She is a hearty follower of the suntan mode; she tans easily and stays that way most of the year, for she spends much time at her Malibu Beach house.

Lottice Howell, a new-comer to the screen from the Broadway stage and the radio, has lost no time in acquiring the best California customs. She is converted to the one-piece bathing suit, and no wonder.
Versatile, this Hyams girl! Not only is she a lithe young athlete, but give her a few minutes and she'll show you the very newest thing in lovely lounging pajamas. Of a conventional flower pattern, this costume is carried out in bright reds, greens, and yellows.

Nancy Carroll represents the eternal feminine on the summer sands. She wears a soft, dainty, cool and luscious concoction with an unusual treatment of the sleeveless blouse. Note the becoming neckline with its gay and perky little bow. Wide trousers—aren't they all? (Below.)

Right: most elaborate is Jean Arthur's beach costume of satin. Flaring trousers are created in cream satin and the jacket goes patriotic with strips of red, white and blue. A large hat of leghorn defies dat ol' devil sun.

Give her a swimming pool and a springboard and Anita Page forgets all about being a movie star and acts her age—nineteen. In her plain little one-piece this famous featurette looks like somebody's kid sister, crashing the old swimming hole.
Bernice Claire and her trim little two-piece suit which she wears for swimming and then enlivens with this gay plaid scarf.

Below: and here's the cape that goes with Lillian Roth's one-shoulder suit! It's of black and white shantung and green satin.

Flash, 'the wonder dog' and also the lucky dog, has his day at the beach with his friends from the studio, Dorothy Sebastian and Leila Hyams.
Dorothy Mackall, left, is another devotee of the backless style in swim suits. Dorothy's suit is a belted model of light blue.

Amita Page wears a 'Navy Blues' pajama costume, following the style of the 'gob' suit. You have to do a hornpipe in this!

C. S. Bull

A full-length view of Jeanette MacDonald's single-piece suit, with bright orange top and navy blue trunks. Jeanette tops it off with a blue satin bandanna.
If you have a smile, including dimples, like June Collyer's, the perfectly plain and utilitarian bathing cap need hold no terrors for you. This model was made for swimmers, and fits snugly, clasping under the chin. If you can swim, be brave and wear one like it! (Below.)

Above: The new and probably most popular beach clogs have baby French heels, which give the feminine foot graceful lines. They are only to be worn when the strenuous part of your outing is over, and you want to sit back and adorn the picture.

And now we'll have to call it a day—one crowded day at the beach with the favorite beauties of Hollywood. May Mylan snatches just one more minute of sparkling sunshine before she has to answer the call, "Back to the studio; it's time to get back to work!"

On the other hand, or head, we have this charming and decorative beach bandanna worn by Dorothy Sebastian. Of course, it's to be donned after you have had your swim and are ready to be beautiful. Of silk mesh, it curls coyly and captivatingly on fair shoulders.
DO-RE-MI
DENNY

Reginald Becomes a Song and Dance Man for Cecil De Mille

By
Ralph Wheeler

“G"O ON out and get an interview with Reginald Denny on singing,” said my editor to me in her busiest tone of voice.

“Singing? Denny?” I repeated. “Have you gone goofy? Reg—he lets me call him that—is a slapstick comedian, not a singer.”

My editor gave me one of those looks.

“This time your information channels have slipped up,” she informed me. “Denny not only sings but he is going to have the big male part in Cecil De Mille’s new musical show—let me see, what’s the name of it? Oh, yes, ‘Madame Satan.’ So get on out there and give me a story with meat to it.”

Saying which she turned resolutely to her desk.

I wandered out of the office, Denny-bound, but as I wandered I thought I’d make a little test.

I went over to the office boy who sees all the pictures.

“Do you know that Reginald Denny is a great singer?” I asked.

“Reginald Denny?” he repeated. “Say, that guy sure is funny. I don’t remember the name of the picture, but he sure took some fall out of that speedboat.”

“Do you know anything else about him?” I interrupted.

“No,” replied the pencil sharpener, vaguely, “he’s just a comic, isn’t he?”

And the girl at the front information desk:

“Reginald Denny sing? Well, if he did, I never heard of it.”

At lunch I met two of my friends who write for other magazines. They, too, knew of only one Denny, the comedian.

The world began to seem brighter. Maybe I had a scoop after all.

I found Denny in Nils Asther’s old dressing room, Nils being on location in Mexico.

Reg Denny and Kay Johnson do their exercises for a dance in “Madame Satan,” coached by Eddie Prinz. Kay and Reggy have the leads in the De Mille musical.

Reginald Denny goes over the script of “Madame Satan,” his first singing role in pictures. He once warbled in light opera on the stage.

“You’ve been holding out on me!” I accused him. “You never told me you could sing!”

He grinned, that infectious Denny grin which has made him a tidy fortune.

“Well,” he replied, “you never asked me, and for ten years I haven’t sung professionally, but the truth of the matter is, singing was the first and real reason I originally went on the stage.

“My father and mother, you know, come from an old English acting family, extending back to my great-great-grandfather. I believe that as a professional family we are older even than the Barrymores.

“At any rate, after my start as a ‘walking gentleman’ at the Duke of York Theater, London, when I was sixteen, I set my eyes on a singing career, for I had developed a fairly good baritone voice.

“George Edwards, the musical producer, agreed with me, and I started in the chorus of ‘The Merry Widow.’ I played in a dozen companies of this great

(Cont. on page 117)
Hollywood could celebrate Independence Day with a reunion of war veterans from every front, if it chose.

Many of those familiar with bombs, barbed wire and mustard gas, a dozen years ago, are now at home before camera and microphone.

Screen heroes, whose medals and wound stripes prove their war-time valor, are, of course, modest, but the war pictures now realistically rattling the dishes and shaking the foundations of Hollywood homes turn conversation into reminiscences of battle.

Ronald Colman, after serving four years with the "London Scottish" (Scotch unit of the English Territorials), had just been mustered out when war was declared, and can remember his frantic haste to get back to his regiment to go over with the men he knew.

Owing to their experience, it took the regiment just four weeks from war's outbreak to get across, but on the first Hallowe'en during an offensive near Messines, a shell fractured Ronald Colman's ankle bone as he advanced from one trench to another.

First he thought: "I'm done for!" then he decided: "I don't believe I'm hurt!" and he went limping on for twenty-four hours without attention. There was no choice at such a time, but he bitterly regretted it when he was invalided home and had to spend the rest of the four years assigned to light duty on the Scotch coast.

Ronald's favorite story concerns his first experience under fire. It was in Belgium and the kiltsies were swinging along toward the front, passing as they went the wounded who came dribbling back from the lines.

An old Scotchman from the Black Watch was resting by the roadside, his face almost obscured by bandages, as Ronald came abreast of him. He gave the army yell, "Are we downhearted!?" as they passed.

"NO!" roared the London Scottish, as one man.
"Aye!" returned the veteran, sourly, "but ye blanketly well will be when ye get around the bend!"

Sidney Blackmer, veteran of 14th Field Artillery, was a civilian traveling in Germany when the war broke out and lived through strange and terrible dramas before he got home to enlist.

He was on the Russian border when the hundred thousand Russian troops marched across and into the net of the enemy, who cut off their retreat and took them prisoner. Sidney, from a picturesque little inn, watched the bewildered Russians filing by.

One day in Berlin, hearing a commotion outside his hotel, he dashed out in time to see two nuns in the hands of the police. It seemed that they were Russian spies who had been caught in the act of cutting cables in a manhole nearby, their capture averting the crippling of the city.

The German police rather got into the habit of
rescuing Sidney from war-inflamed Germans who took him for an Englishman, before the American Legation was able to arrange for him to leave.

Ambassador James W. Gerard had entrusted Sidney with despatches for Ambassador Walter H. Page in London, and the young man was thrilled to be a part of the vast drama. British submarines stopped their boat as it crossed the channel, and searched the passengers' bags, scanning the precious 'papers' which Sidney had been advised to carry openly. But the searchers dropped the envelope immediately when they saw to whom it was addressed.

George O'Brien enlisted in the navy, was assigned to sub-chaser 297 and fought his way to the light heavy-weight championship of the Pacific Fleet.

And Victor McLaglen could almost cover himself with decorations and honors. He began in 1914 as lieutenant with the Irish Fusileers, went to Mesopotamia to an exciting campaign against the Arabs and Turks and found his biggest thrill as provost marshal of Bagdad.

Clive Brook was on holiday when war broke out and was so afraid he might not get in that he telegraphed the "Arists Rifles": "Have you room for me?" This amuses him now. He rose to be major in France and stayed for four years.

It was about 3 a.m. when he was lying in a shellhole during an engagement waiting his chance to move forward. Bumgum came a bomb. He saw it hit near by and then he saw nothing. Earth from the new shellhole dug by the missile had buried him alive, and it was seven or eight minutes before he could dig himself out.

In London, where he was sent to recuperate, he went to the theater to see "Samson and Delilah." He can remember up to the curtain of the second act. The next thing he knew he was hugging a mudscraper on a doorstep clear across the town. They call it amnesia and it happened twice afterward, but he has never been able to find out what he did in the gaps of time.

When the call to colors came, Maurice Chevalier, being in the class of age to serve, responded at once and marched off to the front. Nine months later, he was wounded in battle and taken back of the lines to a hospital. While he lay in his cot, the battle raged, back and forth, back and forth. Finally the line shifted sharply, the French retreated and the hospital was in the hands of the enemy. On a stretcher once more, France's musical comedy idol was carried out to the beginning of an eighteen months' imprisonment.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" has a featured cast of boys who were in the nursery while the real front was active, but there are in the mimic army such heroes as Captain I. R. McLendon, 6th Field Artillery, 1st Division A. E. F., who fired the first (Continued on page 114)
Dolores Del Rio offers a Gift

Dolores Del Rio is making her first all-talking picture debut and her entrée into this gift department at practically the same time. And in both cases you will be a winner. In the former, Dolores offers you entertainment and in the latter, luxury. Her picture is “The Bad One” but her gift wrap is a good one. It is of orange transparent velvet with two flounces at the bottom and a soft flounce around the neck. It is quite long—just nice for those trailing evening gowns that are in vogue now. So if you are in the market for an evening wrap the way to get it is to write the best letter answering Dolores Del Rio’s question. By best letter is meant the clearest, cleverest and most concise. Here’s the question: Do you like Dolores Del Rio in spiritual rôles such as “Ramona” and “Evangeline” or passionate, primitive rôles such as Charmaine and Carmen or heavy dramatic parts like Katusha in “Resurrection?” Give reasons for your answer.

Address:—DOLORES DEL RIO
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
45 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes July 30, 1930

All photographs of Miss Del Rio by John Miehle.

The statuesque beauty of Dolores Del Rio draped in the gift wrap—but not for long, because it goes to the writer of the best letter as a personal gift from the star.
Right: the gift wrap is of orange transparent velvet with two flounces at the bottom and a soft flounce around the neck.

Lower right: how would you like to wrap yourself in Dolores Del Rio's transparent velvet wrap? You would—good!

Below: can you imagine yourself looking as charming as Dolores in this wrap and yet being able to give it away?
"You must keep on believing in yourself, because nobody else will," is John Boles' advice. He followed it himself. It must be good. He's riding the sound waves now.
The Mike Menace

...John Boles—
they thrill to his trill

A s the "Old Crow" flies, it doesn't seem such a far
reach back to those good, old (ha-ha) days.
Days when one lonely buck looked big as a
bull's brogans to John Boles. Days when the
eternal question was whether the last two-bits should be
blown at the barber's or the beanery. I knew him then.
I knew him when!

We met one day strolling along the Rialto. It was a
good day for strolling. In fact, there was nothing else to
do. And Broadway is a better place to stroll than is
Sixth Avenue—whether you're going up or down. John
invited me to eat. Not to breakfast, or lunch or dine.
But just to eat. There's a difference.

"Let's walk over and get some coffee," he suggested.

"Why walk—let's run," said I, always quick on the
trigger that way.

So we meandered toward the Plaza. And dropped
into a one-armed joint around the corner. While we
dunked, there was the polite patter of table talk such as
one hears at the Club. What club? Aw, don't get so
technical!

"How're they breaking, Johnny?"

"They ain't."

"Stough. Here, too. Say, John, why don't you take
the count? Quit this racket of trying to get a chance to
sing. Cut out trying to be a star. Beat it back to
Texas. Practice medicine, and some day you'll be old
Doctor Boles, the pride of Greenville."

"Well, I'll tell you, Herb. One o' these days some-
body'll want a fellow who can sing a song in a show.
I'm going to stick around 'til that happens. And, what's
more, I'm going to start as a star."

Three years later. Same Rialto. Same Strollers. We
met again.

"Let's walk over and get some coffee," suggested John.

"Why walk—let's run," said I. It's still a snappy come-
back.

So we walked toward the one-armed joint around the
corner. Passed it. And went to the Plaza. Other times,
other customs. For John Boles at least. Now that he
can afford two-pants suits, bet he's scorned to walk up that
extra flight. But I'll bet, too, that he's handy as ever at
fitting a cardboard inner-sole to a worn-out shoe. And
as there's luck in odd numbers, I'll offer a third wager.
That he'll never have to do it again.

Over the dainty napery, the heavy, opulent silver ser-
dvice, the glittering crystal, the mild Corona that is John's
one dissipation, we indulged in table-talk. He talked. I
listened.

He'd been right. One day somebody had wanted a
fellow who could sing a song. The show was "Little Jesse
James." John started as one of its stars. Then "Kitty's
Kisses"—the play, I mean. The interest of Gloria Swanson
in the clean looking Southerner, whose voice, with its bar-
tone tenor range, had won the patronage of the master,
De Rezské. The lead in her picture, "Sunya." The
abandonment of the musical career he had won through
sheer grit for a new one in silent pictures. And then
the miracle. "Sound in the cinema. ""The Desert Song,"" 
"Rio Rita." "Fame. And fortune. That was the story.
As he told me I looked him over. Not much change.
He'd always been immaculate. But now the collar and
cuffs didn't need a shave and haircut to trim away the
fringe of wear. The teeth were still whiter than Sahara
sands—or those of Malibu. Still the straight, slim figure
of the athlete. In the old days he kept it by enforced
diet—and the walking that saved carfare. He's no glutton
now. And walking is his one exercise. A singer can't
be muscle-bound.

His face remains fine-drawn as a fighter's on the eve
of fray. And the blue eyes retain a laughing fire which
is the despair of all women and the envy of most men.
Same old John, I thought, except that now when Boles
rolls up he gets a cheer instead of a razz. For both, he
has his tongue in his cheek. I cut in:

"No foolin', John, what's the secret of this here, now,
mysterious power?"

(Continued on page 121)
In a fabulous city where foreigners are no new story and the accents and languages make the place seem like the Tower of Babel, there is a new League of Nations. In Hollywood where the unusual is the commonplace and the unexpected always happens, there's a new alliance—between a Swedish sphinx and a French chanteuse!

A new league between Sweden and France! But since a conquering Napoleon sent his trusted Marshal Bernadotte to rule the country of the North there have been French kings on the Swedish throne. So, now in Hollywood a friendship between Greta Garbo from Stockholm and Fifi Dorsay from gay Paris. Is this then so strange?

Greta and Fifi. The ice of the north and the fire of the south. The pale and languorous lily and the bright yellow marigold. The deep, dark pool and the babbling brook. Shadow and sunlight. Night and day. Cool silence and gay laughter.

Fifi, the gay and vivacious, the song and dance girl, the volatile Parisienne—who is she that has found a friend in the silent and mysterious Garbo?

The star they say who walks alone, the girl who prefers solitude, the great actress whom nobody knows—how does she appear to Fifi?

Fifi, who was found lunching on the Fox lot in between scenes of her new picture, "Hell's Belles," was glad to tell her impressions of Greta Garbo.

"Yes," she admitted proudly, "Greta and I are very good friends. You know, when I came to Hollywood, meeting stars was no novelty to me because I have been on the stage and in vaudeville, but I felt that Miss Garbo was different and I was thrilled to meet her. Because,
There's a new league between Sweden and France since Fifi, gay song and dance girl, has found a friend in the inscrutable Garbo.

Fifi

Fifi and Greta— it's a great combination and interesting contrast. Picture them speaking French or possibly Swedish, or again English and exchanging ‘yusts’ for ‘zesses’ and ‘thees’ for ‘zose.’ Miss Dorsay admits a passion for teaching French. Perhaps the Garbo is her most famous pupil.

“In New York,” Miss Dorsay confided, “while I was in the ‘Greenwich Village Follies,’ I had a class in French. Dorothy Mackaill was one of my pupils. I think perhaps I inherit my aptitude for teaching. My grandmother had a school in France for many years. I think if I were not an actress, I should like to teach.” (Continued on page 116)
Alice...psycho-

Hollywood's Show Girl Revealed as She Really Is

Born in Paterson, N. J.; studio script girl; 'hit player—and star! An impression by Armando of Alice White, the girl the exhibitors cry for.

Is Miss Alice White, who twinkles so clearly in Hollywood that sombre Leningrad and slant-eyed Singapore see her with delight, giving us, or giving herself the run-around when she says, in substance:

I am shy.
I feel misunderstood by most people.
I hate to be conspicuous.
I go by moods, sometimes prolonged for hours, or even for days.

This question is put because, in reply to a questionnaire sent her by SCREENLAND, she seems so down-right honest. Listen to this:

Question: Are your feet solidly on the earth?
Answer: And how!

Alice White may be remembered as the brunette in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," for she has since proved that the contrary may be true. This brunette simply couldn't be blonded out. She was born, just a few years ago, it seems, in the silk-mill town of Paterson, N. J., her mother a chorus girl. Silk! The very thing for Alice. But it appears, also, that it wasn't much more than rayon, for some very scurvy days when she was being swiftly fired out of one studio after another, not because she didn't twinkle, but because she did. Wives and other ladies were bitten by the famous green-eyed monster, jealousy, and said: "Thumbs down." Wherefore she was, every so often, put in a box and the lid clamped down.

Then something strange happened. Exhibitors about the country, theater managers and such, began sending in SOS calls. Audiences evidently were in revolt. Gentle-

men, and obviously ladies, too—perhaps because she was at a safe distance—were preferring the young brunette. The lid popped. We had a new star. And lo and behold, she went blonde and remained 'preferred!'

Alice is trying to go the way of all Hollywood. You start as a firebrand, a cut-up; and then you become genteel and 'cultured.' We hope that Alice is just doing it for a stunt, and that it won't take. For let's get the straight of it. She says:

I like to be alone a good part of the time.
I am considered 'deep' by others.
I am not a good actor in public.
It is hard for me to go out and 'sell' myself, i. e., ask for a job, a raise, make a deal, etc.

And she says, as noted above, that she is shy, misunderstood, hates to be conspicuous, and has moods sometimes lasting for days.

Well, such people, as a rule, are pretty much introverted: dreamers, badly adapted to every-day life (even if they are consummate artists like Greta Garbo), awkward and aloof, running from people instead of at them; and who can watch the merry antics, the nonchalence, the come-hitherishness, the sauciness of this Alice-in-screenland and confuse her from a moment with Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire? An extravert almost straight through, or we are bad guessers!

The lady contradicts herself. Does she not say?:
I am not idealistic.
I am practical.
I get over quarrels and disappointments in a flash.
I am a good mixer.
I am naturally active and delight in doing things.
I am loving and affectionate.
I am realistic and have much common sense.
I am easy going and when I choose to I am good at putting myself over with others.
I am a go-getter by nature.

No, we must picture Alice White as an extraverted feeling type, simply radio-active with sensation. Such young ladies can be extremely realistic and practical, with their feet, as she puts it, solidly on the earth; they can fry an egg or make a business contract with easy surety; they can go-get to the queen's taste; (that is their developed feeling); but, at the same time, some of them can make plenty whooppee, laugh and dance an audience rag-
White analyzed

By James Oppenheim

ged, dazzle the languid gentlemen dizzy, and be not a little alluring; (that is sensation, offsetting feeling). Texas Guinan is an extreme case; for while the blaze lasted, she could say, "Hello, sucker!" and make staid gentlemen like it. They felt flattered and handed over their bank-rolls. Certainly that was rolling practicality and brilliant showmanship into one.

What is it that makes such women a genuine delight to most men, and very many women? Sensation is an earthy thing; it means sensuousness, the delights of sound, sight, touch; it means—when it is honestly allowed—something primitive, even barbaric, so that you begin to hear the tom-toms beating. Most of us have, through necessity, to bury this barbarism, this savage earthiness, pretty deep; and then an Alice White comes along and stirs it, for a moment into life. The primitive strings begin to vibrate: we are in 'the kingdom of the grape' where there is dance, song and sex; yes, and just a very little bit of pleasing toughness.

Alice White is not an extreme case, but the reason the managers had to pop the lid of that box where they kept hiding her was just because the great audience liked her honest, down-to-earth vitality and allurement. We musn't, however, think that because she unfailingly delights us, that she herself is unfailingly delighted or happy. She says, and I believe honestly, that she has a feeling of inferiority before others, with a few exceptions. Anyone, with common sense, who is realistic and honest, has that unpleasant feeling all too often; and sometimes it drives us to an attempt at being what we can't be. A delicate high-brow lady, confronted with Alice White, might feel inferior before her, just because Alice had the things she lacked and never could have, the earthy, alluring, sensuous things; and at the same time, Alice might feel inferior because she lacked the high-brow qualities. Each would make a mistake to imitate the other; they would simply spoil what they were. We all know that harp-playing was once considered an accomplishment for gentle ladies. There was no rough-stuff about it. You could sit in the most graceful mid-Victorian attitude and then with delicate fingers move gently to and fro making a music that had tinkling waters in it. Harp-playing suggests something terribly polished up, something a woman would graduate to, from a finishing school. Hence, it doesn't seem American at all; it doesn't in the least suggest sports, whooppee, sunburn, bursts of loud laughter, rush and dazzle. The saxophone comes closer to being our national musical instrument. Yet I have before me three stills showing Alice White (apparently) making whooppee with a harp! At least it's this way: she is covered with no more than a bit of lace, held up by shoulder-straps; and as she fingers the strings in one of the pictures, she is evidently also whistling the tune, her mouth being puckered, and her eyes gooy; in another picture, she stands behind the harp, holding it and fliriting at you between the strings. That is Alice White! One couldn't think of her as a demure maiden, living up to that harp; one merely sees her, in person, using that harp scandalously and delightfully, as much as to say: 'You can't put me down; you can't scare me; you can't quiet me down. The spirit of young American whooppee in fact, is too much for you. You just set me off. You make me seem all the more myself by way of contrast.'

Which is just the point I am making. Alice should stay herself. In fact, I doubt that she could be anyone else, even if she tried.

A toast to the young lady! She deserves it. She came through against an opposition as hard as any—that of her own sex. And let us wish for her that she doesn't aspire to be dull and genteel, instead of scintillating and delightful. The girl who was preferred, blonde or brunette? Here's how!
SUMMER BEAUTY

How to Keep Fresh and Dainty through the Sports Season

By Anne Van Alstyne

SUMMER TIME again—and how we would like to rest and play through the long summer days with nothing to do or worry about, not even faces! Did you ever stop to think, girls, what a lot of trouble our faces make? Well, that's because they're never finished, so to speak: they're always needing something done internally, externally, or both. I don't know whether it was intended to be that way from the beginning of things but that's the way it is.

There's the external, beautifully finished look that's brought about by careful grooming and intelligent make-up, that we must work at every day. And there's the deeper, finished look that's brought about by being alive and receptive to all that's best in life and by giving ourselves wholeheartedly to the things that count most to us: and that keeps us busy, too.

Last year, to be externally finished in a smart way we aimed to acquire a glowing, golden tan either natural or by subtle make-up that needed no help from nature and was captivating on brunettes, ash blondes and girls with gold in their hair and faces, but not so good on the pale gardenia type of girl with no color at all.

And now comes the edict from the beauty authorities and the stylists that skins are to be fair this season, or at least their natural color. Clothes are becoming more and more feminine, so complexions, too, must be feminine. The exaggerated tan of last year, real or artificial, is passé; and even is considered vulgar by some well-bred women.

And evening gowns would be a bit incongruous, so I suppose it's only logical that complexions should be feminine and as coolly beautiful as possible.

Another convincing statement by these same authorities is that exaggerated tan makes its wearer look ten years older—that the young skin is one of transparent, radiant clearness. So, after all the striving last year for an Egyptian or South Sea complexion, it seems that strawberry and cream is the desired color combination this year.

Of course, this means that extra pains must be taken with the skin to keep it well protected from sun and wind. And not only must it not be allowed to take on an Indian skin, it must not be allowed to blister and neel or grow rough, red, and unlovely.

Now I don't mean that you are to spend the precious hours of your vacation or your summer leisure in beautifying, nor do I mean that you must carry a parasol or wear gloves and a veil and a high-necked bathing suit. You must rest and play, yes. But you must not rest from giving your skin a certain amount of attention for beauty's sake. A red, blistered nose is not an asset in any walk of life; and while it was smart last year to let your skin turn a poetic, olive tint, that was last year. This year, a brown skin is neither poetic nor smart and you can, with just a little systematic care, keep your skin fine-textured and smooth and allow it to acquire only a healthy outdoor glow that is natural and not unattractive.

Now I know you're thinking right here of a girl you met on a camping trip last year who could swim all morning and play tennis all afternoon in the blazing sun, then invite a half dozen friends to an impromptu meal which she cooked herself over a smoky campfire—and still look as fresh and unrumpled as though she had spent her day in a rocking chair on a hotel veranda. You thought it was just a knock she had—that she was born that way. But I'll wager that if you sneaked out of bed early some morning and peeped through the flap of her tent you would find that she owned a simple but complete line of toilet preparations adapted to summer needs and used them in
a way that kept her looking fresh and dainty under all circumstances. And it isn't just having the things, it's having the will to use them when needed, at any time of day.

Whether summer means a home in the country, a cottage at the beach or a camp in the mountains, plan your beauty equipment as carefully and as appropriately as you do your clothes. There are, of course, vacation and traveling cases attractively equipped with everything required for beauty care, but you can prepare your own 'beauty kit' if you prefer. Many of the best toilet preparations now come in small tubes and jars convenient for packing.

Place in your beauty kit a dozen or so small tubes of cleansing cream and as many small jars of skin freshener and hand lotion. These come in sizes small enough so that one of each may be tucked in the handbag to be used during the day wherever one happens to be. Add cleansing tissues, plenty of them, a large jar of cream for night use, a box filled with wads of absorbent cotton in handy sizes for powder and skin lotion, a jar of complexion oil, a perfume atomizer filled with your favorite perfume, an adequate manicuring kit, and if you are blessed with neither naturally curly hair, a permanent wave or the ability to wear straight hair becomingly, a jar of waving lotion and a set of combs. And don't forget a big box of fragrant dusting powder, bath salts and other special bath accessories; also, a jar of bleaching cream.

One of the greatest handicaps to summer daintiness is excessive perspiration, but with care this may be overcome or at least be made insufficient. Remember that body odors become doubly offensive with the heat and while deodorants do not take the place of soap and water and are not intended to, they neutralize body odors and diminish moisture. So do not neglect the use of a good deodorant if you would walk coolly and fragrantly through the summer world.

Another handicap is superfluous hair. Every girl wants to enjoy her smart new bathing suit, her sleeveless frocks and even to go without stockings if she wants to, with the comfortable feeling that she is looking her best. But she can be neither comfortable or happy if she knows that the smooth surface of her skin is marred by an ugly fuzz of hair. This difficulty may be overcome safely and satisfactorily by the use of a reputable depilatory. I'm not promising that the result will be permanent, but the hair will not come back for several weeks, depending upon the strength of the growth; and it will come back less and less impudently, lighter in weight and color and in some cases may give up the ghost and never come back. So add to your beauty equipment this important accessory.

We talked about baths last month, but this is what might be termed the bathing season. In fact, there are days when we're glad to live up to our reputation as a people who glorify bathrooms, as surely there's no place on a hot summer day where one can take quite so much comfort, forget all one's obligations and simply bathe away the hours! So when making up your beauty kit, don't plan to depend entirely upon salt water bathing and shower baths but add a few bath accessories which will go a long way toward making your summer a comfortable one.

There's a new bath preparation which is the concentrated essence of pine needles and is as delightfully fragrant and woody as it sounds. It is at once (Continued on page 108)
A corner of the village, a former ghost town of Utah, revived for “The Arizona Kid.” Left to right, director Alfred Santell, Mona Maris, Warner Baxter, and Carol Lombard.

“Sh’s a fine camp—you’ll like her,” said Cosy. He grinned at me over his coat-collar as he swung the heavy car into the snow-covered main street of Cedar City, Utah. With a squeal of brakes and the slither of chains Cosy drew up at a store and leaped out.

“Just a minute,” he apologized, “I promise a girl there I buy a pair of goloshes for her. Then we go.” Within the minute we were heading over the icy pavement toward Rockville, a tiny village on the southern borders of Zion National Park. Three miles out of Rockville, director Alfred Santell had established his camp for the filming of the world’s first all-outdoor talkie, “The Arizona Kid,” with Warner Baxter in the title role—and I had always...
Filming “The Arizona Kid” in Utah

By Sydney Valentine

yearned to see the noted exponent of the Great Open Spaces in his native haunts.

Ten minutes later, the lowering clouds met us. A stinging blast of snow piled on the windshield, and I began wondering whether a dog sled wouldn't have been advisable. Cosy (I never knew his other name) applied quaint Canuck expletives to the windshield wiper as it struggled unsuccessfully with the accumulations on the glass, and later invented some new ones when, one after another, the chains on the rear tires broke loose and delivered machine-gun tattoos on the fenders. It was not an auspicious beginning for my first trip into the wilds of Utah. But Cosy only grinned the more at my plaintive query as to whether the camp was any worse.

“No, no snow there at all,” he reassured me. “Pretty soon we hit sunshine—you see!”

The prospect wasn’t very encouraging, nearly six thousand feet above sea level. We were traveling across the Kolob Plateau, a foot deep in snow, with a hundred yards or so as the limit of visibility, and the thermometer seemed to have given up the encounter in despair. But eventually, after repairing the flapping chains with wire garnered from a near-by fence, we swung down into a canyon—and sure enough a patch of blue sky appeared ahead.

The patch widened, and before us lay a series of distant ridges, chaotic in reds and blues and greens under the setting sun. We rolled abruptly out of the canyon, and threaded along the reddish clay road, through three or four tiny villages, while beside us rolled the yellow waters of the Rio Virgin. Off to the left, rose the incredible ridges and pinnacles of Steamboat Mountain, glowing like a huge carved amethyst.

“That’s her—the camp.” (Continued on page 118)
Something must be wrong. Here are Walter Pidgeon and Frank McHugh, but who are the two other fellows?

A comedienne crying? We don't believe it. Say it's not so, Lillian Roth.

Famous star actually drives nails in her new Hollywood home. Ann Harding, come on down to earth.

Above: Loretta Young looks daggers at herself. She plays dual role, good-girl, bad-girl, in "At Bay."

Below: Stanley Smith gets a mud make-up for the football scenes in "Good News" while Bessie Love looks on.

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy illustrate what not to do at a dinner party. Don't peel the olives.

It not only might be Lon Chaney; it is Lon Chaney, as the old woman in his first talkie, "The Unholy Three." (Below.)

SCREENLAND'S SCREAMIES
Our Own Funny Pictures
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

WALTER HUSTON and UNA MERKEL

in D. W. GRIFFITH'S "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
Marilyn à la Mode

Miss Miller in her New Clothes

Above: Marilyn Miller is wearing a very smart two-piece sports dress of yellow pique. The double-breasted effect is youthful and the huge chiffon 'kerchief is a smart accessory. The hat is white felt.

Left: a dream of a negligee! Marilyn's favorite concoction is fashioned of pink moire trimmed with ecru lace bands, worn over a night dress of pleated pink chiffon and lace. Lovely!

All photographs by Apeda, N. Y.
In the circle: a close-up of the piquant lace cap that tops the negligee ensemble. It shows the Dutch influence—but be sure you have a smile as fetching as Marilyn Miller's before you attempt one like it!

Wear pajamas like this and you'll be the belle of the beach. They're of yellow, with shantung bell trousers and sweater top. Very, very gay.

Below: the perfect summer evening gown is worn by Miss Miller. Yellow, much favored by this famous musical comedy and screen star, predominates in the figured chiffon which carries out the high waistline effect and has soft ruffles at throat and hips.

All the gowns worn by Miss Miller courtesy of Bergdorf Goodman, New York City.
DOVE, BILLIE. Born Lillian Bohny in New York City, May 14, 1903. Educated in N. Y.; joined Ziegfeld Follies; left to go into pictures; first film, “Polly of the Follies,” in which she played a bit. Five feet, five inches tall; weighs 115 pounds; dark hazel eyes, rich brown hair.
LOYD, HAROLD. Born in Burchard, Nebraska, in 1894. At eleven joined a stock company; six years' stage experience before making screen debut as an extra. First success as "Lonesome Luke" in Hal Roach comedies. Five feet, ten inches tall, weighs 155 pounds. Married to Mildred Davis.
GARBO, GRETA. Born Greta Gustafsson in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. Educated there; went to work in department store as hat model and salesgirl; left to play small part in pictures; first screen success, "Gösta Berling," directed by Stiller. Came to America and the rest is history. Five feet, six inches tall; weighs 125 pounds; has naturally golden hair and deep blue eyes. Unmarried.

SWANSON, GLORIA. Born on March 29, 1898, in Chicago, Ill. Educated there. Screen career began at old Essanay studios; continued as Mack Sennett comedienne; rose to eminence as Cecil De Mille heroine. Latest film, "What a Widow." Married three times; to Wallace Beery, to Herbert Somborn, and now to Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye. Blue-gray eyes, black hair.
DODGE, BETH AND BETTY. Twins! They are stage sensations in Europe, stars of Folies Bergère in Paris, favorites in England. American girls, they welcomed a screen career in Hollywood, where they will first be seen in "The March of Time." Five feet, four and a half inches tall—apiece; with black hair and dark hazel eyes.
LOVE, BESSIE. Born Juanita Horton, September 10, 1898, in Midland, Texas. Educated in Los Angeles. Discovered by D. W. Griffith; made screen debut at fifteen. After varying success in films went into vaudeville; then back to studios for great come-back in the talkies. Five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds. Married to William Hawks.
BOW, CLARA. Born July 29, 1905, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Won a magazine beauty contest and played small part in "Down to the Sea in Ships." Made good; rose to bigger and better rôles; labelled The It Girl by Elinor Glyn and became great box-office star. Five feet, three inches tall, weighs 110 pounds. Has been engaged, but still undecided.
ORTON, BARRY. Born Alfredo de Biraben, June 16, 1905, in Buenos Aires, South America. Educated there; came to America to see Dempsey-Firpo fight; went to Hollywood, where first film was "The Black Pirate," as extra. Finally won fame in "What Price Glory." Five feet, eleven inches tall; weighs 168 pounds. Now acting for Paramount. Happily unmarried.
ODD, THELMA. Born in Lawrence, Mass. Completed course at State Normal School and taught for eight months in public schools of Lowell, Mass. Won a beauty contest and was enrolled as pupil of Paramount School. She and Buddy Rogers outstanding graduates. Now Hal Roach comedy heroine. Statuesque blonde with blue-gray eyes.
RATHBONE, BASIL. Born in Johannesburg, South Africa. Educated in England. Began stage career at age of eleven, in Shakespeare. Became prominent actor on English and American stage; now popular leading man in talkies. Six feet, one and one-half inches tall; weighs 165 pounds; black hair, hazel eyes. Married to Ouida Bergere.
COLLYER, JUNE. Born Dorothea Collyer Heermance, August 19, 1907, in New York City. Educated there; made social debut before screen debut; both successful. Now living and working in Hollywood, where she is an outstanding ingenue for Paramount. Curly chestnut hair, brown eyes; five feet, five inches tall, weighs 114 pounds. Unmarried and unengaged, but oh, so popular!
RAY, LAWRENCE. Born in San Francisco, California; educated there and at the University of California. An ensign in the U. S. Navy during the war. First picture work in 1925 in "The Dressmaker from Paris." Talking pictures brought him new popularity in "Marianne." Latest film, "The Florodora Girl." Five feet, ten inches tall; weighs 160 pounds; dark hair and dark eyes.
EWIS, MARY. The latest singing sensation of the silver screen. You'll read all about her in the story on the opposite page. But in the meantime we just want to tell you that Mary is not only a beauty and a singer—she's a real girl whose sense of humor and perspective have not been warped by success.
Who's an Ugly Duckling?

Mary Lewis Says She Was —But Look at Her Now!

By Myrene Wentworth

By her own confession, Mary Lewis was never an example to the other children of the neighborhood. If she had been she'd still be singing in a church choir back in Little Rock, Arkansas.

It was to talk about her new contract as a screen star that I lunched with Mary Lewis. However, there was a precocious child at the next table, gravely telling her parents what they should have for lunch to keep the calories down. After exchanging amused grins at the situation, our conversation drifted into juvenile reminiscence.

"You are gazing upon the original ugly duckling," averred Mary, mock dramatically.

"At least she grew into a lovely swan," I assured her. "Well," laughed Miss Lewis, "no one who knew me during my first fifteen years ever thought I'd be anything but a scrawny, freckle-faced little brat, full of honest intentions but with an infinite capacity for misadventure— for which, I might add, I received frequent and thorough thrashings."

Mary was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas. When she was less than two years old, and a few weeks before the birth of a younger brother, her mother was left a widow. In pursuit of a livelihood, the little family migrated first to Little Rock and then to Dallas. The struggle was vain and finally the desperate mother put her two little ones in an orphan asylum.

Within a few weeks Mary was convinced that it was better to starve in the shelter of her mother's warm love than to die of the filth and poor food which characterized the institution. After days of effort she managed to run away, taking her baby brother with her. How they found their way to their mother, Mary cannot remember. Suffice to say, they did.

At six, the child was a victim of pernicious anemia, from lack of food and medicinal attention. A physician told her mother that two years of proper care, correct diet and sanitary surroundings might cure her. In this crisis the wife of a local minister came forward and... (Continued on page 122)
Journey’s End

You know I don’t scatter superlatives lightly; so when I tell you that “Journey’s End” is one of the great pictures you’ll know it’s pretty serious with me. Right now I had better warn you that I am prejudiced. The play by R. C. Sherriff as presented on the New York stage was, to me, a beautiful and moving thing. And the picture, contrary to all precedent, is just as good as the play. The film was directed both—James Whale. The film has a different cast, but quite as efficient. Altogether I should say that this motion picture version of the great English war play is the shining example in screen annals of an adaptation that lived up to its promise. At first I missed the flesh-and-blood actors; then the beauty and pathos of the play took hold, and I forgot I was watching shadow men. It was reality—and out of Hollywood! “Journey’s End” is a neat little triumph for Tiffany-Stahl and for the movies generally. The superb cast, headed by Colin Clive, includes David Manners, Ian MacLaren, Anthony Bushell.

Hold Everything

“HOLD EVERYTHING” has everything for those who like their film fun frank, fast, and furious. It’s a rousing, rowdy comedy with no nuances; but who wants to be bothered with those, anyway, when Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner are present? If you liked Miss Lightner in “Gold Diggers of Broadway” you will go for her here. She’s funnier—and louder. As for Mr. Brown, he works hard and fast; and if there are those on the Broadway Rialto who claim that he has imitated a certain other comedian named Bert Lahr, their contentions don’t make Mr. Brown less funny. There’s a slapstick prize-fight that is the most hilarious ever screened. Take the children and tie them in their seats; or they’ll roll down the aisle and you’ll roll right after them. For sex appeal we have Carpentier and Sally O’Neill, with Dorothy Revier for very good measure. But the picture belongs to Winnie and Joe; it’s theirs to have and to “Hold Everything.” The opening in Warner Brothers’ new Hollywood Theater was an event on Broadway, New York.

Young Man of Manhattan

And what a young man! From now on, young girls will be going east instead of west. Norman Foster plays the title rôle in this screen adaptation of Katherine Brush’s popular novel. He’s something new in film heroes. He doesn’t sing. He isn’t particularly handsome. But the boy brings a fresh quality to pictures—an average, well-meaning, lovable character, neither poet nor rough-neck, just human. You’ll like him. He is always believable as the newspaper reporter who won a lovely wife and couldn’t keep her, until he mended his ways and went to work. The wife, both in the picture and private life, is the gorgeous Claudette Colbert. Real newspaper girls will cast covetous eyes at the endless variety of Miss Colbert’s very smart wardrobe and will wonder how she did it. But that’s movies. Thanks to Monta Bell’s direction, the adventures of Art and Toby assume an interest out of all proportion to the very juvenile plot. Charles Ruggles as the family friend very, very funny—as usual.

Colin Clive, center, heads the superb all-British cast which interprets “Journey’s End” on the screen.

Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner provide hilarious comedy in fast-moving farce, “Hold Everything.”

Norman Foster, a newcomer to the screen, plays opposite Claudette Colbert in “Young Man of Manhattan.”
Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects
The Six Most Important Films of the Month

The Man from Blankley's

YOU won't believe it until you see it—John Barrymore doing a comedy drunk act! Yes, John forgets all about his title of America's Great Tragic Actor, casts discretion to the wings, and has some fun. And so did I; and so will you. How much more I like this Barrymore than the solemn star of his serious plays and films is probably an indication of my low tastes; but I don't care. I enjoyed "The Man from Blankley's"; it gave me a good time. Mr. Barrymore, playing Lord Straithfeather, wanders around in a London fog and into the wrong dinner party, which he proceeds to enliven by various means. A collection of Dickensian characters are present, perfectly impersonated by some of the best actors in Hollywood, including the inimitable Albert Gran. Barrymore's difficulties with a rubber pidgeon make a scene as uproarious as any Sennett ever directed. Loretta Young is the only Hollywood touch. It has flavor, this film. If Barrymore made only comedies from now on I'd write him fan letters.

Paramount on Parade

PARDON me if I call this revue The Big Parade of stars; but it really is. Just let your eyes rest on this list of luminaries, until the glitter dazzles you: Chevalier, Clara Bow, George Bancroft, Jack Oakie, Nancy Carroll, Helen Kane, William Powell, Clive Brook—I'm out of breath though not out of stars. But you'll have to see "Paramount on Parade" to meet the others. It's the most expensive cast assembled—so far. As in all screen revues, some of the acts are good and some are not so good. The revue begins with Chevalier, continues with Chevalier, and concludes with Chevalier, which is all right with everybody. Among the best numbers are the Bancroft sketch, in which the Powerful George shows off his toughest technique; Helen Boopa-doopa Kane; little Mitzi Green's impersonation of Moran, of Moran and Mack; Kay Francis as Carmen; and Clara Bow, hurrah, hurrah, as the pride and joy of the U. S. Navy. There's something or someone in "Paramount on Parade" to show everybody a good time, so you'd better go.

The Divorcee

DON'T breathe it to a soul, but this is the screen version of the sensational book called (ssh, don't let Will Hays hear us!) "Ex-W.-i.e., Fill in the missing letters and you'll have it. And what a screen version! None of your tame, diluted translations; but all the punch of the original, plus an added thrill or two, and no extra charge. Norma Shearer has the title role—how this girl has changed. Her screen personality has undergone what is known as a metamorphosis, which is second cousin to a phenomenon and only slightly less interesting. Miss Shearer has developed into an American Garbo; she is a worldly young lady who marries for love, gets into difficulties, and then goes about living her own life in a big ambitious way. You'll gasp at Norma's portrayal of "The Divorcee." And what a supporting cast of bold, brave young men: Chester Morris as the husband; Conrad Nagel as the long-suffering friend; and Robert Montgomery. Not art; but, boys and girls, what box-office!
Critical Comment

Free and Easy

Here is Buster Keaton's first talking comedy. I wish I could report that it is a knockout, because I have always rated Buster as one of the leading screen comics. But "Free and Easy," despite its elaborate mounting and lustrous cast, is only a fairly entertaining film. To begin with, the addition of a voice detracts from the Keaton pantomime, this frozen-faced actor's chief talent. Not that Buster is a vocal flop; he has a good voice, but it doesn't fit in with the character he has built up. He becomes a different Keaton and with the exception of some hilarious scenes in which he has an opportunity to perform aerobatically, he is hampered by the new technique. Anita Page and Robert Montgomery are the lovers of the piece, with Buster doing a "Laugh Clown Laugh" for the finish. A Hollywood setting gives glimpses of several other stars, including William Haines.

Mammy

The question is, how much do you like Al Jolson? If you are a rabid Jolson admirer, don't miss "Mammy." On the other hand, if you are only lukewarm about Al, don't expect too much of "Mammy." It's all Jolson. I know that all Jolson pictures are all Jolson; but this new one is even more so. You have to be all excited about him to get the most out of "Mammy." The best of the scenes show Al as a minstrel man, with his famous black-face. Don't worry too much about the Mammy business; there's surprisingly little sob stuff with Jolson's Alma Mammy, Louise Dresser. Of course you know that, being a Jolson opus, the star will have to be arrested for a crime he didn't commit. But never mind; there's always a way out. Lois Moran is the girl who's waiting. Can it be that the Jolson charm is wearing a little thin? Or maybe he only needs snapper songs.

High Society Blues

Did you like "Sunnyside Up?" Then don't miss its successor, also directed by David Butler, and again starring Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor. "High Society Blues" is a much more charming film than "Sunnyside Up"; it is not so smartly, just as funny, and the popular stars have found themselves in the talkie medium so that they turn in perfectly delightful performances. Miss Gaynor deserves every credit for being able to make the jump from her wistful characterizations to the rollicking zestful musical comedy type of thing she does so sweetly here. Farrell, too, comes through nobly. Their voices are improving all the time. The story, as if it matters, is just a nice little romance, but songs and comedy situations are so cleverly interwoven that "High Society Blues" becomes the perfect picture for the majority of fans. For the whole family.

Captain of the Guard

The French Revolution is fought again to make a Universal holiday. John Boles profits by the occasion to establish himself even more securely as a star with a voice and a profile. John is not a particularly proficient actor yet, but it doesn't seem to matter, as long as he can warble his way into audience favor. He plays a young royalist who is won over to the revolutionists and writes the Marseillaise by way of expressing his patriotism. The musical score, with strains of the famous French anthem, was composed for this picture by Charles Wakefield Cadman. Laura La Plante, wearing a black wig, does the best she can with the rôle of The Torch, a flaming leader of the revolutionists. Imagine our cudgelsome, dimpled Laura as a fire-brand! Her few comedy moments are charming. This film ran two weeks at the Roxy Theater, in New York, so that's your answer.
Sweethearts and Wives

I RECOMMEND this picture as an amusing, sophisticated story, containing an element of naughtiness, which shouldn't be missed! The fun takes place outside of Paris in a spooky inn. It contains an object lesson. If you go motor-ing with another man's wife, you may wind up by marrying Billie Dove. That's what happens when Sidney Blackmer's motor has trouble and he stops at the inn with Leila Hyams. Mysterious events occur and the only person about is Billie Dove as a French maid, language and everything! The police arrive, and to avoid a scandal, Billie becomes Blackmer's wife, and Leila becomes their maid. Clive Brook, as a private detective, and Albert Gran, as an inspector, carry on an investigation and a murder is discovered. Yes, there are also the missing tools, which are juggled about by the various characters much to their discomfort—for who wants to be arrested?

Honey

I KNOW a secret!" This phrase will be a by-word among families when "Honey" has been seen by all. The event of this pleasant little musical is Mitzi Green, the child wonder, who plays, with admirable honesty, one of those obnoxious children who spends her time spying on her elders—and sells what she hears to the highest bidder. Whether you like precocious kid performers or not, you must admit that Mitzi is the greatest child star since Jackie Coogan. She's uncannily clever. Her scenes with Jobyna Howland are really funny; and keep "Honey" from being too sweet, what with the saccharine romance going on between Nancy Carrol and Stanley Smith, who have to sing about love; and the lighter amour of Lillian Roth and Skeet Gallagher. I want to register approbation of Miss Roth. She is refreshingly impish and original. Looks like star material to me.

Redemption

D EEP, dreak, and Russian. John Gilbert's first talking picture, this screening of the Tolstoy drama was held for release to follow "His Glorious Night." John gets no better break in this than he did in the talkie debut. "Redemption" is a trial for all. It is old-fashioned. Unless you like to steep yourself in Russian gloom, you will probably wrinkle your way through this film. Gilbert plays one of those mysterious heroes who can't seem to make up his mind. A sinister fate pursues him, for no special reason. He just can't be happy. And he tangles up a few lives besides his own, including Eleanor Boardman's, Conrad Nagel's, and Renée Adorée's. John has one good scene, but it comes at the end of the picture, and it's a long wait. Miss Adorée makes the best impression with her piquant beauty and rich voice. She will be a big hit in the right talker rôle.

Under a Texas Moon

P LEASE see this. It just missed being one of the six best. The first all Technicolor western, it is heartily recommended by way of light and snappy diversion. And it's no ordinary western, either. It's dressed-up and pretty, with Frank Fay as a Mexican Don Juan who has no trouble at all attracting the ladies, on the screen or in the audience. He's the same Frank Fay who was master of ceremonies of "The Show of Shows" but you'd never know it. He is much more at ease, and may shape up as a real star. He's a sort of satirical Barrymore, who says it with songs. Among his conquests are such charming girls as Armida, Raquel Torres, and Myrna Loy—need I add the picture is extremely decorative? Armida, a real Mexican, is right at home in this colorful atmosphere of fun and fiestas. But it's Frank Fay's picture; he earns it. You'll like his voice and smile.
REVUETTES of

Alias French Gertie

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, most famous fiancées in the film industry, get together professionally for the first time in this amusing little picture. You've guessed it—it's one of those lady and gentleman bandit things, with Bebe a lovely lady Raffles who disguises her chichi self as a French maid to gain entrance to the homes of the rich, which she proceeds to pilfer. Ben is a personable Jimmy Valentine; and when these two meet young love gets in its work and the crooks decide to go straight. But before complete reformation sets in, there is dramatic opportunity for Bebe and Ben to do a little good acting and a lot of good looking. They make a handsome and ingratiating team; and while Bebe doesn't sing a single note she proves that as a "straight" actress she is second to none; and the boy friend, Ben, keeps right up with her.

Isle of Escape

Noah Beery and Voice provide the chief interest. The big boy has a deep basso that makes the rafters ring; and as the bad man of this very mellow South Sea Island drama he is convincing. Not so much can be said for Betty Compson as a persecuted heroine and Monte Blue, sadly out of character.

Framed

Evelyn Brent, leading 'gangster's girl' of the shouting celluloids, comes back to her popular characterization in this. Evelyn is comely and convincing as the night-club hostess whose 'revenge' is thwarted when she falls in love with the Inspector's son, played agreeably by Regis Toomey. It has its thrills.

The Hide-Out

New angle on the hi-jacker plot: James Murray chooses college as his hide-out, and is turning into a good boy with Kathryn Crawford's sweet assistance when the detective runs him down. But is he out? See the picture; it isn't bad. Kathryn is a cutie with a future if she learns to act.

Dames Ahoy

Hardly high-brow, but you'll be amused in spite of yourself by the antics of Glenn Tryon, Otis Harlan and Eddie Gribbon as three gay sea dogs looking for trouble. They find plenty. Gertrude Astor as the femme interest serves to remind us that she is one of the most capable comedienne we have.
OTHER PICTURES

The Benson Murder Case

Return engagement of those two popular though so different detectives, William Philo Vance Powell, and Eugene Sergeant Heath Pallette. This time the boys are out to solve the Benson Case which in case you are all prepared to sneer: "I know the answer to that one," turns out to be like the S. S. Van Dine book in name only. In other words, "The Benson Murder Case" of the movies is much different from the novel of the same title. It has a brand new murder, list of suspects, and solution. It's a good, fairly baffling detective drama, in which no less than six persons have reasonable motives for wishing to murder the villain—including the blonde Natalie Moorhead and the pleasantly sinister William Boyd—the Broadway Boyd, not Pathé's Bill. Leave it to Philo to ferret out the clues and Sergeant Heath to furnish the laughs.

He Knew Women

Lowell Sherman is the star of this satisfying film which, though not important, holds the interest throughout. He gives a fine, subtle performance as a man of affairs. Alice Joyce is stunning as a wealthy widow; while Frances Dade and David Manners, both attractive new-comers, look promising.

Cock o' the Walk

What's the matter with James Cruze? Hard to believe that he directed this pseudo-sophisticated yarn about a gigolo violinist acted, and acted, and acted, by Joseph Schildkraut. Where's Cruze's sense of humor? Myrna Loy is the only interesting feature; she is charming and graceful, worthy of better parts.

Guilty?

Who's guilty? Not Virginia Valli. The only thing she is ever guilty of is turning in a nice performance and you can't hold that against the girl. How about John Holland? You'll have to see for yourself. It's all about circumstantial evidence; things look black, but clear up as usual.

In the Next Room

Here is a mystery, my dears, which positively makes you dizzy. Alice Day is a lady in distress in one of those musty old houses; and Jack Mulhall, the reporter out to solve the mystery. DeWitt Jennings is Inspector Grady, who eventually discovers he has come to the wrong house of mystery.
Tuning in on Two Weddings and a Birthday Party—Come Along!

By Grace Kingsley

"NEW YORK has certainly moved to Hollywood! Everybody from Broadway is here tonight.

Patsy, the Party Hound, and I had gone with Vernon Rickard, the handsome young stage actor and radio singer, over to Joseph Cawthorn’s beautiful new home in Beverly Hills, where his wife, who used to be Queenie Vassar of the musical comedy stage, you know, was giving Joe a party celebrating his birthday—and, also, his fifty-seventh year on the stage.

Joe Cawthorn greeted us, and then we saw that poor Queenie had met with an accident. She was sitting close to the door to say hello to everybody, but her foot was bound up. At the last moment, just before the first guest arrived, Queenie slipped on the polished floor and sprained her ankle. But she looked lovely, nevertheless, and was the best sport we had ever seen, since she stuck to her hostess post until we missed her suddenly, and found she had had to go upstairs, call the doctor and have the foot dressed, after which she returned gamely to her party.

John Barrymore was one of the first guests we caught sight of. He was a little withdrawn from the crowd, and seemed a bit nervous, as became, we decided, a man who was soon to become a dad. Dolores Costello, his wife, had hoped until the last moment, to come to the party, but finally was dissuaded by her husband from doing so. (Since this was written John has become the proud papa of a baby girl.)

Joe and Queenie have known all the Barrymores since the latter were little children, and Dolores comes over to the Cawthorns’ almost every day.

Will Kernell, Mrs. Cawthorn’s son, and Mrs. Kernell, who is a concert pianist, were helping in receiving, and at that, Joe didn’t need much help. He was the liveliest host I’ve ever seen.

Jack Gilbert was there with his lovely wife, Ina Claire; and there were James Gleason and his wife, Lucille Webster, Elsie Janis and her mother, H. B. Warner and his wife; Doris Lloyd, Henry Hobart and his wife, Olive Tell, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Robert Edeson and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. William De Mille, Leslie Stewart, whose dad wrote “Florodora,” Joseph Santley, Louise Dresser and her mother, Mrs. Jack Ford, the director’s beautiful wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden Hare, Leon Errol, Hale Hamilton and Grace LaRue, Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, his bride. Bert Wheeler and his wife, Virginia Harned and William Courtney, Jack Fife, Charles King, Adele

Helene Costello, demurely charming in bridal array, and her new husband, Lowell Sherman. Helene is one of Hollywood’s youngest and most recent brides.
Rowland and Conway Tearle, her husband, Charles Byers, Francie Harris, Jack Blaystone, and his wife, James Tingley, and Mrs. Tingley; Ralph and Vera Lewis; Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Brecce, Taylor Holmes and his wife and son, Phillips Holmes, Edmund Goulding, Bobby Woolsey, Reginald Shartland, and a dozen others.

The Cawthorns have brought all their lovely furnishings out of the east, and the result is that the place seems to have been lived in a long time. Mrs. Cawthorn has a gorgeous collection of Dresdens, which she has scattered all over the house—in cabinets, on tables, and in the form of chandeliers and perfume cabinets.

H. B. Warner told us, when we told him how ruddy and healthy he was looking, that he had been gardening a lot lately, and how he loved watching a garden grow; but said that he had moved so often that he never really had a chance to live with a plant.

Louise Dresser was looking perfectly stunning in white satin. She told us that she was looking for stories, and was awfully tired of playing sad mothers; she said that most mothers, according to her experience, were quite happy, and if they had troubles they kept them to themselves and kept a stiff upper lip, didn’t go around weeping all the time.

Just then John Barrymore caught sight of Hale Hamilton. He rushed over to him, and was so delighted to see him that he kissed him on the cheek.

Jack Barrymore told our hostess that her house always seemed like home to him. Mrs. Kernell told us that Dolores is just as happy as she can be about the baby.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Kernell are musicians. Will being a composer and his wife a concert pianist. Will Kernell wrote the theme song for John McCormack’s picture, A Pair of Blue Eyes, which is making such a hit, and Mrs. Kernell expects to play at the Hollywood Bowl next summer.

Elsie Janis and her mother had arrived with Jack Fife; and Elsie denied she was engaged to marry anybody.

"And if I'm going to adopt a child to marry," she said, "anyway, I'll adopt a young one. Somebody said I was engaged to Jack King, but he's much too old for me," she kidded. "He's all of twenty-six!"

But Jack King remarked gallantly it wasn't his fault he wasn't engaged to Elsie.

Louise Dresser told us that Blanche Ring may come out this summer, as her husband, Charles Winninger, is under contract to Fox.

Then Louise told us a charming little story about a bracelet she wore.

"Blanche and I have been friends for years," she said. "Long years ago, when we were together in a show, Blanche loaned me a lovely diamond and sapphire bracelet, with a sort of understanding that I was to wear it as long as I liked. Then we had a little quarrel, and I gave her bracelet back. We made up, and I thought maybe she'd hand back the jewel, but she never did. When I saw her on my recent trip to New York, we were having lunch together, and I mentioned the bracelet. She said, 'Louise, here's something you can wear the rest of your life if you will!' And out came the old bracelet."

Ina Claire said she was returning to New York for a short trip.

"But I'm not leaving anything—pictures or my husband or anything!" she laughed. "I just want to do a little shopping. Anyhow, why can't I do a little of everything?" she laughed.

Lilyan Tashman looked wonderful in a tight-fitting black lace gown, and Louise Dresser told her that whenever she looked at her, she felt she should go upstairs and fix herself up.

"Oh, no," said Olive Tell to Lilyan. "You make me feel as if it's no use going upstairs to fix myself up!"

Olive looked lovely herself; and Ina Claire was most charming in a figured chiffon with flowing skirt.

Buffet supper was announced, and Louise Dresser asked Will Kernell if there was to be ice cream.

"No, ice cream spills all over everything!" answered Will.

"Oh, well, I don't care," said Louise. "Ice cream will look all right on white satin!"

Eddie Lowe told us about working on the Fox Hills lot, and how they were so strict that they had cops there for the traffic.

(Continued on page 110)
The STAGE in REVIEW

New Plays on Broadway that you may see later on the Talking Screen

By Benjamin De Casseres

Lillian Gish as the wife of the pedantic ass of a professor was all compact of moonlight and aerial fugacity. She acted simply and intelligently. Walter Connelly as Uncle Vanya, an elderly sentimental lover, was superb at all points; and Osgood Perkins as a country doctor, also in love with the married white slave, was, again, a revelation. Eugene Powers as the professor, a happy fool, repeated his great success of "Children of Darkness." In fact, everyone was exact in a most difficult play and a red-letter production.

"A Month in the Country"

I am glad that the Theater Guild had the courage to put on the eighty-year-old play of the Great Ivan Turgéniev called "A Month in the Country." Most of the smart critics pronounced it 'old fashioned;' but a play or a book may be old-fashioned and still not only be 'up-to-date' (a go-getter's phrase), but even ahead of the times.

Turgéniev's work contains eternals: ennui, disillusion, the hob that libido plays, and the general absolute that life is just an empty yawm if you sit down and think about it.

"A Month in the Country" was for me a treat. It was the Guild at the peak of artistic, anti-box-office achievement. I drew from it a perfume of wilted beauty, of melancholy inutility. I heard the eternal sigh of regret that wails from the human heart and got some profound peeps at our meannesses and stupidities.

The story is simple—the boredom of a married woman and her attempts to grab at the skirts of Romantic Love. There is always disillusion, and the play ends on that note. But here are unforgettable characters—living, vital, eternal—perfectly interpreted by Alla Nazimova, Dudley Digges, Henry Travers, Elliot Cabot and others, with faultless directing by Rouben Mamoulian.

"Uncle Vanya"

Chékhov was the surgeon of boredom. Of all the Russians he is the most implacable in his outlook on life. His characters are all parts of the yawns of Brahma. And his characters—and plays—are life, you and me, universal humanity; our boredom and our stupidities; our schemings and our secret thievery; our cringing cowardice, and, above all, our restless inability. Take it or leave it, says Chékhov to the world. Well, the world takes it, strange to relate! Takes it because he is a great artist, one who whispers in our ear, "This is the truth, you hypocrite!" We bow, put our hands over our eyes, and murmur, "Yes—Christ have mercy on our souls—it is!"

Jed Harris' production of "Uncle Vanya" is one of the finest things ever staged in New York. I was gripped to my seat and nailed to a perpetual attention during all the four acts. And it is such a nothing of a story!—all about two men who love a woman married to a pompous old professor, the failure of either of the men to win the woman and the descent of a slow curtain on the way the curtain of Life will finally descend on you and me: tears and ashes.

It all takes place in a Russian country house not so long ago. But it might be anywhere tomorrow. The characters are sketched with a masterhand, the dialogue is simple and naked. See "Uncle Vanya," the product of an artist, then go see its American counterpart, "Hotel Universe," and you will understand the difference between Life and Sophisticated Sweetness, between Art and Artifice.

The lovely Lillian Gish as Helena in "Uncle Vanya." In this play by Anton Chékhov, Miss Gish makes her first stage appearance since she was a child actress.
Do not miss this beautiful play if you want to get away from the Broadway Hooligan Nights.

“The Old Rascal”

Well, the old rascal—I mean, William Hodge. Since the fall of Lucifer there has been no greater collapse of a Great Ethical Figure.

For William Hodge, you know, was a synonym for Decency, Propriety, Sweetness and Light. But just at the moment that Fred Stone closed up in his first failure, “Ripples,” because he, too, was all Immaculate Sweetness and Light, Bill Hodge comes to town with a naughty play called “The Old Rascal.”

Here Mr. Hodge of Hearth, Home and Mother fame plays a rural Casanova, a frisky old Judge with liquor in his cellar and some cuties on his string.

Now this Sinful Play is naturally the best thing Mr. Hodge has yet done, for what is more natural, more tonifying, more amusing, more jouncy-bouncy than good old Sin?

But what will Mr. Hodge’s good and reverend disciples say when “The Old Rascal” hits the sticks? I have my fears.

Will John Golden, the Chevalier of the Holy Grail, fall, too, like Lucifer and Bill Hodge?

“Hotel Universe”

Twinkle, twinkle, Philip Barry—
How I wish you were a Jimmy (Barrie)!
But you ain’t, ain’t, ain’t!
Yes, twinkle, that’s the word—Philip Barry in his plays twinkles. There is no heat, no warmth, no glowing central sun of an idea in his work. It is all — (Continued on page 115)
Above: Marlene Dietrich, sensational European discovery imported by Paramount. Another Garbo?

Mary Lewis, right, arrives in the Big Town to fulfill opera engagements before starting screen career.

You never can tell about women! Those words are not original but they're mighty true. That's what I decided after I left Laura La Plante's suite at the Savoy Plaza. Laura is here in town for a rest and a vacation after finishing up her Universal contract. And she's having a vacation like no other screen star I've ever heard of.

You'd think a pretty little comedienne like Laura would be visiting all the smart shops and theaters and night clubs. And she does give them a look-in. But her real interest is—you'd never guess it—human nature.

"The first place she went when she reached New York was to Night Court. Then, just by way of making big whooppee, she visited the Police College and the museum, on the top floor of this building, where the police rookies get initiated into the ways of crime.

"I always like to see what the other side of the world is doing," Miss La Plante explained. "I have no sordid interest in crime. I just realize I'm lucky, but I want to know how the other fellow is faring."

Despite the fact that Laura has to wear a large pair of tortoise-shell specs when she is not facing the cameras, they don't disfigure her at all. In a smart new tailored suit and a little turned-down hat, she looked very pretty and extremely thin.

Laura is none of your cotton-headed, flightly girls, but a most sensible, well-balanced woman. And no matter with what film company she allies herself—and she has had offers from several—I feel sure she will bring us a lot more of those pleasant, whimsical light comedy impersonations which have made her one of our best-loved stars.

* * *

"What a woman! What a woman!"

Those were the words that ran up and down and around the great horseshoe luncheon-table at the Crystal Room of the Ritz a few weeks ago when Paramount introduced its new foreign find to America—Miss Marlene Dietrich, the German film star.

Miss Dietrich is beautiful. She looks like Garbo, in height, figure, hair and eyes. Only her nose is different.
Her nostrils have a broad passionate flare, and vibrate according to her emotions in a most amazing way.

Die Dietrich speaks English well. Jesse Lasky made a smart little introductory speech, which Miss Dietrich followed with a few words, in clearly enunciated English, with a fascinating little twist to them.

And now, just a word about that luncheon. It was a beautifully arranged affair, with spring flowers in silver bowls at intervals along the center of the table which must have seated two hundred. The food was epicurean.

Stanley Smith was one of the guests of honor; Jack Oakie was another, and Ginger Rogers a third. To say nothing of the important officials of the company; Mr. Zukor, Mr. Lasky, Mr. Wanger, Mr. McCarthy and others.

I haven’t met a lot of screen comedians, but of those I have had the good fortune to know, I believe Jack Oakie is my favorite—for he’s so darned natural.

women alike both fall for his foolishness.

The day I had lunch with Jack in his suite at the Warwick Hotel, he was feeling a little low. It seems a bunch of the New York newspaper folk had been whooping it up and showing him the town. He had gone to the theater with them, then to a party at Stuart Erwin’s—whom everybody calls ‘Stew,’ by the way, but for no ulterior reason—and lastly, nearly every night club in New York was visited. Jack arrived home with the milk man and the New York Times.

He was still a little sleepy at lunch time, but after bacon and eggs, he picked up considerably. “It’s a swell break, bein’ a screen star,” Oakie said, “but I sure would like to get back to California and a little honest-to-God sleep. If last night is a sample of what New York is, I’m gonna pullin’ my freight west—any day now.”

Just a high school boy who (Continued on page 126)
"In preparing any dish," says Billie Dove, "here is the first rule: be sure that your measurements are right and that the ingredients are well blended."

Good cooks and charming hostesses are born, not made. Just as teachers and actors must have a natural bent toward their line of work in order to be proficient, an exceptional cook has to have talent.

Take Billie Dove, for instance. She has always liked to cook. Even before she started to school, she watched her mother making good things to eat and tried to copy her. "One of the proudest days of my life," she tells, "was one Sunday that I successfully made a plate of fudge. We had guests and they praised it generously. I walked on air for the next week."

"Mother encouraged me. As long as I had a natural tendency toward cooking, she felt it should be helped along. She is a wonderful cook. Nothing is too difficult for her. And she gave me the benefit of her long years of experience."

"I cooked and baked those easy things most children do, muffins, fudge, cookies, and simple desserts. I didn't tackle meats or heavy food then. By the time I went to school and progressed far enough to take cooking lessons, I was a bit ahead of the others."

"The things that I learned to make in school had to be tried at home. And mother was so nice about my coming into the kitchen and trying out new concoctions. She was always willing to take time to see and help me measure out the ingredients. That was one of the simple rules she installed in my mind: 'Be careful about the proper amount of each thing.'"

Now that Billie is a big star and spends so much of her time at the studio, a cook takes her place in the kitchen. However, the mistress of the house always supervises the menu.

"I will go for a long time without cooking anything," Billie says, "then I'll have an urge to cook, and go out into the kitchen and tackle anything in the cook book that appeals to me. I have fun doing that. But I can't always guarantee the results.

"If you don't like sports, it is impossible to excel in them. The same thing goes for household duties," she explains. "Personally, I like them. I like to supervise the managing of my household. To make out the menu for the next day. Even to shop when I'm between pictures and have time."

"Flavoring is one of the most important items in cooking. A perfect roast can be spoiled or a medium type of meat made delicious just by the seasoning. I do not like or have highly flavored dishes on my menu, but I do like sauces and relishes."

"The menu is another important item. I believe that a well-regulated diet is the prime requisite of good health. I usually eat a good breakfast and a simple luncheon of a salad or soup. My heaviest meal is in the evening."

Miss Dove does not entertain much during the making...
into the Kitchen with Billie Dove

BILLIE DOVE'S FAVORITE RECIPE:

Clam Chowder

Cut one-half pound salt pork into small pieces and fry. Let all the fat fry out, but do not allow the pork to brown. Remove pork and part of the fat and add to remaining fat three medium-sized onions sliced quite thin. The onions should be cooked until tender but not browned. Place pork and onions in a large pot and add four good-sized potatoes cut in dice and the juice from three cans of clams. Cover and cook slowly until potatoes are well done. Just before serving, add one quart of hot milk, cream and all, with salt and pepper to taste.

Flavoring is one of the most important items in cooking, admonishes Billie. A dish may be spoiled or made a complete success just by its seasoning.

of her pictures. But if she does have guests, she is never too busy to supervise the menu personally. When she gives large dinner parties, she does some of the shopping for the more important items, and sees to the placing of the guests at the table herself.

"Seating people at a table to ensure a smooth and pleasant meal is an art in itself. It needs a nice sense of diplomacy as well as an insight into the personality and interests of the guests themselves. It is a problem anywhere, but in Washington, D. C. and Hollywood it is twice as bad.

"In Washington, it is rank and precedence. In Hollywood, it is the problem of not sitting ex-wife next to another ex-wife or a present one. A hostess has to remember who is speaking to whom, and who has just finished playing opposite what star. In the latter case, it is further complicated by having to remember whether the parties are still on good terms or not.

"When the 'ex's' have been separated, it is time to think of parallel tastes and interests. This is easier in Hollywood. Talking pictures, or even pictures themselves, form the basis of all topics of conversation. Almost everyone is interested in some form of them.

"Of course, every hostess knows that she must 'manage' her guests if she wants to keep them well-entertained. When I entertain, I spend as much time choosing guests who will be congenial as I do in planning the menu. In a week or two, one generally forgets just what food was eaten at a certain dinner, but if the guests were congenial and happy together—that memory will linger and be always associated with the

(Continued on page 126)
from Hollywood

All the Latest News from the Studios

Polly Moran can always get away with murder. Looking over the "Madame Satan" set with Cecil B. De Mille at the megaphone on a day when there was a lot doing, Polly took stock of the dozen or more assistants, who are supposed to be 'yes-men,' hanging on the last minute admonitions of the famous director, and remarked with a twinkle in her eye: "This set ought to be called the Land of Nod."

All Hollywood beamed when Dolores Blythe Barrymore, Junior, was born. They say father Jack is so transported with joy that nothing else in the world seems at all important to him.

"The Sea Beast" has twice brought happiness to John Barrymore. It was while filming the silent version of this picture that he and Dolores Costello Barrymore fell in love; and now, while filming the talking version of the piece, his daughter is born.

And while we are on the subject of the stork, it is whispered about pretty definitely now that Norma Shearer is looking forward to the rustle of its wings. No one seems to know just when it will be but probably in the early fall. Norma is just finishing her picture "Let Us Be Gay," which is said to be very gay indeed. She plans to take several months' vacation when it is completed, and will probably go to Europe with her husband, Irving Thalberg.

Norman Hall, novelist magazine writer and journalist, recently come to Hollywood, has been signed by Fox and is working on Victor McLaglen's next opus, "Dust and Sun," a story with the South American tropics for a locale. Norm has spent years in the South Seas and South America and his knowledge of those countries clinched the assignment for collaboration on the story, it is said. In Norm's journalistic experiences he has witnessed...
twenty-one hangings and one death by guillotine in the south of France. His story, "Billy, the Balloon Buster of Arizona," has been purchased by Tiffany-Stahl and Rex Lease will be featured in the picture.

Bill Haines and Polly Moran are honestly embarrassed that their joke has been taken seriously by the public. It began at a time when a new engagement almost every day was announced in Hollywood. Everyone was discussing the latest on the set one day when Bill said, "Come on, Polly, let's you and me become engaged and cut in on some of this free publicity!" No one loves a joke better than Polly so they both acted up for the amusement of their friends. Then it got into the papers, and now, because the 'engagement' has gone on for so long they are both getting letters from their fans asking in all seriousness, apparently, when they are going to get sliced.

Both Bill and Polly would like everyone to understand that it was all a joke and that they haven't and never have had the slightest intention of getting married.

A letter from New Mexico tells us that the "Easy Going" company, with Fred Niblo at the megaphone and Bill Haines as the star, are enjoying life from the comfort of a club car on the edge of The Enchanted Mesa, one of the most beautiful spots in the state. On the day the company was scheduled to shoot the Acoma pueblo they arrived all pepped up for work only to find that an Indian funeral was in progress which would last through the afternoon and evening. The only thing for Mr. Niblo to do was to turn his company back to the club car for the day. The rites of an Indian funeral are secret and no white man has ever witnessed them, it is said.

J. Warner Bellah, the writer, was being introduced to the Come On Inn recently for lunch. The Come On Inn is presided over by Betty and Hatty and has fed almost everyone in filmland at one time or another during the past ten years. A man in the uniform of a French aviator walked in and Jay was surprised, being new to Hollywood, to see that he had make-up on. Jay is a fler and always interested in anything to do with the air, so when he was told the actor came from the Warner lot he asked his friend Norman Hall that evening what picture they were doing over there that included a French aviator.

Oh," replied Norm with a grin, "they're making 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch!'"

If anyone is suffering from the blues, he or she ought to go and see Sylvia Ulbeck, the Swedish masseuse retained by Pathé to keep the stars beautiful. Two words from Sylvia in her adorable accent and the blues fade into hysterical shrieks. "The Merry Inquisition," the girls call her rooms, for in spite of her jokes and amusing patter, Sylvia treats her victims rough. To drown their cries of agony under her firm fingers she blithely turns on the radio. "Now, mother's darling," Sylvia laughs; and wham! wham! wham! her hands come down on the sluggish flesh of your writhing body. "It doesn't belong to you, anyway—off it comes. Nothing but a lot of unused substance that shows you haven't properly assimilated the food you have been eating." Wham! Wham! Wham! But after it is all over they say you feel like a million dollars and Sylvia hands you a steaming cup of coffee.
and two graham wafers. "No cream and only one lump of sugar, sweetheart. You may hold it in your mouth if you like and let the coffee dissolve it as you drink. That's a Swedish custom. Greta Garbo drinks her coffee like that."

Sylvia has caused more jealousy than any star in Hollywood. So popular has she become that Pathé has been induced to allow players outside their gates benefit from the magic of Sylvia's hands. Grace Moore, the Metropolitan opera diva recently signed by M-G-M, is the latest of her admirers.

"Heaven knows I thought I'd never see her again," laughed Sylvia. "How I pounded her! She is not much overweight but what there is must come off for the screen. She asked me whether her chauffeur could drive into the studio grounds for her!" Sylvia has heard that before.

"Shall I send for an ambulance, darling? Our hospital is just at the end of this building," But Grace was too sore and stiff to joke about it.

The next thing Sylvia knew, she was the center of a studio row! Metro wanted her exclusive services and planned to offer her a contract, it is said, to take effect at the expiration of her Pathé contract. Pathé and Gloria Swanson, who has been her patient for years, heard of it before Sylvia did and were furious.

Louis B. Mayer sent for Sylvia, which didn't mean a thing to her. She takes the kinks and quirks out of the spines of so many men executives that when she was asked to see Mr. Mayer she thought no more of the appointment than that Mr. Mayer wanted to add himself to her list of patients. "Darling, I had my hat on and was just cursing the holey gloves I had worn that morning when in walks Mr. Kennedy and balls me out. I am so surprised I can hardly swear at him. We have it hot and heavy but when I find out what it is he is trying to say to me I take off my hat and my holey gloves and get myself back into my apron, for goodness sake!" Sylvia is a loyal little soul and as long as Pathé treats her right she stays on the lot no matter how many tempting offers come her way, and plenty do.

Gloria was all for having Sylvia appear in her picture, "What a Widow," but Sylvia flatly refused. It was to be a comedy scene and she takes her profession too seriously to make a slapstick out of her work.

Lon Chaney is in the midst of filming his first talking picture, "The Unholy Three," and having the time of his life. He was all dressed up as the old woman who takes care of the bird store, which is just a disguise he wears to fool the police. Trust Lon for a novel idea. He plays...
a ventriloquist but I won’t spoil the scene by telling you what he does. Lon is never upstage about having visitors on the set. Some stars freeze up and can’t act when strangers are there, but the more the merrier for Lon. He loves a crowd.

Lila Lee is playing his leading lady and very proud to be in the first Chaney talkie, she told me. Incidentally, we think Lon is fortunate in having a leading lady as charming and as good a trouper as little Lila.

As Lenore Ulric waved good bye to friends after boarding the Chief she said, “Well, I’m going to New York and Sidney is going on location.” The Blackmers will be separated for a time. Sidney Blackmer, her husband, has become very popular out here and First National keeps him busy. Films were not as kind to his wife, the beautiful and exotic Lenore. She felt she was miscast in her pictures for Fox and the whole experience disheartened her. But that doesn’t make Broadway mad! The Big Street has missed Lenore and will welcome her back.

George Duryea has been a stage door Johnnie lately. Cherchez la femme. But in this case, everything is all right because the girl he waits so patiently for is Mrs. Duryea. George is playing the lead in “Night Work” for Pathé, and giving his make-up a hasty swipe dashes from Culver City to the El Capitan in Hollywood where Grace Stafford, his wife, is appearing in the stage play, “Broken Dishes.”

We saw Ken Maynard at Palm Springs looking very dashing in form-fitting white ducks of almost military cut. Ken just bought four lots opposite the El Mirador Hotel where he is planning to build a very modern talking picture theater. It should be a good investment for, while there is a ‘hall’ with stage and motion picture equipment, it is not rigged up for sound and there are no regular shows.

Eddie Cantor is so pleased with California that he says he is going to remain here even if it has to be as a waiter in a restaurant. He settled Mrs. Cantor and the five daughters in a beach home at Malibu and then plunged into “Whoopie,” the Sam Goldwyn-Florence Zeigfeld offering just starting production.

Rosetta and Vivian Duncan had one of their old-time parties at Rosetta’s Santa Monica beach home. Most of the guests had played with them in “Topsy and Eva” at
one time or another and Rosetta called the gathering 'old home week.'

Mary Lewis, who is an old friend, was there, too, and tried out several songs she is thinking of for her first picture for Pathé. Philip Ryder, who played almost every male part in "Topsy and Eva" and who for the last three or four years has been playing the Sheik in "The Desert Song," sang two songs. And although Vivian tried to beg off because she had just had an operation on her throat she wasn't allowed to be an invalid and the girls did their bit. If Rosetta ever did 'cause I gotta cold in my nose for the screen she would bring down the house.

Harry Langdon and his bride were there, too, very devoted. Rosetta, who always dresses for comfort, had on a pair of white ducks and a sweat shirt with all kinds of slogans scrawled on it in ink. Vivian looked very lovely in a pair of turquoise blue and white silk beach pajamas.

* * *

Paul Whiteman gave a swell party after the preview of "The King of Jazz." Just wait till you see that show! Paul took over the mezzanine party room at the Roosevelt Hotel and had it decorated especially for the occasion to resemble a cellar. There was a long table on one side where all kinds of tempting food was served, and a bar at the end where steins of near beer were handed out and you made believe the old days had returned. Paul went prancing about in a funny little sailor's hat far too small for his head.

Helen Twelvetrees told everyone how much she liked the Pathé studio. Pathé likes Helen, too, in fact they think she's swell. She has just finished "Swing High" and is preparing for her next though no one knows just what it will be.

Sue Carol and Nick came late. Sue looked very lovely in a pink lace gown and carried an ivory colored silk shawl with fringe so long that one wondered how she ever kept from breaking her neck in it. Sue is moving over to the RKO lot, the first picture she has made not under the Fox banner in two years, but Sue didn't think she was getting very good breaks there.

* * *

Perhaps the most important event in Hollywood this month is the arrival of the Broadway producer, Florent Ziegfeld, who came with his wife, Billie Burke, and their daughter, Patricia, to collaborate with Sam Goldwyn on the production of "Whoopee." Someone asked Mr. Ziegfeld about three hours after he arrived, whether he expected to remain. He was much amused by the question and said, "Well, I expect to. You know I'm a pretty tough guy."
Mr. Ziegfeld plans to bring the whole company of "Simple Simon," now one of the big hits of the New York stage, to California and make a picture of the piece. We asked him how Harriet Hector, whom we have always admired, was getting on in it. Whereupon Mr. Ziegfeld waxed enthusiastic and declared that Harriet was the finest dancer he had ever seen in all of his forty years' experience in the theater and that her hunting dance in "Simple Simon" was a sensation. This, from the man of Mr. Ziegfeld's standing, is a real tribute. "She has," he went on, "a quality about her that no one else has, a sort of detached, impersonal, illusive imaginative quality that is truly remarkable. She is greater in my opinion than Genée or Pavlova or any of them."

Back of this placing of the laurel wreath upon the fair brow of the spirituelle little Harriet is a story. It had always been her ambition to be under Florenz Ziegfeld's management, as it has been the ambition of countless thousands of ambitious girls and boys. But he would have none of her. "She can never be in a show of mine. She has technique but nothing else," he was reported to Harriet to have said. Harriet made up her mind that someday he would have to change his opinion about her and she worked very hard to perfect herself in her art. The Bird Dance in "Topsy and Eva" was her first sensational success but she kept right on plodding. We hope she sees this paragraph for it would certainly make her very happy to know that the manager whose work she has always so tremendously admired has an equal admiration of her as an artist.

* * *

Ian Keith had an interesting experience recently on the Swanson picture, "What a Widow." Joseph P. Kennedy conceived the brilliant idea of having dummy sets and photographing the dress rehearsals so a record would be available for study when they began the real production. It was a sort of rough copy, just as an author makes, and from it is able to correct his mistakes. It is an exceedingly valuable record and this is the first time it has been done in the history of pictures. Ian Keith was cast as the heavy, but the photographic record showed that he wasn't quite 'heavy' enough. The part required a more sophisticated and older man-about-town type of man, so Ian trotted over to United Artists to play John Wilkes Booth in D. W. Griffith's "Lincoln," while Lew Cody stepped into Ian's place in Gloria's picture where Lou makes his talkie debut.
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, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

We've long known that Buddy Rogers is popular but every time we open a fresh batch of our covers again.

Here he is with his most loyal and adoring fan, his mother.

BY MISS VEE DEE

B. M. B. of Burlington, Iowa. Since you've won a beauty contest you want to start something—that's a good line but can you finish it? Sorry, but the Paramount School is no longer the hope of ambitious youngsters. The school graduated just one class several years ago; among the grads were Buddy Rogers, Josephine Dunn, Thelma Todd, Jack Luden and Walter Goss, who is now known as Roland Drew.

Edna May of Jamestown, N. Dak. You'd like to have a talking picture of me? Some one would ask that. Sorry my pictures are all silent and who wants a quiet picture these days? Hoot Gibson's real name is Edward Gibson. He was born in Tekamah, Neb., in 1892. He has dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He entered pictures about 15 years ago and has been with Universal ever since. You can write him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Helen of Troy. I can offer you other players with foreign backgrounds but I'm short on Grecian players just now. In Mary Pickford's film, "The Love Light," produced several years ago, George Rigas, who was born in Greece, had a role. Now, no puns on that. Nicholas Morris, also Grecian born, appeared in "The Bright Shawl" with Dorothy Gish.

Claire of Columbia, S. C. Do I lead the simple life? You'd be surprised how simple—shopping, shopping, picture shopping all hours of the day and night and—but why go into all that? "Little Annie Rooney," with Mary Pickford as the star, was released in 1923, and "Sparrows" in 1926. Jack Pickford played with his sister Mary in "Through the Back Door," and Lloyd Hughes was opposite her in "Tess of the Storm Country." In "Daddy Long-legs" Mahtom Hamilton appeared, and in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," James Neil. Victor Potel played with Mary in "Capt Kidd, Jr." I have no record of "Becky" except the release of 1928. You may have "Vanity Fair" in mind, released in 1915.

Helen Mc W, of Niagara Falls. I've never tried to buy a one-way ticket on a merry-go-round but I'm not averse to the suggestion. I'm game to the last round. June Marlowe was born in St. Cloud, Minn. She has dark blue eyes, reddish brown hair, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Sue Carol was born in Chicago, Ill., on Oct. 30, 1908, and married to Nick Stuart on July 28, 1929, in Ventura, Cal.

Tippy of Buffalo. Or is it Zippy? Eugenia Gilbert was born in East Orange, N. J., but she doesn't tell the date. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 122 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. She was a stage dancer before going in the movies about 6 years ago. Shirley Mason and Cullen Landis appeared in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." Cullen was born in Nashville, Tenn. He has curly brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti shared honors in "Variety." Christine of Alton, Ill. Not for the world would I chide my fan friends, but when letters come in written in pencil, my day is spoiled and I have to call on my chirography experts for help. Help! Alice White was born Aug. 28, 1907 in Paterson, N. J. She has blonde hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her hobbies are dancing, swimming, riding, tennis, golf and jazz music. Write to her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Irene and Anna of Chicago. You want Buddy Rogers' Info? I might have known you'd want something like that. Well, you can have his brief biography. He was born Aug. 13, 1905, in Olathe, Kansas. His hair is black, eyes are brown and his weight 175 pounds. He has played in "Fascinating Youth," "Wings," "My Best Girl," "Abie's Irish Rose," "Varisty." Someone to Love," and other films. George Lewis was born Dec. 10, 1905, in Mexico City, Mex. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. His wife is Mary Lou Lohman, non-professional.

Lilac from Hamilton, Ont. There is no use denying the fact that talkies are here to say for sound reasons. Jack Oakie was on the stage in New York City in 1919, playing in several well-known Broadway productions until the movies got him. He appeared with Laura La Plante in "Finders Keepers" and with Clara Bow in "The Fleet's In." Jack was born in Sedalia, Mo. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 157 pounds. He sings and dances in "Hit the Deck" with Polly Walker. His new pictures are "Let's Go Native," with Jeannette Macdonald and 'Skeet' Gallagher; and "The Social Lion," in which he is starred.

Julia A. from Hoboken. I do not often acknowledge defeat but when you ask for the religious affiliations of all the players, I surrender. Charles Rogers is a 100 per cent American, born in the state of Kansas, thoughtfully putting Olathe on the map. He is a Unitarian by birthplace. He has a smile the girls love, gleaming teeth the boys envy, black hair, brown eyes and is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. "Half Way To Heaven" and "Young Eagles" are his latest releases.

Billie from South Orange, N. J. Do I care if you ask a car-load of questions? It's going to be just too bad for me if you fans don't ask questions, so come on while I'm young and in my prime. Look up the July 1925 SCREENLAND for Esther Ralston on the cover. Richard Arlen has not been on our cover. Richard was born Sept. 1, 1899, in Charlottesville, Va. He has medium-brown hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 161 pounds. His hobbies are golf, swimming, riding and tennis. His latest release is "The Border Legion" with Fay Wray.

Jim from Michigan. Am I always funny? Listen to me! Even in my dullest moments, I can poke a joke and find some one to laugh at my antics—and he don't mean odd-fashioned furniture. You can reach May McAvoy at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Billie Dove and Richard Barone are at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Fay Wray and Charles Rogers at Paramount Studios, 5451 SUNSET.
H. Marilyn of East Haven, Conn. With so many compliments for my deductions letters like yours make sunshine on gray days, believe it or not, or why won't you? Nick Stuart's real name is Niculae Pratto, born in Roumania on April 10, 1906. He has curly black hair and brown eyes. Sue Carol's real name is Evelyn Lederer but she was married to Nick Stuart under the name, Eva Jenny Kiefer—the name of her former husband was Keifer. Loretta Young was born in 1912 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Ruth Taylor was born January 15, 1907, in Grand Rapids, Mich. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 104 pounds. Ruth is now Mrs. Paul Zuckerman.

Malcolm B. K. from Newark, N. J. This is certainly an air-minded age, so why not have an endurance contest? Who has been up in the air for the longest time? Charles Byers appeared in "Horseman of the Plains" with Tom Mix and Sally Blake; in "Alex the Great" with Skeet Gallagher, Ruth Dwyer and Patricia Avery; and in "Shanghai Bound" with Richard Dix and Mary Brian. Charles was born February 28, 1891, in Newark, N. J. He is 6 feet and 6 inches tall, weighs 178 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He attended Mount Pleasant Military Academy and Cornell University.

Kathleen from Vancouver. Outbursts of enthusiasm for the stars and worth-while pictures have my hearty endorsement so if my word means anything to you, clap loud and long for your favorites. Esther Ralston was born September 17, 1902, in Bar Harbor, Maine. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 124 pounds and has golden hair and blue eyes. She is touring the middle and west states in a vaudeville act and hasn't made a picture for some time. Nils Galster has been taking a fling in vaudeville, too, but you can find Gary Cooper busy on the Paramount lot, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss Vee Dee's correspondents are strong for Alice White. First, last, and all the time she's a top-notch favorite.

D. B. and L. H. of Old Kentucky. Do I think marriage a failure? No, not necessarily; there's always a fighting chance. Conrad Nagle was born March 16, 1897, in Kekokuk, Iowa. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. His wife is Ruth Helma, a top-notch professional. Dolores Costello was born in 1906 in Brooklyn, N. Y. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, has golden hair and blue eyes. She is Mrs. John Barrymore in private life. Alice White is 22 years old, weighs 110 pounds, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and has blonde hair and brown eyes.

Janet G. of New Jersey. The stars you mention are not of Irish ancestry as far as I know. Norma Shearer is a Canadian, Ramon Novarro is a Mexican. Philippe de Lacy is French, Clive Brook, Ronald Denny and Ronald Colman are English; and Andree Beranger and Billie Bevan are Australians.

Mary from Philadelphia. The talkies brought Conway Tearle back to his many admirers. He appears in "Gold Diggers of Broadway" with Winnie Lightner and in "Evidence" with Pauline Frederick. Conway was born in New York City in 1882. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, in 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He was on the stage for many years playing with such well-known stars as the late Ellen Terry, Billie Burke, Ethel Barrymore, Viola Allen and Grace George.

All Alone, Sydney, Australia. Come on over if you're lonesome and we'll go places, ring door-bells and everything. Vera Reynolds was born Nov. 25, 1903, in Richmond, Va. She is 5 feet and 5 inches tall, weighs 102 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Robert Ellis is her husband. Madge Bellamy has auburn hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 1 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Kenneth Thomson, who plays with Billie Dove in "The Other Tomorrow," was born Jan. 7, 1899, in Pittsburg, Pa. He was on the stage 6 years before appearing in pictures in 1926. His wife is Alden Gay, an actress.

Teresa M. of Akron, Ohio. You want the lives of 27 players. Can you feature that? Lane Chandler was born June 4, 1901, in Culbertson, Mont. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 185 pounds and has red hair and blue eyes. His real name is Oaks. Besie Love was born in Midland, Texas. She has light brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. She is now Mrs. William Hawks. Lupe Velez was christened Maria Villalobos. She was born July 18, 1910, in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Nancy Carroll is the wife of Jack Kirkland. They have a 4-year-old daughter, Patricia.

A Subscriber from Yorkers, N. Y. You don't sign your real name or your pet name, either—but you may be too young for that. Gary Cooper was born May 7, 1901, in Helena, Mont. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Still single. His latest pictures are "Seven Days Leave," with Beryl Mercer and "Only the Brave" with Mary Brian.

J. M. S. from Raleigh, N. C. Your letter is the shortest I've received in a long time. You'd written a shorter one it would have taken longer. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was born in New York City on Dec. 9, 1910. He is 6 feet inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He has appeared in "Loose Ankles," "The Forward Pass," "Far Life," "Our Modern Maidens," and "The Jazz Age." Ramon Novarro's latest films are, "The Pagan" with Dorothy Janis and Renee Adoree; "Devil May Care" with Dorothy Jordan. Philippe de Lacy was born July 25, 1917, in Nancy, France. You can write to him at 904 Guarantee Bldg., Hollywood, Cal. His new pictures are "March of the Dead" with Ruth Clanton, and "One Romantic Night," with Lillian Gish.

Mary of Royal Oak, Mich. Seven of
your household, and you all want to get
the first peep at SCREENLAND. There's
excitement for the old town and a merry
heigh-ho. Frank Keenan died some time
ago. Flora Finch is seen in pictures oc-
casionally. I haven't had a picture
of Frank Mayo in a long time but Charles
Delaney is hopping around from one stu-
dio to another making pictures. His last
film released is "The Girl from Wall-
worth's" with Alice White. He is working
in his new picture, "The Ivory Trail" with
Nora Lane at Warner Bros. Studios, 1842
Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth G. of Chicago. So you broke your
wrist playing Buck Jones—what new game
of tiddle-de-winks is this? Buck was born
in Vincennes, Ind. His wife is Odille
Osborne. He has brown hair, gray eyes,
is 5 feet 11 and ⅜ inches tall and weighs
173 pounds. Audrey Ferris played with
Irene Rich in "The Silver Slave." Others
in the cast were Carroll Nye, John Miljan
and Holmes Herbert.

Jane of Colfax. You want a break about
Paddy O'Flynn. He is on the bright and
sunny side of 30, born in Pittsburgh, Pa.,
has curly brown hair, is 5 feet 10½ inches
tall and weighs 150 pounds. He was on
the stage at a very early age and has been
in pictures since 1926. My last record of
his films are, "Face Value" and "Sweeping
Against the Wind." Edmund Lowe was
born in California but he doesn't give his
age. He has light brown hair, blue eyes,
is 6 feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. He
is married to Lilian Tashman, one of the
best-dressed women of the screen.

Frances B. of Lancaster, Ohio. Do I
call answering letters hard work? Well, you
see, it's the unhappiest medium—too
light for heavy work and too heavy for
light work. Lloyd Hughes was born in
Baxbe, Arizona. He is 6 feet tall, weighs
155 pounds and has brown hair and gray
eyes. His wife is Gloria Hope. Their son
Donald was born in Dec., 1926. Lloyd
has played in "The Mysterious Island," "Where East is East," "The Stolen Bride,
and "An affair of the Folies." He plays
with Bebe Daniels in "When Love Comes
Along," and "Dixiana," both pictures from
the RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Holly-
wood, Cal.

A Lassie from Philadelphia. You get a
lot of fun out of reading my department,
do you? In other words, you get out
what I put in—part of the daily grind, as
the cameramen say when they grab the
crank. Johnnie Walker can be reached
at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.,
Hollywood, Cal. Roland Drew at the
Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art
Studios, Hollywood, Cal. He was born in
1903 in Elmhurst, L. I. His real name
is Walter Goss. He has black hair, dark
gray eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 167
pounds. Not married.

Julia S. of Atlantic City. Many thanks
in advance for the invitation to dash and
splash in your ocean—don't you worry, I'll
be there without the usual urge. Buster
Keaton was born Oct. 4, 1896 in Pickway,
Ohio. He is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs
140 pounds and has black hair and eyes.
He was in vaudeville before going into pic-
tures in 1917. Address him at Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Betty Bronson at Warner Bros. Studios,
1842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Corinne Griffith at First National Studios,
Burbank, Cal. Miss Hamilton at Paramount
Studios, 1541 Marathon St., Hollywood,
Cal.; and June Collyer at Fox Studios, 1401
No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tarzana of Detroit. You surely love
your ancient history and don't you wish
I did? My records of casts do not go back
as far as "Scrambled Wives," reviewed in
October, 1921. Could you give me, if I call
you that?) let's be modern and dig up more
recent pictures. Paul Page in private life
is Paul Hicks. He was born May 13, 1903,
in Birmingham, Ala. He plays in "The
Girl from Havana" with Lola Lane and
Kenneth Thompson and in "Men Without
Women" with Frank Albertson and Ken-
neth McKenna, recently from the stage
There's a picture that will tear the old
heart-strings to shreds. I don't know
Jean Acker's age but she was born in Tren-
ton, N. J., and was the wife of the late
Rudolph Valentino. She is 5 feet
2½ inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and
has dark brown hair and hazel eyes.

Tad from Duluth, Minn. I'll keep your
dark secret that you adore John Boles but
who wouldn't have heart failure over his
grand voice? His next picture will be
"Moonlight Madness" to be followed by
"King of Jazz" with Paul Whiteman,
Jeanette Law and Barbara Kent. John was
born Oct. 27, 1899, in Greenville, Texas.
He is 6 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 183 pounds
and has brown hair and gray-blue eyes.
He is married.

Violet M. C. from El Paso, Tex. You
like the cave-man variety, do you? Well,
he may not know what real love is but he
can give you a rough idea. Milton Sills
was born in Chicago. He doesn't dis-
vulge his birthday. He has brown hair,
grey eyes, is 6 feet 1½ inches tall and
weighs 190 pounds. He has been ill but
has recovered and is working on the Fox
lot in "A Very Practical Joke" (temporary
title). Lon Chaney was born April 1,
1883, in Colorado Springs, Colo. He has
black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches
tall and weighs 197 pounds. His next
film will be a talkie. Gwen Lee's real
name is Gwendolyn LePinski.

Odette from Pasadena, Cal. Who said
join the navy and seize the girls? Loretta
Young is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Her latest
picture is "Second Floor Mystery" with
Grant Withers. Josephine Dunn appears
in "Red Hot Rhythm" with Alan Hale.
Josephine is 5 feet 3½ inches tall. Renée
Adorée is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 107
pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Mae S. of New York. I'm a good de-
tective but the dark-haired girl, short and
a drivel plump, who looks young and healthy
and is in Westerns, is a bit heavy for my
usual deductions. All Western stars not
on a diet, please step forward and leave
your names at the box office and get a
coupon for the non-stop radio we are giv-
ing away with every ten tickets sold. Sally
Rand was born in Winchester, Ky. She
hasn't been in a recent film to my knowl-
edge and she hasn't told me of her future
picture plans.

Lindy of Pittston, Pa. I thought every-
body knew all about Sue Carol but perhaps
you and your air-craft haven't been on the
level long enough to get the latest news
of the stars. Sue was born Oct. 30, 1908,
in Chicago, Ill. She is 7 feet 3 inches
tall, weighs 108 pounds and has dark brown
hair and eyes. She is in "The Big Party,"

Eleanor Jane of Maumee, Ohio. You
have heard that Clara Bow is the wife of
Charles Rogers and that Mary Brian is en-
gaged to him and what can I do about it?
Buddy Rogers is a very busy boy but not
that busy. Clara is reported engaged to Harry
Richman who stars in "Puttin' on the Ritz."
Buddy isn't married or engaged. Gary
Cooper's next picture will be "The Texan" with Fay Wray. Rin-Tin-Tin gets his pay
check at Warner Bros. Studios, 1842 Sun-
set Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Nancy Carroll's
real name is Nancy Lahl. Mary Pickford
was 37 years old on April 8.
Vincent superintending a facial treatment in his beauty salon on the Rue Royale, Paris. He advises Palmolive, as do so many of his famous colleagues.

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Vincent
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Paris

Vincent of Paris
Beauty Expert to Society

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"We particularly stress to all our clients," says Vincent of Paris, "the importance of skin cleansing. That means keeping the skin free of impurities and ready for our special treatment. And for this purpose we recommend just one soap—Palmolive."

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With both hands work up a fine lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Work this tenderly into the skin of face and throat, massaging for about two minutes. You can actually feel the impurities being carried away from under the surface of the skin. Rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. In the morning, perhaps you'll need a touch of cream or some kind of astrigent before putting on make-up. That is the basis of the home beauty treatment recommended by more than 19,800 beauty specialists.

Consult your beauty expert

For special treatments, you will have, of course, to consult your own expert. But for day in and day out care of the skin, nothing is quite so effective as this simple Palmolive treatment. And since Palmolive costs no more than ordinary soap, millions allow it to do for their entire body what it does so well for the face. Why don't you begin to use it tomorrow?

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Palmolive Radio Hour—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 35 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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soothing and tonic in its action, it softens the hardest water and induces a healthy glow and suppleness.

If you are troubled with prickly heat, try a bran bath. This is not a new idea at all. In the days of Louis XIV the ladies of the court used all sorts of ingredients in their baths to preserve the soft beauty of their skin. Among these the bran was much in favor and from then until now it has been used by French women. It now comes in convenient form for using, delicately perfumed. This, too, softens the water and relieves prickly heat, leaving the skin soft and velvety.

Another ideal body and bath treatment is a quick rub with a smooth rich oil—I suppose we can call it complexion oil, for it's as good for the face as for the body. It sinks deep into the delicate tissues of the skin, making it soft and smooth as a baby's. And the oil, in conjunction with the massage has a gentle, stimulating effect, taking away the tired feeling most of us have after a wearing day.

This treatment is valuable before going in bathing, or before entering upon any form of sport that exposes bare arms, back and limbs to the merciless rays of the sun. Apply a little oil without the tips of the fingers, to the entire body. After a couple of minutes, wipe off excess oil and dust the body with powder. If it stains at all, it stains evenly and causes no discomfort as the skin is thoroughly protected by the oil. And the tan is evenly distributed, natural and healthy looking.

Now let's see about this beautifying and protection business. It's really not hard, it's simply a matter of not exposing yourself to the blazing sun or harsh winds or to prolonged sessions of swimming sitting out on the sands without adequate protection to the skin.

Rely a good part of the time in summer upon a cleansing cream or oil for keeping the face clean. Use it, or a skin lotion, during the day, leaving soap and water for night use, if at all. And don't use it then if you have on some extra make-up. Just before going out, give the skin a generous application of cream or oil, smoothing it well into the face, neck, arms and hands. And when back from going bathing, apply it to the entire body, as I mentioned before, not forgetting a generous dusting of powder.

If you're going out for a day of motoring, hiking, picnicking or a day at the beach, it's not necessary to go about with a weather-beaten appearance. In your handbag place a small tube of cleansing cream and several sheets of cleansing tissues. When you feel that you need freshening up, don't just dab on some extra make-up. Find a quiet corner, use the cleansing cream and skin lotion, add powder and rouge and see how fresh and rested you will look and feel, and five minutes will do the trick.

When you get home, cleanse your face and neck thoroughly with cream or oil, smooth in a heavier cream, drench wads of cotton with cold water, then wash with cold or an astringent, place over the eyes, lie down and relax for a half hour. After a quick shower, remove the cream from the face, pat briskly with cold water and you'll look as dainty and cool as though you had spent all day in the hammock and feel far more fit than if you had.

And now, before donning your dainty gown, let's consider make-up. Make-up must be just a bit different in summer. Powder, for instance, must match the skin or tone in with it. Don't try to make your skin lighter but if anything, a trifle darker. Too light a powder gives a look of artificiality or a pasty, grayish look, while too dark a powder on a fair skin robs it of its transparency.

Generally speaking, no woman should wear white powder and few should wear pink. Very fair skins, blonde and tawny-haired, may wear natural. All darker skins look well in ochre or rachel, or an ochre or rachel and pink blend.

There's no reason now, for not finding the right thing for a powder foundation.

If the skin is dry, a bit of oily cream should be used. If it's oily, a dry cream or vanishing cream may be used, or a powder lotion. If it's normal, a cream and powder blend is good. A cream is ideal for summer use for any type of skin as the creamy base protects the skin of the face, neck and arms from sun, wind and weather and at the same time gives the skin a soft, mellow finish. And best of all, it stays on.

In rouges, there's paste, liquid and powder. In colors, there's apricot, rose, raspberry, orange and cherry. There's rouge for every coloring, rouge to stay on while you're in bathing. It comes in compacts, compacts and bottles and it's yours to try and to choose for your own individual type.

Lipsticks are almost as variable, coming in every possible color and texture from palest pink to kissproof and permanent. Remember, in applying your lipstick, don't let its edges show, the faintest film of powder wiped off will make the lines less decisive, and will keep your lips from looking greasy. If your lipstick has a drying effect, use a little cold cream underneath.

The make-up which brings out the beauty of your eyes, lashes and eyebrows is perhaps the most difficult to achieve. There are many simple yet effective preparations which come in compact and convenient form and it's quite worth while to learn the trick of using them in a way to make the brows and lashes more effective and alluring. Eyebrow pencils are obtainable in nearly all stores.

Train the lashes and brows by brushing the upper lashes up and the lower ones down with a bit of petroleum jelly or spearmint eyelash gorge.

To make up the lashes, apply a little cream to the upper and lower lids with the finger-tips, and run the pencil just above and below the line of the lashes, then blend the pencilling with finger-tip wrapped tightly in cotton.

Before retiring, remove eye make-up with half a wet or damp cloth, wipe the eyes with a wet wash, then mold a good cream around the eyes, smoothing it in and patting gently. Look up, when patting beneath the eyes, and wipe the eyes when wounds cream on the lids. At night, too, is a good time to use the eye exercises.

I hope this will help you to have a happy summer and if it does, I hope you will write to me and tell me so. I like your letters, girls, both the letters asking for advice on beauty problems and the letters telling me I have helped, and I have many of the latter. Letters from girls telling me how much they have been helped by the eye treatments and exercises. Letters from girls who said that after reading "A New Skin Game" they had gone right to work to acquire a nice clear skin and had actually done so. Letters from girls worried because of an inferiority complex or because they were not popular, and from girls who have become engaged and want to know how to achieve a lasting charm and lovely looks.

To all these problems I gave my best and have had many appreciative letters in reply. I want to thank you all for your letters. I am glad I could help and I hope you will write to me again. Had I known you meet your problems whatever they may be.

Address Anne Van Alstyne, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.
How You...Like Hollywood’s Stars...Can Create a Wondrous NEW BEAUTY with MAKE-UP

In Hundreds of Feature Pictures, You Have Seen the Magic of Make-Up by Max Factor. Now You, Yourself, May Work a Beauty Miracle with a New Kind of Society Make-Up Created by Filmland’s Make-Up Genius. See Coupon.

COLOR Harmony is the magic artistry to accentuate alluring beauty in a new kind of make-up originated by Max Factor, Hollywood’s Make-Up King, for the screen stars of Hollywood...and you.

This new idea in Society Make-Up...in the powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites important to your everyday beauty...is so certain in beauty results that in all Technicolor Pictures, as well as in all pictures from all the big Hollywood studios, Max Factor’s Make-Up is beauty insurance in wonderful productions costing millions.

“True enhancement of beauty depends upon correct color harmony in the make-up ensemble,” says Max Factor, Genius of Make-Up in Filmland. “No more is beauty in pictures risked to the haphazard selection of a face powder, or rouge or lipstick. The complete make-up is developed in perfect color harmony to blend with the colorings of the individual, whether she be blonde, brunette, redhead or brownette.”

Now you, and everywoman, may share this priceless beauty secret discovered by Max Factor and proved perfect by the host of stars in Hollywood! A Society Make-Up ensemble...powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, etc...so perfect in color harmony, in texture, in velver smoothness that the complete make-up blends perfectly with the skin texture enhancing natural beauty without visibly revealing make-up.

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Discover now what Hollywood’s Make-Up secret will bring to you personally in new beauty. Just mail coupon to Max Factor for your complexion analysis, make-up color harmony chart and copy of his book, “The New Art of Make-Up”...a gift prized by the famous stars of Filmland and perhaps the most important you may ever receive.

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“Cosmetics of the Stars”

HOLLYWOOD

*50% of all make-up used by Hollywood’s Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor’s.

(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)
“I even got a ticket for parking wrong, and they told me that if I got a few more I wouldn’t be allowed to drive in at all!”

Lowell Sherman told us that as soon as he finishes his picture, he expects to go to New York with his bride, Helene Costello, and that they will go on a honeymoon trip to Europe from there.

Ed Lowe said, “Me, too!” But we told him he had cried “Wolf” too often—we didn’t believe he would ever leave Hollywood.

The buffet supper was excellent, and then a lot of Joe Cawthorn’s former cronies of the stage, Edmund Breese, Robert Edeson and others, gathered about him in the dining room and sang, For He’s a Jolly Good Fellow, and Joe did a little dance most creditably, after which he cut the big birthday cake.

Then there was some delightful entertainment, including a comic recitation by Bert Wheeler and funny stories by Robert Woolsey, as well as some music, with Edmund Goulding, during the musical part of the entertainment, giving an imitation of a Russian family singing himself giving each part, one after the other.

Adele Rowland sang, with her husband, Conway Tearle, playing for her, and then Queenie Cawthorn surprised us by going over to the piano and singing, while her son, Will Kernell, played for her, the theme song to McCormack’s picture.

Very late, guests began to leave, including Elsie Janis and her mother, Mrs. Janis telling us that her daughter wouldn’t leave without her, but she wished she would.

“However,” she sighed comically, “I’m a perfectly good kept mother, so I suppose I must go!”

Everybody—that is, all the feminine guests—including Ina Claire and Grace LaRue, Louise Dresser and Helene Costello Sherman, wishing him many happy returns of the day. And little Queenie stood up gallantly until the last guest was gone.

“Somebody should get up a book of beautiful brides this year,” exclaimed Patsy. “You know there were May McAvoy and Ruth Roland and Mary Eaton and Patsy Ruth Miller and Carmel Myers; and now here that tiny little Helene Costello is getting married!”

We were on our way to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, where Helene and Lowell Sherman were to be married.

We found a lot of guests already assembled in the drawing room off the beautiful Venetian room—the same room where Ruth Roland and Ben Bard were married.

It is a fairytale setting, which is capable of being transformed at once from a chapel to a banquet hall, and then into a ballroom or dining room, all, seemingly, at one wave of the wand.

Just now the room was to be a chapel, where the wedding was to take place, but in the meantime we chatted in the large drawing room with a lot of people we knew, including Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert.

“I wonder,” said Ina after a bit, “if anybody has thought to call up Dolores!”

And she dashed off to do it at that minute.

Jack Barrymore was to give the bride away, but, of course, Dolores couldn’t be there at her sister’s wedding, due to the imminence of her marriage.

We talked to Jack Gilbert, too, and learned that he is feeling hurt about some of his interviews of late, which is the reason he isn’t giving out any more. Personally, I’ve always found him the kindest, most friendly and courteous person.

Estelle Taylor was there, but her husband, Jack Dempsey, was in Chicago, so Estelle had arrived with Jean MacPherson and her mother.

Estelle was wearing a startling dress. It was made of black velvet, cut quite high in the neck and front, so that when she turned her back, that was when one got a shock.

For the dress was cut clear down to the waistline in the back, and across Estelle’s back, apparently glued to her skin, were great ornaments of rhinestone, which reached almost up to her shoulder blades.

As we were chatting with her, a man came and peeped around at her.

“I guess he wonders, if it looks like that in the back, what it looks like in front,” said Estelle, “and he probably also wants to see what kind of a face goes with the back.”

We caught glimpses of many other guests, including Charlie Eyton and Kathleen Williams, Olive and Alma Tell, Henry Hobart, John Davidson and many others.

We were called to the Venetian room for the ceremony, and found the room transformed into a gorgeous chapel, with great candles on the altar, and flowers everywhere.

“Oh, there’s the bride!” whispered Patsy.

Sure enough, there she was, coming down the aisle on the arm of John Barrymore, and there was Lowell Sherman, the groom, looking handsome and distinguished, of course, with his monocle in his eye; and we wondered if anything in the world could make him lose his poise and drop it.

Bernice Claire, a piquant type, and the gem of musical movies.

Helene was wearing a little Juliet cap decorated with white blossoms, and a marvelous white lace gown, and, of course, she carried a gorgeous bouquet.

Suddenly, during the service, we saw that Helene was weeping, and we knew why.

It was because she was thinking of the devoted mother whom she had lost such a short time ago, and probably, too, of her sister, Dolores, and of her father, Maurice Costello, who had slipped in for the ceremony.

John Davidson told us that Mrs. Costello had very much desired the marriage between Helene and Lowell.

Evelyn Brent was matron of honor, and Charlie Byers was best man. Right after the ceremony, John Barrymore slipped away home, not remaining for the wedding supper.

May Murray and her prince-husband, David Mvdani, were there, May gay and piquant as ever; and there were Lionel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Tim McCoy, Alice Joyce, Ralph Kellar, Mrs. Leslie Carter and her charming daughter, Mary Payne; Louise Dresser, who said she never could imagine missing anyone as much as she misses her husband, Jack Gardner, who is in the east on business; Darryl Zanuck and his pretty wife; Millard Webb and his wife, Mary Eyton; Joseph Cawthorn and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner; Lew Cody, Doris Lloyd, Cliff Wheeler; Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carewe; Virginia Harned and her husband, William Courtenay; Mr. and Mrs. John Francis Dillon, Laura La Plante and William Seiter, Norman Kerry, Purnell Pratt, Mary Quinn, Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis, Ethlyn Claire and Ernie Westmore, Mr. and Mrs. William De Mille and a score of others.

Larry Gray had brought pretty little Polly Garland; and we sighted another romance.
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"SUMMER LEGS"...require the observance of this rule of refinement

BRONZED...or white...lithe feminine legs are lovely only when they are free of fuzzy hair-growth.

Shapeliness of limbs cannot diminish the ugliness of superfluous hair. The informality of the bareleged vogue can't excuse it. Gossamer chiffon hose cannot conceal it. That's why dainty, modern women turn to Del-a-tone Cream. There's nothing else like it, for Del-a-tone Cream, perfected through our exclusive formula, is the only white, fragrant cream hair-remover.

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Del-a-tone Cream and Powder on sale at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U.S. in plain wrapper, $1. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c. See coupon below.) Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Dept. 147, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor

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Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

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in the attention that Alan Crosland and Natalie Moorhead are paying each other.

After the ceremony, we withdrew once more to the drawing room where we chatted with other friends, including Millard Webb and Mary Eaton, who told us how she had worked with Lowell Sherman when she was a child actress and he a very young stage star, in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and how she had been the child who was shut up in the safe, while her sister Doris had played the other youngster in the play.

We found Mrs. Leslie Carter just as amusingly fascinating as ever, and discovered in her adopted daughter, Mary Payne, a lovely young girl who had thought, this being her first wedding, that she ought to wear white because the bride did!

Mary Eaton said that she and her husband, the director, Millard Webb, are having such a grand time furnishing their new home that they may not go abroad after all. And then Millard chimed in to tell us what a great little housewife Mary is, and what a good bargain for furnishings.

"Mary will look at a piece of furniture, and then say, 'No sir, that's too expensive!' exclaimed her husband. "And she knows all about furnishings; you can't fool her a bit!"

Mary Carter was looking very pretty and happy these days, and she told us that she had already forgotten how unhappily she had been, when she was separated from her husband, to whom she was lately reconciled.

We chatted with the bride and groom, too, and Helene told us how she had dreamed the night before that she was dresssed for the wedding, except that, glancing down at her feet, she discovered she was wearing black shoes and stockings.

The ceremony over, we all hurried up to Cecil B. De Mille's handsome home on the very top of a Hollywood hill, and found people already there ahead of us, including, of course, the bride and groom, with the pretty bride lined up with her bridesmaids receiving, along with the bridegroom.

One of the first people we met was Bessie Love who, a host a time ago was a bride herself, and we said hello, too, to her husband, William Hawkins, and Patsy remarked to me in a whisper when they had left us, how very much in love with each other they seemed.

Surrounded by guests, we discovered Cecil De Mille shaking hands with his friends, and he told us that at the first time he had lost a daughter in marriage, and how he was going to miss her, as the two are pals.

We found that Cecelia and her husband weren't planning a very long honeymoon trip, as the Horse Show was to be on shortly, and Cecelia, having a thoroughbred or two in the show, just wouldn't miss it for anything!

Norma Shearer was there with Irving Thalberg, her husband, Norma looking lovely in a flowered chiffon and wide, floppy hat, even if it was raining outside.

"I bought these clothes on a warm, sunny day," Norma told us. "I was bound I was going to wear them, let happen what may. But Irving told me I had better not sit on the aisle in church for fear they'd mistake me for a bridal attendant and drag me off to the altar."

Norma, we, hear is awaiting the coming of the stork, and may, indeed, retire permanently from the screen.

"I think," said Patsy, "that it is a lovely omen for Cecelia—there being so many happily married young women here today.

H. B. Warner and his wife were among the guests, as was also Elsie Janis, but Elsie withdrew herself into one of the bedrooms, where she said a brief hello to people, but apparently was lost in thought—figuring out a story, maybe.

We greeted Winifred Kingston, widow of the late Dustin Farnum, who has returned to Hollywood, and who is looking charming. She said that her little daughter is well, and hinted it was possible the child might want to follow in the footsteps of her dad and mother and go into pictures.

Vilma Banky was there with Rod La Rocque. We hadn't seen her in a long time, but understood that she has been busy overcoming linguistic difficulties, in order to keep on with her picture work.

Leatrice Joy brought her little daughter, Leatrice II., and we learned that it was the first wedding little Leatrice had ever attended, and she was so excited she was all over the place. She had, her mother said, been playing wedding with her dolls all morning, dolling them up in bridal clothes.

The last we saw of her, she was being the thrilled recipient of a big bouquet which consisted of the bridesmaids' bouquets, and which quite hid her tiny body behind the flowers she carried, so that her burden looked like an animated bouquet as she trotted away with it.

Louis B. Mayer and his wife and daughters were there; and the remainder of the list contained all the other famous names you ever heard of, including Jesse L. Lasky, Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere, Elise Bartlett and Arthur Richman—who, by the way, are seen about a good deal together—Martha Sleeper, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Jeanie MacPherson and her mother, Mitchell Lyson and her lovely wife, Stella Seeger, Reginald Denny and his wife, Reg wearing a mustache for "Madame Satan," and which, he declares, is "coming on, hair by hair"; Carl Laemmle, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rapf, Fay Wray and her husband, John Monk Saunders; and a score of others, including many noted society people.

Finally, the crush grew so great, following the serving of the wedding breakfast, that the bride and groom got separated, and the bridegroom was about disconsolately looking for her. But I believe he found her, as I read the next morning that they had gone away on their wedding trip, the bridegroom is awfully handsome, and fine looking besides, which is more, and I should think that she might safely leave even her lovely dad for him," Patsy observed as we drove homeward.
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Watch the women who enjoy the "Purse Personality" of Meeker Made Fine Leather Handbags and Underarms.

At your club meeting—or an afternoon of bridge. Notice how your friends treat their purses—laying them aside proudly displayed, or quickly hiding them from critical eyes (out of sight—out of mind). Now pay careful attention to the well-groomed, smartly-clad woman who wears a Meeker-Made handbag or underarm. She has come to realize that her purse is just as important as her shoes...that beautiful hands seem even more beautiful when framed on the colorful imported leathers of Meeker...that,

after all, a purse must possess individuality...purse personality. And that is why she is confident, at ease...knowing every important detail of dress is attractively correct.

There are many delightful surprises awaiting you in the smartly-tailored Meeker-Made summer and fall designs...soft black and tan-toned handbags and underarms in strikingly colored frames and trims. And remember, always, that Meeker-Made products which include men's billfolds, key cases, cigarette cases and lighters, grow softer and even more beautiful with age with the use of only fine, imported steerhides.

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American shell in the war; Lieutenant R. Z. Lasle, who brought down 18 enemy planes, when battling with Hungarian forces against Russians and Serbs; Lieutenant Hans Fuerberg, an attaché of his parents staff the night the Kaiser fled to exile, and Fred Coppins, a gallant Canadian, warrior of that coveted order, the Victoria Cross, bestowed for having put three German machine-gun nests out of commission single-handed.

"Journey’s End" is also played mainly by young people, though Anthony Abate tells a tale of his German goverson who was arrested as a spy shortly after the war’s outbreak.

"Funny thing was, that she always discouraged my brother and me when we'd play war and pretend one was English and the other German," remembers Tony. "She'd say: 'No, no! England and Germany are brothers. They cannot fight, kinder.'"

James Whale, director of this powerful drama, was a German prisoner for a year and a half.

Whale was captured by a German raiding party at Ypres in August, 1917, after machine gun fire had mowed down two companies with whom he was serving as assistant staff captain.

When the Germans had failed to secure information from him, the prisoner was lodged at Holmstinden, at the foot of the German mountains, with 400 other British officers.

The yard was so small that walking in circles was the only possible exercise, and we should have gone mad if we hadn’t conceived the idea of putting on plays," relates Whale. "Every show we gave was written by him in camp; the cast was chosen by debate; if a sketch was successful it had to be done every night for a week, because the dining room, which had a normal capacity of 75, wouldn’t hold over 300.

"The favorite theme was satire on packages well meaning friends sent by way of the Red Cross. A revue called 'Parcels' ran 12 nights. Props being sent were feathers for fumes, secretaries for sardines, eye lash growers. The things were actually sent us. Good spirits behind ‘em was apparent, but oh, the lack of good taste.

Strange and inexplicable was the experience of Walter Byron. During the last year of the war, Walter, who was 14 but so tall that he passed for 18, was put on guard duty at Dover Castle. Dover Castle is a venerable place of dungeons, turrets and secret passages with several well-authenticated ghosts.

One stormy night, Walter, whose duty it was to escort the relief guard to a tower, started up a winding staircase with his soldiers. They had to pass through two Great doors, locking each iron barrier behind them.

Halfway up, the escorted soldier stopped. Something, he declared, was jolly well wrong and he wouldn’t go another step. Ever since they had mounted the first stair, Walter had felt his scalp prickle and sensed that all was not as it should be; but as superior officer, he scoffed at fear and forced the other on.

As they neared the tower, a bloodcurdling shriek rent the silence. They rushed forward to find the guard on duty, cowering in a corner—a raving maniac.

No other living thing was to be seen, so, after a hasty search, the boy officer sped down the stairs from the rim of the wretched that had terrified the guard. When within twenty feet of the first iron door he had so carefully locked, he saw that door slowly closing and what appeared to be a black cloak slipping through it. When he reached the door, however, the lock held.

No trace of the intruder was ever found. Reginald Denny says that airplanes weren’t what they are now when he was in the Royal Flying Corps.

"On one of my last flights I came down rather raggedly. Neither the plane nor myself were hurt, but we plowed up the ground a bit. Two British infantrymen watched me crawl out. "What’s that?" asked one.

"One of His Majesty’s Royal Flyin’ Trench Diggers,” replied the other.

Perhaps of all our veterans, Ivan Lebedeff had had the most hair raising adventures. Among them, is the following:

The city of Odessa had been taken by the Bolsheviks and Russian aristocrats were hunted through the streets. Ivan was a fugitive, as a Russian officer of high rank and after several narrow escapes was arrested and thrown into prison in what had formerly been the house of Janow in the Square of Catherine the Great.

Thirty other prisoners were in the room on the third floor where Ivan was held captive, among them a boy of 19, who lay in a corner sobbing. His hysterics were keep ing continued for three hours, until the door of the room opened and the commander of the prison entered, accompanied by an orderly with a rifle.

The boy threw himself at the commander’s feet, protesting that he had done nothing and was the sole support of his mother and sister, but was not listened to. He was saying that all too soon he would leave the prison by way of a firing squad. When the boy burst into tears again and prayed for mercy, the commander kicked him.

Ivan saw red, crossed the room in a fury and gave the commander a blow in the jaw that sent him likewise crashing through the open door. Then the Russian seized the orderly’s rifle, and sent him after the commander and slammed the door.

Instantly the corridor was alive with Bolsheviks. Orders, threats, oaths succeeded one another. "Come out, or we will bring a machine gun and mow you all down!"

At this, the prisoners rose in terror and demanded that Ivan give himself up. There was no choice. Ivan called out: "Do not fear us. We have no gun. I took a red."

He thought that they would shoot him down when he emerged, but to his surprise they let him pass across the hall, then crept up and locked him in. All day he sat on the floor of the little bare room, expecting death, but no one came near.

At dusk, the sound of a motor truck engine ran than the commander kicked in. The Bolsheviks always ran that engine to cover the sound of shots when executions were going on in the cellar across the way. It was possible that prisoners being herded into the fatal cellar and knew that his time was at hand.

He looked about, desperately. Twelve feet from his window, on an angle, was the flat roof of an adjoining house, beyond which, he knew, was a garden with an outlet on another street from which he could reach the port and safety. He removed the window, but the opening was so small he had to leap from a crouch. He caught the roof with his left hand but missed with his right, tearing off the nails of two fingers. A shout from below told him he was seen and with a supreme effort he reached the roof and dashed across it, shouting blessing about his ears, leaped into the dimly seen branches of a tree and slipped on down to safety.

Among those who didn’t get over into the safety of it are Conrad Nagle, who was an ensign in the navy; and Lewis Stone, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, who was made an instructor in a big training camp. Their World War career consisted in wild efforts to get overseas.

Buster Keaton, who was under fire in many of the great American battles and spent months in front trenches, enlisted as a private and came out a sergeant major, but insists that his chief achievement was that he peeled the potatoes for the entire army.

Joe Cook is making "Rain or Shine" for the talkers. We hope he includes in it his imitation of the four Hawaiians.
While William Wellman, ace director for Paramount, was in training as aviation, he cracked up three planes, escaping injury each time. The first American to join the Lafayette Escadrille, he hung up a record for dare-devilry, was credited officially with seven aerial victories and finally got the 'thousandth' anti-aircraft shell (they say only one in a thousand reaches its mark) and came down with a broken back.

Before this, though, Fate was on his side when he was flying low over the German lines to deliver bundles of President Wilson's peace messages and his engine went dead. By a miracle he succeeded in gliding his plane over the French lines and crashing unhurt into a shell hole.

It's nice to know that the brave and gallant on the screen were really just like that in the red rage of war!

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The Stage in Review
(Continued from page 93)

rue, tinkle and, as far as his latest play, "Hotel Universe," goes: very much on the blink.

The Theater Guild (with its tongue in its cheek, evidently) has produced this play of pseudo-mystical cynicism and Pollyannah Redemption beyond time and space on a gorgeous Lee Simonson background which is 'near Toulon.'

A raft of tired souls, loaded to the topmost skull-ven with ennui, world-sorrow and what have you?—sit around and spin tinkling-wrinkling epigrams, exhibit their psycho-libido subways a la James Joyce, go over their past loves through the door of Sir James Barrie's "Mary Rose," and otherwise dispire themselves on the Edge of the Precipice of the Timeless—to the coughing, giggles and squirmings of the audience (there is no intermission in this strange interlude in the sanity of the Guild's usual work). In a word, "Hotel Universe" is thin, mystical mush.

Of course, it is done well, with Ruth Gordon, as a cynical little girl who Sees the Light at 10:45 P.M., carrying off the honors of the comic show, Glenn Anderson, Katherine Alexander, Phyllis Pavah and Morris Carnovsky were other first aids to this lamentable concoction out of O'Neill-Joyce-Barrie.

"Jonica"

Miss Heyward and Moses Hart do not, in "Jonica," give us another "Sweet Adeline," but they contrive to amuse, and sometimes startle, the audience with three hours of frisky horseplay and bellowing melodramatics.

The music by Joseph Meyer will not cause old man Beethoven to paste his laurels tighter over his brow.

It starts off in a convenant—rather unusual for a Broadway musical kick-up. Then we get into a Pullman charge that involves diamonds, upper and lower berths and one very odorousiferous joke.

After all, we are not naturally in a Connecticut country necking-house after passing through a wild New York arty party. You are not supposed to follow the story very closely, and it won't follow you after you get out of the theatre.

Nell Roy as Jonica was neat, pert and graceful. Joyce Barbour as Fanny is beautiful to behold even if her wise-cracking is too supernaturally self-conscious. The rest of the cast was what I would call "adequate." "Jonica" will make a better picture than it does a musical play.

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Garbo—“Romance” — Continued from page 34

Are there any unusual shots in the picture, Mr. Brown?
"Yes, there are. The way the story is told, in fact, is the thing in itself. We have the picture of an old bishop who would advise his young grandson on affairs of the heart, and as the undercurrent melody of Last Rose of Summer is heard while the rousing crowds of a New Year's Eve are heard outside, he remembers the tender romance of long ago. And as he remembers, through a looking glass above the mantel is seen an old-fashioned ball. The figure of the bishop gets fuller as the scene in the mirror gets larger, while the sound of an old-fasioned polka becomes louder and louder, until the scene in the mirror takes up the entire screen and the figure of the bishop fades out. This is a new use of sound and pictures to get such an effect as I believe. It ends in much the same way."

Hmmmmmmmm! And Garbo's accent, we suddenly remember?
"It is a manufactured accent, one that she has had to adopt for this picture. In some scenes she speaks in pure Italian. Miss Garbo is somewhat of a linguist, you know. She speaks fluent German, Swedish, Italian, of course, English now, and some French. She does not sing in the picture, nor is a double used for her. The only singing done, in fact, is off-stage—a voice is heard in an operatic rôle which tells the young clergyman the true identity of the woman he loves.

"We are following the stage play quite closely as we did in 'Anna Christie' and all of the shots are made indoors. I have always believed in treating a moving picture much as a stage play and rehearsal and shoot the scenes as acts in sequence. Even during the days of silent pictures I did this. Of course, in 'Anna Christie,' we had some very long scenes which Garbo practically carried by herself. In 'Romance' the scenes are much shorter as they are rehearsed and shot. There are only three important characters in the play: Garbo, Gordon and Lewis Stone. The others are just bits. And many extras. In one scene alone we used over two hundred."

Does Garbo rise to the emotional heights in this picture as in "Anna Christie"?
"Yes, indeed. And it is somewhat the same scene where she must admit to the young clergyman that she has had one lover for years (played by Lewis Stone, who is splendid). It is a picture charged with emotion, with a faint aroma of wistful sadness. Not a happy ending, yet an ending that is heard on the lip and not at all tragic."

Then Garbo is again more of the type which her fans have come to expect, we can't help grinning.
"Yes. And it seems a shame to type so splendid an actress. When Nazimova came here, her audiences expected her iniben rôles, dramatic, even sordid rôles. Garbo should do the same. True, she has a different setting from anything she has done and the story is exquisite. A play that made an international star of Doris Keane, some fifteen years ago.

And her voice, we mumble—Garbo's voice. Will it be the same?
"No. Not nearly as husky, nor as low. For in 'Anna Christie' Miss Garbo was working against odds, suffering from throat trouble. Now her register is somewhat higher."

Whoops, my dear! Can you wait?
Here comes Garbo again. The lights go on, big, gaudy, brilliant lights. See, she sits in the little low chair, how tenderly Gordon assists her—ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh!

We are in outer darkness again, with just a glimpse of "Romance." So don't be surprised if the entire feminine population adopts the fragrant dress and manners of our grandmothers' time. If you must know, I went right out and got fitted for my first hoop skirt. For with Garbo in the vanguard, the new Romantic Age is actually here. Until another Garbo picture comes along, at any rate!

Greta—Fifi — Continued from page 59

"Theodore Roberts was another of my pupils, in a way. When I was playing in vaudeville a couple of years ago here on the coast, he had the dressing room next to mine and he liked to speak French with me. I would help him with his nouns for he found them difficult. 'See,' I would say if perhaps we were sitting at dinner together, 'knife—le couteau, he is making me—il me tranchera.'"

"Fifi demonstrates clearly just how this is done, 'and fork—la fourchette, she is feminine. We will put her on this side, so.' And so for la serviette and all of the table utensils, until it was all quite clear."

"But even though Miss Dorsay apparently has this anchor to windward, it is hard to picture the role in Fifi of "Hot For Paris" as a school marm! Nonsense!"

"Greta is fond of outdoor exercise. She isn't at all the languid lady in real life. We play a great deal of tennis together, and every day she walks for miles and miles. It is the way she keeps fit. For me, I like jumping the rope best, faster, faster, until I am all out of breath."

"See, this is the way Greta walks," Miss Dorsay quickly changes from the twinkling Fifi, gait to the swinging Garbo slouch.

"You know, people say that Greta is high hat," Fifi became serious, "but I know she really likes people and wants them to like her. I understand how it is. So many would like to take up her time if she would let them, and she does like to be alone and read. So you cannot blame her if she prefers solitude most of the time."

But solitude is something you would never imagine the gay Dorsay madameissouf preferring, although underneath her vivacious manner is a distinct thread of seriousness.

A very likable Fifi, this Miss Dorsay from France, a charming, bubbling Fifi, not beautiful perhaps, but with plenty of that je ne sais quoi which makes for success.

Not so long ago she came from France, and worked as a stenographer in New York. But the stage was always her ambition, and soon she found work in the chorus of a New York musical show, in the "Greenwich Village Folies," then doing a specialty number in a show with Gallagher and Shean, followed by a season in vaudeville. Her latest triumphs have been with Will Rogers in "They Had To See Paris" and with Victor McLaglen in "Hot For Paris." She will next be seen with Harold Murray in a more serious picture, tentatively entitled "Hell's Belles."

The new title of this opus is "On the Level"—quite a change, but doubtless all for the best. Fifi and Vic are seeing a lot of each other on the sound stage these days. They are scheduled to start work any time now on a new comedy called "The Painted Woman," in which the gay little French girl will play the title role. She will be seen in the role of a hard-boiled first mate of a steamer in the South Seas. It sounds exciting and certainly there's no more amusing team on the screen than little Fifi and big Vic.

And that's Fifi, the envied of scores of girls, Greta's pal. She has to lock up all of her shoes at night, so many would like to jump into them."

That's Fifi, she 'bace' French.
Do-Re-Mi Denny
Continued from page 11

light opera, and at the end was playing the featured lead of Prince Danilo.

"Then I came to America for a short engagement with 'The Quaker Girl.' Returning to England, I went almost immediately to India with the Bandmann Opera Company. We were there nearly two years, and I sang the leads in a repertoire of seventeen light operas, including 'Opepe Love,' 'The Gay Hussars,' 'The Dollar Princess,' 'The Night Bird' and 'Pink Lady.' Back to America again where I did 'Kitty McKay.'"

"I grew a little tired of singing and I became a straight actor, after completing an engagement in 'The Passing Show of 1919.' For ten years past, I've been either on the stage or in pictures. I haven't sung a note, and the fact that you're surprised to hear that I can sing isn't unusual. My chauffeur has been with me for years, and when he read that I was going to sing for De Mille he came to me with his eyes bulging out of his head.

"I've had such a long vacation from professional vocal work that I'm very anxious to get back to it. I'm tickled to death to play this rôle with De Mille, not only because it is a good singing thing, but also because it is so very different from the rather violent characterizations I have done for such a long time."

He grinned at me again.

"You see," he resumed, "Ben Turpin can well enjoy having a trade mark irrevocably fastened upon him, but not me. I feel that I have a little greater range than just that of light, very light comedy—and I hope that my period with De Mille will make people feel that Denny is a bit more than a rough and ready comedian."

He laughed.

"I've been associated with comedy so long that few people ever credit me with either serious intentions or a serious dramatic background. As a matter of fact, however, I was most strictly trained on the stage."

"I was with John Barrymore in that tremendous tragedy, Shakespeare's Richard III. In fact, I was really trained by my father as a boy for Shakespearean repertoire. But in pictures I got into a rut of comedy, and my name is so thoroughly established as a semi-clown, that, well, I'm embracing the opportunity to show them I have a larger supply of dramatic wares!"

And that was the point of my exit.

Mr. Reginald Denny has been called to the stand, found guilty of being a singer, and sentenced to appear before the Bar of Public Opinion.

Before I left he grinned at me again, and stepped to the piano.

"If you still have any doubts—" and he sang me Danilo's big song from "The Merry Widow."

He'll do, folks, this singer. Denny, and I think I am very safe in prophesying that Reggie will surprise you all in "Madame Satan."

The fitted bag offered by Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman) has been awarded to:

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Springfield, Illinois.
On Location with Warner Baxter — Continued from page 65

Mahoni Young, famous sculptor, contributes his art to the fifth greatest industry. His sculptures are seen in Fox films.

spoke Cosy, pointing a stubby finger at a jumble of tents and buildings half hidden in the branches on a little flat across the river. He swerved the car deftly down the bank, negotiated a shallow ford, and we drew up in "Foxville," some four miles from Hollywood in an air line, but in another world as far as the surroundings went.

"Foxville!" A brave little outpost of that army that serves the public its screen entertainment. Some waggitig joker had carefully lettered the various signs posted at the intersections. "Hollywood Boulevard," "Wurtzel Boulevard," "Foxville Light and Power Co."—this last nailed to the shed housing the big studio generator which lighted the camp, "Beverly Boulevard," "Sheehan Drive." Reminiscent of an army cantonment, with its orderly rows of khaki-squad tents. The big dining tent, "Judd's Chuck House," where the 200 odd hungry occupants of Foxville gathered three times a day. The star bungalows along Hollywood Boulevard—"Beverly Hills Hotel" for the Baxters. (Winifred Bryson, who used to be in pictures herself, accompanied husband Warner on location.) "The Biltmore"—Mona Maris' home. Carol Lombard in the doorway of her "Ambassador," "Bachelor's Hall," where Theodore Von Eltz dwells in solitarv splendor. Don't let the names fool you—these palatial edifices are built principally of two-by-fours and tar paper.

"The White House"—the only permanent building in camp, a story and a half structure dating from the early Eighties, some twenty years after the Mormons settled this part of the country. Director Santell uses it for a combined office and bedroom. And it takes no good sense of balance (and high boots) to get there across the muddy streets. The paving on "Hollywood Boulevard" is at the bottom of the steps, about a foot down.

The studio bulletin board, at the corner of Beverly and Wurtzel boulevards. Tens orders regarding hours, the necessity of getting to breakfast on time or no breakfast at all. But like "no one is to ride horses unless a special permit is secured. And there will be no special permits, so that's that." Some humorist has tacked a picture postcard of the real Hollywood Boulevard on the board, and a homesick electrician who has been here for three weeks looks at it with longing eyes.

A gang clange, and all hands pour out of the tents across the dining-room, balancing precariously on duck-boards across the muddy spots. A blaze of lights and noise—clatter of dishes, the tramp of heavy feet, appetizing aromas in sputa formation meet the nostrils. There's no formality like dressing for dinner here. A quick wash, a comb racing through the hair—that's all. Old clothes, or in costume for the players, unless they've shifted into something more comfortable.

Mona Maris in a marvelous whipcord riding suit, with leather tam and coat to listening in the moonlight, and shiver, just a cold snap in the reassuring word. "First week or so here it was just like Hollywood. It'll clear up in a day or two.

You fervently hope so. Collar turned up and hands in pockets you walk around the camp. Lights in the tent-rows, bursts of laughter and scraps of conversation meet in cheerful blend.

Back to your own tent. The stove is enormously populous. It's already below freezing outside. The bed looks inviting. The lights blink, signal that 10:30 and its accompanying darkness are imminent. Ho, hum.

Your next impression is of a fire alarm, but it's only the 6:30 rising. As you had a bugler here at first, you learn, but he was abol- ished. In the first place, it took another bugler to get him up on time, and they didn't any other bugler. And in the second place, the incum- bent was terrible, anyway. So one of the boys in the cook tent belabors a triangle with a tent spike. It's effective.

The sun is climb- ing brightly over the buttresses of Steamboat Mountain; the clouds of yesterday have vanished. Sounds of frenzied ac- tivity from neighboring tents. You dress quickly, hurry to the dining-room. Dodge floods of water from tent doors, hurried by enthusiastic shunters. The tent quickly fills. Grapefruit, Cereal—three or four kinds, and Eggnog sou- sages. Coffee. You appreciate your ap- petite. It has all the earmarks of a swell day.

Outdoors and off the set blocks away. The muddy main street of a little mountain town of the Eighties. Here the movie wizards have indeed worked a miracle. Using the three remaining buildings of the 'ghost city' of Grafton as a nucleus, they have rebuilt it on the spot. Joe Wright, the studio art director, and his assistants have bent attention to the old-timers of the vicinity, and the result is amazing.

"Guess which of the buildings are the original ones," says Santell proudly, sur- veying the street with a grin. You look carefully. The old church, you think, is one. Right. With its heavy walls, "three 'dobs thick," as the pioneers put it, and its decaying bell-tower, it has un- takeable stamp of antiquity. But the others are a puzzle. You make two wrong guesses and give up. Only the new scaffolding and bracing inside, or a bracing a back wall, will tell you. From the front the illusion is perfect.

The electricians and the players arrive
in a long struggling line. Half the inhabitants of near-by Rockville are already there, watching the local horseman champion trimming an upstart challenger. The company is the last of the old-time saloon today, and the native residents, who formed enthusiastic 'atmosphere' in earlier scenes, won't be used—but they have all come, anyway, for there is an irresistible magnet to these people, who see little enough of the outside world as it is. All Mormons, every one.

Interested in these: slow-spoken, grave, but eager as children to watch the details of filming. Many of them came down from Salt Lake City at the period of the picture. Some, even, were the real pioneers—youngsters of three or ten who accompanied their families into what was then an untroubled wilderness, in 1861, and founded this very 'ghost city' and the other communities along the river—Hurricane, Dixie, Toquerville, St. George. Youngsters who remember the bitter Indian fights of 1866, when the only assisting Navajos from Arizona swept in, joined with the local Piutes and killed whole families within a mile or two of this very spot.

The little burying-ground above the city is reminiscent of that period. Neglected, with bunch-grass and sage clumps growing above the graves. The headboards tell the story: "M. Isabelle Hales, ... killed by Indians April 2, 1866." "Joseph S. Berry, ... killed by Indians, April 2, 1866." "Loretta Berry, killed by Indians, February 18, 1866." Mute testimony to the men and women who braved untold dangers among these fantastic buttes and canyons.

A whistle shrills from within the 'saloon.' Under the glare of 'rotaries,' 'broads' and 'inkies,' the players are going through a scene against the background of a highly realistic bar—for unlike previous Western talkies, "The Arizona Kid" is having all its interiors filmed right on the spot, instead of at the studio weeks later. Baxter Keith, dependent in his Spanish costume of the Arizona Kid, is leaning negligently against the bar in purposeful conversation with Walter P. Lewis, the sheriff. Mona flashes jealous glances at her picturesque lover from her post by the piano, which last is being industriously thumped by Sidney Bracy. Hank Mann, the ex-Sennett comedian, in a walrus mustache, is polishing glasses behind the bar smiling to himself as Cora Walsh waltles an old-time ballad and Teddy von Eltz is deftly dealing at the poker table. Arthur Stone is a comedy prospector.

Another whistle. The faint humming of the motion-driven cameras ceases. An assistant dashes up with the 'slate,' holds it before the instruments in turn. "How was that? O.K. here. "O.K. for sound of this voice," "Save 'em!" The last is the bellow of the 'gaffer,' and obediently the powerful lamps flicker off. Another scene is in the bag, and tomorrow will be on its way to the studio for developing. "Clear, please. Next set-up over in this corner." The players and spectators wander out through the swinging doors into the bright sunshine. Above, the frowning shoulders of Steamboat peer down in wonder at all this sudden activity. The business of picture-making is under way.

**Will Talkies Influence American Speech?**

*Continued from page 29*

can speak. We need to cultivate that pleasing variety of intonation which characterizes the speech of some educated Englishmen. It was Captain Tangee who called English 'the language of angels—but we mustn't forget that there are angels of light and angels of darkness.'

*2. We should not drawl.* The Christian Science Monitor of Boston said that one of the faults of many English-speaking people the world over is the drawl. To lengthen words unnecessarily hints laziness, and it is a mark of people whose leisurely habit tends toward ineritia. The mentally alert person will not be tedious in his manner of speaking . . . quick, clean-cut speech is a mark of urbanity . . . of active, energetic living which wastes no time.

*3. Another failing of Americans is the way they mispronounce the vowel sound 'eu,' which we find in such words as 'news' and 'Tuesday.' A great majority of people say 'nuus' for 'news' and 'Toosday' for 'Tuesday.'*

*I could not, for example, if I had time not only with the faults of our language but with its fascinations. For there are many fascinating byways in which we can lose our wits and subjects pure punning.* For example, the words we think were coined specifically for the twentieth century may go back for hundreds of years. Of interest, I think, is the phrase used by the Broadway columnist Artie Knight. The phrase is commonly credited with coining it. But he didn't.

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"Mr. Von"—Continued from page 31

officer in an Allen Holubar picture years ago. And it wasn't at all flattering to Von Stroheim as a man. "The trouble with me is that I look like a hobo or bum and because of it, people easily believe anything that is said about me. I look like a square-headed Dutchman and I crop my hair after the Prussian military fashion. The clothes and the wearing of my make-up — and there you are. No one gives me credit for being a good actor," Mr. Von declared to me. "They think I am like that in real life."

When Wally or Norby Berry walk into a restaurant every head turns, and people say, "There's that famous actor Wallace Berry." When Von Stroheim walks in, faces begin to pucker in contempt, or so he thinks, for he is as sensitive as a five year old child, and people say, "What is that creature doing in the presence of decent people?"

"I have taken things too seriously," Von told me, as we sat on the "Three Faces East" set at the Warner Brothers studio. "After a man reaches forty he sees that the world and all its responsibilities do not rest entirely upon his shoulders. I thought they did. I am dead certain that the success or failure of the entire industry depended upon my turning out a good picture."

He laughed. "Now I know a great deal better. My idea was that useless extravagance began with 'Foolish Wives.' Carl Laemmle gave me carte blanche to make it. It was the first time Universal accepted me. They are wrong to do anything. They decided to make capital out of it by means of exploitation. In the Times Square section of New York there was an enormous billboard upon which appeared the following:

Universal Pictures
Carl Laemmle
Eric Von Stroheim
"Foolish Wives"

Cost of production to date, $998,000.87

"In twenty-four hours the total leaped a hundred thousand dollars! And for a solid year they have run the accounting and it reached staggering proportions. That was fine for Universal Pictures. Carl Laemmle and 'Foolish Wives' but what did it do to Von Stroheim? He worked himself with the dollar sign which he probably never will live down no matter how little he spends. Give a dog a bad name and just let him try to shake it. To tell you the truth, I never in my life made a picture that cost more than a million and a half dollars, and what is that today? Nothing to talk about. As for sensationalism, well—'Foolish Wives' was a kindergarten text compared to what one may learn from "The Cock-Eyed World."

Pay Wray had told me that working with Von Stroheim was the most interesting experience she had ever had. It was her first picture of importance and she was eager to get the part because she thought Von Stroheim could teach her more than any director at that time. When she saw him she talked with her for a few minutes and as she left he called her Mitzi, the character in the story. Although many other girls tried for the part during the next three months before production started Von Wray was the only one who had much about the part. He told me afterwards that the story of "The Wedding March" brought back many scenes of his youth and because of that he thought nothing of the height. Fay appeared to him to be the living expression of the girl in his dream and he realized it in the moment he saw her.

The amazing thing about him is that he is the most extravagant idealist. Few people know it and I don't think he even guesses it. He thinks he is a realist of the first water. And it is probably that warping within himself, the physical against the spiritual, that keeps him in such a turmoil. The idealistic quality gives him the vision to create, the seamy side of life and the way he rubs it in by vulgarities that are classics in expression, are a bitter gesture toward life as it seems to be and not as it should be.

It is perhaps because he has such a serious, deliberate nature, in spite of the humor in him, that people love to tease him. Even those who like him well spread preposterous tales about him. There was the yarn about planting a field of red roses and objection to the way they photographed. "Plant the field in white roses," Von is reported to have said, causing much delay and expense. Four people who went all through "The Wedding March" told me there never had been such a scene in the picture, yet many people believed the yarn.

It is said that he had ordered a very elaborate Casino scene in "The Merry Widow." When everything was ready, with extras in the set and all the rest of it, Von pondered a moment and said, "Move the whole scene six inches to the left!"

And people believed that, too. "I have never had even the furniture moved on a set." Von said disgustedly. "I haven't that kind of an art director. I get people who know their business. I am very careful to do that. Then once I have told them what I want it is up to them. I appreciate that every man must have freedom to express himself as far as his work goes. And as I respect it in others I want it for myself."

But the stories about him go on. After "Queen Kelly" it looked as though he was about through as a director. Everyone was afraid of him and Von was afraid, not of himself but of what people thought of him as a spender and time waster. Then offers
to act came frequently. "The Great Gabbo" won much praise for him, but stories began to be circulated about how late he was in reporting for work and how he quarreled. "That's all nonsense," Jim Cruise told me, and it is reputed to be the worst slave driver in the business, a regular bruiser for work. "Von was here on the dot every morning and never quarreled about hard work or long hours. He took direction like a soldier and from first to last it was a most enjoyable association. As far as I am concerned, you can't say anything too decent about him."

When he played in "Three Faces East" for Warner Brothers which he has just finished directing, "For get it," said one of the assistant directors. "Von is a prince of a fellow. He's had a call right along for eighty-thirty in the morn-

The Mike Menace—Continued from page 57

His grin went a little wider.

"You mean the Secret of My Success?"

"Atta baby," I flashed, getting ready to make notes on Mrs. Plaza's tablecloth, "now we're getting somewhere. Remember, I must take a look at your Public." "Why, the Captain of the Guard," "the idea is Start at the Top." Why, Mr. Boles, I remonstrated, "the idea is Start at the Top." Don't you ever read the success magazines? Don't you know you must begin at the bottom, and never watch the clock, and do a little more than your job, and try something else."

"Oh, yeah?" yawned Universal's brightest star.

"Why, of course, Mr. Boles," I entwined, "you'll never be a Captain in the Queen's navy if you don't begin by polishing up the handles on the big front door. It just isn't done. You're destroying a Great American Credo like those that business is sound, that politicians are statesmen, that all men are free and equal, that we all know the words to the national anthem, that silent men are strong, that the movies are or are an art, that the early bird . . . and a fool and his honey . . . and a rolling stone . . . and, of course you've got to begin at the bottom!"

"Maybe so," said John, "but me and Mr. Justice Holmes dissent. My Secret of Success is to begin at the bottom. Start at the Top—and stay there."

"Mais non!" I queried in French, remembering that John, too, had once been laughed at when the waiter spoke to him in that language. Also, that he'd been a Loosy 'Over There,' and had studied in France. Anyway, he said it was studying. "Easy enough," said John. "Learn while you earn. All kiddin' aside, that's what I've done—am doing—and will continue to do. Cooper, I know you've used to check in over on the second bench from the left in Bryant Park. I knew I could sing. It was just one of those things. God gives you this, that and the other. The rest is up to you. I had no stage experience. But I got it. And I learned while I earned. I had no picture experience. But you couldn't begin much higher than opposite Gloria Swanson. I've been learning about the movies ever since. And earning at the same time."

"You mean when you advised me to quit—thought my plan to start as a star was cuckoo? Lots of folks agreed with you. They told me that I'd have to begin at the bottom. In the chorus. I see some of the boys and girls along Broadway who believed it. They're still in the chorus—or on the wrong side of the Palace stage door."

"But," I stammered, clutching for illusion, "you've gotta have the goods—"

"Yes," he said, "you must have something. That. That I would say, is about half the fight. That's what's most important is self-confidence. You must keep on believing in yourself. Even when nobody else does. And nobody else will, don't worry about that. It's an old story. Everyone is clamoring for talent now in the theater and in pictures. It's just naturally tough for them to get together. But the boys and girls who get the Success idea firmly implanted in heart and head, and have the confidence and courage to stick to the idea—they'll arrive. And they'll start as stars."

"How about preparedness?" I hemmed.

The copy-books are right, there," John said earnestly, "but it doesn't seem that anyone but a nut will seek something for which he knows himself to be unfitted. No foolin' I began preparing to sing opposite Bebe Daniels in 'Rio Rita' when I was seven."

"How come?"

"Our old colored cook taught me to sing. And a little darkey about my own age taught me to dance. I called him 'Cooney.' I had an air rifle which fascinated him. And we made a bargain that if he taught me how to dance—and sing, he could sing, too—I'd let him shoot the rifle. That's how it began."

"So you just kind o' shot your way to the top, eh?" I giggled.

"Yeah," said John, "or else I was shot with luck. Of course, there was more to 'Cooney' doesn't deserve all the credit. There were long, tough years of study. Study on pretty much of a starvation diet, too. But even then I began at the top—with Oscar Segal as my teacher, and later De Rezski, himself. And I earned while I learned. I had to. You can't eat scales, you know."

"Meaning fish or musical?" I niftied, but it didn't go so well, so I covered.

"What was the first song you ever sang on the stage—on Broadway—John?"

"Let me see where he perused, 'let me see. It had an unusual title. Don't believe there was ever a title like it. Unique. Different. Just a minute—yes, that's it. I have it. It was a song called 'I Love You!'"
Who's An Ugly Duckling?

(Continued page 83)

offered to adopt Mary.

"There are times when I still ponder over the next eight years, trying to under-
stand the attitude of my foster mother," Mary said. She took me into her house-
hold as her own daughter—a child without health, loveliness, manners or training—as
she once wrote me in angry reproach, 'a brat picked out of the slums with sure
death staring her in the face.' In her
tight-tipped righteous way, I think she loved me dearly. But she felt it her sacred
duty to exercise the 'devil' in me!

"Such an innocent little devil it was,
too! As my health improved I began to manifest the natural ebullient spirits
of childhood. As mine had been thwarted and repressed so long, they perhaps bub-
bled unusually high.

"I had watched the children in the tene-
ment districts dance—Italians, Spanish and
Irish who danced in the streets as children
in better districts might romp in a park.
I had sung since I was able to talk. Now,
I found my new sense of security and hap-
piness manifesting itself in a desire to skip
and dance and sing for sheer joy.

"One day, I was working off excess spirits
by humming a tune I had heard somewhere,
tapping its rhythm with my feet. My
foster mother happened to catch me and
I was soundly beaten. Nor was it the last
time I was punished for the same rea-
son. Unfortunately, my child's mind could
not always remember that I would be
damed forever if my voice strayed from
hymns or my feet from sedateness.

"It was a curious childhood! My physi-

cal well-being was carefully watched. I
was fed wholesome, body-building foods,
housed in a clean, sweet-smelling room
and dressed in a way that compared favorably
with the clothes of my classmates. My
foster mother spent hours shampooing
and brushing my hair. Indeed, it is to her
that I owe the wealth of naturally curly hair
I have today.

"Yet, almost daily, I was soundly whipped
for some childish fault, always to the ac-
companyment of the ironic phrase, 'I'm
only doing this for your own good.'

"The same anatomy was true of the re-
gard in which my foster parents held my
voice. Any credit for what has been called
my excellent diction belongs to my adopted
mother, who taught me to sing as clearly
as I spoke. They arranged for me to have
piano instruction and taught me hymns.
By my tenth birthday, I was an important
member of the choir. But, one day, some
one suggested to the minister that he must
see to having my voice trained and he

flew into a rage. He told them that I sang
as naturally as a bird, with a talent that
was God-given. It would be an offense
to Divine Majesty, he informed them, to
tamper with my gift.

"We moved from Dallas to Little Rock.
There the relentless discipline of my life
continued, and perhaps I began to some-
what justify their accusation of being a 'limb
of Satan.' You know what they say
about giving a dog a bad name. I often
laugh now, though, at one phrase which
used to arouse my wild anger. Should I
fail in some household task, blunder in my
table manners or speech, lit a gay little
song instead of a hymn or be caught tap-
ping my feet to dance time, it was all be-
cause I was 'shanty Irish!'

"When I was eleven, father accepted
a pastorate in Judsonia, Arkansas. Shortly
afterwards, a benefit concert was given
in Little Rock. One of the deacons of father's
former church wrote to ask if I might be
permitted to return for the occasion, with
all my expenses paid. I was stunned to
think that anyone would be willing to pay
good money to hear me sing. However,
since it was a charity, to be given by a
church, my parents permitted me to accept.
Mother even taught me some new songs,
including, as I remember, The Holy City

"That occasion remained the high spot
of my life for the next three years. For
the rest, the period passed in a routine
of school, practising, singing in the choir,
daily talks about the house and almost
daily whippings.

"I was nearly fifteen when the last of
these occurred—a particularly vicious one
for which my foster mother refused to give
any explanation. That night I walked out
of the house with nothing save the clothes
on my back and two dollars in dimes and

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wood to star in singles.

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dance, which independence pendent thing I home his parents understood stated enthusiastic nickels for July 1930

And Mary girls, with very theatrical ambition fulfilled her goal. She devoted herself to

Mary decided in favor of the daily treatment. There is no procrastination or softness about her. If she is going anywhere, she takes the shortest and most direct route to her goal.

Mary was a member of Al Christie Stock Company. But the last few weeks her heart was not in hurrying custard pies. For one day she had stopped it. Mary Lewis amazement at the realization that she was singing. Her voice had come back to her, and she wanted to make use of it.

Mary talked things over with Al Christie and he agreed to release her from the remainder of her contract, so that she could fulfill a long cherished ambition to try her luck in New York. She arrived there in June, the very worst time of the year to tempt theatrical fate. Nothing daunted, she rented a small furnished room, found herself a voice teacher and devoted the days to intensive training. In July, she landed in the chorus of the "Greenwich Village Follies" at forty dollars a week. Before rehearsals were over she was prima donna instead of chorus girl. John Murray Anderson, the director, had heard her sing.

Mary was started. Nothing could stop her. The rest of her story is fairly well known, but the "Greenwich Village Follies" for Ziegfeld's bevy of glorified girls, where she was featured for two years. And all the time she continued her studies, with the result that her voice constantly improved. One night, Otto Kahn, million-

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Frank Richardson, stage song and dance man, who made good in radio. "Follies of 1930" is his next.
No Real Beauties in Hollywood?

Continued from page 19

cost, I can quite honestly say, struck me as exceedingly beautiful. But neither of them enters the question. Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, who has been the real suzer, the former Frances Howard, who is not in pictures, and Greta Garbo.

"And why doesn't Greta enter?"

'I'd tell you she is a great artist that you cannot say she belongs to the picture industry alone. She belongs to the world of art. She is, of course, the outstanding figure in the film colony, and it is impossible to describe to you the effect she has on the whole of Hollywood. She sees nobody, goes nowhere. Please let me alone,' is apparently her slogan; yet nobody resents it and nobody is jealous of her. She is the one artist there who is so great that everybody stills trivialities and jealousies and bows down before her.

"And now, before you quarrel with me because I say there are no real beauties in Hollywood, let me explain to you that there is a wide divergence between the beauty which a star actually possesses and the beauty which she is able to project on the screen. Who can explain the chemistry of the moving picture camera? A person in private life who might pass unnoticed in a crowd may have potentialities for amazing beauty after she has stood before the clicking camera. And conversely, a woman who appears amazingly beautiful in private life may be a complete 'wash-out' on the screen. That is the reason I found no real beauties in Hollywood. That is, no such beauties as Lady Annabel Wellesley, granddaughter of the Duke of Wellington whom I consider the loveliest woman I have ever seen, or your American Mrs. Vincente, or who is another of the pure, patrician type.

"But if Hollywood does not hold true beauties, I met many men and women who intrigued my fancy for a variety of reasons.

"Take Marion Davies, for instance. She is a darling—unquestionably the most fascinating woman in screen society. She has such charm! She is a splendid mimic, a clever dancer, a sweet hostess—utterly appealing in her ravishing versatility.

"Nothing could be more unfair than to look on Gloria Swanson as a favorite of fortune, which some of her photographs might lead you to believe she is. When I first saw Miss Swanson, she was staying at a Palm Beach hotel with her young husband. She came down to me in her dressing-gown at nine thirty in the morning. I gathered, despite her wealth, her fame, and her charming young husband, an impression of great sadness behind her glamorous personality. In her young body there lurks an 'old soul,' the aching want of something which is destined to be perpetually unsatisfied. I think the reason for it is the same reason why George Sand never found perfect love—she will not permit herself to be mentally dominated by any man that ever existed. She has fought alone. She lives alone. And she will die alone, without the support of any comforting personality. She wishes it that way!

"The most amusing and unusual personage in Hollywood is, of course, Lilian Tashman. She is a woman who has endless dramatic possibilities. You know that she has not reached the top yet, being a featured player, not a star. She is sublime, feline—

a white panther. Witty, human, discriminating, Tashman knows what she wants and will get it. She views the world as a wide horizon. She knows it is not circumscribed by the confines of Hollywood Boulevard.

"The most interesting and the most mis- cast woman in all of Hollywood is Evelyn Brent. She is a sophisticated woman of the world and not what you would call a 'pumpin' moll,' as you would be justified in believing from the way she liabilities her in. It is time she was taken out of the underworld and placed in the drawing-room where she belongs. She would be splendid in Frederick Lonsdale's sophisticated plays. The sort of thing that Margaret Bannerman knows so well how to do. Brent has seen and felt the tragedy of Hollywood—she is one of those who realizes that Hollywood is funny but it's not a joke.' She has won her way to the top after a tremendous struggle and you sense it when you start to paint her. There is a tenesmus in her chin, a strength to her mouth which some of the others don't have.

"Myrna Loy, the most exotic member of the film colony, is another who has felt the teeth of Hollywood on her slim throat. She has been up against it more than once. The result is seen in the sadness of her eyes. She has never been permitted to give the kind of artistic impersonations that she should do. She is fine, sensitive, the farthest possible type from the half-bred characterizations she spends her days in giving. When you paint her, you feel a hidden tragedy, a certain sense of frustration which is certainly at variance with the success she has met.

"And now, we come to the four happiest people in Hollywood: Joan Crawford and young Douglas Fairbanks, Loretta Young and Grant Withers. They have 'the world at their feet and an armful of tips.' They are two of the happiest married couples I have ever encountered in any country.

"Joan and young Douglas, as you have often heard, are mad about each other. No other word can describe it. When I went to their beautiful home, furnished in the English style, Joan could scarcely bear to have Douglas out of the room. They kissed many times. Young Mr. Fairbanks
had been working all day and was extremely weary. As I did not complete my sketch of him until two in the morning—when I do my best work—he had to leave and go to bed, since he had an early call at the studio. When I finished, Joan didn’t protest, she picked it up and rushed with it to their bedroom to show it to him. But he was asleep. And she loved him too much to wake him.

"Young Douglas is a poet as well as a splendid actor. He bows a song of piercing beauty. He is also an artist and his sketches are much like those of Aubrey Beardsley whose drawings his wife so much resembles. Extremely sophisticated, the extraordinary thing was that this boy who had been showing off in the world was shy when I went to paint him. He didn’t quite know what to do with his mouth.

"These fortunate young people have everything in the world they need or desire but they haven’t lost a certain fine quality which keeps them searching for beauty and loneliness.

"Grant and Loretta are perfect complements to each other. He is strong—a tough guy—none of your laughing boys—but a gentleman. He is just beginning to hit his stride.

"Understands what is worth having and is going to get it. He is the perfect husband for the pretty, gentle Loretta, whose eyes hold the concentrated peace of all the Madonnas since the beginning of time. This pair, too, are definitely happy. They have but two wishes left—to explore Europe and to hunt the best of everything to place in a home where they hope there will some day be a child—perhaps the only perfect work of art known to man.

George Arliss

Continued from page 21

"The question so often raised: Is the talking picture an art? Is one I have to answer in the affirmative. Decidedly so. It is a combination of artistic endeavor—the actor, the director, the technician—plus the machine. But the machine is the instrument which works the whole together.

"Any query so often raised is: Can the silent screen star be made into a good talking picture actor?" Why not? A man who has been in the silent films for a length of time has good material in him. He knows how to move, he understands facial pantomime. If he is willing to give study and patience to the cultivation of his voice, I think he should stand a reasonable chance.

"But it is not only the silent actor that has to adapt himself to talkie technique. The stage star has things to learn as well. There are many differences but let us take the question of space. You are more restricted in talking than on the stage. Where in the legitimate theater you may have the whole stage to stride across, in pictures you ordinarily have only a few steps, since the movie sets are smaller. But any seasoned actor can find a way of getting around that. If you have played in one night stands, where one evening you are in a house the size of Union Square and the next night in one the size of a bird cage, you learn to adjust yourself to your environment—and that is a useful lesson in any strata of society!"
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HILLMAN MANAGEMENT

In New York—Continued from page 95

*A new look—was the romantic be-
ing of Stanley Smith’s screen career.

Stanley was singing in “Robin Hood,” a little high school operetta a couple of years ago, when Leonore Ulrich heard him and induced Belasco to give him the juvenile lead in “Kiki,” where he went over big. Then came stock in Omaha and Houston, and the next thing Stanley knew, he was a featured player in “Honey” and “Sweetie,” sharing honors with the stars.

Smith is an awfully likable boy—quiet, modest, but with a sly sense of humor.

“It’s pretty lucky for me to be breaking into pictures like this,” he said, at Marlene Dietrich’s luncheon. But I’m rather sure luck had little to do with it. Smith is a handsome and good trooper. When the call came, “Report at the studio in the morning,” Stanley reported—with the goods.

That’s the answer.

Marilyn Miller, who does a commuting act between Hollywood and New York—first doing a talkie on the west coast, then a musical comedy in New York—is on her way back to California.

Marilyn is America’s perennial star. Since she first put up her heels in “Sally” and gathered the heart of the United States into her pretty white hands, her popularity has never waned. After ten years, Marilyn is still at the top of the ladder and it looks as if she is going to stay there for a long time, for what makes a real artist, Marilyn has talent, beauty, and a passion for work.

From the Manse to the Metropolitan—That’s a thumb nail biography of Mary Lewis.

Miss Lewis is the pretty blonde star of the Metropolitan Opera Company who stars in the Institute of Methodist Episcopal parishioners in Texas. At sixteen she ran off, with only the clothes on her back—three pairs of stock- 

et, one of the other, four sets of underwear likewise, and a Peter Thompson suit, with the big blouse stuffed full of her ribbons and little trinkets. At the First United, Mary went to Ziegfeld; then Paris, London, Vienna and Monte Carlo in grand opera, climaxing her career in 1926 when she made her debut at the Metropolitan. From the West Coast, from Soprano to basso, and sheets and tenor bassos, Mary has been rescued by Pathé. She is soon to make pictures on the west coast, so keep your eyes peeled for a little sweet-singing gal from the warm sweet-smelling south.

Come Into the Kitchen with Billie Dove

Continued from page 97

hostess and her home.

“I never try to cook for my formal dinners. It is just when I am alone that I do the cooking, usually on the cook’s day off. I prefer to eat at home rather than go out.”

Following are some of Miss Dove’s favorite recipes:

POT ROASTED CHICKEN

Cut chicken into small pieces and fry in butter until brown. Take out of frying pan and put in pot. Place in frying pan, two onions sliced, one carrot diced, one green pepper cut in bits and one-fourth pound mushrooms cut in small pieces. Add one and one-half cups water, one and one-half cups canned tomatoes. Let simmer until well blended, then put in pot with chicken. Cover and cook slowly until chicken is well done. A little water may be added from time to time if necessary.

MACAROON CREAM

Beat yolks of two eggs and mix slowly with two tablespoons sugar. Add slowly, one cup scalded milk, a pinch of salt and place in double boiler over gas and stir until slowly thickened. Add one-half tablespoon gelatine which has been dis solved in cold water. Mix well, then strain into dish. Fill pie plate with macaroons broken in small pieces, place in oven until crisp. Cool, then blend until fine. When mixture is a little stiff, add macaroons, then add two egg whites beaten to a stiff froth. Rinse bottom only of pudding pan with water. Around sides, place whole macaroons, pour in mix ture, and place in ice box.

FIG DESSERT

Remove stems from one-half package of figs and cut in small pieces. Add two tablespoons sugar, the juice of half a lemon, place in pan, cover with water and cook gently for about twenty minutes, or until soft. Soak one-half tablespoon gelatine in one-fourth cup cold water until dissolved, then add one-fourth cup boiling water. Skim floating seeds from fig mixture, add gelatine and let stand until cold. Whip the white of one egg and a half cup cream (separately) into fig mixture and place in ice box.

SNOW PUDDING

Dissolve one-half tablespoon gelatine in one-eighth cup cold water. Add one-half cup boiling water and one-eighth cup lemon juice. When cold, place bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water and beat with an egg beater until foamy. Add whites of two eggs beaten stiff and place in ice box.

CUSTARD FOR SNOW PUDDING

Beat yolks of two eggs, add two tablespoons sugar and mix well. Scald one cup of milk and pour slowly over egg and sugar mixture, mixing well. Add pinch of salt, a few drops of vanilla, place in double boiler over gas and beat mixture with egg beater until it thickens.

LEMON SOUFFLE

Beat the yolks of four eggs until thick. Add salt, one tablespoon sugar gradually and continue beating until well mixed. Add grated rind and juice of one lemon, lemon coloring if desired. Cut and fold in the whites of four eggs beaten until dry, turn into a buttered pudding dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake thirty minutes in a slow oven. Serve with or without sauce.
A Poet Goes to Hollywood—Continued from page 25

Millionaire Boys Make Good—Cont. from page 27

Millionaire Boys Make Good—Cont. from page 27
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Confessions of the Fans

Continued from page 10

From Old Madrid

I would like to call attention to the
amazingly tolerant attitude taken by the
Spanish public toward American talkies
and sound films. I enclose a paragraph trans-
slated from the leading Madrid daily, con-
cerning the “Fox Movietone Follies.”

“The film now showing at the Callao
Cinema, the principle of revues is strictly
observed. The girls are very beautiful and
their numbers a model of accuracy and
good taste. So far, all right; but our
ignorance of English prevents us from en-
joying the undeniable wit displayed in
the talking parts. Let us hasten to declare
truthfully that the whole fault is ours for
not having learned the various tongues in
turn in which future films will be shown
to us: German, French, Italian and Spanish;
Spanish spoken by actors born in Spanish-
American countries which already announce
several films on the way to realization.

“Apart from this inconvenience, Fol-
lies of 1929” is a picture discreet in its
direction and magnificent in its cast, in-
cluding such artists as Sharon Lynn, Sue
Carol, Dixie Lee, Lola Lane and David
Rollins, an excellent dancer and genial
comedian.”

The talent of the American films is ap-
preciated, and even the dialogue is tolerated
by a usually foreign-language-hating public.

Fred W. Flint,

Savoy Hotel,

Paseo del Prado, 26,
Madrid, Spain.

Attention, Charlie

Why are talkie love scenes laughed at?
—is a question debated by many, it seems.
My conclusion is that the audiences are
so thrilled with emotion that rather than
make themselves ridiculous by crying, as
they feel like doing, they do the opposite
and laugh.

I can’t see how anyone could seriously
consider cutting out love scenes in talkies
or silents. Speaking of talkies and silents
reminds me of Charlie Chaplin who, under
no circumstances, it seems, will make talk-
ies. Well, what I want to know is, why
doesn’t he make some silents? Does he need
encouragement? If so, let’s up and
at him!

Katharine Rudin,

624½ North Boston,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

A Universal Appeal

When I think of the movies, I recall
these wonderful words from the poet
Wordsworth:

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises from us, our life’s star
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.”

Therefore, the movies I see are but the
outpouring of my own creative imagination.
To me, they are a magic carpet whereby I
transport myself to foreign lands, there
to learn the habits, to fathom the instincts, to
witness the joys and sorrows of a strange
people.

Eddie Cantor congratulating lucky Eleanor Hunt, chorus girl,
who was selected by Samuel Goldwyn for the feminine lead
in “Whoopie,” opposite Eddie.

photo
Praise for Fine Performers

I attend the movies on an average of twice a week and have discovered an interesting fact about them. For example, one night I go to see "The Love Parade," "General Crack" or some other film that has created a big stir in the cinema world. What do I do? I attend a screening of "Oh, Yeah." "Acquitted." "The Racketeers," etc., films that have won little or no praise from the press. In almost every instance I see an excellent picture that is absorbing in plot and rather thrilling in action—a picture that contains some really superb acting.

Mind you, I do not intend this letter as a criticism of Barrymore's or Chevalier's acting. Indeed not! I merely want to call attention to the fine performances given by Robert Armstrong, Carol Lombard, Sam Hardy, Margaret Livingston, Lloyd Hughes and Jean Arthur in the past year. Come on, let's give some of these 'lesser lights' a hand!

Walter A. O'Keefe, 847 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass.

Voice Brings Reality

How wonderful to mount the magic carpet of the movies, and with the whole world before us for a brief interval, journey far from the monotony of every day existence.

It has added infinitely to the joy of life to have known romance with our beloved Valentine, to enjoy the pantomime genius of Chaplin; the infectious comedy of Lloyd; the superlative voice of Tibbett; the irresistible charm of Chevalier; to thrill at the dangers of the underworld with Bancroft; and so on through the album of splendid stars who have changed for us the entire complexion of life itself.

Looking back, I wonder how we managed without the marvelous Vitaphone, which touched our movie stars and Pygmalion-like gave them the flame of life: no longer shadows flitting across the screen, but living, talking friends, each made dearer a thousand-fold by the sound of the voice in spoken words.

What pleasure to look forward to spending an evening with our beloved stars, to see pictures of the books we haven't time to read; when the land of 'make-believe' becomes a living, breathing reality, and one may truly say with Monte Cristo, "The World is Mine!"

Mrs. Lilian G. Reid, Hotel Cecil, 640 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Too Many 'It' Types?

Let's have a little more of the Ruth Chatterton—Janet Gaynor type of film, sunny pictures, emphasizing the mental just a wee bit more than the physical. Let's forget 'It' and 'sense appeal' for just a breathing spell.

It depends too much upon a fluff of hair, spectacular clothes and make-up for appeal. I admire the girl who can still be appealing and hit you between the eyes with her charm even when attired in a plain dress, hair straight over her ears or tied up with a string a la wash-day. To me, this girl has more of the 'it,' 'theirs,' and 'them,' than all the other 'titers.'

The Janet Gaynor type of actress is like the girl who doesn't have to cuddle too close to the boy-friend driver but believes a little bit in remote control.

Irene Ruch, Box 192, Luckey, Ohio.

"Things I Am Thankful For":

Maurice Chevalier's caressingly sweet smile.
Lilian Tashman and her polished sophistication.
Mary Pickford's splendid performance with her husband in "The Taming of the Shrew."
Olive Borden's return to the role of the 'sensible.'
The privilege of hearing Bebe Daniels' lovely voice in "Roo Rita."
Bessie Love, and her chance "Broadway Melody." She did the rest.
Gary Cooper, and the fiery, adorable sweetheart Lupe Velez. May she burn many more films!
Ramon Novarro's splendid voice.
Novarro's wistful sweetness in "Devil May Care," Dorothy Jordan.
And for Hollywood and pictures and the great stride they have made.

Rita Bagley, P. O. Box 308, Miami, Florida.
Amos 'n' Andy,
Dr. De Forest And Other Big People

In our April issue, we gently but firmly scolded Dr. Lee De Forest, 'father of radio.' We didn't like a speech he made in which he delivered a broadside against radio program sponsors for putting too much advertising into their entertainment.

We considered his criticism unfair especially to such outstanding programs as Lucky Strike, Colgate-Palmolive, Fleischmann Yeast, Pepsodent, Atwater-Kent and Metropolitan Life. We could have mentioned dozens of others who are contributing hours and hours of wholesome entertainment to millions of homes. So on behalf of SCREENLAND's readers and a host of legitimate program sponsors, to whom radio broadcast owes a debt of gratitude, we upbraided the 'father' of radio for nagging his child's nurse.

Dr. De Forest, having read our complaint, wants to make himself clear, and in an interesting letter to SCREENLAND, says among other things:

"I regret that you have apparently missed entirely the point which I was trying to put across in my criticism of advertising by radio broadcast. If you had read my remarks carefully you would have seen that I paid due tribute to the meritorious Sponsored Program, realizing full well the debt that Radio Broadcast owes to such advertising... If you have been a consistent listener to radio programs you must admit that two or three years ago advertising by radio was of a far higher quality, less offensive than at the present time. It surely must be apparent that this tendency to devote more and more time to straight sales talk and to more frequently interrupt programs by advertising announcements has steadily become worse...

"Of course everyone is entitled to his own opinion. Some of the programs which you list I should also catalogue among the advertisers who understand best the art of building good-will among their radio listeners. Others in the list I would most certainly black out. One or two in particular have been especially offensive."

This is an evil which will correct itself. The remedy is wholly in the hands of the public. Those hands can be depended upon to tune out offensive programs, and leave their sponsors talking to themselves.

We don't know what programs Dr. De Forest would 'black out.' The color sounds suspicious, but we venture the prediction that the "Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorporated," will be a 'going' concern for some time to come, because Amos 'n' Andy have finally been captured by the movies, the RKO having signed these famous radio stars to make a picture, "Check and Double Check." A two-year radio contract at $100,000 a year; a thirty-week vaudeville engagement at $5,000 a week; and a million dollars for the picture—some 'propolition!"

THE PUBLISHERS

Amos 'n' Andy have been captured by the movies. The famous radio entertainers have been signed by RKO and will be seen on the screen in "Check and Double Check," their first picture.
The Most Glorious Lip-Color
You Ever Used!

To every type of beauty, Phantom Red Lipstick brings that crowning, artful touch that allures and captivates. For Phantom Red matches the warm, healthy glow of nature—impacting to lips a soft, smooth brilliance as invitingly luscious as sun-ripened cherries. A sweet reason why men gather around, as bees to honey—a good reason why girl rivals frown and pout.

Discovered and perfected by beauty-chemists, Phantom Red is healing, lasting, waterproof. No less famous is the Phantom Red Rouge Compact, twin in color to the lipstick and another popular Carlyle product.

End your hopeless search for ideal lip-color. It is yours if you'll clip and mail the coupon below without delay. The coupon with 10c brings you a vanity size Phantom Red Lipstick and make-up guide by return mail. An additional 10c brings the dainty model Phantom Red Rouge Compact. Address Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Phantom Red
LIPSTICK

Phantom Red Rouge Compact (universal shade) price 75c
Phantom Red Lipstick is presented in a smart, modern, red and black enamel case, $1.00; Junior size, 50c.

Phantom Red Rouge Compact

Carlyle Laboratories, Inc.
67 Fifth Ave., New York

Enclosed is 10c for which please send me Phantom Red Lipstick . . . or 20c for both Lipstick and Phantom Red Rouge Compact. 25c

Name
Address
Threesome

Perhaps you’ll never make a hole-in-one. Most golfers don’t. (It’s one of several things they have in common.) But there’s another, more delightful tie that binds... the universal appreciation of what a good cigarette can add to the pleasure and enjoyment of the game. Camels are fragrant, refreshing, mellow... a welcome third to the most thrilling twosome.

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
HOW TO HAVE A HOLLYWOOD FIGURE
in an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on ... and blends perfectly with your individual complexion — whether blonde, brunette or titian. For Tangee brings out Nature's own color.

Lips of Tangee ... no trace of grease or pigment ... nothing except a lovely glow — so beautiful, so natural that it seems a part of your own lips ... and as permanent as the day is long!

Look for the name TANGEE on the package, and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

Tangee Lipstick, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75c . . . Crème Rouge, $1. Face Powder blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. Day Cream, a foundation cream protects the skin, $1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

SEND 20c FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up")
THE GEORGE W. LUFF CO., DEPT. S.L.8
417 Fifth Avenue
New York

Name

Address
Will Rogers seasick on a liner—riding to hounds with an English lord—as the stern parent—as the not-so-stern parent—enough laughs for a lifetime! You've read his stuff in the papers, heard him over the radio, seen him on the stage and in that hilarious Fox hit, "They Had to See Paris." Now comes the high spot in his career. It's the funniest role Will Rogers ever played! And the best show he was ever in!... A sparkling love-story, too, with an exceptional supporting cast including Irene Rich, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lumsden Hare, Bramwell Fletcher and Frank Albertson.

in
SO THIS IS LONDON

Adaptation and Dialog by Owen Davis, Sr.
Directed by JOHN BLYSTONE
THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM:

Cover — Nancy Carroll.
Painted by Rolf Armstrong.

Sound News. By Evelyn Ballarine

Confessions of the Fans. Letters from Readers

Honor Page — Phillips Holmes

Editorial. By Delight Evans

How to Have a Hollywood Figure.
By Philadelphia Jack O'Brien

By Gray Strider

Ziegfeld Picks Them! By Helen Ludlam

A Singing Lesson. By Ramon Novarro

Their Little Mannerisms.
By Gordon R. Silver

Jack vs. 'Mike.' John Gilbert. By Marie House

Gershwin-Urban. By Ross Reilly

The Boy Friends' Girl Friends.
By Ruth Tildesley

Rogers: Ginger. By Lela Rogers

The Stars and Their Hobbies.
35-50

Helen Arrives. Helen Twelvetrees.
By Sydney Valentine

A Beach Ensemble Offered by Anita Page

Wheeler. By Bert Wheeler

Woolsey. By Sam Williams

Fore! "Follow Thru" Location.
By Helen Ludlam

Dogs of Destiny. By Myrene Wentworth

Shoot if You Must!

Amos 'n' Andy. By Evelyn Ballarine

Hollywood Goes Places. By Grace Kingsley

What Keeps the Talkies Talking?
By William J. Reilly

Yes, Yes, Jeanette! Jeanette Loff.
By Charles Carter

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Walter Huston — A Portrait

William Farnum — A Portrait

Claudia Dell — A Portrait

Ronald Colman — A Portrait

Gloria Swanson and Her New Clothes

William Bakewell — A Portrait

Dorothy Revier — A Portrait

Joan Crawford — A Portrait

Richard Dix — A Portrait

Virginia Valli — A Portrait

Jack Mulhall — A Portrait

From Broadway to Malibu

A Summer Style Show, Starring Mary Lewis

By Ralph Wheeler

Reviews of the Best Pictures.
By Delight Evans

Critical Comments on Current Films

Revuettes of Other Pictures

Building for Beauty. Screenland's Beauty Department.
By Anne Van Alstyne

What Happened to Barry Norton.
By John Godfrey

Summer Recipes. Dorothy Mackaill

The Stage in Review. By Benjamin De Casseres

Hot from Hollywood. News and Gossip

Ask Me. By Miss Vee Dee

"The King is Dead—Long Live the King!"
By the Publishers
ENTERTAINMENT news that will thrill millions! The GREATER New Show World is here! 70 Paramount Pictures strong! Attuned to these changing times. In key with this fast moving world. Under their spell you're lost to the world. Living the stories. Laughing at some plots. Thrilled to the bone with others. Charmed with the tunes in the musicals. Delighted with everything! It's a GREATER New Show World now. And Paramount is leading it. Paramount—with 18 years of supremacy. Paramount—with the biggest stars. Paramount—with the keenest showmanship minds. Paramount—with the greatest resources, organization, and man power in motion pictures. Tell your Theatre Manager now you want to see all these 70 GREATER New Show World Pictures!

GOOD TIMES NEWS FROM PARAMOUNT!

AND THESE GREAT PARAMOUNT STARS IN GREATER NEW SHOW WORLD PICTURES

- Richard Arlen
- George Bancroft
- Clara Bow
- Clive Brook
- Nancy Carroll
- Ruth Chatterton
- Maurice Chevalier
- Gary Cooper
- Jack Oakie
- William Powell
- Buddy Rogers

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.
PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK
I. MILLER shoes just naturally belong to the talking screen!

For more than a generation, I. Miller Shoes have graced the feet of America's foremost actresses. On the legitimate and musical comedy stage, on the silent screen, and on all the famous vaudeville circuits—\-I. Miller Shoes have played an important part in every important performance.

How natural, then, to find these charming, distinctive slippers now in the talking pictures \-\-How rightly they seem to belong to this newest art \-\-And how fortunate that the fashionable women of the audience can also enjoy the sheer beauty of I. Miller creations!

NEW YORK CHICAGO HOLLYWOOD
Shops and Agencies in all principal cities

American Academy of Dramatic Arts
Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Seagrave
The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting. The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.

Teachers' Summer Course July 7th to Aug. 15th
Catalog describing all Courses from the Secretary
Room 213-H, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

I. MILLER
Theatrical Division

By
Evelyn Ballarine

Listening in on the Latest Talkers

Hear ye! Hear ye!
The vogue for Westerns continues.
The great open spaces are being glorified by the movies again.

Just a short time ago when a player was put into a western picture it was either punishment for too much temperament or a sure sign of the player's decline. How times have changed! Now it's a sign of glory. To be given a lead in a western means said player is riding on the crest of the sound waves.

Gary Cooper seems to be Paramount's favorite cow-boy with Richard Arlen running a close second. Cooper's next is "The Man from Wyoming," and Dick is working on "Spanish Acres." Johnny Mack Brown is another western glorifier. He has been selected by King Vidor for the lead in "Billy, the Kid," a colorful picturization of the career of the famous western boy bandit. William Boyd, Pathe's bright boy, goes western in "Raw-Hide." Warner Baxter made the first successful western talker, "In Old Arizona." He followed that up with "Romance of the Rio Grande" and "The Arizona Kid." Raoul Walsh is directing "The Big Trail." Ambitious plans are being made for this picture. Wonder if this will be "The Covered Wagon" of the talkies? A new personality is featured as the male lead. He is John Wayne, a former football player of the University of Southern California, and this marks the beginning of his movie career.

Myrna Loy and George O'Brien have climbed the western band-wagon. You'll see them in "The Last of the Duanes." Even Ann Harding! She's starring in "The Girl of the Golden West," to say nothing of Eddie Cantor. He's making "Whoopee" which is Ziegfeld's musical glorification of that grand old west.

Bebe Daniels' next is "Reaching for the Moon"—and we don't mean honeymoon. Bebe and Ben Lyon will have been married before this talker is started. It's the Irving Berlin picture for which Bebe has been borrowed from RKO and Jack Whiting, who will play the male lead, has been borrowed from First National. Whiting is a new type of screen hero. He was one of the leading juveniles on Broadway. He's tall, slight, red-headed and freckled. You'll first see him in "Top Speed" for First National. And we predict that you're going to like him very much.

If you enjoyed Winnie Lightner and Joe Brown in "Hold Everything" be prepared for more fun because they are making a sequel to it called "Set Right." And if you like that, Winnie and Joe will continue to turn on their personalities and give you even bigger and better comedies.

And if you've enjoyed the silent productions of the following films you're in for a treat because they are being re-made into talkies.

Richard Barthelmess made "To'able David" and "To'able David" made Richard and now Columbia Pictures are going to make a talker of this silent film classic. Richard Barthelmess will not be in the cast and as yet no David has been selected.

Norma Talmadge made screen history with her charming interpretation of the heroine of "Smin' Thru." Jean Bennett is in the sound version of this film. While Mary Pickford is filming "Secrets," under the sound title of "Forever Yours."

Lupe Velez has the lead in the sound transcription of "Resurrection." Dolores Del Rio rose to stardom because of her work in the silent film. Edwin Carewe, who directed the silent picture, will also direct the talker.

However, Warner Brothers are re-making "The Sea Beast," with John Barrymore in the lead again. This time they are calling it "Moby Dick."

If you're a Buddy Rogers' fan—and who isn't?—you'll be interested to know that his younger brother, Bh, (yes, that's his real name) has signed a contract with Paramount. Now we'll have a younger edition of Buddy, because Bh looks very much like his famous big brother. If you look closely you'll see him in "Follow Thru," Buddy's next picture.

Believe it or not—Jim Tully is to have a role in John Gilbert's next picture, "Way for a Sailor." They've buried the hatchet and are friends once more.

We've had many war pictures depicting man's work in the World War, but now Pathe is making "Beyond Victory" dealing with woman's part in the big fracas. Murray for our aid! The cast is an imposing one—Ann Harding, William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Helen Twelvetrees, James Gleeson, Zasu Pitts, Russell Gleason and Bert Roach.
Now you can
TAKE THE GUESSWORK
OUT OF
"GOING TO THE MOVIES"

A NEW movie season is almost here . . .
Make sure it brings you better,
richer talking picture entertainment!

Wouldn't you like to have a say in
"booking" attractions for your local
theatre? Wouldn't you like to help
pick the pictures you're going to
see in the next twelve months?

Wouldn't you like to make
sure of seeing your favorite
stars, and the biggest hits
of the coming season?

There IS a way to do it
—if you act now!
RIGH Tnow your theatre manager is selecting his attractions for the coming year. He’s trying to choose the ones YOU’LL like best.

You can help him decide by telling him YOUR choice! He’ll be GLAD to know your preference so that he can more closely accommodate your tastes.

To help you in your selection, WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL, exclusive Vitaphone producers, announce here in advance their amazing production programs for 1930-31.

Look over these lists... Notice the wealth of famous stars... the brilliant stories by favorite authors... the wonderful entertainment values these titles promise.

Compare them with any other group of pictures announced for the coming year... Then use the ballot on the second page following to indicate your choice.
WARNER BROS. PICTURES for 1930-1931

JOHN BARRYMORE in "MOBY DICK"
From the famous novel by Herman Melville.
With Joan Bennett.

JOHN BARRYMORE
In a second spectacular production.

"VIENNESE NIGHTS"
All in Technicolor
Their first original romance.
By Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd.

"CAPTAIN APPLEJACK"
From the long-run stage hit. With John Holliday, Mary Brian and other stars.

"MAYBE IT'S LOVE"
With the All-American Football Team
And Joe E. Brown, Joan Bennett.

GEORGE ARLISS
in "OLD ENGLISH"
From the celebrated play by John Galsworthy. With a star cast.

"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN"
The greatest musical comedy in years in New York, filmed entirely in Technicolor.

"THE OFFICE WIFE"
By Faith Baldwin.

"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"
All in Technicolor
With Winnie Lightner, Irene Delroy and others.

"THE DANUBE LOVE SONG"
All in Technicolor
A lavish romance by famous Oscar Strauss.

AL JOLSON in "BIG BOY"
All Laughs!

"SIT TIGHT"
With Winnie Lightner, Joe E. Brown, Irene Delroy.

"RED HOT SINNERS"
With Winnie Lightner.

"NANCY FROM NAPLES"
Irene Delroy, Charles King and 10 other stars in a comedy by celebrated Elmer Rice.

"CHILDREN OF DREAMS"
Magnificent romance by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and Sigmund Romberg.

AND MANY OTHERS
Also "VITAPHONE VARIETIES"
The finest of all "Short Subjects."

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES for 1930-1931

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in "THE DAWN PATROL"
A vast production and a perfect Barthelmes story.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in "ADIOS"
The brilliant star in the kind of part that made him famous.

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"
One of the greatest stage plays of all time, to be filmed with Ann Harding, James Rennie and 7 other stars.

OTIS SKINNER in "KISMET"
With Loretta Young
One of the stage's greatest stars in his most famous hit.

"THE TOAST OF THE LEGION"
All in Technicolor

"MOTHER'S CRY"
From the famous best-selling novel.

"TOP SPEED"
Joe E. Brown and Jack Whiting in a great Broadway success.

"THE BAD MAN"
Walter Huston and 5 other stars in a celebrated stage comedy.

MARILYN MILLER in "SUNNY"
By Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Music by Jerome Kern.

"WOMAN HUNGRY"
All in Technicolor
With Lilo Lee, Sidney Blackmer, Fred Kohler and 5 other stars.

"BRIGHT LIGHTS"
All in Technicolor
With Dorothy Mackaill, Frank Fay and 8 more stars.

"RIGHT OF WAY"
From the famous novel by Sir Gilbert Parker, with Conrad Nagel, Loretta Young and others.

"THE CALL OF THE EAST"
First original screen production by the brilliant composer and author, Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach.

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"
Glorious sea adventure from the thrill-packed pages of Rafael Sabatini.

"THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY"
With Walter Huston.

AND MANY OTHERS
YOU have just read on the preceding page the most ambitious array of super-productions any company has ever dared to plan!

Entertainment values that would ordinarily be spread over two years or more, will be concentrated by these two famous producers in a single season!

Many of them will be radiant with the resplendent tints of Technicolor... and ALL will have the perfect tone of Vitaphone.

If you enjoyed "Disraeli", "Gold Diggers of Broadway", and the scores of other great Vitaphone successes released last year, you will want to be sure to see the stars and new productions of the companies that have proved their preeminence by turning out hits like these.

To help bring these exciting shows to your theatre, use the ballot below NOW! Sign it and mail it today to Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc.

Your choice will be brought to the attention of your theatre manager, and you will receive—FREE—a beautiful photograph of your favorite star.

Also write or 'phone your theatre manager direct to let him know that you wish to see these famous stars and important productions.

WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC.
321 West 44th St., N.Y. C.
I should like to see all of the Vitaphone pictures which Warner Bros. and First National plan to produce this coming year. Please send me a photograph of

(Signed)________________________
(Address)_______________________
(City & State)_____________________

Vitaphone is the registered trade-mark of The Vita-
phone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor
process.
CONFESSIONS of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00
Much has been said against motion pictures. Yet on they have marched, magnificently oblivious of the carping of small minds until now they have become one of the great molding and educational factors in our lives.

Having been a high school teacher for a number of years, I have invariably noticed that my best informed pupils are those who attend pictures regularly. I have tried on my pupils a general information test I have devised and the motion picture lovers always get the highest score. Romanticized as the historical films are, they are, nevertheless, based upon historical truths. Whatever dramatic falsification is necessary, but adds the color and glamour which fire the imaginations of the young. Boys and girls who see pictures like "The Patriot," "Ben Hur," and "Destrael" become aware of the dramatic intensity of history; they become eager to understand the past, speculate about the future—the true historical perspective.

So convinced am I of the educational value of motion pictures that one hour each week I set aside for the discussion of that art and on my recommended list of magazines are several motion picture publications.
Sarah Royce, 14 Autumn Street, Boston, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00
Along with the gift of life is bestowed a hunger more treacherous to existence than the slow starvation of the body—the hunger of the soul. To many of us is destined the monotony of just living. A hall bedroom, the dime stores, the landlady's choice of cretonne framing the small view of the world afforded us, compose the settings of our lives. The high moments we, with effort, have to gather unto ourselves.

The picture world with its exquisite settings, lovely raiment and nonchalant acceptance of it all are an 'Open Sesame' to our imaginations, our desires, our ideals. The stars, what a mission is theirs! Through them, inspiration reaches those of us who are irrevocably bound to our existence by ties of duty or our limitations. They bring to us our Shakespeare, our Gobelin, our Rembrandt. They interpret our dreams, and to them we offer our thanks and our adoration.
Jeanne Marie Marceé, Long Beach, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00
During all the 'pros and cons' concerning talks I have silently condemned those who were not wise enough to realize the greatness of this new step in the picture industry. Now, I can keep silent no longer.

I live in the middle of the island Oahu, Territory of Hawaii, some twenty miles from Honolulu. The theaters we have out here are roughly constructed shacks. We have no music except a few pitiful piano players and it has been hard to judge fairly the merits of any picture under such circumstances.

Now, some wise and beneficent person has seen to it that one of these theaters is equipped with sound facilities and we are off into the beautiful realms of make-believe as often as we please. Music from the screen has shot the drab silence to bits. The quick repartee has given us untold joy. In fact, the movies are the first word in entertainment de luxe for all of us.
Mrs. N. Massaro, c/o Lt. Massaro, 8th F. A., Schoefeld Barracks, T.H.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00
Some people say the movies are demoralizing. How about "Sins of the Fathers," "The Volga Boatman," "The Virginian," and many others? The movies never hurt anyone and anyone who thinks they do is so depraved and lacking in romantic sense that nothing registers on his mind but the evil necessary to any good picture.

The movies are educational not only in a historical and classical sense but in the fundamental truths of life. They have taken it upon themselves to: instill the soul of manhood and womanhood than all the reformers, teachers and preachers put together. I spent six years in college and the only thing I can remember outside of the bad habits I learned there is amo, amas, amat. But the simple truths I have learned from the movies are eternal.
The movies are inspirational. They lift. They are the finest institution in the world today and their appeal is universal. The ancient philosophers say that if we behold and believe in long enough we shall become like it. Where could you find braver or lovelier examples of manhood or womanhood than on the silver screen? But their work we shall know them and any girl or boy who worships at their feet is going to land in the right camp, bank on that!
Richard Marvin, 468 Vernon Street, Oakland, Cal.

In Hollywood

Nothing new under the sun? Maybe not, on the wind-blown plains of Kansas, but beneath that arching light of a Hollywood sun, the transforming mirror, the masque of masquerade often hides the strange features of star followers.

I know a slim boy who actually lives in one of the big studios, sleeps by the front door, sits all day in the casting office, works once a week perhaps; a little foreign prop boy who keeps trained spiders in his hair to prove his ability to executives; an old woman who weeps tragically every day at eight different casting windows; a dark-eyed young senior who is dined and feted as a European newspaper correspondent and is living on $7.00 per week; a prize fighter who was hit too hard on the head and now decorates the space behind the ropes in pictures; an Italian count with four managers and nothing to count on. Pagliacci? No, just Hollywood.
Helen Marie Jelliffe, 1543 N. Bronson Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

'Roy for Marion Davies!' Who has not been intrigued by the movie's title? When, after a hard day's work, we can forget every worry and live in a world all our own, they're fairyland.
In the days when the talkies were only a probability, who was among the first in chasing our blues away? None other than Marion Davies! A sure cure for the blues. If you can see Marion and not laugh, then there's no hope.

In "Not So Dumb," her latest side-splitting fun-feast, one just can't wear a frown. She's so appealing, so capricious. 'Ray for Marion!

Lucille Tents,
1432 St. Clair Street,
Detroit, Mich.

A Big Hand for Ramon Novarro

"Devil May Care" is a delightfully happy picture; after seeing it, how merrily we went our homeward way! For such is the power Ramon Novarro's inimitable qualities have. He possesses that same sweetness and guile without which Pied Piper never could have charmed the children, that same capacity for laughter and pathos which endeared Ireland's ballad-man, Tom Moore, to his followers; the verve and dash found in march music with its underlying wistfulness; the joyousness of the springtime; the delicate beauty of fine etchings—and his nobility and purity of countenance are an inspiration to all.

I hope that many more pictures of this type will be created for the enjoyment of Ramon Novarro's sincere admirers here in America, and all over the world.

Barbara Mueller,
8418 South Morgan Street,
Chicago, Ill.

She's On Her Way

This letter concerns a young lady who has come to us from the stage since the dawn of the new movie era. Although more or less inconspicuous now, she is on the road to great popularity and to stardom.

Picture a tall, fair, charming girl, add a marvelous voice expressing the personality and feelings of its possessor better than any voice I ever have heard, the most winning smile seen for many a long day, and you have a perfect conception of this amazing young actress who makes even inconceivable characters seem real and quite human.

Her name? Kay Johnson.

K. J. Pollak,
2929 Belmont Avenue,
Baltimore, Md.

What Do Talkies Teach?

With the entrance of the talkies a wave of protest broke forth. The peace and beauty of the screen is forever gone," cried half of the people. "But the talkies will teach us things, including how to speak and pronounce correctly," cried the other half.

But, are the talkies really helping us to speak English correctly? I say, no. And to those who say otherwise, I answer, "Oh, yeah?"

Why? Because half of the pictures released are spoken with foreign accents. As for me, instead of acquiring better English, I have acquired something quite different—something like a French accent mixed with Spanish polka dots and an English and Hungarian border. Some lingo, what? And slang!—after seeing "The Cook-Eyed World," "Hot For Paris" and "Mister Antonio" I could qualify any day as an East Side newboy.

I vas tole you anudder ting dot was de matter mit de talkies. Ve haf got too much musical comedy!

Ann Jamack,
496 East 141d Street,
New York City.

New Magic for Old

For years I found escape from the oft-annoying realities of life in a good screen play. To me it was an excursion to the realm of make-believe, accompanied by exquisite music, music to suit every mood and incident of the picture.

Then I saw my first talkie and what a disappointment! And what a feeling of dismay accompanied the knowledge that this innovation would eventually supplant the magic of the silent drama. From now on we must listen to metallic sounds, voices that lisped and seemed for all the world to issue from a 1910 model gramaphone.

But this was the infant talkie. And it would be as wise to compare it with the present talking picture as to compare the first crude work of the amateur with the perfect creation of the master.

Recently, I witnessed a drama with the incomparable Ronald Colman and the winsome Ann Harding in the leading roles. Here was new magic for old—the magic of beautiful, trained voices and the tense realism of the spoken drama. The talkie is here to stay. More power to it!

Elsie Glick,
911—15th Avenue, So.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Wants Pictures for Children

In my humble estimation there is something wrong with the movies! Perhaps not from an adult's point of view but from a child's. Have you noticed that the Friday night and Saturday afternoon audiences are comprised mostly of children? And do they like, and do we like them to see, so much of torrid love scenes, crook pictures and wild westerns?

Why can't some enterprising, imaginative, romantic producer (or isn't there such a combination?)—produce a series of pictures for children? All the old classics: "Cinderella," "Hansel and Gretel," "Peter Pan," (how enthancing with sound!) "Snow White"—there are many others. Why can't we give our children a few charming fairy tales instead of our machine-age dramas? Realizing the possibilities of sound, color and trick photography in connection with producing these fairy tales, can't you see how fascinating they would be for children? Not to mention a few adults like myself. What about it?

K. Sanson,
1617 Marengo Ave.,
South Pasadena, Cal.
JILT!

A Woman’s Master Stroke put Her Sweet Heart 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. When somebody speaks to you, you’ve hardly a word to say. You get all flustered and embarrassed when you’re asked to give an opinion. I can’t marry you unless you make some effort to improve yourself.” Of course, he was hurt and indignant. But I was firm, so we parted.

Then one night a year later, I received the surprise of my life. Jimmy drove up to the house one evening in a beautiful sport roadster, dressed like a fashion plate. His manner was entirely changed, too. He seemed supremely self-confident, and had become an interesting conversationalist. I could not help but marvel at the change in him and told him so. He laughed delightedly. “It’s a long story, Marie, but I’ll cut it short. You remember that my chief fault was that I was afraid of my own voice? Well, shortly after we parted, I heard tales of a popular new home study method by which any man could quickly travel in a very luxurious style. Turning Jimmy down had proved to be the second best thing that could have happened to him. It was a lucky break, though, that prompted him to develop his speaking ability which revealed his natural ability.

Today the rich rewards in business, popularity in

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

Send for This Amazing Book

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

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 652-C, Chicago, Ill.

Now Sent FREE!
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again demonstrate that it is the greatest producing organization in the industry. The company that has "more stars than there are in heaven"—the greatest directors—the most famous composers—the most marvelous creative and technical resources—pledges itself to continue producing pictures as wonderful as THE BIG PARADE, BEN HUR, THE BROADWAY MELODY, MADAME X, HOLLYWOOD REVUE, OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS, THE ROGUE SONG, ANNA CHRISTIE, THE DIVORCEE—to mention only a few of the great M-G-M pictures that have taken their place in Filmdom's Hall of Fame. No wonder Leo roars his approval as he looks forward to the greatest year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has ever had!
for August 1930

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

**PRODUCTION SCHEDULE IN ITS HISTORY**

1930 - 1931

**FEATURED PLAYERS**

Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Karl Dane
Mary Doran
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Gavin Gordon
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
Hedda Hopper
Lottie Hovell
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Charles King
Arnold Karff
Harriett Lake
Mary Lawler
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Andre Luguet
George F. Marion
Dorothy McNulty
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Edward Nugent
Eliot Nugent
J. C. Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Gilbert Roland
Benny Rubin
Dorothy Sebastian
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Raquel Torres
Ernest Torrence
Koland Young

**DIRECTORS**

Lionel Barrymore
Harry Beaumont
Charles Brabin
Clarence Brown
Jack Conway
Cecil B. DeMille

**SONG WRITERS**

Martin Bronson
Dorothy Fields
Arthur Freed
Clifford Grey
Howard Johnson
Jimmy McHugh
Joseph Meyers
Reggie Montgomery
Herbert Stothart
Oscar Strauss
George Ward
Harry Woods

**WRITERS**

Stuart Anthony
Beatrice Bonyard
Alfred Block

**FEATURED MOVIES**

**A few of the big pictures to come**

**Ramon NOVARRO**

"The Singer of Seville"

**Greta GARBO**

"Red Dust"

**Marion DAVIES**

"Rosalie"

**Joan CRAWFORD**

"Great Day"

**Lon CHANEY**

"The Bugle Sounds"

**John GILBERT**

"Way for a Sailor"

**Lawrence TIBBETT**

"The New Moon"

**William HAINES**

"Remote Control"

**"Good News"**

**"Trader Horn"**

**"Madame Satan"**

(Directed by Cecil B. DeMille)

**"Billy the Kid"**

(Directed by King Vidor)

**"The March of Time"**

(With 'more stars than there are in heaven')

**"Jenny Lind"**

with Grace Moore

**"The World's Illusion"**

**"The Great Meadow"**

**"Naughty Marietta"**

**"Dance, Fool, Dance"**

**"War Nurse"**

**"The Merry Widow"**

What Music!

and many, many more outstanding productions.

**SONG WRITERS**

Martin Bronson
Dorothy Fields
Arthur Freed
Clifford Grey
Howard Johnson
Jimmy McHugh
Joseph Meyers
Reggie Montgomery
Herbert Stothart
Oscar Strauss
George Ward
Harry Woods

**WRITERS**

Stuart Anthony
Beatrice Bonyard
Alfred Block

Al Boosberg
A. Paul Maltker
Branden
Neil Brandt
Frank Butts
John Colton
Mitzi Cummings
Ruth Cummings
Edith Ellis
Joseph Farnham
Edith Fitzgerald
Martin Flavin
Becky Gardiner
Willa Goldbeck
Robert Hopkins
Gyril Hume
William Hurlbut
John H. Hungar
Marion Jackson
Laurence E. Jackson
Earle C. Kenton
Hans Kraly
John Lawton
Philip J. Leddy
Charles MacArthur
William Mack
Frances Marion
Gene Markey
Sarah Y. Mason
Edwin J. Mayer
John Meehan
Bess Meredith
James Montgomery
Jack Neville
Lucille Newmark
Fred Niblo, Jr.
J. C. Nugent
George O'Hara
Samuel Ornitz
Arthur Richman
W. L. River
Madeleine Ruthven
Don Ryan
Harry Sauber
Richard E. Schayer
Zelda Sears
Samuel Shipman
Lawrence Stalling
Sylvia Thalberg
Wanda Tuchock
Jim Tully
Dale Van Every
Claudine West
Crané Wilbur
P. G. Wadehouse
Miguel de Zarraga

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**W Y N - M A Y E R**

There are in Heaven
Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor, comes into his heritage in "The Devil's Holiday." Hitherto known and liked as a handsome juvenile of some promise, Phillips has his great chance in the new Nancy Carroll picture and takes full advantage of it.

He crashes through with a superb performance of romantic youth in the throes of first love. Nice boy, good actor!

Screenland Honor Page won by Phillips Holmes

"The Devil's Holiday" is reviewed among the six best pictures of the month in this issue. All we can add is, don't miss it. Nancy Carroll, the star, shares her dramatic honors with Phillips Holmes and is really entitled to half this Honor Page, except that she already has all of our current cover!

Left: a touching scene from the picture of the month, with Miss Carroll as Hallie, who marries a rich man's son for profit, only to learn from the boy, played by Phillips Holmes, a new definition of love. It is young Holmes' first big rôle and his portrayal indicates he is ready for more big ones.
**WHERE are all the little smarties who said that television would never be perfected within their lifetimes? Yes, where are they?**

**Why, they're all standing in the corner with their faces to the wall, trying to hide their blushes and lack of imagination. They are the descendants of the smarties who scoffed when Fulton was fussing around with his silly old steamboat, and Edison was tinkering with his gadgets over in the wilds of New Jersey; and the Wright boys were doing the wrong things in the air. Yes; those smarties who thought movies were just a passing fancy until they could no longer deny the evidence of their own eyes; then they began to poke fun at the phonograph and radio, and finally doubted seriously if these here, now, new-fangled talking pictures would ever be a success.**

**Come on out of the corner, you! Yes, and you. Join our party and see the fun. We're peering around corners and poking into things. And the latest find is—television. And practical, too. You don't believe it? Well, just ask some of the boys who happened to be up in Schenectady, New York, one smart spring day of this year. In Proctor's RKO Theater television stepped onto the screen to stay. No, you won't get your Garbo via television for some time to come. But the television performance in Schenectady—some vaudevillians and singers—was reported to be pretty good. Aurally, they say, clearer than any talking picture heard so far; and optically far ahead of any previous television show.**

**It's only a question of time, now, before the practical commercial application of television involves every motion picture audience. I just want to tell you about it so that you'll be prepared. Don't say I didn't warn you. Your grand-daddy would have been grateful if somebody like me had given him the low-down on that funny new invention of Alexander Graham Bell's.**

**George Bernard Shaw admits he is converted to the talkies and that his plays may be filmed. John Drinkwater, who wrote the play, "Abraham Lincoln," is writing the biography of Carl Laemmle, Sr. Sergei Eisenstein, great Russian director now in America, says the talking picture must create a new form. Max Reinhardt wants Lillian Gish to go to Europe to direct pictures. John Murray Anderson has signed a two-year contract to do artistic things for the screen. And—what was that? You want to know what? Oh. Well, if you must talk personalities, thank goodness:**

**No, Ina Claire has not left her husband. She made a trip east but went right back to Hollywood, where she says she is satisfied to stay and play her favorite rôle, that of Mrs. John Gilbert, for an indefinite run. Kay Francis denies she is engaged to Ronald Colman and can't imagine where the rumor started. William Farnum makes a sensational come-back in Norma Talmadge's picture, "Du Barry, Woman of Passion," in which he plays King Louis XV, a part once enacted by Emil Jannings in a Pola Negri film entitled, oddly enough, "Passion."**

**But if you want the real low-down—you do?—how would you like to know about the uncrowned king of Hollywood—the most sought-after man in the film colony, for whose attention the celebrities are clamoring, for a half-hour of whose time the sound-and-shadow beauties battle? He isn't handsome; he is devoted to his wife and two children and makes no secret of it. But he's the most popular man in movieland just the same. Great box-office attractions do an Alice, Ben Bolt—you know, 'tremble with fear at his frown.' And when he smiles approval they weep their delight, let the mascara run as it may. And then they return to their Beverly Hills chateaux and practice all the harder. For—you've guessed it—this sheik of the scales is Dr. Mario Marafioti, who is teaching Hollywood that while there's voice there's hope.**

D. E.
How To Have A

It Can Be Done! Read and Find Out How to Reduce

'Philadephia Jack O'Brien, former light heavy-weight champion of the world, is now in the reconstruction business! Yes—he rebuilds figures, replacing fat with muscle, reducing waistlines, repairing livers. He's a successful business man with his own gymnasium on Broadway, having treated over 18,000 men and women in the 17 years since he left the prize ring. O'Brien is his own best advertisement—he's handsome, hale and hearty. He helps screen stars to retain those youthful proportions. Read his practical article.

How would you like to have a beautiful figure like Nancy Carroll? Or Joan Crawford? Or Alice White?

What? You think it can't be done? You say your hips are too big for the rest of you? Your heart misbehaves every time you do your daily dozen? Your glands act up and the less you eat the fatter you get?

Nonsense! Anybody can get thin. How do you think the movie stars hold their jobs? They like to eat just as well as you and I do.

You don't know? Well, just ask Winnie Lightner. She'll tell you. You remember when Winnie made her big hit in "Gold Diggers of Broadway?" She was a plump little comedienne then all right. And here's a funny thing: A picture audience won't say a word about its comedians being fat—but it won't stand for the comedienne growing a third chin or sprouting a few spare tires around the waist.

That's what Winnie found out—right after her big hit. And one day, she came over to my gymnasium and asked me about it.

"Can you take these off?" she asked pointing to her hips. "And this, and this, and this," pointing to—well, never mind.

"Sure, Winnie," I answered. "In the seventeen years since I left the prize ring, I've treated over eighteen thousand men and women."

"You have?" she answered, a little surprised.

"Sure. I've replaced over a hundred tons of fat with muscle, reduced nine thousand feet of waist line, repaired fifty thousand livers, seven thousand pairs of kidneys and—"

"Hold on a minute! I'm not looking for a reconstruction job," Winnie said, "I just want to take off about ten pounds."
"Ten pounds nothing!" I replied, "twenty-five pounds is what you need."

"I don't believe you can do it."

"I can't, humph? Well, here's where I start working on you."

Those were fatal words, believe me. For I've been working on screen stars ever since. And when I say work—I mean work! I took twenty pounds off of Winnie, a few off of Betty Lawford, plenty off of Sam Ash, Harry Richman, Evelyn Duncan, the third Duncan sister, Irene Dehoy, and—but maybe I'd better stop here. You see, some stars get all excited when it gets out that they're coming to my place. They want to preserve the illusions of their audiences. Well, you can't preserve many illusions when you start to get heavy around the port and starboard sides. And so many stars have found this out that it looks like I got to build on a new roof garden or hire a hall because they keep on rolling in. And stars are no different from any other folks. You girls like Harry Richman because he's manly, virile. You wouldn't like him if he were fat. And the same thing is true of men. All of them (Continued on page 110)
Are you fed up with hokum comedy?

Do you hope never again to see an alleged musical movie?

Are you yearning for a fine bit of light fun which will make you laugh so hard you’ll rip open the seams in your new high-waisted, white sports frock?

Well, cheer up. That’s just what’s going to happen to you. And soon, too. For P. G. Wodehouse, (pronounced Woodhouse, if you please) the English humorist, one of the best loved and most widely known funny men in the world, is on his way to California to write for the audible screen.

And how he loves it!

He says Hollywood is a swell place. That Americans are more intelligent than the English—(fancy that)—and a lot of other things which will make his fellow-countrymen blink their eyes and call for another sherry and bitters. Just to keep up the morale, y’ know. This younger generation is going to the dogs, y’ know. Fancy, one of our own—making such a statement! Bally rot, y’ know.

But it isn’t bally rot, for Wodehouse knows what he is talking about. America is his literary home, where he got his first real start. And he hasn’t only read about Hollywood in the fairy books, he’s actually been there. Listen to him!

“Hollywood is as sane a town as I have ever been in, at least as far as I could see when I visited there last year with my daughter.

“The whole time we were on the west coast,” Mr. Wodehouse continued, “I didn’t see a single swooning director, one temperamental star or any whooppee parties. Perhaps it was the closed season for—ah, er, temperament, but whatever the reason, I had to revise my opinions of the town, since I had always heard that it was a bizarre, fantastic, mad, glad, what-have-you sort of spot.”

Wodehouse is the sole humorist I have ever met who looks like a humorist. Instead of being a tall, thin, morose, hungry, liverish-looking gent who would scowl down his nose and emit wise-cracks—as some humorists are, and do—he is a large, pink, good-natured man, with beautiful, cheerful, easy-going manners, a soft, modest voice, and eyes which twinkle continuously.

“Nor did he let fall any emeralds of humor during the interview. I suspect he was saving them up for the talks, where they’ll be worth their weight—no, not in gold; in ambergris, which is much, much more valuable.

“I don’t believe a person can write funny stuff unless he is fairly well contented with life,” P. G. declared. “The idea of a sour individual turning out comedy doesn’t fit into the picture somehow. Most writers, I know, go through a stage where they love to turn out deep-sea tragedy, but I was spared that. My first writing at the age of ten was a set of comic verses. And I’ve stuck to comedy ever since.

“When I get to Hollywood, I don’t know just what sort of thing I shall do. Anything Mr. Thalberg wants, I rather expect. My taste in pictures runs to light comedy, for after all, amusement is the primary business of talking pictures.

“That’s why Marion Davies is almost my favorite talkie actress. I liked her very much in ‘Not So Dumb.’ Next after Miss Davies, I prefer Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Ronald Colman, and Kathryn Carver, although we don’t see her very much now.

“I rather think the trouble with the talkies is the same trouble that the stage has always had—there aren’t really enough good stories to go around. If you take a whole theatrical season, there will scarcely be a half-dozen good
Good News! P. G. Wodehouse is in Hollywood Writing his Inimitable Humor for the Screen

WODEHOUSE ON HOLLYWOOD:

"I never saw a swooning director, a temperamental star, or any whoopee parties. Perhaps it was the closed season for—ah, er, temperament!

"My taste in pictures runs to light comedy, for after all, amusement is the primary business of talking pictures. That's why Marion Davies is almost my favorite talkie actress. Next after Miss Davies, I prefer Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Ronald Colman."
ZIEGFELD PICKS THEM!

Famous producer now in Hollywood selects outstanding screen beauties. See their pictures on opposite page, then read Ziegfeld's reasons for selecting them in story below.

By Helen Ludlam

ZIEGFELD has joined the movies!

Broadway's great girl-and-music show man has moved to Hollywood, where he is supervising the screening of "Whoopie," his New York stage success. His wife, Billie Burke, and daughter Patricia accompanied him. He thinks Hollywood is great.

Of course, we had to ask him "Are there more beautiful girls out here than in the East?"

"No! I don't think one sees as many lovely girls in Hollywood as one does in New York—in general, I mean. Of course, there is no Fifth Avenue here."

"Of the ones you have met whom do you consider the most beautiful?" I asked, pinning him down.

He thought a minute. "That little girl I met at Hoot Gibson's the other night, Sally Eilers, is a beautiful girl. She is the loveliest brunette I have seen out here. Dolores Del Rio is a beautiful girl, too..."

"Who else?" I prompted him.

"May I have until tomorrow to think it over?" he asked.

He did—and here's the list:

Sally Eilers—the most beautiful brunette.

Helen Twelvetrees—a blonde of great beauty and personality, with a great future.

Marilyn Morgan—for youthful beauty and personality.

Nancy Carroll—very beautiful eyes, great personality, and that something that spells success.

Dolores Del Rio—Spanish type of beauty very different from ours, with an exceptionally fine head.

Norma Shearer—not only

a beautiful face, but very expressive eyes and personality.

Corinne Griffith—ideal screen beauty with great refinement.

Marion Davies and Billie Dove, who appeared in the "Follies" and who will hold their own anywhere.

Muriel Finley—The Golden Girl, most beautiful show-girl.

There you have Mr. Ziegfeld's list. You'll be interested in his sidelights on Norma Shearer and Nancy Carroll: "Nancy Carroll, though not possessing exactly perfect features has very beautiful eyes and great personality. I say this in spite of the fact that I turned her down for the 'Follies' several years ago and engaged her sister. Nancy appeared before me with several hundred girls but she excuses my lack of judgment in her case by admitting that at the time she was very fat and her slightly upturned nose was thereby made to look extremely pug. She now has a splendid figure, beautiful limbs, and an enchanting smile.

"Norma Shearer also applied for a job in the 'Follies.' I told her she was too small for a show."

(Continued on page 121)
Singing is the most psychic of all the arts. It is our own conception of beauty that we eventually express. We prostitute the art of singing when we use it as a medium to express tragedy, hate or lust. Singing is a happy art and should be used to express laughter, joy and love.

It is my opinion backed by countless others that every boy and girl should learn to sing, just as they study spelling and arithmetic; for music is as necessary to the soul and rhythm of life as reading and mathematics are to the mind. Singing has another asset—it is the most perfect type of physical exercise in the world for the lungs, the throat, and to develop breath control.

Everybody will not become a great singer because he studies singing, although the history of singers does not show that it is always the divine natural voice that wins fame. Many a person born with a remarkable voice has been lost in obscurity in the village choir, while a person who started life with a small and uninteresting voice has, through concentration and ambition, developed into one of the world's famous singers. In Italy right now there is a singer who, through shell shock and being gassed in the war has only one lung, yet in spite of this handicap he sings more leading roles in one season than most singers do in a lifetime. His perfect style, diction and musicianship makes up for what he lacks in quality.

Screenland is proud to present to its vocally ambitious readers this practical article of excellent advice and suggestion by the popular Novarro. The first of a series by the leading singing stars of the screen—valuable to voice students, interesting to everybody...
Novarro Says:

Every boy and girl should learn to sing, just as they study spelling and arithmetic; for music is as necessary to the soul and rhythm of life as reading and mathematics are to the mind.

Young singers make a grave mistake to think they can learn to sing in a week or in a year. Singing is a life’s work.

A teacher can never make you a great singer but he can guide and help.

Verdi is by far the greatest composer for the singer.

in a limited time; it is a lifelong work. My mother sings more beautifully today than she did when I was a child. She has always continued studying and has naturally improved. Although she has had a very busy life with fourteen children to bring up, she has never neglected her singing.

I would love to be able to guide some young singers on the right road, for I feel there will be many fine voices in the next generation, surrounded as we are nowadays with so much music. The best advice that I can give is to begin with great enthusiasm for good singing and find the right teacher, one who makes singing easy, natural and happy. Vocalize six days a week regularly and take a day for complete rest. Study in different languages and when you have advanced far enough, pass a rôle of one of the standard operas with someone who knows it. Then disregard tradition entirely. Don’t be cramped with the old way of doing things for you may have a better interpretation yourself. Beware of depending too much upon a teacher. Once you have studied seriously and are on the right path, it is good to think for yourself, for you will discover many things that will be beneficial to your voice that no one could have found out, but yourself.

“Every boy and girl should learn to sing, just as they study spelling and arithmetic,” says Novarro, “for music is necessary to the soul and rhythm of life.”

A teacher can never make you a great singer but he can guide and help. In Mr. Louis Graveur I have found the right person to bring the best out of me. From him I have learned some splendid exercises to bring the voice forward (a singer’s paramount aim). It is best to sing fifteen or twenty minutes at a time several times a day than to tire the voice singing long periods at a time, as some enthusiastic young singers are apt to do. I practice with my eyes closed. This helps me to concentrate and hear the quality of tone I am producing. This might not help others; it has been of great benefit to me. It is good to find out what faults one has and then exaggerate to exact opposite. For example, if you have a dark tone, practice with a white one; if you have a nasal quality, get much of the round open vowel quality into your tone. One marvelous thing about singing is that when you do produce a truly perfect tone, you know it.

The shape of the mouth while singing is also a matter of great importance. If the mouth is to one side, or spread, grinning or forced open, it is not right. One of the greatest singing teachers who ever lived, Matilde Mar-chesi, said: “Yawn the tone!” For those who yawn with a well-opened, flexible jaw there is no better advice.

(Continued on page 106)
.. THEIR LITTLE

All the Stars Have Them — That's What Makes Them Lovable

MANNERISMS! Hollywood, City of Make-believe, abounds with them! Ever since those well-known and delightful ancestors of ours—Eve and Adam—paraded around in the Garden of Eden, pouting their lips and blinking their eyes at each other, while absent-mindedly fingering their fig leaves, both the fairer and the stern sex have nobly carried down through the ages the mannerisms that a charming couple started introducing years ago.

Not since that fateful day long, long ago, has a single year passed by without plenty of members of the feminine and masculine class coming forth and startling their friends and acquaintances by alluring vagues of personal mannerisms.

And in Hollywood, where mannerisms seem to count more than anywhere else, you encounter odd traits daily. Off-screen and on, actors and actresses have their mannerisms. Usually, they are unconsciously done—that is, the person voluntarily does some little thing that becomes a habit but while the action is voluntary, it requires no thought to speak of.

For instance, Sue Carol, off-screen, has a mannerism that is most unusual. She will pick up a book or paper or magazine and skim hurriedly through its pages. She does not read but merely shifts her eyes from page to page, perhaps idly glancing now and then at a picture. Meanwhile, she will continue her conversation. Sue does this through habit and unconsciously. The importance of the conversation does not alter the mannerism at all.

If you ever get the opportunity to talk with Olive Borden for a long time, watch her take her hat off and then put it on again. During the course of an hour's conversation, Olive has been known to remove her hat four or five times! As soon as she realizes that she has taken her hat off, she very carefully replaces it and resets the curls of protruding hair. A few minutes later she is intensely interested in some conversational topic and lo and behold!—off comes the hat again!

Maybe it's because he is of the West and born, you might very well say, with a rope in his hands that Hoot Gibson is always using those same hands when he is
talking. Hoot’s hands are constantly on the move. He is either shaking the fingers, rubbing the palms together, tapping the knuckles against each other or doing something with them. Also, he gestures freely when he talks and this is unconsciously done, too.

Constance Bennett has a habit of walking away in the very middle of a conversation. It is a sort of absent-minded mannerism. No matter how important the topic may be nor how interested she is, she’s as likely as not to abruptly halt in her talking and move away, only to return a brief instant later and resume where she left off. This is particularly true when she has much on her mind; in fact, it happens more often when there is something very serious for her to think of. It is for this reason that one suspects her sojourns away from conversations are entirely unconscious—that they are only a unique mannerism.

The plains and mountains of Old Montana are partly responsible for all the personal what-nots developed by Gary Cooper. One of the most noticeable, perhaps, is the manner in which Gary stalks along—his head thrust out as though he were playing follow the leader all by his lonesome! Cooper didn’t realize his head was so far ahead of the rest of him until he saw his first picture—after that he went to no end of pains attempting to line himself up. But the rangy actor got no thanks for his trouble. He had to cultivate the habit all over again for his role in “The Virginian.”

Another—shall we say ‘stalker’—is the Garbo. In fact, off-screen, slouching along with both hands thrust deep in coat pockets and looking neither to right or left, is Greta’s greatest mannerism. Another is clasping her hands tightly together. Garbo does this both in real and ‘reel’ life and for no apparent reason whatever—it’s just a mannerism.

One of the prairie idiosyncrasies is that developed by Charles Mack, of Moran and Mack, comedian team extraordinary. This big ‘Black Crow’ has rubbed so much burnt cork around his mouth, using a sort of circular motion of his forefinger, that

(Continued on page 122)
Will Gentleman Jack win popular
decision over Malicious Mike?

All is quiet on the Hollywood front. The weeping and wailing and
grashing of careers have all but stopped. The fans wipe the tears
from their several faces and gulp their last
sniff.

John Gilbert can talk!

No, the cat didn’t have his tongue, silly. But the cats had theirs! Oh well, we knew
he could do it all the time, we sniff. And
some old meanies with inconvenient memories
sneer, and mention ill-concealed snickers on
“One (not so) Glorious Night.”

Well, what if we did giggle, we defend
ourselves. Not even a Mansfield could have
put across an “Oh, beauteous maiden, my
arms are waiting to enfold you,” over a faulty
microphone. So a pair of tushes and a pooch
for that!

They say Lawrence Tibbett and a couple
of other fellows have usurped John’s place as
the new lover of the screen, some ill-natured
persons whisper in our ears. Who cares?
No matter how handsome and charming, there
can be only one John Gilbert of “The Big
Parade,” “Flesh and The Devil,” “The Merry
Widow”—ah, “The Merry Widow”—which
reminds us:

The latest reports are that John can sing!
Take that—and little birds are busy telling
people that he could sing that dashing part in
“The Merry Widow” which seemed made
for him in the silents; not only could sing
it, but—

Tracing rumors to their source leads to a
large orange-curtained studio with a grand
piano and Spanish shawl and atmosphere.

“Any voice can be trained to speak over
the microphone,” Dr. P. Mario Marafioti
pronounced, and we rushed right in to find
out about it.

Dr. Marafioti, in case you don’t know, was
the voice expert with the Metropolitan Opera
House for the past eighteen years who has
moved bags and piano out to the Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer lot and puts such stars as
John Gilbert, Bessie Love, Marion Davies,
Anita Page, Grace Moore and others through
their daily do re me fa so la ti dos. So he
knows what all the singing is about. It was
Dr. Marafioti who guarded the famous Caruso
voice, who guided the vocal destinies of such
singers as Emma Calvé, Alma Gluck, Emmy
Destin, Julia Culp, Tito Ruffo and others;
who brought the astonishing Swanson to such
a successful debut in the talkers.
"Yes, any voice can be trained to speak properly and most of them to sing," said Marafioti.

And that, of course, means John!

"Mr. Gilbert has a beautiful speaking voice," the doctor tells us. "It was only a matter of developing the true quality of his voice, which is deep, resonant and full of life and color. A voice that exactly suits his vibrant personality."

Aaaaaaaaaah! And his singing voice?

"Beautiful, too. A tenor voice."

We suddenly remember "The Merry Widow," how perfect it would be to hear John sing this rôle that made him so famous in the days of silence.

"I see no reason why he should not sing such a rôle," Dr. Marafioti answered our question. "He has been singing roles from the opera 'Rigoletto,' which are much more difficult. And he can sing one note higher than any of the songs in 'The Merry Widow.' So I see no reason at all why he should not be able to sing it.

"Of course, you understand, it is a matter of practice—like fingers which must master the technique of the piano; so that he can sing with great ease it may take months of training."

Little birds are raucously screeching in our ears of a song in the new picture which Mr. Gilbert is soon to embark upon.

Eager Gilbert fans patiently waiting for this new talkie venture will cheer. His new picture, "Way of a Sailor," by Lawrence Stallings with the collaboration of John's once arch enemy, Jim Tully, will find him prepared to bring home a typical Gilbert victory. A story of the sea, a debonair adventurer, and a thrilling Gilbertian voice!

And as for "The Merry Widow," though rumor persists that Lawrence

Tibbett is scheduled for this colorful operetta, who knows! The best laid plans of mice and studio officials—have a way of upsetting the apple cart. Through our own private telescope we see a positively glittering future, full of gallant figures in uniforms singing romantic songs in a thr-r-r-rilling voice, and they are every one John Gilbert!

We lay down the telescope with a sigh. And how was all this accomplished, we inquire?

"As with all of my pupils," answered the voice expert. "I teach them to speak naturally, to place the voice properly. I do this with a strange language first, then they do not have so much to learn over again. They can get the sensation, the feeling of where the voice is placed, as they talk. When they have learned the way each vowel and consonant should be spoken, I give them a whole passage of this language to learn. Gradually, as they understand how each should be spoken, we try English. Even with the singers I insist upon their learning to speak properly first."

And how does a singer feel about this?

"It is a great person who wishes

(Continued on page 126)
Gershwin

The talking picture is capturing artists. Two of the most recent win, great young American composer, since he has contributed something terribly new and terribly disturbing to our hitherto obvious musical existence. Because of his outstanding talent, Mr. Gershwin has recently been signed by the Fox Film Company to go to Hollywood and write original tunes for musical films. And to announce his decision to the public, Gershwin at his pent-house apartment was giving a party to the press, assisted by his brother Ira, who writes all the lyrics for George's music, his exotic sister who is beginning to be known as a dancer, and his beautiful sister-in-law, Ira's wife.

Gershwin whose Blue Rhapsody and An American in Paris have set him entirely apart from other American jazz composers, will not be thirty-one until September. And it is coincidental that when September rolls around, he will have composed music for thirty-one Broadway shows. This young American who began life in a tenement on the east side is tall, thin, brown-skinned, with laughing eyes, a strong nose and a powerful chin. He wears 'easy' clothes—nice, loose-fitting tweeds, beautifully made shoes, and socks and ties that match. He has a frank, unprofessional smile and a mouth of amazing beauty and sensitivity.

"I go to work for the talkies like any other amateur," Mr. Gershwin said, "for I know very little about them. I am not a film fan, a movie addict," he smiled, "neither am I crazy about shows. When I get time off, I either have a few friends in for a musical evening or go to hear a symphony concert. In fact, I go in so little for night life that there are several important night clubs in New York that I have never been inside."

"Because I am inexperienced with films, I am approaching them in a humble state of mind, for I realize one point well. Any creator is an idealist. And if a moving picture corporation allows its artists too much scope in an executive way, it would be ruinous—just as our government would be ruined if it were put into the hands of idealists. Idealism and practicability don't always match." (Continued on page 126)
URBAN

the chief contemporary creative acquisitions are George Gersh‐
poser; and Josef Urban, perhaps in the world today. Read why
to the screen

Reilly

"T
he talking picture is bringing all the great art
forms in existence right up to our front door
step," says Josef Urban. "All we have to do
now is to get a real artistic education," he con-
tinued, "is to turn the door knob and let these advantages
roll in."

Mr. Urban, at the moment we go to press, is on his
way to Hollywood to give the pretty talkie stars the kind
of surroundings they ought to have.

But hold on a minute, now—Josef is no big butter and
egg man trying to win a lady's heart with a Spanish villa
or an English country house. Not at all, not at all! Mr.
Urban is just one of the most famous—if not the most
famous—scenic designer in the world. And he has recently
been signed to go to Hollywood to make sure that your
favorite actors and actresses have screen settings worthy
of their beauty and talent.

Just before he took the train, Mr. Urban gave SCREEN-
LAND's representative a special interview in order that we
might be the first to tell you just what this internationally
celebrated artist plans to do while he is on the west coast.

In his beautiful studio on East Fifty-Seventh Street, New York,
Mr. Urban was sitting behind the
enormous table where all day long
and half of the night he works out
his stage designs and plans the models of
theaters, skyscrapers, opera
houses, automobiles, homes, rugs—
and anything else that he pleases to
do. Outside, in his big adjoining
offices, a large staff of draughtsmen,
architects and apprentices were
working in shifts to carry out the
tremendous volume of his creative
ideas.

Urban is a colossus of a man.
Square‐headed, square‐jawed,
square‐shouldered, he even has a
nose the exact shape of a t‐square.
Probably got that way from leaning
over a drawing board twenty hours
a day, since he works until two and
three in the morning. His arms and
legs are enormous and muscular, but
his hands are so slight and lean they
seem not to belong to the rest of
his bear‐like body.

For many years, Mr. Urban has been famous in Europe.
So we won't go into that. You all may have heard that
he gained a great reputation as a designer of stage sets
for the Royal Theater in Vienna, for the Champs Elysée
in Paris, and for Covent Garden in London. In 1912
he came to America as designer for the Boston Opera
Company. And has remained ever
since to do dozens of sets for our
Metropolitan Opera, for Florenz
Ziegfeld, and other producers; to
say nothing of designing the Zieg-
feld Theater, the Hearst Magazine
Building, the New School for Social
Research, as well as many magnifi-
cent homes and clubs at Palm Beach,
Miami, and other fashionable cen-
ters.

Mr. Urban, who was born in
Vienna fifty‐seven years ago, speaks
English with a piquant accent which
is impossible for me to reproduce.

He said: "My work with the Fox
people will, naturally, be more than
designing sets. It will be an ex-
periment with sound, color, light,
perspective—all great art forms.

"My first picture will be of Mark
Twain's 'Connecticut Yankee in
King Arthur's Court,' in which
Will Rogers will be the star. In
that picture, we have a problem. It
is a story of the sixth century,
and," he  (Continued on page 225)
The consensus of opinion of the younger boy friends of Hollywood is that they'll take their girls 'old-fashioned.'

The latest model in manhood for the summer of 1930 admits that he likes to see girls in curls and fluffy ruffles, with manners to match.

Which may be the reason that most young men in our town from Rudy Vallee down—or up—try their luck with Mary Brian.

Billy Bakewell, who is one of the swains who likes Mary, (she is usually seen with two or three escorts at a time) says that men like mothers and sweethearts better than the I'm your pal' girls who try to be just like men.

"Girls don't like effeminate men," he argues, "why should men be expected to like boyish women? After all, most of us have a lot of men friends. We're looking for something else—inspiration or whatever you call it, sweetness and softness, romance.

"Romance is whatever women want it to be. They do as they please with us, anyway. The right kind of woman can make any man jump through hoops. She inspires him and gives him the best reason in the world for doing his stuff."

Billy met Mary when they were both working in "Harold Teen." He says he isn't casting yet when it comes to choosing a wife, but the things he likes about girls strangely fit Mary. He likes a girl who doesn't drink or smoke, who isn't afraid to be jeered at for being old-fashioned.

Then there's Sally Blane, over at RKO, with whom Billy is sometimes seen. Sally is the 'domestic type'; she says so herself. She loves to fuss over clothes and can even use a vacuum cleaner. Her dressing-room is sure to be the homiest place on the lot, for Sally could make a home out of a railroad station.

Sally has just stopped going with Tommy Lee. But...
then how can one decide who is going with which of the Young girls (Sally is sister to Polly Ann Young) when their house is always full of boys?

Lew Ayres, at the moment because of his work in "All Quiet on the Western Front" the most talked-of lad in filmdom, insists that he knows nothing about girls.

In the Fox publicity office yesterday I came upon a little dancer from one of the sets, holding the file of Lew's photographs close against her heart and sighing: "Isn't he gorgeous? Isn't he marvelous? I could die for him—but he doesn't know I'm alive!" Which just about expresses it.

Lew never takes a girl anywhere. He lives alone in an apartment, where he plays his organ, models in clay or reads philosophy. He neither smokes nor drinks.

"It's not true that I don't like girls," he says, shyly, "I think they're wonderful. I fall in love with every attractive girl I meet, but it seldom lasts a week. I never seem to get anywhere with them."

Lew writes ballads. The names of two are The Love in

Your Eyes and I've Found the Girl

"But I haven't," he hastily assured me very seriously.

Which will be good news to feminine fans, won't it?

Eddie Quillan is rushing Sally Starr at present. It's a case! These two youngsters provide the romance in "Night Work."

(Continued on page 120)
ROGERS: GINGER

The new Rogers on the film horizon is not related to Buddy, but she's a hit just the same

By Lela Rogers

Ginger was three when she went to her first musical comedy. The hit song, repeated many times during the production caught her fancy and she came away from the show singing it, word for word, understandably, even though the last line of the song was, "I know the fascinating widow will captivate you, too." Pretty big words for a three-year-old. (Today, Ginger's directors will tell you she is a quick study.) The Captivating Widow song was in her baby repertoire for years. Tunes were her forte. She learned them at once, and in her rendition of the lyric of a song I saw her innate dramatic turn.

Naturally, every mother watches her child to ascertain its turn of mind, its adaptabilities, in an effort to wisely guide in a choice of life-work. I found drama, mimicry, comedy, the gift for entertaining in Ginger; and felt certain, even at such a tender age as three, that she would one day belong to the theater. However, I held an open mind on the subject. In the years to follow it was my hope she would choose the path in life that would give her the most happiness, whether that were to be the quiet, private life, or the more public life of the theatrical profession.

When Ginger was six I was scenario writer for Baby Marie Osborne, famous child prodigy of motion pictures. This brought Ginger in contact with children stars, actors and directors. Opportunities for parts were offered—and refused. The finish of a child star frequently is so obvious and so pathetic. Schooling, a genuine education, something upon which to base (Continued on page 124)
GARY COOPER confesses he can't choose between his two hobbies. So we said we'd choose for him. Horseback riding and tennis engage Gary on his days off, he says. But since riding a horse would be a sort of busman's holiday for Mr. Cooper, we suggested he stick to tennis. Gary said: "Sure." And here he is, complete with racket, correct togs, and the Gary Cooper grin.
Upper right: when Miss Crawford isn't busy making pictures, she is just as busy making hats. Some of those smart chapeaux you have admired so much are her own handiwork.

Left: Joan proudly exhibits her wool rug, all finished except one corner. Opposite page, above, she makes a handkerchief when she can't find anything else to do. But hooked rugs are her favorite accomplishment, because they add to the decorative attractions of Jo-Do, the Fairbanks Jr. home.
For the fluffy afternoon frock, the shoes Anita Page is wearing strike a piquant note. If you must be formal, there are others.

Evening slippers! The most thrilling aspect of this little star's very feminine hobby. Anita has more evening shoes than any other kind. Small wonder she can't make up her mind which pair to wear.

And mules! Who can blame Anita if she goes a little haywire and owns more boudoir slippers than she absolutely needs? When you're just nineteen, and a movie star, there are few things more worth-while in life than completing a collection of brocaded, black-satin-and-ostrich-feather, modernistic mules! All of Miss Page's shoes are by I. Miller.
Right: Claudette Colbert, Paramount player and paramount golfer, just made a swell putt. And is Claudette proud? Well, why not?

Above: Robert Montgomery making that which is known as a back swing. Bet he makes a hole in one. Come on, Bob, we're pulling for you. Fore!

Below: Robert Montgomery is rarin' to go but his partner didn't show up. Better luck next time, Bob.
of course by now you know that Robert Montgomery's hobby is golf. Here he is teeing-off for a long drive.

Left: of course by now you know that Robert Montgomery's hobby is golf. Here he is teeing-off for a long drive.

Right: Claudette Colbert showing good form—we mean golf form. Next to talkies, golf is Claudette's pet hobby. She learned to play in New York but never really accomplished a good game until she came to California and found more time to play.
Above: did Bessie Love jaw down and go boom or is she just resting a bit between dances?

Above: no, Bessie Love is not starting off on a marathon race—it's just her own brand of dance whoopee.

Left: isn't this a honey? or maybe it's a love. Bessie puts on her every-day clothes and does a little home work on her dancing steps. Is this the prohibition dance—you know, hip, hip?

Right: the same Bessie, only she's changed to another working costume and steps out as a toe dancer. Miss Love expressing the spirit of the dance which, as you have probably suspected by now, is her favorite hobby.

Photographs of Miss Love by Hurrell
Above: strat à la Bessie Love—part two. Point the toe and clap your hands. Let's get going!

Below: Bessie trying to see herself as others see her. You have the public approval, Miss Love.

Right: On with the dance! Bessie Love is doing the hot cha-cha or the Hollywood Hop. No matter what you call it, it's still our favorite dance.

Above: Bessie is going to charm snakes or something or anything or everything.
Home! That's Richard Arlen's hobby. He and Mrs. Arlen—Jobyna Ralston before she left the screen to be Hollywood's perfect wife and hostess—have a secluded home in Toluca Lake, a Los Angeles suburb. During his spare time Dick has built three ornamental garden pools around his house. Right, he is shown completing the latest water-lily pond. Joby not only designed most of their furniture, but carpentered and painted some of it. Below, the Arlens enjoy a little rest from their self-imposed labors in a good, old-fashioned garden swing—one of the few things on the Arlen estate they did not build themselves.
Lovely little Loretta Young admits her outstanding hobby: negligée pajamas. Her wardrobe boasts many exquisite creations; but these two, pictured here, are the favorites of her collection. Above, the gem of Loretta’s trousseau: a frothy pajama ensemble of palest pink satin and real lace.

Left: Loretta, now that she is Mrs. Grant Withers, being very grown-up and dignified in her pet beach pajama ensemble. The trousers are white crepe de chine; the blouse light blue, the coat blue and white silk pique. With the suit Loretta wears a hat with a crown of the same material as her coat.
When Lila Lee says her hobby is flying, it's no mere flight of fancy. Lila is one of the flyingest girls in Hollywood. Whenever she isn't working she is begging for rides in her friends' planes. And she says she will buy a 'ship' herself one of these days, see if she doesn't. So far Lila has confined her aerial activities to being a passenger, but she threatens to go in for serious flying on her own as soon as her hobby nest-egg is hatched.
Lila wouldn't trade her hobby for any other. She says flying gives one a feeling of freedom and buoyancy obtainable in no other way. Well, anyway, Miss Lee, that helmet is mighty becoming.

The fact that Lila Lee has gone in for aviation in a whole-hearted way may account for some young men being given the air—and taking it gladly. Even if she never flies the Atlantic Miss Lee is still a great little argument for the cause of aeronautics.
If you have heard Bernice Clare's lovely voice from the sound screen—and who hasn't?—you won't be too surprised to learn although she likes to swim and to ride, 'Bunny's' only real passion is for a permanent hobby—music. Since singing becomes more work than play when it's your profession, another variety of music satisfies her soul when in search of relaxation. She plays the organ, and in no amateur fashion. Looks like an amusing toy, doesn't it, this pretty little organ in Miss Clare's music room? Just try to play it, off-hand, and you'll be surprised. But to Bernice, it's fun.
HELEN ARRIVES

There's a lot of comfort in the homely old adage, "Third time's a charm." To those who have been detoured from the road to fame a couple of times comes a feeling of satisfaction when they find everything top-hole on a third attempt. That, at least, was how Helen Twelvetrees, society editor, stage favorite and motion picture actress, felt when, after missing success by a hair's breadth twice, she finally acquired it on the third charming occasion.

With Helen's newspaper career we have no dealings. That was but a preliminary step to her present avocation. The only thing it gained her was an opportunity to meet stage people and thus enter a profession more to her liking than journalism.

Helen was seventeen when she graduated from Newspaper Row to Broadway. That was less than four years ago and it marked the first detour. According to all reports, she was rather good at reporting society doings. However, New York's 'Four Hundred' had little appeal to her so she left journalism flat on its back to become an actress.

There was nothing auspicious about her stage debut. Helen's first rôle was minor and in a mediocre production which ran for six weeks. Then she was out of work but, having had a taste of acting, she soon found another job. From then on everything was easy. Producers liked her characterizations and audiences loved her shy appeal. Within a very short time, Helen was doing leads in "An American Tragedy" and "Elmer Gantry," with more fame in sight.

It was no detour that brought her into motion pictures. Hidden in the heart of every American girl is a desire to become famous on the screen. This applies also to stage actresses. Fame behind the footlights comes only after years of struggling. In pictures it is frequently acquired overnight. Believing this, Helen eagerly grasped the opportunity offered by Fox and came to Hollywood along with several other well-known stage players who had been signed by that company.

That was eighteen months ago. When she arrived in Hollywood, Helen was imbued with enthusiasm and anxious to continue the success which was hers on the stage. She had faith in herself and breathlessly awaited fame's coming. I remember how she shyly confided her aspirations to me at our first meeting which was two weeks after her arrival.

"I love it already," she said. "And I love California." (Cont. on page 106)
ANITA PAGE is a Modern Maiden and modern maidens are good sports who go in for all sports—tennis, golfing and swimming. Speaking of swimming—that's what Anita excels in. When Anita leaves the studio sound waves she can be found taking a dip in the other waves. Which brings us to her gift. In the summer our thoughts just naturally turn to bathing and bathing suits. Anita Page offers us the newest in Hollywood beach ensembles. The entire costume is a combination of chartreuse and orange, trimmed with beige, brown and orange. The bathing suit top is of chartreuse and the shorts are of orange. The sleeveless jacket is of chartreuse and carries out the same trimming of the bathing suit. The circular skirt is of orange wool in the same color combination as the bathing shorts, and makes the costume suitable for both street and bathing purposes. High-heeled slippers, an aviation style bathing cap and an angora tam complete the ensemble. Anita Page offers this beach outfit to you for writing the best letter answering her timely, interesting, and provocative question.

ADDRESS:—ANITA PAGE
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
45 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes August 10, 1930
ANITA PAGE is in a quandary and you can give her first aid. She offers a liberal reward for your services. A beach ensemble in the offing!

As you know, Anita Page can play dramatic rôles or comedy parts with equal ability. She’s an all-around ingénue. If her part calls for songs, she sings; if it calls for dancing—Anita goes into her dance. You all know about her dramatic ability. “Broadway Melody,” “Our Dancing Daughters” and “Our Modern Maidens” proved her to be a more than capable dramatic actress. In light comedy such as “Free and Easy” and “Caught Short” Anita is a good little laugh-getter.

Think over the list of films in which you have seen Miss Page. Then decide in which you liked her best. Do you think she should type herself as a dramatic actress or should she always play in comedies? Give Miss Page your sincere thoughts on this subject—and for this you shall be rewarded. To the winner goes the bathing ensemble! Write the best letter and help Anita solve her problem and at the same time have your bathing problems solved. By best letter is meant the clearest, sincerest and most concise.

Here’s the question you must answer: Do you prefer to see Anita Page in comedy rôles such as she plays in “Free and Easy” and “Caught Short”; or dramatic rôles such as “Our Dancing Daughters” and “Our Modern Maidens”? Give reasons for your choice.
WHEELER
Bert talks to himself about himself — the Cuckoo!

By Bert Wheeler

THERE are two things I never, never do.
One of them is eat, and the other is talk about anybody.

But inasmuch as my partner Robert Woolsey isn’t anybody, I can go right ahead and talk about him.

Besides, he causes me a lot of trouble. I learn he has taken unto himself a valet.

Now, I want to give you the inside dope on Woolsey. This isn’t the first time his inferiority complex has caused me trouble. You see, it’s this way. He knows that I am so far ahead of him in a social way that he keeps me poor trying to keep up with him.

When he hired this valet, there was nothing for me to do but take on a chauffeur.

I love my chauffeur, he’s a peach—not a bit stuck up. He treats me just as if I were his equal.

I have a Ford, and also one of these front-drive Cords. Occasionally Gus, that’s my driver’s name, lets me ride in the Cord with him, and even when he doesn’t, he always sees that the Ford is around where I can use it. He lets me drive the Ford myself.

And say, at a party Gus is the greatest ever. He never gets uppity and takes the first drink. He says he’s afraid it might be poison and if so, he has to be in condition to take care of me.

No, sir! Don’t let anybody tell you I’m jealous of Woolsey and his valet. I could have lots of them, but as I have only the two cars, what would they do for amusement? Gus takes the Cord all the time and the cook demands the Ford every evening.

Did I hear you say that my inferior, Mr. Woolsey, intimates that I have no valet because I haven’t enough money? That’s a fabrication, a prevarication—it’s a low-down lie!

I’ve bought a lot of things Woolsey never has.

There was that time in Philadelphia when I bought the marble lions in front of the courthouse.

There was a little difficulty when I started to take them home. The city fathers appealed to my generosity, however, so I left them there as a gift to the city and as a monument to myself.

I recently received a (Continued on page 128)
Yes suh, I'se Mr. Bobby Woolsey's valet and personal aide.

No suh, I ain't his secretary. He ain't got no use for them animals, anyhow.

Fan mail? What you talkin' about? Oh, no suh, he reckons he's too homely for that! He 'plains that the only mail he gets is bills.

Yes suh, I been workin' for him nigh onto five years. He was with a whole lot of them Ziegfeld shows. We knows all the big shots back home—like Mister Sam Harris, Erlanger, Selwyn, Hammerstein. Mr. Bobby he worked for all of 'em.

I drove him and Miss Minnie (Mrs. Woolsey) out to Hollywood when Mr. Bobby got a job in that "Rio Rita" pitcher at RKO.

Says which? 'Course I loves California. Mr. Bobby does, too. He says he's gwine to stay here 'till they git onto him—whatever that means.

Sure I like workin' for him. Somethin' doin' all the time. Actor folks certainly do travel 'round.

Funny off the screen? No siree! Most all the time he's got a grouch on worryin' 'bout close-ups, and things like that. I don't know half the time what he's talkin' about. He says the only time he's happy is when he has the funny answer—whatever that means.

Is he what? Ambitious? What's that? Oh—oh, yes suh—that is, I guess so. He 'plains all the time that he's miscast as a comic. That's just how he puts it. He says he ought to be the love interest—like John Gilbert. Yes suh!

Miss Minnie says he's that kind of a fool, too. Oh, he likes purty nigh anything to eat. He and Miss Minnie don't go in for fancy eatin'. Most of the eatin' in that family is done by Rusty.

Rusty? That's the dog. He's just a mutt. Miss Minnie picked him up offen the street and brung him home. You'd think he was the Princess of Wales. Sometimes I wonder who I'm working for, Rusty or Mr. Bobby!

Is who eccentric? Rusty? Oh, Mr. Bobby. No, but he does like to sleep mornin's. I sure have a time gittin' that man to the studio. I believe he just naturally hates daylight.

(Continued on page 113)
I might just as well state right here and now that this isn't going to be the usual location story. For the simple reason that it wasn't like a location. It was too dressed-up a place for that. When I heard that Palm Springs and the "Follow Thru" company with Buddy Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Zelma O'Neal, Eugene Pallette and other favorite players were waiting for Screenland to look them over I actually romped with joy. But, to begin with, the desert was all shot to pieces. My memory of Palm Springs, the lovely Indian oasis, was so simple and so beautiful that when I saw what 'progress' had done to it the shock almost bowled me over. In place of the dirt roads there was asphalt, which was rather nice, for the alkali dust is not so hot; but there were paved sidewalks, too, instead of shady, grassy tufted walks. There were swanky hotels, branches of fashionable Los Angeles stores, tennis courts, golf courses, a flying field. People were going about in ultra-fashionable sports apparel. So by the time one took stock of all this there wasn't much left of the desert. The mountains and the sky, and oh, yes, the original Indian mud baths—thank heaven for that—were the only unchanged things. Even the flowers went back on me because the wild horses had devoured most of them and the hotel managers had combined in rounding up as many cowboys and Indians as they could to corral the strays and either capture or chase away the wild ones.

Come Along and Watch Them Make a Movie of the Popular Golf Musical Comedy

By Helen Ludlam

Above: Helen Ludlam, our Location Lady, on the sidelines with Zelma O'Neal, directors Schwab and Corrigan, and Eugene Pallette.

Right: a millionaire 'gallery' watches scenes of "Follow Thru" being made in the courtyard of the El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs, Cal.
All of which doesn't mean that Palm Springs isn't beautiful—but just a different and more swanky beauty. I took one look at the El Mirador Hotel with its Spanish architecture and formal gardens and, hearing that the picture was to be taken on the grounds, buried my location boots and habit deep into the farthest corner of my suitcase. Everything was terribly dressed up and formal and the players appeared to react in kind. Not that they were high-hat, but there was no gathering 'round as there usually is on locations. We all ate in little groups of twos and threes in the beautiful dining salon and the usual conviviality was conspicuous by its absence. Of course, we were berthed in a very gorgeous hotel with outdoor swimming pool, tennis courts, golf course and spacious grounds beautifully landscaped. We might have been at Palm Beach or French Lick.

We arrived just after the day's shooting was over and every one was hurrying off to play. From our room which overlooked the grounds we saw Nancy Carroll's red curls bobbing over toward the tennis court, and watched Zelma O'Neal, a newcomer in pictures whom I am sure you are going to like, plunge off the diving board into the pool. Then we went out and made whoopee, too.

Zelma is a friendly little thing and very much in love with her handsome husband, Anthony Bushell. They both had been so disappointed that Tony's trip to his home town in England had to be made alone. He left just a few days before Zelma started "Follow Thru" because of the immigration rulings. "I'm going to join him soon as this picture is over, but gee! us kids had looked forward so to that ocean trip together and I just can't bear to think of it." For a moment I feared there was going to be a cry-fest but Zelma bethought herself of the motor trip through Europe that she and Tony were going to enjoy together later and cheered up. She is like a little colt, utterly unself-conscious. "I don't try to be funny and I don't know what makes me funny," she said. "When I first started on the stage I used to be terribly scared—but—" she stopped and looked hard at me a moment as though she couldn't quite make up her mind whether to tell me.

(Continued on page 108)
Hollywood is beginning to rival Paris in the way of encountering interesting people. Screenland meets them all and in turn introduces them to you. And now, here's Jack Sinykin, one of the least known and most interesting personalities in Hollywood. Humanitarian and businessman, he started life at sixteen as a shoe salesman and after years of interesting experiences and colorful adventures now spends the greater part of his time in operating and financing a kennel for the training of dogs to lead the blind.

Most of you, perhaps, saw the talking news-reel of the blind senator, Thomas B. Schall, and the black Shepherd police dog at his side which he introduced at the end of his speech as Lux, from Minnesota, his home state, and one of his best friends.

Thomas B. Schall, as you may know, is the senator who lost his eyesight while still a very young man. He became a successful lawyer but gave up his practice to enter politics. He was elected Congressman from his district in Minnesota, served several terms, and finally, became a senator. After Jack Sinykin had established his kennels at La Salle, Minnesota, and a few of his dogs had been satisfactorily trained, he lost no time in presenting Senator Schall with one of them. Lux takes his master to and from the senate chamber each day and the senator wrote Mr. Sinykin that it was the first time since he
became blind that he has been able to walk alone. It is said that Lux is the only dog that has ever been admitted to the senate. He lies at his master's feet during the entire session.

When Mr. Sinykin presented Senator Schall with one of his dogs he had two things in mind: his admiration for the Minnesota Senator and his work, and a hope that this might prove a leeway by which the government might become interested in operating a similar kennel for the relief of the American blind. Toward that goal he is now striving.

One of the things Mr. Sinykin aims to accomplish through his kennels is the training of dogs for picture work. They will be trained to go through a scene just as human actors do, without continuous direction. It is expected they will be even better, for dogs seldom forget, whereas, we humans!

Of all the dogs in his kennels, Jack Sinykin is perhaps fondest of Chekko, who is known as the dog with the human brain. He has been a star in pictures and has a number of wonderful feats to his credit. One day, a strange dog attacked a thoroughbred calf belonging to his master. Chekko sprang to the rescue and won the fight but was so badly bitten that his paw had to be amputated. An artificial paw is being made for him and when he learns to use it, he will be as capable as ever. But even with his three legs, Chekko can hold his own.

Another of the few dogs from the Sinykin kennels now in circulation belongs to Raoul Walsh, motion picture director. Mr. Walsh, as you may remember, is the director who lost the sight of one eye through an accident which shattered the windshield of the car he was driving while on location for "In Old Arizona." Mr. Sinykin met Mr. Walsh one day at the Fox studio and the talk turned to dogs, the director mentioning that his children were extremely fond of them. When Mr. Sinykin went back home he had an offspring from the international champion, Claus Von Kefelde sent to Raoul Walsh to be a play-mate for his kiddies. These dogs, like many others, are extremely versatile in their accomplishments. For instance, a mother can give a dog the baby's bottle and the dog will take it to the child and put it in the child's mouth. And it will keep the child out of mischief and guard it with his life, besides being a marvelous companion.

It was in Germany that Jack Sinykin (Continued on page 128)
Shoot If You Must!

It isn't often a still camera has such a chance to 'shoot' Harold Lloyd. He's always on the jump. But we pushed right in and caught the comedian at work on the set for a scene in "Feet First," his new picture about the adventures of a shoe salesman. Harold, all dressed up, is in the group in the left center. See the microphone? Extras, off duty for the moment, look on. Just an idea of what a big talking picture set looks like.
“W hat’s the proposition?” chorused Amos ‘n’ Andy to Radio Pictures.

“A two-year movie contract at $100,000 a year,” was Radio Pictures’ snappy come-back.

“Check!” said Amos—and “Double Check!” said Andy.

“That gives me an idea for a title,” retorted the picture producer ‘Check and Double Check’ will be the title of your initial production.” And that’s that.

But let me tell you about Amos ‘n’ Andy. Their real life career is more thrilling and sensational than a Horatio Alger, Jr. story. Andy, who is really Charles J. Correll, was born in Peoria, Ill., in 1890. Amos first saw the light of day in Richmond, Virginia, in 1899. His name is Freeman F. Gosden. The two boys first met in Durham, North Carolina, in 1919, where they united their early theatrical efforts in a musical show. About six years ago they drifted into Chicago, broke and without a job.

They were known as Sam ‘n’ Henry but not very many people knew them or cared. At any rate, Chicago remained more or less indifferent. Months passed and a Chicago newspaper publisher offered them $100.00 a week to go on the air. They had their chance—after a fashion.

Last August they were given a coast-to-coast tryout. But they were obliged to change their names from Sam ‘n’ Henry because of previous station rights. They became Amos ‘n’ Andy and clicked with their first nation-wide broadcast—and the rest is radio history.

They became so popular that their broadcasting time was changed from eleven P. M. to seven P. M., Eastern Standard time. In ten days time the studio received 250,000 letters, 50,000 telegrams, and 10,000 long distance calls of protest from all over the country.

So now Amos ‘n’ Andy make two nightly broadcasts—one for the east and one for the west. This gives each section the same performance at about the same time, and everybody’s happy.

Amos ‘n’ Andy are making $100,000 a year on a two-year Radio contract, a thirty-week vaudeville contract which nets them $5,000 a week, to say nothing of royalties from records and other sources. Anyway, their weekly pay check amounts to $5,700 weekly each week. And that’s somethin’—as Amos himself would say.

Amos’ southern accent is authentic. He acquired the negro dialect from his negro mammy in Virginia. Andy’s drawl was picked up. And what a pick-up! They write their own radio material and constantly travel around the colored sections of different towns in order to absorb the right atmosphere.

Although there are other voices heard in the Amos ‘n’ Andy broadcasts, the voices belong to the two boys who impersonate the different characters. And their off-stage voices are entirely different from their radio voices. They might be called the Lon Chaney of the radio world; whereas Chaney has a lot of faces the boys have plenty voices.

Strangely, the affable, happy-go-lucky Amos is tall and slim with wavy brown hair; the blustering, buck-passing Andy, with the booming voice, whom we think of as a great big Samson, is really short and stocky. Both the boys are married.

It is rumored that they have accepted an offer from Ziegfeld to appear in the “Follies” However, their broadcasts must go on even though they may be in pictures or on the stage. So you can continue to tune in on Amos ‘n’ Andy at seven o’clock as per usual.

Apparently they are the college boy’s delight, too, because Rutgers College rated them on a par with Lindbergh as the outstanding figures in the United States—and that’s flying high.

You’ll be seeing them in “Check and Double-Check.”
Among those present at Fritzi Ridgeway's weekend party at Palm Springs—(find 'em)—were Gwen Lee, Scott Kolk, Simeon Gest, John Darrow, Rosetta Duncan (I'll help you—Rosetta has a hat on), Nita Martin, Dorothy Janis, Sally Blane, Marie Bekefi, Elise Bartlett, Sammy Blum and Fritzi Ridgeway.

Hollywood Goes Places

House Warmings, a Wedding, a Week-End Party—
Let's Crash with our Party Reporter

By Grace Kingsley

A perfectly scrumptiously beautiful new home—but exactly the same perfectly charming husband! Now, I ask you—wouldn't any lady celebrate?

Patsy and I were talking about Ouida Bergere and Basil Rathbone, as we 'rested' our wraps in her bedroom, preparatory to mingling with the huge crowd of guests who were attending the Rathbones' house warming and wedding anniversary party in their beautiful new Beverly Hills home.

'They've only been in the house four days, Ouida tells me, and however they've managed to get it ready for this big party, I don't know,' Patsy went on, 'but, of course, you may expect just anything in the way of energy from Ouida.'

Ouida was looking lovely in a white evening gown, while Basil, of course, was as handsome and fascinating as ever.

We found crowds of people overflowing the drawing room, library and dining room, and glancing up saw Gloria Swanson descending the stairs, looking like a Burne-Jones stained glass window or something in her graceful long black evening frock with long white gloves.

'Burne-Jones ladies don't wear white gloves,' Patsy remonstrated when I made that remark.

'Well, if they did,' Basil Rathbone came to my assistance, 'they would look exactly like Gloria Swanson!'

We spoke to Gloria about her children. And when you speak of her children that's when all the superficiality departs from Gloria, and she becomes just a sweetly human woman.

We met Billy Haines and Roger Davis in the living room, and Roger began kidding as usual. Looking extremely severe, he exclaimed to Patsy and me:

'Don't you know that you should be off the beach at Malibu by six o'clock? That's the rule! I saw you two sitting on the beach last Sunday with Vivian Duncan as late as 6:30! It won't do! It won't do!' and he slapped...
his palms together in the manner of the teacher to the small boy.

Joseph Cawthorn and his wife, Queenie Vassar, were among the guests, and we found Joe mourning the loss of his beautiful Persian cat, which Louise Dresser had given him. It had wandered away from home.

"Well, Louise herself loved that cat—maybe she came and took it back," grinned Billy Haines.

Cyril Maude was there dancing with Beatrice Lillie, which did make the party look like good old London.

"And a very good dancer, he is," whispered Ina Claire, "none of the mid-Victorian stuff for him!"

Constance Bennett was among the guests, looking pretty; and there were Theda Bara and her husband, the director, Charles Brabin; Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Mrs. H. B. Warner, who had come to the party alone because she explained that her husband is working in a picture and must have his beauty sleep.

And we learned that Mrs. Warner herself is going into pictures. She used to be Rita Stanwood on the New York and London stage, you know.

Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, was a guest, and there were Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Ilka Chase, Aileen Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. William de Mille, Walter Pidgeon, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Glazer, George Grossmith, Frederic March and Florence Eldridge, his wife; Kenneth Thomson and his wife, Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, George Fitzmaurice and Diana Kane, Elsie Janis and her mother, and many others.

"There’s Harry Tierney," whispered Patsy. "Do you know music isn’t his only gift. He has a gift amounting to genius for making everybody adore him. He is so kind, so friendly, so modest about his cleverness."

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli were both there, and I’m sure they came together.

"That’s a romance of such long standing that nobody even talks about it any more," remarked Patsy. "I suppose some day they’ll run off and get married. I’m sure they’re crazy about each other."

Jack King had brought Elsie Janis and her mother, and Lionel Barrymore was there, a little taciturn and probably a little shy, but as delightful as ever if you talked with him.

Frederic March came over to chat with us, and had a funny story to tell us about "All Quiet On the Western Front.”

"Somebody told the director, Lewis Milestone," said March, "that he ought to give a happy ending to the picture. ‘Well,’ answered Milestone, ‘we might have the Germans win the war!’"

John Colton and Zoe Akins were there together, clever and amusing in their chat as ever, and quite as evidently rather devoted to each other.

There was a big orchestra which played for the dancing going on in the library and drawing rooms, and later there was a buffet supper served; and if you liked to stroll out in the big garden at the back of the house, which was charmingly lighted, you could do so.

"No matter where the Rathbones are keeping house, on their next anniversary," whispered Patsy as we left, "we do hope, don’t we, that they’ll invite us to see them!"

"If anybody wanted me to nominate the original location of the Garden of Eden, I’d (Continued on page 129)"
The Answer is a Four-Letter Word that Helps You Keep the Big Date at your Pet Theater

By
William J. Reilly

What Keeps the Talkies Talking?

Aladdin is rubbing his eyes these days instead of his lamp. He learns that Mickey Mouse is squealing in Cairo, Egypt, as well as in Chillicothe, O., and that when Gary Cooper pours a drink in "The Virginian," it's a shot heard 'round the world.

Aladdin wonders how the picture theaters got that way—those Cinderella playhouses that used to sit by the fire, silent, until the Prince came along with the glass slipper and forty-one crated boxes of Sound Projector apparatus.

It's all very glamorous—not only how the picture theaters got that way, but how they keep that way. For once the Roxy in New York or the State Theater in Red Bluff, Calif., finds its voice, the tradition "On with the show" acquires a new significance. The theater must be kept in good voice and it takes an army of ear, eye, and throat specialists to do the job.

You'd think Hollywood would have called in the medical profession, lock, stock, and stethoscope when talkies began playing in theaters everywhere. Doctors are used to being hauled out of bed at all hours of the night. And when a piece of talkie apparatus gets sick in a theater, Old Doc Fixit has to grab his prescription tablet in a hurry.

Your ear is queen now, and the queen must be amused. But instead of calling in the medical profession to nurse its delicate talkie machinery, Hollywood recruited a brand new bunch of experts who combine the qualities of the Northwest Mounted Police, the U. S. Marines, the air mail pilots, and the fastest down-the-pole sliders of the New York City fire department.

For it's very important to be able to get your pants on in a hurry when a theater owner calls you on the telephone and moans: "My amplifier's gone haywire and Jack Oakie sounds like four Hawaiians playing a zither."

Screenland wanted its readers to know what it's all about—since it's in the theater we hear Jack Oakie and all his playmates. So the editor said, "Let's send our dumbest reporter. If he can get this technical business through his head"—. Came a pause and then something was said about my idea of mechanics beginning and ending with an eye-dropper. But I let that pass.
“Give him eight days’ emergency rations and a diving suit,” Miss Evans went on, “and let him get to the bottom of things.”

Remember the story about the man who’d lost his mule? Well, I figured out what a mule would do, so I went to the Western Electric Company. Largest manufacturer of talking picture apparatus in the world; talkie pioneers with Warner Brothers; about 99 per cent of the producers use their equipment to make sound pictures. If anybody could help me, they could.

Believe it or not, the first thing I did when I called on Western Electric was to run smack bang into ERPI. And oh, what a pal was ERPI! Next time your cross word puzzle asks for “A four letter word meaning. What keeps the talkies talking?” just write down ERPI. It’s the answer to the talkie maiden’s prayer.

Like the Prince of Wales, ERPI has a lot of name. Its complete title is Electrical Research Products, Inc. You see, when Western Electric decided to go in for talkies in a big way, it organized a special company for the purpose. So the child was formally christened Electrical Research Products, Inc. It’s the only child that ever talked when it was a day old. As a reward, its godfather, the board of directors, decided to follow the good old American custom of reducing everything to initials. Hence, ERPI—pronounced something like Herbie, with the H dropped as at Oxford.

A good scout, ERPI. Helps Alice White keep more dates with her boy friends in the theaters than her sex appeal. Without ERPI, girls, you couldn’t palpitate to Buddy Rogers. Move over and make room for ERPI. He belongs.

This new talkie child does not live with its parents. It has a place all its own—many floors of the Fisk Building, 250 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York. From there, in the United States alone, radiate 500 territories, 50 districts and 40 offices, the service army of the talkies, transforming silent screens into audible ones, and seeing to it that the delicate mechanism of your favorite entertainment is kept working.

As I said above, when the Prince comes to the silent Cinderella playhouse, he brings not only the glass slipper, but forty-one crated boxes of Sound Projector equipment. Even when it’s all assembled and working it requires thirty-three different operations to set it in motion, keeping the operator in the little booth high up in the theater busier than a Swiss bell ringer. There are 895 parts and not one of them can go sour, else Mitzi Green, imitating Moran, of Moran and Mack, sounds like a child that ought to be spanked.

Every organization has a motto. Western Electric has one, and by the nature of that grand and glorious talkie art, it’s double-barreled, like this:

1. Keep it on.
2. Keep it sweet.

The ‘It’ being not what Clara Bow has so much of, but Sound. Sound must be kept on the screen and it must be kept sweet. So ERPI is dedicated to the proposition that all cars must hear, and what they hear must be sweet.

There is nothing haphazard about the way this double-barreled motto is lived up to. At Western Electric, Milt Gross would be knocked bow-legged to find the answer to his constant query: ‘Is dis a seestem?’ The answer is: ‘Yes. It certainly is a system.’

From coast to coast, an army of 800 ERPI acoustic engineers is on call until eleven o’clock at night—theater closing time—for emergency service at theaters using Western Electric sound equipment. It cost a million dollars to train these men and to teach them, among other things, to diagnose talkie trouble in the theaters. Just as a doctor looks at your tongue and advises that you are ailing in a part of your anatomy quite remote, so these engineers are trained to know, for instance, that an unsteady voice pitch on the screen has its origin in dust on the film sprocket of the projector.

When an emergency arises, the ERPI service men try, if possible, to prescribe the remedy over the telephone, should the theater be a distant one. If the telephoned prescription does not work right away, they hop it to it at once in person.

‘Hop’ is the word. An ERPI man flew from New Orleans to give first aid to a theater in a little parish in upper Louisiana. Over in Denmark the telephone clattered one night in the Copenhagen office of Western Electric at ten o’clock. A theater in Malmo, Sweden, was sending out the talkie SOS. A quick consultation over the ‘phone, and the Western Electric engineer, with a kit full of spare parts, was on his way to Malmo in a fast passenger plane. Flying through the darkness over the Kattegat, the arm of the North Sea between Jutland and Sweden, he arrived in Malmo in time to repair the trouble and have the show on again at half past ten.

As I said before, it’s a

(Continued on page 116)
Yes, Yes, Jeanette!

Old Man 'Mike' has put the final seal of approval on Miss Loff's screen career

By Charles Carter

Her best friends didn’t know it, and therefore couldn’t tell her.

They discovered it, however, at a preview of "King of Jazz," and did they tell her? They most certainly did. They said it with flowers, with congratulations, with words of praise seldom showered on a young actress by her Hollywood associates.

It is the romantic story of how Hollywood found out that Jeanette Loff could sing. Hollywood knew she could act. But sing? Even her best friends didn’t suspect that.

But the day came when Paul Whiteman’s big revue was to be previewed for a group of film executives and exhibitors. It was accepted as a matter of course that Jeanette Loff would acquit herself well. But they weren’t prepared for the surprise she had in store for them.

Miss Loff sang, and at the first notes there were some low exclamations throughout the darkened theater. They expressed surprise, incredulity, skepticism. Her friends held their breath, just hoping for the best. But they were not long kept in suspense, for the voice they listened to was clear and sweet, and melodious—an ideal screen voice.

Success has come easily to Jeanette Loff. She has never been conscious of struggling or fighting her way to success. That is why she is sometimes out of sympathy with the traditional stories of hardships and disappointments that are inseparable from the experiences of girls who seek fame in Hollywood.

"I suppose I’m not really entitled to enjoy my good fortune," said Miss Loff in reviewing her comparatively brief career in filmland, "for I seem to have attained it without those heartaches and privations which most girls seem to have endured in winning their way from the bottom. To me the whole experience has been enjoyable, even from the very first, although there were times when it didn’t seem that I was going to go far.

"Of course, there were baffling situations that came my way, and now and then I had to meet some severe tests, but I just accepted them as they came along, did the best I knew how, and the rest took care of itself."

Jeanette takes no little pride in the boast that she has attained her place in the sun without 'pull' or undue favors. She has asked little except a chance, and has scored advantages to be gained by any other means than merit.

Her resemblance to Vilma Banky threatened her chances for a while. Was there a place on the screen for the lovely blonde who looked so much like the Hungarian Rhapsody? Jeanette solved the problem by displaying her own personality, entirely different from Vilma’s. So she was welcome.

She came to Hollywood without any definite ambition to get into pictures. As a girl in the remote lumber town of Orofino, Idaho, she played the piano for the local picture theater, and there gained her first impression of motion pictures. Later she played for a larger theater in Portland, Oregon, but the virus of Hollywood never got into her blood.

When she did eventually come to Hollywood it was merely as a visitor, and she had only the ordinary visitor’s curiosity about the studios. She never thought seriously of trying to 'crash' the game.

But her comely face and blonde hair made impressions here and there and the time came when she was induced to try her luck with the camera. She accepted the opportunity with a half skeptical reluctance, but soon found herself in demand. Leads began to be offered and she played them well. Now —she’s set. Watch Jeanette Loff!
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "UNDER WESTERN SKIES"
THE Great Emancipator, as portrayed by Walter Huston in the D. W. Griffith picture, "Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Huston achieves a memorable impression, speaking dialogue written by the poet, Stephen Vincent Benet.
A COLORFUL character from French history is revived for the screen. William Farnum as King Louis XV in "Du Barry, Woman of Passion," the new Norma Talmadge film. Welcome back to pictures, Bill Farnum!
THE new blonde beauty of screenland: Claudia Dell, lately an ornament of Mr. Ziegfeld’s Follies, now the heroine of “Sweet Kitty Bellairs.” Warner Brothers predict stardom for her soon. Not surprising.
THE latest portrait of the stellar gentleman who, after some years in Hollywood, still remains more or less of a mystery: Mr. Ronald Colman. If mystery accounts for his charm, may it never be solved!
Gloria, in her new film, "What a Widow," wears these unusual creations. Right: a close-up of the dashing widow's hat.

Left: the tea gown of the season! Gloria wears with grace this transparent black silk velvet gown with sleeves forming large, circular flounces at wrists.

Below: a leopard lady! Miss Swanson's suit is of beige, with beige satin blouse. The coat and her hat are leopard-trimmed.

Above: Gorgeous Gloria's most gracious gown. It is of nude satin, using both sides of the material. Circular cape collar falls over one shoulder to form train.
Below: a street ensemble in black flat crepe and grey cloth, trimmed with astrakhan, worn with close-fitting black felt hat.

Widow's weeds of black crepe, trimmed with white silk pique. The black felt hat has a short white veil set in beneath a circular black veil reaching to the floor.

AND HER NEW CLOTHES

Right: You'll find few sports suits as smart as this worn by Gloria Swanson. Of blue, it's trimmed with harmonizing suede. The beret is of blue suede also.
WILLIAM BAKEWELL has one of the brightest futures in all Hollywood, says Douglas Fairbanks, with whom Billy played in "The Iron Mask." Bakewell is now seen in "All Quiet on the Western Front."
DOROTHY REVIER is in demand these days. She has just played the good girl in "The Bad Man," a departure from her usual sirenic rôles, and a welcome change for this clever, ambitious young actress.
NOW that she has won stardom strictly on her own merits, Joan Crawford may not object if we call your attention to her really amazing resemblance to Pauline Frederick in this very stunning new portrait.
This picture gives you an idea of what you may expect of Richard Dix in the future. He’s through—fed up—with light comedy, and will play smashing, two-fisted parts beginning, soon, with “Cimarron,” by Edna Ferber.
VIRGINIA VALLI, one of the most provocative personalities in Hollywood, has been dividing her time between stage and screen. Can't we all get together and persuade her to be true to her first love, pictures?
GARBO'S NEW SCREEN LOVER
Introducing Gavin Gordon

By Ralph Wheeler

A long about the time the world had been made safe for democracy, a gawky young man shook the sawdust out of his mail-order suit and left Chincota, Mississippi, to struggle along as best it could.

His name was Gavin Gordon.

He was out to do Big Things. Maybe he'd be a railroad president or a congressman. Or a soda clerk, anyway.

In Mobile, Alabama, he discovered motion pictures. The first one he saw was a wild-and-wooly Western starring Jack Gardner. Well, now that was something like it. He, too, would be a movie star!

A few weeks later, he slipped a clipping from a magazine in his pocket and made Chicago to answer an ad:

"No experience necessary! New faces needed for motion pictures—School of Cinematic Expression."

"How much do you pay?" he naively inquired.

"We don't pay anything—you pay us!" he was told.

And so Gavin Gordon—now Greta Garbo's leading man—went to work as a stenographer. And stuck to his typewriter for five years.

"At home there was nothing but a sawmill and so I worked there before I left," he said with a reminiscent chuckle. "You can imagine how thoroughly unworldly I was when I reminded you that had no idea what a motion picture was. I worked as a waiter. I worked as a bell clerk. I was a cook. In fact, I can't recall any jobs around that I didn't work at to save money so I could get out into the world, away from the monotony of small town life.

"For five years I worked in Chicago at my stenographic job in a railway office. When I was nineteen years old I saw my first stage play and my enthusiasm for playing swept away whatever visions I had left of my earlier movie ambitions. I saved my money and went to dramatic school, studying every stage star I saw and practicing all the parts in front of my mirror. Then I met Grant Mitchell through my railway job and begged him for a chance on the stage. It was through Mitchell that I gained entrée to the New York stage."

Towering two inches better than six feet, tipping the beam at a graceful 175 pounds, Gordon's commanding appearance and Southern drawl made an impression upon producers. He played parts on Broadway and stock anywhere he found a job, building himself up until he attained an eminent rating in such plays as "Simon Called Peter," "The Fool," "Romeo and Juliet," and recent hits in "Celebrity" and "Crashing Through."

"All of this time I had quite forgotten about motion pictures, although the talking screen was rapidly drawing actors from the theater. While I was playing with Edward Everett Horton in Los Angeles, however, I tried a talkie part in 'The First Command' between shows but didn't intend to give up my plans to return to New York as soon as the engagement was up. The decision to cast me opposite Greta Garbo in 'Romance' was more of a surprise to me than anyone else. I had made (Continued on page 125)
ALSO a holiday for any screen audience. You may wonder why I select this as the outstanding picture of the month when it has no March of the Grenadiers, no ballet, not even a theme song—until you see it. Then you'll understand. It's a little masterpiece—an original story directed by a man who has grown up with the movies. Edmund Goulding is his name. He did "The Trespasser." He lifts Nancy Carroll out of the rut of pretty heroines and she becomes a magnificent actress. He provides a part for Phillips Holmes that makes this young man a potential star. He creates vivid scenes instead of mere situations. He has everything a director needs: imagination, poetry, humor, intuition, good taste. You watch him! His story of the charming, innocent boy in the clutches of a mercenary maniac is surprisingly absorbing, touching, and tender. His direction makes it so. Nancy is a revelation: no longer a musical comedy cutie, but an actress. Hobart Bosworth is splendid. Ned Sparks and Zasu Pitts are legitimately funny. You must not miss this.

Swing High

UNLESS you are too old—or is it too young—to enjoy circuses, "Swing High" should appeal to you. It is one long, continuous performance under the Big Top. An old-fashioned circus in the good old days before Cinderella ballets and spectacular extravaganzas is the setting. The characters are the circus people: for heroine we have the 'dainty little queen of the air'; for villain, the sonorous ringmaster—against a background of parades and performances and through it all the familiar sound of the calliope, with, it must be admitted, a theme song or two thrown in for good measure. There is a comfortable, old-fashioned flavor about "Swing High." Seldom are you conscious of the Hollywood mechanics that make its wheels go round. Perhaps Helen Twelvetrees has something to do with this fine flavor. She is an elfin, appealing creature, but not too quaint; for all her Gish-like grace, she is warm and human and very pretty—a gay Gish. Fred Scott is a sweet-singing hero. Excellent entertainment.

The Devil's Holiday

The Devil's Holiday

The King of Jazz

SIMPLY the last gasp and the final toot of the saxophone in musical movie revues. Just as Paul Whiteman is the best and the biggest of all the jazz band men, so his revue is the most massive and elaborate ever concocted, and it will be hard to top it. Even if you think you have had enough of screen revues you must wind up your season by seeing this one, if only because of the Rhapsody in Blue number. The Gershwin masterpiece has been staged by John Murray Anderson and played by Whiteman and his boys so that you'll never forget it, in case you were ever allowed to do so. Jeanette Loff, the blonde beauty, finds her voice—and it's a sweet one. John Boles sings especially well in a smashing cowboy number. The Sisters G dance. William Kent is funny. Murray Anderson has shown imagination and exhibits his keen flair for beauty; he has something for the screen. There isn't enough of Whiteman, believe it or not. The big boy has an ingratiatingly modest screen presence.
Best Pictures
Screenland's Critic Selects
The Six Most Important Films of the Month

The Silent Enemy

Did you like "Nanook of the North?" And "Grass?" And "Chang?" Then do not miss "The Silent Enemy."

It is a motion picture for families, and unlike most 'family' films, it is not a bore. School children will enjoy it more than the wildest westerns. It is exciting—and it is real. SCREENLAND told you last month about the Burden boys' movie venture in the Canadian wilds. "The Silent Enemy" is the result of their trek into the wilderness. It is an always thrilling record of the daily life of the Ojibway Indians, waging their battle against the enemy—hunger. There is more drama in this authentic account, enacted by real Indians, than in a dozen Hollywood triangles. You'll like the little Indian boy, Chinko, with his black bear-cub pets, Amos 'n' Andy's only rivals; Yellow Robe, the stately chief; Long Lance, the young and stalwart 'hero'; Starlight, the pretty 'heroine'; and the supporting cast of bears, bull moose, and caribou. A fight between a bear and a mountain lion provides the big thrill of the month. A picture worthy of your patronage.

Bride of the Regiment

Ever hear of Walter Pidgeon? Well, you're going to from now on if the excitement he causes in the role of the swashbuckling colonel in "Bride of the Regiment" is any criterion. Pidgeon plays the kind of a colonel who orders a rascal shot, and then turns and embraces the first lovely lady who happens to come his way. As she is Myrna Loy, it only proves the colonel has good taste as well as a flair for stunning uniforms. But he turns again, this time to Vivienne Segal; has her husband locked up in a stuffy dungeon, then begins his most ardent love-making—all to pretty tunes. This picture has its sophisticated moments; even musical comedy movies are growing up. For sheer beauty in color photography it ranks pretty close to the top. There are stirring camera shots of the cavalry galloping along a forest road in the moonlight; and glittery scenes of a 'revel' in the castle. Pidgeon sings a rousing military song; Alan Prior contributes a fine tenor; Ford Sterling, Louise Fazenda and Lupino Lane supply the fun. A musical and optical treat.

All Quiet on the Western Front

More than a motion picture—a terrific experience, this picturization of Eric Remarque's best-selling war book. It is as stark, sordid, and daring as the original. Don't go to be entertained. Prepare to be shocked, shaken, and remorselessly swept along by this realistic depiction of what war does to a group of nice lads. Nothing is glossed over; all is set forth on a living screen. Lewis Milestone, a director who has never gone Hollywood, disdains the superficialities of his craft and sticks to the truth. The result is a motion picture of such power and strength that some strong men have walked out on it; but everyone will want to see it if only to be convinced that the once-depicted screen has actually come of age. Splendid performances by Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim, John Wray, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, Raymond Griffith and others. War shorn of sentimentalities as in "All Quiet on the Western Front" is the best of arguments for peace.
The Big Pond

That Chevalier! I wish I could let the lady who sat next to me in the Rialto Theater in Times Square, New York, write my review. Every time Maurice smiled or sang just stood and looked, she would sigh: "Oh, he’s so sweet, I love him." It's terrible to be a reviewer and have to control your emotions. It's no secret by this time, though, than even case-hardened film critics have succumbed to the Chevalier charm. Everything and anything he does is all right. And since he always does just the right thing, seeing a Chevalier picture is sheer joy. "The Big Pond" offers the French star his first 'straight' role; and his charm is just as potent. He needs no uniform. The story of the American heiress and her game Gallic lover is human and consistently amusing. Claudette Colbert, that unbelievable combination of heady beauty and naturalness, is the million dollar heroine.

Rich People

I wish there were more pictures like this one. You’ll enjoy every minute of it. It’s the sweetest and cleanest romance you can find on the screen today. Don’t let that scare you—it’s also amusing. Constance Bennett, one of the two or three most glamorous girls in the movies, plays the heroine, a girl with so much money that men are afraid of her. She has beauty, charm, a sense of humor, and the smartest wardrobe of the month—everything, in fact, except a steady beau. Then she meets Regis Toomey on a rainy night when her car breaks down—and from then on becomes a lady northwest mounty, trying to get her man. Regis is tempted, but independent; and it requires all the heiress' wiles to land him. "Rich People" is just the picture to comfort poor little girls; and to convince rich ones that there's still a chance for them. Regis Toomey is grand. See this one.

The Cuckoos

The product is all that the name implies! But you'll be entertained if you approve the brand of humor introduced to the screen by Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey. All of "The Cuckoos" is not nearly as funny as just one Wheeler-Woolsey scene in "Rio Rita"; but it is funny enough if you want to indulge in a few frank and unashamed horselaughs. After all, a picture in the good old slapstick tradition has its place on a screen that is growing more arty day by day. If it hadn't been for custard-pie comedy we might never have had Gloria Swanson. Yes, we need our Wheelers and Woolseys to keep us from getting high-hat. Jobyna Howard, whom you saw in "Honey," is chief comedienne in "The Cuckoos." She, too, follows the broad Sennett tradition. This picture is not for those who express amusement by means of snickers. Only loud laughers should attend.

The Bad One

Why, Ramona! I am surprised. Our poetic heroine turns hot tamale on us. Never mind, it's supposed to be good box-office. But I wonder if the Dolores Del Rio fans will like their favorite as the good little bad girl of the Marseilles dance hall for whose smiles strong men fight and kill. The stately Del Rio in such a torrid rôle is like a classily beautiful cameo that suddenly sticks out its tongue. She gives an intelligent performance that somehow never convinced me. "The Bad One" starts off in "Cock-Eyed World" tempo, only to slow up in to a "Condemned" walk. It is really Edmund Lowe's picture. As the rollicking sailor who captures the Bad One's lightho heart, Lowe adds another portrait to his popular gallery of picturesque and lovable rough-necks. The love scenes are in the very best "What Price Glory?" manner.
on Current Films

The Light of Western Stars

WESTERN, 1930 style. Thoroughly enjoyable, too, with its expensive cast, elaborate mounting, and sane and modern direction. Paramount's brand of wild and woolly melodrama is making fans of the fathers as well as the small boys—in fact, sonny is now obliged to hurry through his home work and take dad to the movies to see Dick Arlen ridin' and roamin' his way through his latest re-fined 'horse opera.' And no hardship for sonny, either. Arlen represents the New Bill Hart school of western heroes. He doesn't talk to his horse or ride away into the sunset all alone. No—he persuades Mary Brian to go along. Mary is charming as always as the girl with the light of western stars in her eyes. But Harry Green almost runs away with the picture. What Harry's doing out on the western plains is a mystery; but here he is, and very funny, too. You'll have to laugh.

Song of the Flame

At last we've seen—and heard—a logical reason for a revolution. Not musty politics, the edict of a king, the chess-playing of a bishop; but stirring music which excited the people so that they simply had to up and revolt! That's the celluloid low-down on the recent situation in Russia, according to "Song of the Flame," which is a notable picture if only for the fact that George Gershwin and Herbert Stothart composed the music responsible for the upheaval. Bernice Claire, all in Technicolor, looks lovely and sings splendidly as La Flame who started things; while Alexander Gray emerges as a prince with genuine sex appeal and an always satisfying voice. Noah Beery contributes an amazing baritone, booming out one of those drinking songs with great gusto. The music makes this picture one of the real treats among the celluloid operettas. Dramatically it fails to thrill.

Ladies Love Brutes

If you want to be chilled and thrilled, let George do it. Bancroft is indisputable monarch of movie melodrama. His pictures are uncut—the real stuff, with a kick. You can count on rousing, red-blooded entertainment with never a lull. And while George is always the big-hearted brute, he is a different man in each new picture. His latest presents him as a big steel and scaffold man, a skyscraper builder in the big city. He's a two-fisted fighter, a man's man—until he meets the woman. She is a patrician beauty; but they have one common interest—their sons. When both children are kidnapped the thrills come faster. You won't anticipate the outcome of the kidnapping plot, but the title, "Ladies Love Brutes," divulges the secret of the romance between Mary Astor, as the lovely heroine, and Mister Bancroft, the world's most successful be-man. Miss Astor's come-back is gratifying.

The Texan

ReUNITING Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a western that turns into a South American romance, this filmization of "The Double-Dyed Deceiver," will please the Cooper addicts, win new friends for Fay, and pass a pleasant, if not too exciting evening. The picture has plot aplenty, with all the twists and turns for which O. Henry was famous. Gary plays the colorful role of The Llano Kid, who quits his native state in haste after a shooting fray and masquerades as a missing son so convincingly that he wins a nice little old lady's regard and the rather more sentimental interest of a Latin beauty. You may be surprised to meet Fay Wray as the senorita: don't be, for Fay is a versatile actress and behaves becomingly in her new rôle. Gary, too, steps and speaks out, spouting Spanish most acceptably and cutting a dashin' figure as a bold hombre. This big boy is becoming a real actor.
The Arizona Kid

You’ll go expecting another “In Old Arizona.” But you won’t get it. Like most sequels this fails to arouse the enthusiasm of the first edition. Again Warner Baxter smiles and swaggers in his role of Chico; and as far as Warner is concerned, the film is a success. He cuts a dashing figure as the bandit with the price on his head; though his banditry seems, in this picture, to be confined to heart-stealing. Understandable when you consider that the feminine appeal is divided between Mona Maris and Carol Lombard, two of the prettiest girls on the screen. The blonde Miss Lombard is not quite at home in these outdoor surroundings; but La Maris is vivid and always interesting as the real romance in Chico’s colorful career. As so often happens, the authentic scenery and the hard-working players are much better than the prop plot.

The Golden Calf

Or, the quest for the perfect—er—limb. Jack Mulhall plays the artist searching for the comely calf, with Sue Carol as his old-fashioned secretary who finally says: “Surprise, surprise!” The quaint El Brendel and the pert and pretty Marjorie White help make this an entertaining, if light, little film.

The Runaway Bride

Here’s a fast-moving melodrama that will never let you down. The plot contains pearls, but it has its unexpected moments as well, and you won’t be bored. Mary Astor’s patrician beauty and practical talents make the heroine’s rôle more real than usual; while Francis MacDonald and Lloyd Hughes are good.

Strictly Modern

You’ll like this nice little romance. Nothing to shout about, but a relief after heavy heart affairs. Dorothy Mackaill is even more charming than ever in the most sympathetic rôle she has had in a long time; while Sidney Blackmer will make many friends with his half-serious, half-satirical personality.

The Second-Floor Mystery

It may be just another movie, but the presence of the latest leading lovers of Hollywood, Loretta Young and Grant Withers, will lead you to believe it’s first-rate entertainment. These youngsters are refreshingly real; and it isn’t often you can watch a real romance being enacted for your special benefit.
OTHER PICTURES

The New Adventures of Dr. Fu Manchu

It all depends upon your appetite for mystery pictures. If you are insatiable, you'll enjoy the fresh adventures of Dr. Fu Manchu. For hungry-thrill fans, this latest screen instalment of the exploits of the sinister Oriental will answer its frankly melodramatic purpose. If you're a little bewildered to find that Warner Oland, whom you believed successfully exterminated by O. P. Heggie of Scotland Yard several months ago, is still alive and sticking, keep your questions to yourself. Dr. Fu Manchu's adventures will run on forever—the modern, handsomely mounted and acted talkie editions of the old "Perils of Pauline" and "Adventures of Kathlyn." Jean Arthur and Neil Hamilton play the lovely heroine and handsome hero again, while William Austin provides the very necessary comedy relief for bloodstained dragons, screams, and clutching hands.

Wedding Rings

Bad little sister steals big sister's beau. But if you know your movies you won't be worried. Big sister is no sap, especially as played by lovely Lois Wilson. H. B. Warner is the man disputed, as convincing as he can be under the circumstances. Olive Borden is the provocative third film party.

Soldiers and Women

The real feature of this picture is the appearance of Helen Johnson, from the stage. A new blonde in movieland is always an event, and Helen is not only pretty—she's clever. Aileen Pringle heads the cast of this drama of army-post love intrigue, with Grant Withers and Walter McGrail as hero and heavy.

Temple Tower

The sequel to "Bulldog Drummond," without Ronald Colman. Hardly sporting to compare this with the original. Kenneth McKenna does fine work as Drummond, on the trial of a masked master-mind. Rather imaginatively directed, too. Marceline Day is attractive girl interest. Henry B. Wallhall is present.

Sunny Skies

'Rah, 'rah—blah! But maybe you will laugh at Benny Rubin, who turns very collegiate for this campus comedy. Or you may like Rex Lease, a varsity hero of the approved pattern; or Marceline Day, as the special sweet young thing. There's Marjorie Kane, too—but she seems to be no relation to Helen.
BUILDING

for

BEAUTY

Exercise Brings
Circulation and Grace
and Beauty Follow

By
Anne Van Alstyne

MID-SUMMER! At least it soon
will be, and everything tempts
you to let go of all the things
you ought to do and do the
things you want to or else do nothing at
all. All winter and spring you attended
to your home and business and brushed
your hair and did setting-up exercises and
paid your bills and kept your weight down
and fulfilled your social obligations. You disciplined both
mind and body regardless of freedom and comfort and
were good and conscientious about most things!

And now—well, as I said, it's summer. There's the
perfume of gardens and the tang of salt air. There are
warm, moon-lit nights and long golden hours of peaceful
leisure. If one is ever to let go and just be one's self,
now is the time, you think.

Yes, all right, but wait a minute. To
let go in a certain way is all right. Re-
laxation—all you can command—is splen-
did. Goodness knows we don't get a
chance at it very often, or if we do, we
can't. Relax, I mean. And to let go of
yourself—well, that depends upon what
sort of person you are. If you want to let
go of the self you are and make yourself
into a better self—that's fine. But if you
simply want to neglect yourself physically
and mentally for the sake of so-called
leisure, stop and think a bit. Of course,
your beauty or charm or whatever you
may call it, is yours to do with as you
will. But look ahead a little. Summer
leisure doesn't last for always. Sooner or
later, you have to face again the demands
of every-day life; and with a weather-
beaten skin, dry, lanky hair, a spreading
waist-line and ungraceful body what price

freedom and comfort when you look about at all the
slender, well-groomed others?

Summer is the time to build for beauty. All nature
is on your side. Sunlight, fresh air, all manner of out-
door activities are yours for the taking, all conspiring to
add to beauty in every form, beginning with faces.

We all agree on what we want in faces. Firmness of
contour, a skin of firm texture, clear and smooth, with the natural color that comes from good elimination, an active liver, sufficient sleep and exercise. You can have all these, as I have told you many times, if you will take intelligent care of your health and your face. But you can take the best of care of your skin and not get the results you are after if your blood is sluggish. The face must be kept clean and fed, and nothing can really feed it except the blood.

At the beauty salon, the specialist smooths a good cream into your skin, and if she thinks you need it, a circulation cream. With trained fingers she loosens the tense nerves at the back of your neck, then slaps and pats and slaps some more the entire surface of your face to bring up the blood and help the cream do its work. This is all good, but better than pattings and slappings and circulation creams is exercise.

Summer is the season for exercise, so make the most of it. Sports of any kind, golf, tennis, riding, swimming, sun-bathing, dancing in the open air, long walking trips are all conducive to building strength, beauty of line and elasticity. And when you go about this beauty building, do it intelligently and with your own individual need in view. Be careful about over-doing, since to exercise to the point of exhaustion is to defeat one’s purpose.

Swimming is a favorite summer pastime and beneficial in many ways. Sea bathing is particularly good, its great benefits coming not only from the change of air and a dip in the surf but from the exercise it necessitates and the opportunity it gives for sunning one’s self on the sandy beach.

General rules for sea bathing should be observed. The best time to go in the water is two hours before or two after eating; and choose a time when you are not greatly fatigued or overheated or perspiring, as under such circumstances proper reaction and warmth will not be likely to occur.

Many people should not remain in the water more than fifteen minutes, though vigorous young people pay little heed to such rules and spend the greater part of the morning or afternoon dashing about in the waves and sunning themselves dry on the clear white sand of the beach. In fact, a great advantage of sea bathing or the daily swim is the sun and fresh air and exercise afterward, which permits the entrance of sun and fresh air into pores too little accustomed to either.

Make the most of this opportunity in summer for out of door sun-baths. Put on your bathing suit or beach ensemble or a pair of comfy rehearsal rompers and lie to the garden or the roof or any convenient outdoor place, and let every little pore of the skin drink in the air and sunshine. Daily exposure of the person to the sun is a splendid tonic and beneficial to both health and beauty. Take care, however, as I directed last month, to protect the skin with an oil or cream before exposing it to the direct rays of the sun; as a burned,
What Happened to BARRY

If Barry Norton had said "yes" instead of "no" six years ago, he might have had then what he has today. That is a Paramount contract. He might be another big star now. One never can tell.

One night in early 1924, Barry Norton, then Alfredo Carlos Biraben, Jr., was sitting in the Pepper Pot Café in Greenwich Village when Miss Bijou Fernandez, who had previously selected an unknown boy, William Haines, and helped him to stardom, introduced herself.

"Would you like to go into pictures?" she asked.

"Not in the least," was Norton's emphatic answer.

"But I might be able to put you in the Paramount Pictures School."

"I'm not at all interested, I'm sorry." And that ended the conversation.

Today, he has a newly-signed film contract. This story is going to be about the years between, during which he has had more experiences than ten ordinary boys and has been down to the place where he had a few dimes in his pockets more times than you can count on your two fingers.

Barry had come to New York from Buenos Aires with a number of young friends for the purpose of having a lot of fun and seeing Luis Angel Firpo lick Jack Dempsey. They all saw the fight and stayed on to have their fun.

It was during their week in New York that Miss Fernandez saw Barry. He turned down her offer because he was doubtful about his looks and ability. An allowance came in every week and he was having too good a time to stop for motion pictures. Anyway, his plans were to return to Buenos Aires for a political career. So Barry continued his round of pleasure.

Before sailing to South America, the young Argentinian thought seriously of Hollywood, and the fascination got into his imagination. And when the boat landed in Buenos Aires with his friends, Norton was in Hollywood. The elder Biraben disagreed entirely with the idea of a motion picture career for one of his family and wired that either his son should come home or have his allowance cut off.

Barry decided to see if Miss Fernandez was right. So without his allowance but with the determination of Alfredo Carlos Biraben, Jr., the boy began to build the personality of Barry Norton.

He went to the Paramount studios in Hollywood but the office boys refused to let him go past the gates. Barry went to all the studios. He sold one of his suits of clothes at a time in order to eat. He got a position as assistant clerk at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles because of his knowledge of four languages. He worked as a laborer...
"If I can't make pictures in Hollywood, I can at least make Hollywood streets," said Barry. "And they'll be good streets, too."

Turning Failure into Success—
the Story of Barry Norton's Years Between

By John Godfrey

in the streets in order to keep going. He worked at the Harmon Lumber Company for $4 a day.

During each job he would save enough cash to tide him over once more while he was looking for work at motion picture studios. Each time he was refused even entrance to the studios. He tried to work as an extra in "Beau Geste" and "The Vanishing American" but he wasn't the type. One of his handicaps was the fact that he didn't own a tuxedo.

One day, with his last dime, he bought a half dozen doughnuts and made them last for three days. Finally, he had to sell his best suit. He made the money go a long way but it was gradually spent.

When he had no money in his pockets and hadn't eaten for two days, Barry read in the paper that laborers were needed by a real estate concern. He started into the building where the office was located. At the entrance to the elevator he collapsed, unconscious. When an ambulance was waiting and he was about to be taken to the hospital, it was learned that all he needed was food. He was taken to a cafe and fed and later given a job as 'vegetable boy.' He worked for two months in the restaurant, saved his money, and again tried for work in the film studios.

This time, in typical Hollywood fashion, his luck suddenly changed. He found work continually as an extra. He was given 'bit' parts, the lead in "The Lily," and a Fox contract. He became the Mother's Boy in Raoul Walsh's "What Price Glory?"

Barry Norton hasn't said so but (Continued on page 112)
Now that summer is here, our thoughts turn to cool, refreshing menus, and if dinner can be postponed until the sun goes down and a cool breeze comes up, it is doubly enjoyable.

Dorothy Mackaill has just moved into a house at Santa Monica. After living five years in an apartment, she is delighted in having trees, a lawn, and an English garden of her own, the latter reminding her, she says, of the old home in Hull, England, in which she lived as a child.

Since it is still daylight when she returns from the studio, Miss Mackaill delights in having her evening meal in this garden. The house, on a hill in the outskirts of the beach town, has a wonderful view of the blue Pacific. There is one spot that has a particularly beautiful panorama of the coast for several miles. Here a bright-colored table with a gay beach umbrella over it is set up, with chairs to match. In summer she uses dishes of a cool, clear green; goblets, salad and dinner plates to match. Sometimes Miss Mackaill dines alone. Even if friends or business acquaintances are invited to an informal dinner, she has the table set in the garden. Formal dinners are served in the large English dining room.

Dorothy Mackaill is not an extraordinary cook. A career has occupied almost all of her time and until now she has lived in hotels, and apartments, with no place in which to practice cooking. Now, however, she finds time to experiment in sandwiches, salads, and light desserts.

If the day’s work at the studio is over early, she sometimes fixes her own hot weather evening meal. She likes to work and fuss around in the kitchen under her mother’s expert guidance.

A favorite menu, that her mother often plans for her on warm evenings, consists of chilled shrimp cocktail, cold consomme, avocado and tomato salad, broiled lamb chops, new peas and new potatoes creamed together, and macaroon bisque.

“Being English and raised with the idea of a late supper, I have never been able to get away from it, although I know I should,” says Dorothy. “Sandwiches make a good central dish. Using that as the main course, it is easy to add olives, celery, radishes, little green onions, and a dessert and have a good meal that is not too heavy. In warm weather, a good fruit punch and a light dessert like fresh strawberry sherbet make good finishing touches.

“In this age of electric refrigerators, it is easy to have cold punch that has not been thinned out with ice. And freezing sherbet is no task at all, if you remember that sweet things are harder to get to a solid point than tart ones. Personally, I like my ices tart and solid.

“It is a known fact that people need less food in summer than in the colder months. I know that I feel much better, and notice the heat less if I restrict myself to light nourishing foods.

“As soon as it gets hot, I start on a fruit and vegetable diet, with cold meat at noon and some kind of a broiled and baked dish in the evening. I usually have either orange juice or grapefruit without sugar for breakfast. This, and a couple of slices of melba toast and coffee, fit me for the day.

“For lunch, I have tea, perfection fruit salad on plenty of lettuce, cold baked ham, and custard pudding. Sometimes, if I know we are going to work late on the set, I have tea in the afternoon. This is just sliced oranges, cinnamon toast, and orange pekoe or black tea.

“With these simple meals, a great deal of their appeal.
Cold Consomme

Boil one potato cut in small cubes, one small onion chopped fine, three carrots cut in slices and two tomatoes cut in small pieces with one and one-half pints of good stock made from beef or veal. When vegetables are tender, take from stove and strain. Put stock in bowl and let cool. When cold, skim and place in refrigerator. Serve very cold.

Fruit Sherbet

Mash one quart berries or their equivalent in fresh peaches. Add two cups sugar, one and one-half cups water and the juice of one lemon. Let stand about one-half hour. Dissolve two tablespoons gelatine in boiling water. When dissolved, add to the fruit mixture. Put in electric refrigerator. Allow plenty of time for freezing. About four hours will do.

is in the flavoring and the care given to their preparation. If the salad, meat, or dessert is to be cold, have it cold, not luke-warm, or just chilled.

"As to the flavoring and seasoning be sure to put in enough salt and pepper or other spice called for. Many a salad or vegetable has been spoiled by the lack of a little salt. Do not be afraid to taste things. That is the only way you can tell whether things are right or not.

"A cool and pleasing appearance of the food often tempts back the appetite lost through heat. Lettuce that is crisp and fresh on a plate gives an air of coolness. I know that often I will start eating a piece of lettuce and continue through the whole salad, just because the lettuce looks appetizing. Olives, celery, cucumbers, radishes, other fresh raw vegetables served with chipped ice are attractive to the eye as well as palatable.

"Hot or cold beverages are a matter of taste. Some people firmly believe that a hot drink makes one feel cooler, while others prefer iced tea, coffee, or a fruit drink. A great deal of the keeping cool process is mental anyway, so do as you wish. However, one suggestion here, a tart lemonade is twice as effective as a sweet one. The less sugar used, the better and more cooling it is. For the extremely hot weather, a bowl of potato salad, cold baked ham, and fruit sherbet give you all the necessary food values, and there is no danger of over-eating. Of course, I'm speaking of my way of making potato salad, with plenty of vegetables besides potatoes.

"I am listing some of my (Continued on page 108)
"Romeo and Juliet"

Eva LeGallienne went Shakespeare and topped her season at the Civic Repertory with the best production of "Romeo and Juliet" that I have ever seen.

It was played vitally. It moved swiftly from the beginning. It was understandable to the dullest mind not soaked in the beauties of Shakespeare's English. In a word, it was a human "Romeo and Juliet" played down-stage and not up in Valhalla or Nibelheim.

Eva LeGallienne in taking over the rôle of Juliet tried something that was the last thing I ever expected her to do. But she did it remarkably well. She dramatized Juliet instead of sentimentalizing her. She put vim and individuality and fire into this girl and lifted her out of the caramel sundae class of Young Things.

J. Edward Bromberg gave a gorgeous performance of that beloved swashbuckler, Mercutio—also, the best Mercutio I have ever seen. Leone Roberts made us laugh as the Nurse—real laughs. The Romeo of Donald Cameron was too matinéish for my fancy. Scenically, the performance was also fine.

(Why doesn't some one do this version of the great love-story into a talkie?)

"Three Little Girls"

This musical comedy by Messrs. Feiner and Hardt-Warren and a collaborating staff of more persons than SCREENLAND can spare the space to record for posterity, is one of those lulling, dreamy, ancient, sentimental, often bewitching, down-through-three-generations sort of thing, with Viennese music culled and made over from our old friends, Offenbach, Strauss, Lehár, et Cie.

Love, of course (would you believe it, Hedda?), is the kernel of the theme. This love-game begins in 1846 and runs all the way down to 1890 and tells the same story over three times—from grandpa and granny down to the grandchildren, where, the stars being more propitious in 1890 than before, all ends well in the best of all Shubert universes.

The Shining Lights in this revolving-stage entertainment are Natalie Hall, Raymond Walburn and John Goldsworthy. If you are not too seriously inclined in these hot days, "Three Little Girls" is your dish of watercress and angel-cake.

"The Vikings"

Ibsen is a great name to conjure with in the higher realms of dramatic art, but it sometimes happens the amulet doesn't work. Magic has its off-days.

The Blanche Yurka-Richard Herndon production of Ibsen's "The Vikings" failed to register on me as it should. Simply because it is not Ibsen. This play was written when he was very young; and while it is vigorous—even howling—and holds in germ many ideas and motives that later came to maturity in his other work, it can by no stretch of the imagination be set down as an Ibsen drama.

Miss Yurka as Hjordis, a somewhat Brunhilde-like being, was plainly not at her best. Miss Yurka is such an accomplished mistress of her art that she can do nothing badly. So her performance, was at most, interesting.

"The Vikings" would make a fine opera for some new Wagner. Mr. Wilfred's Clavilux was on view, throwing lights hither and thither; but it takes more than that to infuse life into this out-moded drama of beards and furs and breathless messengers. Our tastes in hokum have changed.

"Ada Beats the Drum"

There's quite a passion for exposing Americans. And it's high time—no people need a blowing up like we do. But woe to him who does it seriously!—he'll get a bread-knife in his back. So we must do it laughingly.

In "Ada Beats the Drum," by John Kirkpatrick, it is plainly over-
Eva LeGallienne went Shakespeare and topped her season with a splendid performance of "Romeo and Juliet." From left to right: Leone Roberts as the Nurse, Eva LeGallienne as Juliet and Donald Cameron as Romeo, in a scene from the beautifully staged production.

done. The laughter becomes a haw!-haw! and the brain-tickle that should be there becomes a goatish giggle.

Here are a bunch of Babbittized papoose brains from the Middle West (apparently) who go to Southwest France to gimlet Continental Culture into the brain of little Leila Hubbard. Ma Hubbard is strong for Europe, but the old man is strictly a Coca-Cola Yahoo who is for returning to the U. S. A., where God's on his throne and all's well with the speakeasies.

The girl (played mock-merrily by that odd little bit, Nydia Westman) prefers—being a daughter of her dad—an American as her steady. The Ma (Mary Boland) wants her to marry a Spanish painter with Continental fallalls. Many things happen—some of which click and most of which thud out. The author has beaten the drum of his theme to a frazzle.

"Lost Sheep"

Belford Forrest’s comedy, "Lost Sheep," put on by George Choos and Jack Donahue, knocked us all cold.

Here is a screaming idea—an idea that would have hit Guy De Maupassant straight between the eyes. But Mr. Forrest is not a De Maupassant (who is?). Therefore, this gorgeous theme is not treated with the delicacy and finesse that it deserves. There are empty stretches, holes where the playwright is obviously casting around to keep the merriment agog.

There is a house of evil repute on a suburban London road. The madame and her pleasure pack have just moved out without notifying their high-toned trade. Into this 'Ouse of Sin moves a Methodist minister, his wife and his three little girls.

Well, when the 'phone starts to ring and the old customers in top hats start to arrive for the evening’s debauch, you can, without pulling hard on your imagination glands, guess the contretemps, the

(Continued on page 113)
What the Film Famous are doing on and off the Set

There are two new things in Clara Bow’s life, a hair cut and a boy friend. The hair cut is short and close to her head and the boy friend is Rex Bell. The much-discussed friendship with Harry Richman appears to be a thing of the past. Clara and Rex are seen together everywhere, and seem very devoted.

Dolores Del Rio, who was a close friend of Rudolph Valentino, was chosen to unveil the statue placed in honor of his memory in De Longpre Park at De Longpre and Cherokee Streets on the late star’s birthday anniversary. Dolores delivered the dedicatory speech, which was recorded by sound news reels in three languages.

The statue is named “Aspiration,” modeled by Roger Noble Burnham, and its existence was made possible by the thousands of contributions from Valentino admirers which have come from all over the world. The inscription at the base of the statue offers this information.

George Ullman, head of the Rudolph Valentino Memorial Association, still receives many letters asking questions about Rudolph which shows that interest in him is still alive.

It seems the thing for wives to give their husbands sixteen-cylin-der twin-eight Cadillacs on their birthday. Frances Marion whose husband is George Hill, the director, was one of the givers; and Joan Crawford presented Doug Fairbanks, Jr. with one for his birthday.

Buddy Rogers’ kid brother, Bh, is going into pictures. He did a bit in “Follow Thru” and now has signed a contract with Paramount, which will start him off in small parts and build him up. Yes, that’s really his name: Try to pronounce it.

Clara Blandick, that fine character actress, plays the rector’s aunt in “Romance” starring Greta Garbo. It was Miss Blandick’s first experience with Greta, and hearing of her temperamentally ways she felt rather nervous. But she changed her mind once she met her. Greta really is a sincere artist and works very hard. She is terribly shy and nervous, however, and one day went completely up in her lines. “Oh, I am so sorry, I am so sorry,” she said twisting her fingers, which were as cold as ice. “I am so nervous. I wonder, please, could we not...”
have some boards put up around the set and have them stay that way?" There was no one on the stage except those actually concerned in making the picture and when the boards were put up as she requested, the only ones who could see her were the director and the cameramen.

"And she wasn’t kidding, either," said Miss Blandick. "She was really terrified."

Neither does Greta care for social contact, unless with a few friends whom she likes and with whom she feels at ease. The usual polite social whirl out here means nothing in the world to this girl.

Recently a party was given in honor of Lord and Lady Mountbatten by Marion Davies who invited Greta; but Greta refused. It was to be a really swanky affair and Marion wanted very much to have Greta attend. She told Mary Pickford of her failure to persuade her. "Oh, don’t you worry, I’ll arrange that," said Mary. But after she had called about nine times her confidence began to wane. Finally Greta was persuaded to answer the phone and the invitation was repeated. "Oh, but you see I am so sorry," said the

Swedish girl haltingly, "I feel much better at home than in society, so I don’t think I go. Thank you very much."

And that, as the saying goes, was flatly that.

And here’s another thing that concerns Miss Garbo. For years, Fred Niblo has been trying to interest the financial powers at Metro in a story by Barney Glazer on the Empress Josephine. Unlike other yarns that mention Napoleon, he is to be, in this, a secondary character. It being woman’s day the author thinks the women of history should have their due. Now it looks as though the deal would go through, and Greta will play Josephine if it does.

Ronald Colman and William Powell had planned to go vagabonding in Honolulu but they couldn’t get away at the same time. Ronnie pulled a fast one even on the studio and boarded the Homeric in New York harbor bound for his home town, London, on the day before the Goldwyn studios thought he would board the Chief in Los Angeles on his way to New York. "Well, I guess Colman really doesn’t want any publicity," said a newspaper man new to our town, who thought the Colman reticence was ‘all bluff.’
Ronnie is on his way to visit his relatives and Bill Powell will join him in London as soon as he finishes his present picture for Paramount.

Those around Hollywood who have been smacking their lips in anticipation of the second round of the Gilbert-Tully bout are doomed to disappointment, because these two inflammable personalities who have been at loggerheads for two years are now good friends. The trouble was all about an article about Jack by Jim, over which there was a grand row. Finally, their friends succeeded in making peace between them. Then Jim was put on dialogue for "Trader Horn" and met Jack on the lot several times. And next thing anyone knew it was announced that Jim was to play a part in Jack's next picture, "Way for a Sailor." They even had their photographs taken together one day when Jim was at Jack's place in Beverly Hills, the first Jack had had taken since his European trip. It looks like the beginning of a very strong and lasting friendship.

And Jack and Ina? Well, they're good friends, too. There's nothing to surmise or conjecture about so far as they are concerned for they have every intention of just staying together. Ina is back from New York where she went on business and turned down one or two very attractive offers to star in stage plays. "Why should I stay in New York when my husband has to remain in California and we love each other?" Ina is reported to have said in answer to those people who don't like to see her cut her brilliant career in two, even to be the wife of Jack Gilbert. But Ina isn't worrying about that. She has won great success and knows that she could go out any day and repeat it if she wanted to. Just now she is content to let things rest as they are. There's plenty of time ahead for theing.

Fans of Helen Twelvetrees will rejoice when they see
for August 1930

Zake Taylor tags Laura Lee out during practise at Wrigley Field. Roger Hornsby, star second baseman, stands by. The Chicago Cubs paid a visit to the "Top Speed" set to see Laura at work.

"Swing High" to realize that their idol is not a lisper. The first talkie picture of this captivating actress presented her as the lipping girl in "The Ghost Talks" and she was the recipient of many letters of sympathy for her impediment in speech!

There was quite a flurry in Hollywood when Bebe Daniels announced her engagement to Ben Lyon, followed shortly by wedding invitations. Because it was the first time either of them had been married it was suggested to Bebe that she take over the Hollywood Bowl for her wedding so that all her friends could attend. But Bebe and Ben preferred to have a quiet wedding and a big reception afterward.

Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons) was matron of honor. Among the bridesmaids were Marion Davies, Lila Lee, Betty Compson, Marie Mosquini, who has been Bebe's friend since they were nine years old, Diana Kane Fitzmaurice, Constance Talmadge.

Ben Lyon chose Hal Howe to be his best man and the ushers were Henry Hobart, George Fitzmaurice, Sam Hardy, Frank Joyce, Howard Hughes, Skeet Gallagher, Wallace Davis and Dr. Harry Martin.

There could be only a short honeymoon because both Ben and Bebe had working schedules to think of; but as soon as they can, they will be off to Europe for a real honeymoon.

The seriousness of this romance between Bebe and Ben was a surprise to Hollywood. Both are so popular and have been reported engaged so many times that it just looked like another transitory friendship; but this turned out to be the real thing.

* * *

Reginald Denny, looking very stunning in his costume for the bal masque, an ultra gorgeous
scene which Cecil De Mille put on in "Madame Satan" apparently did not feel as fine as he looked, for his forehead wore a thoughtful frown.

"Well, I'm not superstitious," Reg said, explaining it, "but I'm wearing a wig of Rudy Valentino's and I do feel curious."

Going back to weddings—it is probable that before this is printed Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson will have followed the example of Ben and Bebe. Last winter, Sally, Hoot and a party of friends were snow-bound for ten days in Hoot's mountain cabin. The second morning after they arrived they looked out upon a snow-fast world. They started on horseback for provisions; but the horses, after wallowing desperately in shoulder-deep snow for three hours, decided to go to sleep. So did Sally. This meant they were freezing to death and the rest of the party, realizing the danger, shook off the lethargy that had begun to envelop them, too, and started beating up both Sally and the horses. Fortunately, enough food had been stored in the house so they didn't starve, but the fare wasn't as sumptuous as it normally would have been.

"Ten people under one roof for that many days is a good test of friendship," said Sally. "After it was all over I still liked Hoot and we both thought that if we could stand that test we must be really congenial."

Fred Niblo is the 'sound effects' in the dance-hall scene of "Easy Going," starring Bill Haines. He does not appear nor does he get screen credit but it is his voice which yells, "Hot dogs! Popcorn! Hot dogs!"

Because of the way audiences received John Barrymore's rendition of Shakespeare's "Richard III" in "Show of Shows," Warner Brothers will present him in a picturization of "Hamlet," which was one of Barrymore's most interesting stage roles. And the beautiful Dolores may play Ophelia, though this has not been even rumored as yet. It has been said that these two will appear in "Trilby," Jack playing Stengel and Dolores the ill-fated Trilby. "Hamlet" is scheduled as a special, to be made after Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore and their baby daughter Dolores Ethel have had a cruise on their yacht, "The Infanta."

We dropped in on Sylvia, the Swedish masseuse, at the Pathé studio and found Madge Kennedy being pummeled. Madge was singing lustily. After the first stanza she said, "Sylvia, I don't know whether you like this or not but I have to sing to take my mind off what you are doing. You nearly murder me, but just the same you're wonderful."

When Madge first met Sylvia, the diminutive Dane gave the actress a critical glance and said, "You look too dignified. Cut your hair off." This was just what Madge's friends had been trying to persuade her to do for years but it took Sylvia to turn the trick. Next time Madge appeared she wore the most adorable bob you ever saw.
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"People love the beauty of smooth skin," says Mervyn LeRoy, First National’s famous motion picture director. Like 44 other leading directors he has found this out from long experience in choosing girls who will most surely touch the hearts of millions of people.

"To a screen star," he goes on to say, "a flawlessly smooth skin is a supreme necessity. No art of the make-up man can simulate skin beauty under the merciless test of the close-up."

And lovely skin must have the most intelligent care. The charming Hollywood screen stars long ago found out that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin exquisite.

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use this delicate soap—and every one of the great motion picture studios has made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

Billie Dove, First National’s appealingly lovely star, in the luxurious bathroom built for her in Hollywood. "A smooth skin is most important to every girl whether or not she is a motion picture star. I use Lux Toilet Soap and find it delightfully pure and refreshing."

Billie Dove.

And now, in the capitals of Europe, too, the beautiful screen stars have adopted it.

Never were the lovely actresses more appreciative of Lux Toilet Soap than since talking and singing pictures have become so popular. There are more close-ups than ever in the talkies—and every close-up demands a practically perfect skin if a star is to hold the public heart.

If you aren’t one of the millions of women who are using Lux Toilet Soap, you’ll be delighted to find how smooth and soft it keeps your skin. Its caressing lather is instant—even in hard water. Order several cakes—today.

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Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake • NOW 10¢
WINNIE from Buckeye State.
No, I couldn't say that Yankee Doodle was the theme song for the American Revolution but after going to some of the talkies, I have found that the old-fashioned movies were too good for words. Madge Bellamy was born in Hillsboro, Texas. She is a free-lance player but you can write her at 919 No., Beverly Drive, Hollywood, Cal. Jackie Googan was born Oct. 26, 1914.

Aretas of Columbus, Ohio. Ivan Lebedeff was born June 18, 1899, in Uspoliai, Lithuania. He has black hair and eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 148 pounds. He was on the stage in Russia and appeared in pictures in France and Germany before coming to the United States. He played in "Street Girl," all-talking film with Betty Compson, Jack Oakie, John Harron and Ned Sparks. Ivan is now working in "Radio Revels" at the RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Buddy's Fan from St. Louis, Mo. No issue complete without the usual information about Charles Rogers—shows you can't keep a good kid down and who wants to? Buddy was 24 years old on his last birthday, Aug. 13, 1929. His father and mother are living and he has two sisters and a brother. He was one of the 16 pupils of the Paramount School. His latest picture is "Follow Thru," with Nancy Carroll, Mary Kornman and Johnny Downs have outgrown "Our Gang." Jean Darling is the Gang's leading lady since Mary grew up.

Margaret T. from N. Y. City. I'm not an electrician's daughter but I know watts—wait up! Ray and Darr. She was born April 18, 1919, in Los Angeles, Cal. She is 52 inches tall, weighs 54 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She has appeared on the screen in "On Trial," "The Dummy," "The Pony Express," "The City That Never Sleeps," and "Feet of Clay."

Phoebe S. of Woodbury, N. J. You like my name, do you? I think it's pretty good myself—that's why I've never changed it. I could go on forever telling you of the brothers and sisters on the screen but here are some of them: Dolores and Helene Costello, Mary and Jack Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, Alberta and Adamae Vaughn, Charles and Syd Chaplin. But Will Rogers and Charles (Buddy) Rogers are not brothers, not even father and son. Will's sons are just kids.

Buddy O. from Milwaukee. Sorry not to announce your fan club but we discontinued mention of fan clubs in Screenland some time ago. Gilbert Roland's latest picture is "New York Nights" with Norma Talmadge. Is Grant Withers getting good breaks? I'll tell you he is. Hasn't he just grabbed off a swell girl. Loretta Young, for better or worse? Rex Lease appears in "Troopers Three" with Dorothy Gulliver. Write him at Tiffany Productions, 4716 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

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, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Snowshoes from Vancouver, B. C. Do I follow you? It's a pleasure. Nancy Carroll has a four-year-old daughter, Patricia Kirkland. Sue Carol and Nancy Carroll are not related. Nancy was born November 19, 1906, in New York City. The neighborhood knew her as Nancy La Huff but when Broadway began to sit up and notice the beautiful red-haired girl, she became Nancy Carroll. She has blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. She gets her fan mail at Paramount Studios, 1451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Gary Cooper's hair is brown and not red, as you have been told. Come again and often. Many thanks for your praise.

An Indian Girl from Bloori, Miss. You like all the handsome male stars but Richard Dix has the only spot in your heart—how about that Richard? He was born July 18, 1894, in St. Paul, Minn. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. His new picture will be "Cimaron," from Edna Ferber's novel. You can write Dix at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.


Bobbie from Dayton, Ohio. Of course my "Ask Me" department is great. With gentle guidance and synchronized control, you fans have made these lines what they are today. So there you are, and every- (Continued on page 127)
It Gives Your Teeth A Double Cleansing!

Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces...thus cleansing teeth completely.

IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food particles collect, and washes out these hard-to-clean places, you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only half clean!

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Name

Address
A SINGING LESSON

By RAMON NOVARO — Continued from page 25

All languages are interesting to sing in, for each language has a different and distinct value to the voice. French is splendid for the nasal tones; Italian and Spanish for the forward open vowel sounds, and although English is looked upon by many as the ugly duckling of the language family, it can be of great benefit to the voice and very singable if special attention is given to the articulation and pronunciation and if one is not afraid to use the voice to the utmost. There are wonderful languages to help one to attain clear, crisp diction.

When I vocalize I always prefix the vowel sounds with a consonant, to bring the tone on the lips. For instance, when practising on "ow," I put the consonant "n" — making it "own." The same thing should be practised on "ay, ni, no, and nu.

Spanish is the only language that I am familiar with music of all nations, for besides the beauty that one takes into one's own soul it is a broad education to know the different countries by the quality and timbre that each expresses through the medium of its music. Personally, I love music and composers the world over, but one of my greatest favorites is Verdi. His operas are so big, so free from petty themes, so melodic and yet so massive. He has the rare combination of all the virtues and few of the vices of a composer. I think, of "Aida," "Traviata," "Otello," "Il Trovatore," and many others. He is the Priceless Jewels in the crown of everlasting music, and the singer to whom they are next in love and adoration is the singer that Verdi and his admirers have sung to the most. Larger than life, but no less than the best, are the characterizations given in his operas by one of the most original and best singers of the world, "La Traviata," "Otello," and "Il Trovatore."
A Hundred Million Eager Hearts Await Their Coming To The Screen!

At last! AMOS 'N ANDY are to be seen as well as heard!
From their boundless empire of the air, where they hold a nation enthralled each day, these magic personalities, mightiest stars of all creation, are coming to thrill the world anew in a grand and glorious picture. Their gay cavalcade is on the way!

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Spring into glamorous life in their first all talking motion picture!

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The Radiotrace-mark will be your best assurance of fine entertainment, for millions of dollars and the genius of the greatest creative minds are going into Radio Pictures. AMOS 'N ANDY is but one of the treats in store.
There's "CHIRRABON," Edna Ferber's great epic of empire, to look forward to; RICHARD DIX plays the coveted role of Tommey Craval; "DIXIANA," glamorous romance of Mardi Gras, brings BEEBE DANIELS, EVERTT MARSHALL, Metropolitan Opera Star, Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and a thousand others. Victor Herbert's "BABES IN TOYLAND" is coming in lavish extravaganza. There are many others of equal interest, including Rex Beach's "THE SILVER HORDE" and John O'asworth's "ESCAPE."

Naturally you will want to see them all! The manager of your favorite theatre is now arranging his season's bookings and will appreciate it if you let him know your wishes in entertainment. He is anxious to please you. Tell him you want to see these great RADIO PICTURES at his house.

R. K. O. DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
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1560 Broadway, New York City
recipes below, for the convenience of readers who would like to try them. Most of them are my mother’s, ones that are tried and approved by our family.”

PERFECTION FRUIT SALAD

½ package gelatine
1 pint boiling water
½ cup cold water
1 cup sugar
⅔ cup lemon juice
2 cups finely chopped apples
1 cup shredded pineapple
½ cup chopped cherries
1 orange chopped fine
½ cup nut meats

Soak gelatine in cold water two minutes, add fruit juices, boiling water, sugar, and strain. Place in refrigerator and when jelly begins to set, add remaining ingredients. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

POTATO SALAD

5 good sized potatoes
3 large tomatoes
5 hard boiled eggs
2 cucumbers chopped into cubes
⅛ onion chopped very fine

Boil the potatoes and when cold dice.

Add the tomatoes, cucumbers, eggs and onion thinly sliced to the potatoes. Add enough mayonnaise to moisten. Add salt and paprika to taste.

AVOCADO SANDWICHES

1 large avocado
1 loaf bread
⅓ lemon

Chop avocado very fine. Mash to a paste, then add the juice of lemon, salt and pepper to taste. Spread on thin slices of buttered bread and cut into long narrow strips. Mayonnaise may be added to the paste, if desired.

NEW PEAS AND POTATOES

8 lbs. peas
1½ lb. new potatoes
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 pint milk

Boil vegetables separately until done. Add a fourth teaspoon sugar to the water in which peas are boiled. To make the sauce, put butter in a pan and melt. Add flour and stir until smooth, then add milk and continue stirring until there are no lumps. Add peas and potatoes to sauce and let simmer until thoroughly cooked. Sprinkle with paprika and serve.

MACAROON BISQUE

1 pint sweet cream
2 dozen macaroons
¼ cup pulverized sugar

Whip cream very stiff and add the macaroons, pulverized, then the sugar. Put in a dish and place in the frigidaire. Turn on extreme cold until the bisque begins to freeze, then turn to ordinary cold.

FRUIT PUNCH

6 oranges
3 lemons
grapefruits
½ pint tea
1 large can crushed pineapple
1 pint concentrated grape juice
1 pint chipped ice

Mix fruit juices, tea, crushed pineapple and sugar with chipped ice. The sugar mixes better if dissolved with a little hot water then cooled before adding it to the punch.” Place punch in refrigerator until ready to serve.

FORE! "FOLLOW THRU" LOCATION — Continued from page 57

covered her of being afraid or not. Evi- dently she decided that her words would fall upon sympathetic ears for she com- pleted her sentence. She happened to meet a large woman one time when she said how she suffered from stage fright, that if she would just realize before she went on the stage that she was only a channel for God’s expression of joy she would lose all sense of self-consciousness. “I took the advice seriously and used to stop a moment before I went on and closing my eyes I would think, ‘now God is making people happy through me.’ Then I’d caper about and have the time of my life because I never thought that I, myself, was doing anything. The idea relieved me of my responsibility and I did much better work. And people laughed and seemed to be enjoying themselves and I loved it, too. I did the same thing in pictures, and really I don’t think I could act at all if I didn’t say my little prayer, because picture frighten me. I’ll get used to them, though.

I suppose Zelma will be raised by her friends because she told me this but I’m going to pass it on because it is a beautiful thought and one that will help anyone, if they try it out, no matter whether they are scrubbing floors or building cathedrals. And because she is sincere I’m sure she will know how to handle the razzing if she should get any. She told me another thing she used to do when she was a little girl to help her through the terrors that we have all been called upon to perform when play seems so much more attractive—namely, helping her mother. She turned everything into a game. “Mother” was my particular about having things tidy and I liked them that way, too, only it was such a nuisance to spend time putting things in order. So I used to play that I was the ladies and gentlemen and the tea- spoons children. The table-spoons and soup spoons were the grandparents, and all these people had their own rooms and had to be kept separately. And it became a lot of fun.” Which may be a very happy thought for some other little girl who finds washing and wiping away the dinner dishes an uninteresting thing to do. It was a pathetic what that moving picture company did to the El Mirador! It was nothing for five or six grips to scale the walls and look for a spot to plant their reflectors, mike milk and con- tinue stirring until there are no lumps. Add peas and potatoes to sauce and let simmer until thoroughly heated. Sprinkle with paprika and serve.

As an artist it is desconcerting even if it is your very first film job to have a person disregard you for several moments after you have been announced. However, Claude stood his ground, thinking it was a new kind of test. Suddenly Stiller looked up at him and said impatiently, “No, no. Gott, no!” and went on writing. Appar- ently the interview was over, but Claude said: “Well, Mr. Stiller, I came here at your request and at the advice of my manager— and was about to apologize for living when Stiller cut in with, ‘You’ll be remembered when the rest of us are forgotten!’”

“What do you mean?” asked Claude, suddenly furious at what he thought was ridiculous, the cause of which he did not understand.

“You’ll be remembered when the rest of us are forgotten,” Stiller repeated.

“But I don’t understand,” said Claude.

“Bernard Shaw mentioned you in the foreword of one of his plays, A man who is a fine enough actor to be worthy of comment from Shaw will outlast all of us. So why should you care that you are not the type for the part I have in mind?”

Which is an illuminating incident on Stiller’s. Buddy Rogers was looking very hand- some in a going outfit with orange sweater and socks to match. In private life he was quite a socialite and who went back to town in a yellow sweater and socks. How the flappers gazed at him, and they were almost able to rub elbows with him, too, for as soon as each player finished a scene they would dash for the lobby to get away from the burning rays of the sun until the next scene was called. Buddy sun would be considered a heartbreaker if one can judge by the languishing looks cast in his direction. Even in his own world the girls are not immune to the young ladies he has been seen to be passing. But Buddy’s head is set squarely on his shoulders. He is shy, modest, and I noticed what nice manners he had and how sweet he was to his mother. His
Grace that is natural and always attractive

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage.

DOROTHY MACKAILL
First National Pictures, Inc.

Today, to be really beautiful, one must be radiantly healthy, yet desirably feminine. Youthfully slender, but with no trace of the "flatness" of yesterday.

How many girls, dieting to achieve this fashionable figure, have destroyed both health and charm! And so unnecessarily!

By following a few simple rules it is comparatively easy to control the weight—and be healthy and more beautiful while doing so.

Eat balanced menus—designed to reduce safely. Avoid the two great dangers of dieting—anemia and improper elimination.

One delightful product that is not fattening will help avoid both of these dangers. It is Kellogg's All-Bran.

Add it to any reducing diet. It furnishes the roughage your system needs to keep it clean and healthy.

Improper elimination is one of beauty's greatest foes! It is the most frequent cause of pimples, sallow complexions, lines of age, listlessness and disease. Just two tablespoonsfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran daily is guaranteed to eliminate this danger.

In addition, it helps prevent dietary anemia by adding iron to the blood. Iron brings glorious color to the lips and complexion. With milk or fruit juices, important vitamins are introduced to balance the diet.

You can eat Kellogg's All-Bran in so many delightful ways—without adding many calories to the diet. In fruit juices—sprinkled on salads, in soups. Cook it in bran muffins, omelettes, breads. New processes have improved All-Bran—both in texture and in taste. Recommended by doctors.

Always ask for Kellogg's All-Bran—in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

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Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

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Address __________________________

RELIEVES CONSTIPATION
ALL-BRAN
KELLOGG COMPANY

[Image of Kellogg's All-Bran advertisement]
mother, father, and kid brother were there with him—a pleasant vacation for them. Abbot—two of the players had their families there. You see it wasn’t a bit like a location more like a trip to a vacation resort.

I asked Henry Hathaway, who always seems to be the assistant director on every Paramount location that I am sent on, how he kept the hotel guests in order. It was bad enough in the silent days to keep out inspectors from underfoot, but now! Suppose someone wants to go for a ride and their car is parked perhaps fifty or a hundred feet from the spot from which the company is shooting. They are asked not to start their motor, not to slam their doors and not to talk until the releasing whistle blows, and to keep away and not to walk across the lawn while the shooting is going on, and a few other don’ts. But they are given a place to stand where they can see what is going on, so they don’t feel injured. Henry is the only assistant I happen to have been on location with who has this delicate job to carry over and he had to get it on every picture. On “Redskin” he had a crowd of people from Alburquerque as well as visiting Indians to boss around. In “The Terror” of which he had to get motors on the high road, and now the El Mirador guests. “How do you control them?” I asked him, “they must think you have an army at your disposal,” I asked him, and Henry, “They like to see movies being made and know that we have to push them around a little. We couldn’t do anything about it if they refused to be people, they’re pretty regular, I find, and not nearly as disobliging as the pessimists would like us to believe.”

Eugene Pulette had an awful-looking golf suit—just you wait till you see it, and the picture is one hundred percent Technicolor! Technically it is a thrill. Gene had a tricky line to say and muffed the word ‘rubber.’ “What’s ‘rubber?’” grinned Henry Hathaway. “Henry says I muffed up.” “I heard it trip myself—I mean bungo!” Gene had a reputation for being something of a wit, and I must say that most of the humor one hears broadcasted from the Paramount lot originates with him.

Lloyd Corrigan and Laurence Schwab are co-directing, and they make a pretty fine team. Mr. Corrigan is responsible for some of the best scenes that Paramount has recently put out, and Mr. Schwab of Schwab and Mandel fame is well-known in the theatrical field as producer of “The Desert Song,” “Follow Thru,” and “The New Moon.”

There were more than a hundred people in the scenes the first day I was there, and I had about decided that Paramount had taken over the whole second annex to house them when one of the extras enlightened me. Four buses left the studio in Hollywood at three-thirty, in the morning, arriving at Palm Springs in time for them to be made up by eighty-three, and carried them back each night! This performance went on for three or four days. You’d think the girls would look exhausted, but they didn’t. There is some magic in pictures that keeps eyes bright and faces cheerful.行政

There is a law out here, an assistant told me, that permits a company to work their people any number of hours but they have to be fed, every six of them. So the girls and boys got plenty to eat even if they were short in sleep.

The assistant manager of the El Mirador was strong enough to drive us all around Palm Springs, pointing our places of interest and finally winding up at the summit of Palm Canyon where a tiny store offers hundreds of Indian pottery and animals carved out wood, and which I live in Palm Springs and likes to while away his leisure hours thus. There were some elephants and camels which stood about eight feet tall, but the little Scotty dogs about three inches long that looked at us with shy, though friendly, eyes.

Several stars were vacationing at El Mirador, among them Eddie Cantor, who is now in the midst of making “Whoopie” for Sam Goldwyn; Ken Maynard, who intends building a theater at Palm Springs; Kathryn Crawford, Laurence Tibbett, and the Tibbett twins.

The last few location scenes were scrambled through because everyone was anxious to get back home. Buddy Rogers took a final plunge in the pool where his brother had been all morning and then, after a hasty lunch, dashed off so his dad could keep an appointment in town.

Zelma and Eugene were in the final scenes; Eugene the one standing on the bench overlooking the golf course on the other side of a hedge, which was made by Paramount. When the whistle blew after their third scene, Lillian, the go-between, the head of the household of the general who had worn because of the heat and shouted, “Okay! Wrap ’em up for home and tomorrow” And you never saw such scrambling. It was like a grammar school recess. Some went to pack and others for the automobiles waiting to take them back to Los Angeles. Our driver thus ended the “Follow Thru” location.

### HOW TO HAVE A HOLLYWOOD FIGURE — Continued from page 19

fall for a woman with a beautiful figure—whether on the stage or off. A man may overlook a peevish disposition in a woman—poor dumb fools that we are—but there isn’t one man out of a thousand Made-on-the-Square girl fans who can overlook a thick ankle or a pair of hips bouncing out like the sides of a Zeppelin hangar. So if you want to get your man—or woman—it’s up to you to get rid of that old devil fat.

It’s dumb to get fat in the first place. But few people realize it until it’s too late. There are five kinds of people who mostly run to fat:

1. The greedy.
2. The vain.
3. The ignorant.
4. Those with defective hearts.
5. People who have trouble with their pitting glands.

The greedy get fat, naturally, because they overeat. The vain because they are too well-headed to see themselves in their true light. The ignorant because they haven’t got the brains to realize they’re fat until they tip the balances at a hundred and eighty-five or so. People with heart trouble take on weight because they’re afraid to exercise, and people with gland trouble do the same. So how, may ask the famous scientists—what about all this gland business is about.

But regardless of the reason for your overweight, you can get rid of it. And not by the diets, either, but by exercise. And the first thing for you to understand is that exercise at my gymnasium is divided into two classes: active, for the strong; and passive, for the not-so-strong.

To give you a tangible idea of just how to go about shedding those extra pounds, let’s imagine you’re up at my gymnasium, and I’ve promised to return your money to you unless I can show you how to melt off the fat.

We’ll take the well ones first. You’ve been examined, your heart has been found o.k. So now your lesson is ready to begin.

See that woman over there? She’s the assistant district attorney for the state of New York. It’s as necessary for her to be thin as it is for a stage star. Because when you hold a big business job, your clients expect you to be a pleasure to look at—not an eye-sore.

“Who is that other woman?” you ask.

“T he pretty one with the slim legs and hips?”

Well, she’s a grandmother. And she’s just coming here to take off a little surplus around those bits. She’s in the style dresses. She’s faithful, too. She comes every day.

Now, we’re all ready. Go over there to your dressing room and put on your reducing garments.

“What are they?”

My own invention. Rubber face and chin mask. Rubber trousers, rubber military coat, and rubber abdominal band, over which you must wear a thick woolen or cotton fleece union suit, a bathing suit, and a sweater coat which gives you six thicknesses of wrapping beneath which you must exercise—and sweat. That’s the answer.—you get thin by the sweat of your brow—and all points south.

We’re all dressed in our first act, so we’ll go up one story to the roof where, under glass which allows you to enjoy the pure rays of the sun, the fun begins.

First we walk and dog-trot, flat-footed and by exercise, to get your circulation. And next, we indulge in special exercises, after ten laps around the open-air track. Of course, if you still feel peppy, you can jog 20 laps—which makes one mile.

Now, we’ll leave the well ones up on the roof for a little rest and sunshine. That’ll restore their energy. Downstairs you’ll find a table with space on the health tables and go through ‘Belly Flattening.’ Now let’s see the results of that in the taking of the passive exercise are getting rid of those forty who were; can’t let them go through the strenuous routine.

Here we find row after row of men and women in their own separate departments standing in the vibratory massage machines; one standing on the short massage rollers. The first machine looks like a wire barrel. You step into it, the attendant presses the button. The action begins. From your knees up to above your waist, this wire barrel having a two-hundred-pound massage pressure, gently and firmly massage you, stimulating the circulation, quickening the liver and kidneys, and
helping to stretch the intestines and the vertebra.

The second machine—the chair massage roller—is one you sit on, to have your hips, thighs, and legs reduced. It is made up of an immense number of rubber spoons which quietly revolve, breaking down the fatty tissues and rubbing off and solidifying the surplus flesh—a real lazy man’s way of reducing with no harm done to a defective heart.

But now, of course, I realize that all of you can’t get to New York for personal treatment, so the only thing for you to do is to treat yourselves in your own homes. So put on some heavy wool or get rubber garments, and as our class in the gymnasium lies down on the health tables and starts their routine of exercise, you lie on your floor at home and go through the same business. This, of course, only if you have no serious heart trouble.

1. Lie on the floor, face down. Rise slowly on the palms of your hands and knees drop the weight with the abdomen striking smartly on the floor. Rise again on the palms and again let the abdomen touch the floor. Repeat five times, increasing each day the number of times. This is an excellent exercise to promote intestinal activity and absolutely flatten the abdomen.

2. Stand erect. Stretch the arms in front of the body, parallel to the floor. Count one on rising to the toes while lifting the arms above the head and inhaling deeply. Exhale while returning the arms to their original position. Repeat five times, increasing each day until you reach twenty-five. This is splendid for developing the neck and chest.

3. Stand erect. Extend the arms in front of the body level with the shoulders, the palm turned downward. Keep the head stationary. Kick up to the fingers, first with the right leg, then with the left. Kick the fingers on count one, return to standing position on count two. This stretches the vertebra, relieves nerve strain and stimulates circulation.

4. Stand erect, with feet together and legs stiff. Place the hands behind the head with the fingers interlaced. Bend the body slowly sideways. The movement must be solely with the waist. Keep the rest of the body rigid. This quickens the liver and kidneys.

5. Stand erect, feet apart and extend the hands above the head, palms forward. On first count lean forward and touch the left toes with the right hand. Repeat touching the right foot with the left hand. This will strengthen flabby abdominal muscles, and benefit the back which is generally unaccustomed to stooping.

A lot of people, however, don’t need such strenuous treatment. A gentle toning each day, a little restraint in eating, and a good stiff workout a few times a week, will answer the needs.

Here is the routine which I follow myself and this is sufficient for those who wish only to keep their weight where it is.

When you arise in the morning, drink two glasses of hot water. This promotes circulation and is in reality an internal bath.

Your poise and charm are safe with this deodorizing protection

Because Kotex deodorizes... is inconspicuous... stays light and cool for hours... it is really necessary to your summer poise and comfort.

DON’T sacrifice your feminine charm one single day in summer. Kotex protects when faintness is especially difficult.

All through every Kotex pad a wonderful deodorant is sprinkled. This deodorant is your protection. It is safe and gentle... soothing, even... yet deodorizes as long as the pad is worn.

Meantime, Kotex gives a degree of comfort that seems almost miraculous. This is largely due to its unique filler, Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding.

Preferred by hospitals

Cellucotton is used by 85% of America’s leading hospitals because of its many advantages. It is not cotton, but a cellulose substance which absorbs five times as much as an equal weight of finest cotton!

Do you realize what this means? It means your Kotex pad can be five times lighter than any cotton pad, and give equal protection. Think of the difference in summer, when bulk and weight are so trying.

Kotex keeps its original delicacy an amazing time. It is made of sheer layers, laid lengthwise. These layers permit free circulation of air, and carry moisture quickly away from the surface. This method of absorption is important both to comfort and hygiene.

Round, tapered corners keep Kotex always inconspicuous. And you dispose of it as easily as tissue. Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

IN HOSPITALS

1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absortion of which Kotex is made.
2 Kotex is soft... not a deceptive softness that sooo packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
3 Safe, secure... keeps your mind at ease.
4 Deodorizes... safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5 Disposable, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Also regular size singly in vending cabinets throughout West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes
Next do two hundred bends. This is just the old stunt of stooping with knees unbent until the finger tips touch the floor. This is a nice exercise to do with your wife, or your brother or sister. Make a game of it out and see who wins.

And now for breakfast. My own is of crumbled bran, mixed with some other cereal, orange juice or half a grapefruit and a cup of coffee. But you can have an egg, or a sandwich, or an orange soda, or whatever you like. But be sure you drink milk over it, not cream.

Now for lunch. A cup of hot, fresh spinach soup, one slice of rye bread or whole wheat bread, one glass of buttermilk, and a piece of fruit.

You may vary this, however, with fresh tomato soup, made with milk and milk, and a small salad of lettuce, parsley and olives, or you can take one cup of chicken broth, cottage cheese, hearts of lettuce, but remember only to eat one slice of rye bread (not fresh) with any of these three simple luncheons.

If you feel you must have meat, take one piece of cold, not too well cooked, one-half of a tomato sliced, one piece of toast, and one cup of tea. Or if you prefer, sweetbreads, broiled on toast, lettuce with French dressing, one slice of white bread, and one cup of tea.

Of course, by dinner time, you'll be pretty hungry. But we must keep this meal down if we want to keep the good old waist line down. I should suggest, one cup of chicken broth, stewed chicken boiled with onions, parsley, celery and peppers, chopped very fine, fruit salad, consisting of sliced apples, grapes and almonds, and one slice of whole wheat bread.

If this doesn't appeal to you, try in its place one cup of beef broth, one thin slice medium rare roast beef, with creamed onions, fresh spinach, hearts of lettuce, and a fruit dessert, sliced pineapples, sliced oranges or sliced grapefruit.

Should this not hit the spot, try instead a cup of asparagus broth, one broiled lamb chop, two if small, green peas, hearts of lettuce, toast, sliced peaches or strawberries, raspberries or blackberries, according to the season.

Perhaps, though, you'd like a little fish for a change. If so, it's all right to have a piece of broiled or boiled fish, sprinkled with lemon, and served variously with either clam broth or green vegetable soup. With the fish you may also have cauliflower, Asparagus, watercress and egg salad, and fruit dessert.

In this connection, it is unnecessary for me to add that no alcohol nor ice cream, cakes, white bread, butter, or pies, are allowed.

Health has always been my one study, from the time I started out boxing in a barn to the day in 1905 when I won the light heavyweight championship of the world, through the exciting period when I became the first American to win the middle and heavyweight championship of England, clear up until today.

Four things I have found indispensable to happiness and well-being. They are: exercise, rest, care in eating and cheerfulness.

Of course, there are people who will eat a half-pound of candy and gain two pounds. These are those unfortunate ones who have glandular disturbances. I am neither a doctor nor a scientist. I do not claim to be an expert on pithitary or any other kinds of glands. But this much I have learned: overaction of the glands can be cured by moderate, persistent exercise. In a way, the same is true of heart trouble. There are, naturally, a few cases of organic heart trouble which nothing can cure. But there are many kinds which are greatly benefited by gentle, consistent, passive exercise.

I cannot give general directions for people suffering from these two ailments but if you will write me or come to see me, I shall be only too glad to advise you regarding your condition, and, to let you have the benefit of my thirty-five years' experience. Health and beauty like most screen stars have, are both within the reach of every human being. The possibility is yes; however, whether you are willing to undergo the necessary work and restraint obligatory upon the permanent possession of a beautiful figure, is a question which, I am sure, you will answer for yourself.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BARRY

Continued from page 93

I am sure he was very lonely in Hollywood before this. I have heard that few unsuccessful persons are accepted or even noticed among the cliques of the film colony. An Argente-ine boy would be entirely out of place. Naturally, when people did recognize him, Barry Norton quickly accepted their friend-ship.

In any large community in the world there are certain persons who attempt to attach themselves to the young and suc-cessful. These 'friends' have their jobs down to such perfection that they can take everything from a celebrity, give nothing in return and make the celebrity feel grateful. Some of these people were at Barry's apartment eating his dinners, driving his car and letting him pay the bills at night clubs. And Barry liked the companionship and gaiety because he had seen none for so long.

About that time, the gossips began to tell of Hollywood's new playboy. One fan, a reporter wrote a syndicated article about Barry Norton saying that he interviewed the star in jail when he was there on a speed charge. He branded the boy as 'bull.' Some said that five minutes after he was out, Barry was again speed-ing at fifty miles an hour. It made a good story at Norton's expense. The truth is that Barry Norton has been arrested for speeding. He has had traffic tags. Yes, but who hasn't? But he received them because he didn't know the regulations and rules of North American traffic. His tags were for double parking and not stopping at boulevard stops. He was in the police department just once for ten minutes when he forgot to carry his driving card. And he wasn't interviewed in jail.

Barry went from one picture to another. He was featured in, "Mother Knows Best" and "Four Devils." Paramount thought enough of Barry's looks for him to have "Legion of the Condemned" and "Sins of the Fathers." He continued playing the same abandoned youth—a wild mother's boy. He was every parts bought, he was happy to play any featured rôle after his fight for extra parts.

After the advent of talking pictures, Fox let Norton's contract expire without renewing the option. And where was Barry Norton? Paramount didn't rush to grab his services. Neither did any other studio. For four months he was out of work.

During that time Barry became acquainted with Ramon Pereda. When Paramount made "The Benson Murder Case" in Span-ish, Pereda was selected for the part played by William Powell in the English version. One day, when Barry was helping Pereda by translating the English script into Span-ish and explaining the situations, an assist-an executive of Paramount's foreign de-partment visited Mr. Pereda's house. The assistant noticed Norton's excellent knowl-edge of Spanish and suggested that he try for the part of Mohler in the foreign ver-sion. Barry was given a test. Besides testing in Spanish, Barry asked if he could do a scene in English. He did one of Second Lieutenant Raleigh's scenes from "Journey's End." B. P. Schulberg, gen-eral manager of Paramount west coast pro-duction, saw the test and not only authorized Norton for the part but gave him a long-term contract. By the new agreement, Norton can appear in English, French and Spanish pictures.

One reads about the reformation of this actor and that actress in Hollywood. But this is not the reformation of Barry Nor-ton. Barry has struck his feet down to hard rock. There isn't going to be any transformation. He is showing and has been showing for the last four months what sort of a person he really is. He has courage and persistence. These are the qualities which are helping him now. Barry Norton has learned a lot of things in the last few years—about Hollywood and life in particular. Many things have happened in the last four months. But don't think that Barry is lonely these days. He's having the best time of his life.

Nothing is allowed to stand in the way of his career. He hasn't been assigned to an English-speaking part yet. But he's waiting for the part to come. And it will be a very safe bet that his performance will be one of the best of the year.
double entendres and things like that that happen.

There are many chuckles in this comedy; but my regret is that there might have been more. Cecelia Loftus, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Sidney Fox were the gold medalists (especially this beautiful little Fox girl, a newcomer of which we shall hear more).

No, Linda, "Lost Sheep" is no good for the picture trade—not while your Uncle Will and the ladies' club are awake!

"Virtue's Bed"

This play by Courtenay Savage might have been called, à la Nietzsche, "The Eternal Return."

No one—I least of all—would have believed that an old sex pot-bowler of the good old days of Bill McKinley could have been revamped in 1930, put on Broadway, and not only made interesting and even gripping but a box-office winner to boot!

Just shows that, strictly speaking, we know nothing of the Public, its whims and whims.

The play opens in Northern Africa, on the root of a-a-a-well, another house of ill-repute. Eileen Gregory, a New England girl (played strenuously by Ara Gerald), is about getting away with the idea of going respectable in dear old England (where, she is told by a Major, nothing changes—therefore, she could not get away with it).

The second and third acts take place in the heart and fifth rib of the Upper Classes, where Eileen, to test the old Mrs. Tanqueray theory, comes across cold turkey to her aristocratic friends about the past.

Well, the Major (and old man Pinero) were right. They leave her flat, and she goes off to South America with the Major, where they no doubt open up a night club or a tango dump.

But, somehow, you don't walk out on this old lady of the nineties. Memories of Paula Tanqueray and Mrs. Dane keep us glued fast.

KLEENEX makes it so pleasant to care for your skin the proper way! With this smart box filled with exquisite tissues on your dressing table, you'll never be tempted to use a towel to wipe away cold cream! You'll never think of rubbing your delicate skin with a germ-laden "cold cream cloth."

And do you know how dangerous these wrong methods can be? An unabsorbent cloth or towel leaves part of the cold cream in the pores, and with it tiny bits of dirt and cosmetics. That's what starts pimples and blackheads.

Even hard rubbing can't remove all the impurities, when you use an unabsorbent cloth. And this hard rubbing is injurious. Stretches the skin. Relaxes it. And so induces large pores and premature wrinkles.

Kleenex just can't irritate in any way. It's so soft, so readily absorbent. It blows up every bit of surplus cream, and lifts impurities from the pores.

More and more people are using Kleenex for handkerchiefs. It's especially valuable for colds, to avoid reinfection. Kleenex comes in pure, lovely tints and white, at drug and department stores.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex makes it so pleasant to care for your skin the proper way! With this smart box filled with exquisite tissues on your dressing table, you'll never be tempted to use a towel to wipe away cold cream! You'll never think of rubbing your delicate skin with a germ-laden "cold cream cloth."

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More and more people are using Kleenex for handkerchiefs. It's especially valuable for colds, to avoid reinfection. Kleenex comes in pure, lovely tints and white, at drug and department stores.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex makes it so pleasant to care for your skin the proper way! With this smart box filled with exquisite tissues on your dressing table, you'll never be tempted to use a towel to wipe away cold cream! You'll never think of rubbing your delicate skin with a germ-laden "cold cream cloth."

And do you know how dangerous these wrong methods can be? An unabsorbent cloth or towel leaves part of the cold cream in the pores, and with it tiny bits of dirt and cosmetics. That's what starts pimples and blackheads.

Even hard rubbing can't remove all the impurities, when you use an unabsorbent cloth. And this hard rubbing is injurious. Stretches the skin. Relaxes it. And so induces large pores and premature wrinkles.

Kleenex just can't irritate in any way. It's so soft, so readily absorbent. It blows up every bit of surplus cream, and lifts impurities from the pores.

More and more people are using Kleenex for handkerchiefs. It's especially valuable for colds, to avoid reinfection. Kleenex comes in pure, lovely tints and white, at drug and department stores.
Building for Beauty 

blistered skin, with its attending discomforts will render null and void all benefits derived from the sun-bath.

Building for beauty includes the acquisition of grace, poise and self-control. It has been said that the American woman is beautiful until she walks across a room. And true it is, that it's usually the woman with the graceful carriage, not the girl with the pretty face who catches the eye of the observant audience in Peacock Alley.

It's only a year or so ago that I tried to impress my readers with the fact that the short, narrow skirts and straight line dresses emphasized poor carriage, lack of poise and grace more than any costume since the days of the Directoire. But now we have the flowing skirts, ruffles and laces supposed to lend grace to awkward movements and they don't at all. In fact, it's only too apparent that with the styles so reminiscent of curls and curtsies, ruffles and romance, awkwardness and ungraceful carriage are decidedly out of place.

A good carriage is, consequently, of more moment now than ever before. You marvel at the way your favorite movie stars walk and move. You admire one, perhaps, for her lightness of step, her freedom of movement; another that the muscle way she holds her head, a posture correct without being stiff or ungraceful. Were they all born that way, or did they acquire this grace?—you ask. I don't know, but this I do know. Either they are holding on to something with which they were born; or they have worked hard to obtain something they did not have originally. In either case, they have worked. Which—ever way it is, it is worthy of emulation.

Make your playtime hours count, but don't expend twice as much energy as is necessary in your play. Not only is it tiring, but it takes from your grace of movement. Awkwardness is caused by liberating more energy than is necessary to accomplish the action.

For example: Watch the way a cat walks across the room. She uses just enough energy to carry her to her destination. She doesn't waste it by placing her foot down with such force that you hear the click of her paws as you would the heels of a woman. Her purpose is to walk across the floor, not make an imprint upon it; suggesting that you emit the cat's unself-consciousness and her grace. Every one of her motions are automatically adjusted in the amount of force to be expended to do the thing she wants to do. It is owing to this perfect adjustment that the cat has been the symbol of litheness and grace since the days of the Egyptians.

Practise the art of coming quietly into a room as if you knew where you were going. Don't sit down as if in a lump but keep the middle of your back against the back of your chair. Remember to relax your muscles. If you stand with your muscles taught, you will look wooden and stiff. Stand straight, but let your arms hang at your sides, palms to the back. When you sit, let your hands rest in your lap, palm down.

Walking is one of the best forms of exercise. No matter what the weather, a brisk tramp is good for the health, the spirits and the complexion; and it's a fine medium for acquiring a bit of correct carriage and posture. Don't walk any old way, trudging along with slumped shoulders and drooping head. Keep your head up, your chin in, your chest out, the abdomen back. Walk on the balls of your feet, lightly. This makes you graceful and without apparent weight.

In carrying an umbrella or package, watch your elbows. If they stick out, you have made unnecessary angles and it makes you look aggressive, as though you were getting ready to shoo some person out of your path. Hold your elbows as an athlete holds his, close to the body. And don't use your arms to propel your body. Don't swing the way that will not swing your shoulders from side to side—a movement that's quite as awkward as swinging the arms, and in either case you're expending twice as much energy as is necessary.

In the large cities there are salons where one may go and submit to the trained ministrations of physical experts whose business it is to correct posture, to keep bodies slim, straight and lithe. In one of the attractive exercise rooms you may undergo massage or exercise strenuously and go forth eager and refreshed, resolved to keep up the routine of exercise prescribed.

One salon gives chin exercises, exercises for reducing large buttocks. Another gives you massaging and stereotyped movements in your room. You can stay in your room. You can keep in your own home.

Not everyone can reach a good salon, but in almost every town there is some kind of gymnast with some one in it who can help you a little, at least. And there is always the radio with its very complete system of exercises. Suppose you do have to get up early in the morning. It is well worth it. Just try it some morning, and see.

Remember, when you exercise, that the idea is not to become acrobatic, but to become relaxed. Take your exercises lying down if possible. Practise the stretching exercises I gave you a month or so ago, and if you want more, I'll send them. But do need quickened circulation but we also need relaxation. Tumble about in your room to blow lazy music. Do exercises on the sandy beach, on the roof, or around the swimming pool, wherever you happen to be, every muscle relaxed.

Here are a few excellent exercises that may be done anywhere, any place, and will help to keep your body trim.

Stand erect, with hands clasped over head, then sway from side to side, moving from the hips upward until you feel a good pull on the side waist muscles. Repeat ten times. In the same position, arms stretched wide at sides, swing the body from the waist as far to the right and to the left as you comfortably can.

Bending exercise: With hands on hips, bend backward, then forward, alternating left and right. Then, try this standing on one foot, letting the other foot swing with the motion of the body.

Back-bending exercise: Raise arms above head, keeping elbows straight. Sweep them

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R E M O V E S

Hair as if by Magic

Imagine the joy of having Satin-Smooth Skin—free from the Blemish of Hair.

It is so easy when you use the delicately perfumed, liquid De Miracle. You Can Actually Wash Away Unwanted Hair!

Just sponge the unsightly growth with De Miracle and rinse with clear warm water. You can ite the hairs dissolve.

It sounds like magic! Yet that is exactly what happens.

No razors, no pastes, no waxes, no powders to mix. The hair is washed away, quickly, safely—and not only that but De Miracle retains the reappearance of hair, and positively will not coarsen the growth.

It is so important to have hair-free skin under sheer-silk stockings, when you wear evening dress, or bathing suit. Every fastidious woman must use De Miracle—and it is the only liquid depilatory you can buy!

Sold everywhere: 60¢, $1.00 and $2.00. If you have any difficulty obtaining it, order from us, enclosing $1.00. De Miracle, Dept. D-3, 135 W. 14th Street, New York City.
forward and down until they touch the floor. Try this at first with the knees slightly bent, and work up to a point where you do not need to bend them at all.

Deep breathing is such a hobby with me I can’t refrain from telling you again about it. This is an ideal outdoor exercise. With hands raised, palms outward, inhale deeply, counting ten—hold, count ten, exhale, count ten. Or, clasp the hands behind the head, the palms supporting it, and with the chest thrust forward, exhale as advised. If this causes giddiness, count but four and gradually increase the counts to ten, even to twenty. Acquire the habit of breathing deep while you walk, play, sit and stand in the open air.

Of course, too, you must give attention to your external appearance. Meaning hair and hands, hands and arms. If you're one who looks well with straight hair or if your hair is naturally wavy, you're in luck—and such luck! But if you're one who looks 'terrible' with straight hair, get a permanent, particularly if you are to be at the seashore swimming a lot, or in some spot remote from hair-dressers. Go to a good operator and be sure that your hair is in good condition and will take a permanent well. After you get it, care for your hair just as you did before. Have on hand a wave-setting lotion and set of combs and you can do the re-setting yourself.

Hands are conspicuous with the summer frocks so keep them as nice as you can. And if hands are conspicuous, what about the arms? Elbows, especially, have such a propensity for getting leaned on, bumped grimy and rough. We're all in favor of pretty, dimpled elbows, but how many do we actually see? The trouble is, we pay so little attention to them, and all they need is a nightly scrubbing and a good cold-creaming. If they are dark-colored, use a good bleach on them every night. During the day, when you use a lotion after washing the hands, rub it into the arms and well into the elbows.

When it comes to make-up, don’t use too much. The healthy, glowing, outdoor look is far more attractive, especially in daytime; that is, if you have given your skin protective care and have not allowed it to become red, rough and weather-beaten. If you are tanned, and like the sun-tan, make up and find it becoming, then use it, particularly for daytime. It goes well with sports things and is natural in appearance if correctly used. But for formal wear, and with evening gowns, a daintier make-up is more desirable. Use a rachel or peach or cream powder according to the shade your skin has acquired, with your natural coloring accented just a bit. For your arms and shoulders, and your neck if necessary, a liquid powder, not white but toned to your skin, gives the desired finish.

Beauty of face is more or less ephemeral, but beauty of figure and line, a poise of body and spirit, have something of the eternal about them. Many requests have come to me for exercises of various sorts. I have tried to give you, here, suggestions for exercises and outdoor activities that will help you to build for beauty. This is well worth working for, girls, and if I can advise you about special problems, whether they’re faces, figures or personalities, write to me about them and I’ll do my best to help. Address Anne Van Alstine, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 43rd Street, New York City. Please enclose stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Results are immediate . . . . the easy, delightful way to keep your skin soft, smooth and silky

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—then enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath—and feel your skin. It is like rare velvet.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary, as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking and eliminates "shine" on body, hands and face.

Harmless and Refreshing

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and, being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most delicate skin. White is the natural color of Linit—it is not disguised by color or odor.

Linit—sold by your Grocer

The bathway to a soft, smooth skin
Like the Screen Stars... 
Have YOUR MAKE-UP 
In Color Harmony

Accept This Priceless Gift... Your 
Complexion Analysis and Make-Up
Color Harmony Chart... From Max 
Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up 
Genius. See Coupon Below!

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... powders, rouges, lipsticks and other essentials...blended in color harmony. Cosmetics in lifelike color tones to harmonize with every vacation of complexion coloring in blonde, brunette and redhead.

Based on A Famous Discovery
In millions of feet of film... in hundreds of feature pictures, you, yourself, have seen the magic of make-up by Max Factor. You have seen the beauty magic of his famous discovery... cosmic color harmony. Under the blazing KAgl lights, Max Factor discovered the secret... make-up to enhance beauty must be in color harmony.

Now... a Make-Up Color Harmony for You
So this principle of cosmic 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... adopted it.

Now you may learn this priceless beauty secret. Max Factor will analyze your complexion and send you your make-up color harmony chart... free. And you'll discover, whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead, whatever your type... the one way to really reveal, in the magic setting of beauty, the alluring, fascinating charm of your personality. Mail Coupon NOW!

MAX FACTOR'S 
SOCIETY MAKE-UP
"Cosmetics of the stars" 
HOLLYWOOD

BESIE LOVE

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS
Nt. Max Factor—Max Factor Studio, Hollywood, Calif. 4-811


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Name  
Address  
City and State

What keeps the Talkies Talking? 
(Continued from page 6)
Which theatre tonight?

let the EAR TEST decide...

Hear talking pictures reproduced NATURALLY

.... look for this sign in the lobby

"That's my favorite theatre too. Their talkies always sound so natural."

You'll say the same thing about theatres equipped with the Western Electric Sound System. It is made by the makers of your telephone—people who for more than 50 years have known how to build good sound reproducing apparatus.

Don't simply ask what picture is playing or who is the star. Select your theatre by EAR TEST. Enjoy all the art that producers and actors put into the dialogue and the music.

Find out which houses in your neighborhood are using Western Electric equipment—look for the identifying sign in the lobby.
**Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eye brows like this in 30 days**

The most marvelous discovery has been—

**GROW**—

**Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days**

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

I say to you in plain English that no matter how thin the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will get their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. Yes, I am going to prove that it is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

**Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt**

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyelashes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silky brows. Read what a few of them say, I have made oaths before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Milie, Headliner, 240 W. "B" St., Currie, Pa.: "I sincerely am delighted...I notice the greatest difference...people come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Oost, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. 3, Box 179, Jefferson, Penn.: "Your eye husk and eyebrow benificer is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 3954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Floro, 1, Corriveau, 6 Plinete Ave., Biddlesford, Mn.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyebrows and eyelashes are growing lustrously wonderful."

**Results Noticeable in a Week**

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you no longer need to be told about the changes that become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as you ever saw.

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $3.95. After the first two months, the price will be regularly $5.00.

Lucille Young

Growth will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

**Lucille Young**

All Lucille Young Buildings, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days if you return it with your money within 30 days, C. O. D.

Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage.

If you wish to pay with check or price $3.95 and postage is prepaid.

State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D.

Name:

St. Address:

City State
The Sessions Westminster Chime Clock
which was offered by Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in the May issue of Screenland has been awarded to:

Miss Audrey White,
614½ Heliotrope Drive,
Hollywood, California.

drame to hear John McCormack in "Song
of My Heart."
Whether it’s the Plum Theater in Buda-
pest, the Pola Negri Palace in Warsaw, the
Folkbiblioteket in Fredrikstad, Norway, the
Excelsior in Rangoon, India, or the
Tivoli in Mumbles, Wales, they get the
all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing celluloid
from Hollywood through Western Electric.
And speaking of Mumbles, Wales. It’s a
good thing the talkies weren’t born there.
Else they would have been the mumbles
instead of the talkies; and just imagine the
big news about "Anna Christie" being
"Garbo Mumbles."
ERPI is doing his stuff around the world.
In Austria he is teaching folks to call a
non-synchronous attachment a "Nichtsyn-
chroner Zusatz-Apparat."
And getting away with it. Over there, just as over
here, Western Electric is taking engineers
to school in the talkies. As ERPI did over here,
they deliberately inject sound
problems into the schoolroom projector ap-
paratus and then say, "Find it. Fix it."
Unless memory fails, I believe I men-
tioned previously that the men Hollywood
called in to take care of its talkie apparatus
were a composite picture of the Northwest
Mounted Police, the air mail pilots, the
U. S. Marines and the champion down-the-
pole sliders of the New York City Fire
Department.
I have no amendments to offer except
to say that a little experience in lion-taming
comes in handy. The Northwest Mounted
have to get their man. The ERPI engineers
have to get their squeak, squeak, or what-
ever vocal button the young sound projector
seems to have swallowed. The slogan of
the air mail pilots is "The Mails Must Fly."
In talkie language that means "The Show
Must Go On," and the ERPI army enlists
for the duration of the war for just that
purpose. Once John Gilbert takes a maiden
in his arms and begins murmuring impos-
tioned things into her ear, the proceedings
simply must proceed.
And as for being able to spring to pants
like a fireman and slide down the pole in
an awful hurry, well, it just has to be
done. Imagine what you would do if the
telephone rang one night and the voice at
the other end of the wire said: "This is the
Bigou Theater! The exciting lamp got
too hot and Clara Bow has lost her
It." Now I ask you, what would a genteel
deman do?

The Sessions Westminster Chime Clock
which was offered by Joan
Crawford and Douglas Fair-
banks, Jr., in the May issue
of Screenland has been
awarded to:

Miss Audrey White,
614½ Heliotrope Drive,
Hollywood, California.

Jo-cur offers
$1000.00
For Beautiful Hair!

FIRST PRIZE
$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles
B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women

SECOND PRIZE $100.00
2 Prizes $50.00 each
10 Prizes $10.00 each
4 Prizes $25.00 each
70 Prizes $5.00 each

Are you proud of your lovely hair—its beautiful finger-
wave—its becoming arrangement? Of course you are!
And the beauty of your hair may mean real money
to you in the Jo-cur Hair Beauty Contest. Think of it! You
may win the money for a whole new outfit—a trip—or
some other luxury you have always wanted. One thousand
dollars in prizes will be given in this search for beautiful
hair. Will you be one of the fortunate winners? Why not?
Your chance is as good as anyone’s. Read the simple rules
that follow—then enter the contest.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST
All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave
your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing
your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New
York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling
whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Waveset,
the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair.
That’s all there is to it. Judges will consider only the
beauty of your hair as shown in the photograph. In award-
ing prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants
regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair.
But, don’t think you must submit an expensive photograph.
A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs
cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any
photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

HERE ARE THE JUDGES
These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this
contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial.

Alice White, First
National Star, whose
beautiful, wavy hair
is the envy of millions.

Hazel Kezley, Editor of American Hair-
dresser Magazine, on
authority on beautiful
women.

Charles B. Ross,
famous painter of
lovely women.
“Now I can stand the Public Gaze”

“Can You?”

When you slip your beach coat from your shoulders and your bathing suit seems too brief ... when you tee off in front of a watchful gallery and the sunlight glances on your stockingless legs ... when you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock and your dress is sleeveless ... You can meet such moments with nonchalant poise if your skin shows no trace of ugly superfluous hair.

The Secret of Charm

It’s so easy to keep your under-arm, fore-arm and legs free of fizzy growth when you use faintly fragrant Del-a-tone Cream. (Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.)

Perfected through our exclusive formula, Del-a-tone has the distinction of being the first and only white cream hair-remover.

Easy to apply as cold cream, Del-a-tone actually removes hair safely in 3 minutes or less. When you see how smooth and clean it leaves your skin you will understand why actresses and society women, who are constantly in the public gaze, consider it an indispensable aid to loveliness.

DEL-A-TONE

The Only White Cream Hair-remover

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—assured drug and department store.

Perfumed with the sweet essence of a Soft Mist. 28c, 56c, 1.50. Case! You’d be surprised how many millions of dollars have been spent by beach lovers for D-t. 25% of sales of Del-a-tone Cream made at store.

Trial Offer, Cap and Mail Today.

THE BOY FRIENDS’ GIRL FRIENDS

Continued from page 33

tête-a-tête every day.

A psycho-analyst, says June a ‘modern girl with an old-fashioned complex.’ She’s a lively little person, with apparently unlimited vivacity, always singing or dancing, but possessed of an assortment of high ideals into which Arthur is determined to fit.

“A man likes a girl who is above him,” says Arthur, naively. “No hard-boiled Hannas for me.”

Joel McCrea, another tall and good-looking youth on the lot, is also decidedly fond of June and is providing the spur of opposition to Arthur.

The studio dressing room at RKO might put out a sign: “Romance Rendezvous” and get away with it. Not only June and her two cavaliers, but Dorothy Lee and Fred Waring, Billy Bakewell and Sally Blake, Phillips Holmes and Mary Lawler are seen there by day.

Phillips Holmes is another of the candidates for Mary Brown—in fact, he was the very first boy she ever had.

Mary’s first picture was “Peter Pan.” While they were making it, Betty Bronson, who played Peter, was going around with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Christmas vacation, Doug had a guest—Phillips Holmes, who had gone to school with him in New York and who was out in Hollywood for the holidays. So they made it a foursome, and Mary went along.

Phillips went back to school, first to England and then to Princeton, and presumably he and Mary lost track of one another.

Then, a few years later, Paramount sent Buddy Rogers and Mary east to film a college picture at Princeton. Phillips came forward with a glad cry and showed Mary the town.

Paramount brought Phillips back to the coast and the running of Mary continued until ill-health forced the younger Holmes out of pictures.

Now that he’s back again, he still is seen with Mary Brown, but lately Mary Lawler has been seen with the luscious-looking Mary of the handsome hair, youth.

Mary Lawler just arrived to play the lead opposite Richard Dix in his new picture. She’s a demure-looking maiden, intensely interested in dress designing.

No, it’s no longer the wild tomboy-girl up-ending a cocktail glass who leads the race for popularity with the boy friends of Hollywood!

Marguerite Churchill, whose dignity and sweetness are remarked on stage, screen and in real life, played with Russell Gleason in Paul Muni’s “Seven Faces.” Russell, who had never cared for girls before, liked Marguerite. He still likes her. It’s a tragedy to him that she’s up in Oregon making “The Big Trail.”

It wasn’t her delicacy or her talent that attracted her, it was her sweetness and the fact that she has brains.

“My mother has brains, too,” comments Russell. His father and mother, James and Lucile Gleason, are so happy that Russell admits to feeling he had better follow his father’s example and find a girl like his mother.

“If course, we’re not old enough to be thinking of getting married,” he adds, “I’ve got to get somewhere first.”

Up in Oregon with Marguerite are David Rollins, Fox’s juvenile, and John Wayne, newest of youthful leading men. No wonder Russell looks worried.

Davy was running around with Dixie Lee before he left, but John was apparently unattached. So romantic-looking, too.

“I don’t have any luck with girls,” asserts William Janney, best friend as Mary Pickford’s brother in “Coquette,” and now being brother to Richard Dix. My first girl was Ruby Keeler, and look what she did! Got married to Al Jolson! I went to school with Marguerite Churchill. Didn’t make the least impression on her, either.

“I’m sticking to girls outside pictures. Maybe I’ll get a break some day.”

The course of true love, as you may have heard, never did run smooth.

There’s Frank Albertson

“I like old-fashioned girls,” he declares. “My best girl isn’t a bit modern. She’s sweet. You don’t have to think: Now what’ll I say? How can I amuse her? She doesn’t have to be entertained. We just sit and talk—you’d be surprised how many things we have to say—or if we don’t feel like talking we can keep still and—boy, it’s grand! She likes anything. Goes anywhere. Never crabby. Never would have come out of an old-fashioned paper valentine.

“But her mother doesn’t like me. Can’t think why not!” with a gay little grin. “The family say terrible things to me, practically throw me out of the running. I’m afraid I couldn’t come around. Yet if one of ‘em happens to say ‘Hello’ to me in passing, there I am back again on the front porch.

“I called up last night and her mother answered the phone and said she wasn’t in. I reck’n I sounded sort of crushed, so she went on: ‘Frank, I want you to believe me. She really isn’t in. I don’t want you to feel bad. I don’t want you to be offended.’

“I said: ‘You ought to know by this time, you can’t offend me!’

“I reck’n I’d better not mention my girl’s name. Yes, she’s in pictures. She’s taking the greatest interest in me, so I’ve got to learn to be easy. And she has red hair!”

Eddie Quillan of Pathe, however, says this old-fashioned stuff is all wet with him. He is rushing Sally Starr at present. It’s a case! Yes, going on for two weeks, any way. She’s full of pep—Clara Bow type, if you know what I mean. Hot dog! Hot mamma! Whooppee!

These boy friends aren’t old enough to think of matrimony definitely. Billy Bakewell says he thinks 27 would be about the right age for that. They just like to go around with girls.

On the other hand, you might look at Bud Rogers, who has played escort to Mary Brown, June Collyer, Claire Windsor, et al; or Gary Cooper, whose romance with Lupe Velez got so much space—or Charlie Farrell, who was to be married over Janet Gaynor’s marriage, but who trots about with Virginia Valli now.

Cupid hasn’t snared them—so far!
girl and advised her to take dancing. She had been sent to me by a dear lady friend. For years she had been interested in pictures and the world knows of her great success.

"Nearly every show-girl I have seen in the selection of talent for the picturization of 'Whoopee' has been before me in the East. Muriel Finley, for instance, is a 'Follies' graduate."

"I believe that when Evelyn Laye, the English star of 'Bitter Sweet,' hits Hollywood it will make a sensation. Not only is she a great performer and possessor of a voice that has no equal but hers is a beauty that will screen wonderfully. She made the greatest individual hit of any artist I have ever presented on the stage."

For forty years the name of Florenz Ziegfeld has been one to cope with in the theater. For the last twenty years he has reigned supreme in his own field. The fact that Mr. Ziegfeld has been interested enough in talking pictures to cast his lot with them is the most important step New York has made in our direction. For by his own confession, Mr. Ziegfeld has come to stay.

He came at the invitation of Mr. Goldwyn to watch his stage production of "Whoopee," being made into a picture and to act in an advisory capacity. But before he accepted Mr. Goldwyn's invitation, Mr. Ziegfeld had about made up his mind that pictures from a producer's standpoint, interested him. And so he accepted.

He has rented one of Marion Davies' beach houses for his daughter, Patricia, to adore the beach. "Personally, I'd rather be here in town, but they are the ones to be pleased." However, I've an idea that if Billie Burke gets the job in Paramount's 'Dancing Mothers,' if it is rumored she has been offered, the Ziegfeld family will be moving 'close in.'

Eight o'clock made up on the set is not considered a long quarters twenty miles from the studio.

Mr. Ziegfeld is on the "Whoopee" set every day and while he takes no active part in the production of the picture, he is a keenly interested observer. He has, of course, given valuable advice in things a picture producer knows nothing of and yet must learn, now that the stage and screen are wed.

Mr. Goldwyn is one of our shrewdest and most interesting magnates. He is determined to give the public the best he can find and present it in the finest manner obtainable, and so when he signed with Mr. Ziegfeld he took the brains and talent that made "Whoopee" what it is along with him. Of the players there are Eddie Cantor and Paul Gregory. John Hark-rider, who has been with Mr. Ziegfeld for the past three or four seasons, is doing the costumes for the picture and the original "Whoopee" music is being used. Mr. Goldwyn is endeavoring to express picture technique through the medium of stage-trained material and it looks as though he has a how.

I asked Mr. Ziegfeld whether he found the stage and talking pictures technique vastly different. He told me it seemed to him that the screen comedian was up against a terrible problem in not having an audience to catch the humorous situations. Comedians are created and that bring a laugh are easy to handle, but a comedian can 'never, personally, be as funny on the screen as on the stage because the quality of magnetism and personal contact is lacking. The effect, a bit of business, or the way a song is put over, has on a comedian's audience is very inspiring, and dialogue and business is often changed entirely, by inspiration and on account of the reaction of the audience. If they get the electric response that all players work for, it stimulates them. They know they are working on the right track and improve upon it. But a screen player with nothing but a mechanical instrument to play to cannot do that. He is shooting in the dark and cannot tell what points get over best. Even the natural expression of people on the set, the carpenters and electricians and assistants, is wiped out because absolute silence must be maintained. Dramatic scenes are very different because one's own emotions are aroused by the scene itself, but there is nothing save a wet blanket of unresponsiveness to aid the comedian and it isn't possible to be as funny under these conditions.

"I have formed an idea and a solution of this important detriment to comedy performances and intend trying it out when I make my first picture. I mean a picture that will be solely mine in every detail, not just the reproduction by another producer of what I created on the stage."

Mr. Ziegfeld told me he had not come out with the desire to teach Hollywood producers their business. "I came out to learn. How I will absorb this learning and adapt what they call picture technique, that seems to cover a multitude of sins, to what I know of the stage is something that I will know when I see my first picture.

There is one thing the screen producer will have to learn how to handle, as we had to on the stage, and that is the difficulty in getting the material one wants, when one wants it. I have noticed since I have been out here that the people who do creative work are expected to turn it out like sweatshop workers. It can't be done. You can't give a song-writer a paper and pencil and tell him to have a song hit on your desk by tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. If he does it and the song happens to be to up to or above his usual average, it is just an accident. He happened to be in the mood. One cannot dictate to inspiration."

"Mr. Goldwyn has signed Frederick Lonsdale, the celebrated English playwright, to write for the talking screen. Mr. Lonsdale has given the modern stage some of its finest plays. But he works through inspiration. He may do one act of a new play or two acts and then he may never touch the third. On the other hand, he may finish it quickly."

Mr. Goldwyn's solution of that particular problem is, "Do fewer pictures, and make better ones. One producer can't do more than four pictures a year and do them right. The reason some producers have a lot of deadwood in the morgue is because the pictures are no good. The exhibitors are not fools." And then came the inevitable and naive Goldwyn touch, "I don't have any trouble."

But the fact that Mr. Goldwyn doesn't bite off more than he can chew shows that he has more than average sense. "One production at a time. Then I know what's going on." But plenty of drive goes into that production.
The most difficult thing in the business, Mr. Ziegfeld told me, is to pick a song hit. You may like it and your friends may like it, but one never knows how it will click with the public. "I'd pay a man a million dollars a year if he could listen to a song and tell me whether it would go over or not and be right about it. But I'm afraid the person doesn't live who possesses so complex an understanding of public tastes. At least no one has ever found him."

I asked whether talking pictures had really had as devastating an effect on the stage as reports indicated. "Talking pictures have not hurt the theater in the least. Good shows are standing them up at prices anywhere from three to twelve dollars top plus the war tax, just as they always have. But the shows have to be good. My production of 'Simple Simon' is doing phenomenal business; so is any good dramatic show, and there are three or four this year. Pictures have hurt the road shows—they were hurt long before pictures became important—during the war when the railroads raised their prices to such an extent that a producer couldn't afford to travel a company. That was the real beginning of the road show trouble. Pictures did the rest. A good road show now would still stand them up, but traveling expenses eat up the profit to such an extent that it is no longer worth a manager's while to worry over them.

"Twenty years ago there were not more than fifteen first-class theaters in New York. Out of that number one could be sure of seeing at least seven good plays. Today there are over sixty theaters and one is fortunate to find seven good plays during the entire season. Things produced in quantity always suffer in quality. The possibility of reaching millions instead of thousands, and in places a road show could never reach, is what interests me so tremendously in the picture business. And I think the advance made in talking pictures in the next ten years will be inconceivable with our present understanding of them. Many things have still to be adjusted before the perfect recording and camera work will be seen in talking pictures, but that day is coming."

Mr. Ziegfeld plans to bring his whole production of "Simple Simon" to Hollywood and begin the second year on the New York stage in 1919, the centennial of the first theatrical performance. He is enthusiastic in praise of Harriet Hctor. "She is the greatest dancer I have ever seen in all my forty years' experience in the theater. She has an elan, an earthy quality about her that is astounding. I turned her down once, too—she had nothing but technique and was as cold as a statue, but she was determined to succeed and worked very hard. The next time I saw her I was amazed at her progress."

"Simple Simon" will be Mr. Ziegfeld's own and probably his greatest, as a picture producer. His plans are already in the making but too uniformed as yet to announce. It is probable, however, that they will find him two years before production and I am sure, if one can judge by his past achievements, that first picture will be a knockout.

Hence, in reality, as well as on the screen, the latter has become a part of him. Watch for it the next time you see him, either in person or on the screen—but why bring that up?

Being nonchalant at all times and at any cost has seldom been a trademark in Hollywood's mannerism parade. Instead of lighting a Murad or reaching for a Lucky, Norma has resorted to twirling her beads. She started this as a habit of the sound stage, but now it has followed her into her private existence. They do say that after a day's work at the studio, the Shearer 'polish' have been through as many as five thousand revolutions!

Then there's Jack Oakie. You just knew he'd have a mannerism, didn't you? He has—and an odd one, too. Probably you remember seeing Jack in certain pictures, where upon being introduced to someone, he would do a couple of funny little dancing steps, then swing around and greet the person with out-stretched hand? Well, that's it—Jack's pet mannerism. If you ever come to Hollywood and meet genial Mister Oakie you can reasonably expect to be greeted with his little 'dance of introduction'—that is, of course, provided he hasn't got rid of his little trait in the meantime.

The 'eyes have it' as far as Janet Gaynor is concerned. La Belle Gaynor is equipped with twin-beam headlights from which tears can turn up at will, and she has got almost any intensity. When changing from low to high—that is, from a few little drops to a regular river of tears—however, Janet finds she must close her eyes for a moment.

Thus, the amusing and the sad, the dauntless and the timorous, the lovesick and the unloved, the dreamy and the dreamers, the fools and the wise, are all represented by the cameras in their own little way.

THERES MANY MANNERS

Continued from page 27

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ROGERS: GINGER—Continued from page 34

a career, should be Ginger's. To have relented and allowed Ginger to be drawn into pictures at that early age, would have naturally nullified her own choice of a career; would have stumped her with the theater. The choice is hers own!

When at twelve Ginger had progressed into a local personality in Fort Worth, the Texas town to which we had migrated, the hit of every home-talent affair, in constant demand even by local theatrical managers as an 'Extra Added Attraction!' to their regular bills, it became apparent that the theater was to be the scene of her future. 

With this thought in mind Ginger began reaching out for motion pictures, the high goal to which all actors aspire.

The sooner we began the foundational work, to study the technique of the earliest in life would Ginger's success be won. No faith in 'chance or lucky breaks! Experience! That was the thing most to be desired.

Long hours Ginger and I would sit at home dramatizing incidents of Texas history from her school books, writing them into playlets, producing them, using the boys and girls of her classes under the auspices of teachers and principals; giving the plays for the benefit of a school fund or another; putting on a picture-taking playground apparatus; trying in experience for the other students as well as Ginger; and a genuine local hit in one piece we called "Over-Age." With this Drama there were five children playing grown-up parts of the Texas-Mexican-French régime — political strife, Indian troubles—it was grand! Teachers, however, at the end of the year, St. Denis and the shooting by an Indian of his lovely wife, Maria (played by Virginia Rogers). Stage-piece, the 'feel' of audiences, enunciation, the pace of footwork, were all gained in this child-school.

Then came the Charleston!

Always a natural dancer, the Charleston gained an ardent disciple in the fourteen-year-old Ginger, and when contests began to filter into Texas, she won medals and cups. The State Championship Contest! Ginger won it. The reward—a four-week trip to the greatest cities of Texas in vaudeville.

From the first performance, Ginger was hailed as an embryonic star. Grateful for this beginning, we yet never took our eyes from the high goal—films, long tours with smaller companies, and new progressive pictures.

Occasional bright spots: a long engagement with Paul Ash in Chicago; recognition from Public Theater officials, the weeks with Ed Lowry, dean of picture house comedians, in St. Louis.

Then New York—and a desperate decision to stay there until Ginger should get a Broadway show. For by this time we had learned that a Broadway show was the stepping stone to motion pictures, talking motion pictures.

Long weeks of waiting! Paul Ash again to the rescue with an invitation for Ginger, while she waited, to become one of the stock personalities on the mount of The Broadway. This substitute proved to be Ginger's great opportunity. It was here Messrs. Bolton, Kalmar and Ruby saw and signed Ginger for their musical success, "Top Speed."

Over-night. Broadway made Ginger Rogers a star! (Inwardly I chuckled, for Paul, who has just occurred to me, will never be finished unless I wake her up right this minute!)
laughed, “none of us have much architectural data of those times, so we shall have to re-construct what little we can ascertain of that period. But whatever we do, as history can’t hurt the sixth century. Therefore, we’ll have to conjecture a bit as to just how the people lived. All this will be most interesting in contrast to the modern wire-cracks of Mr. Rogers.”

“My second picture will be ‘The Man Who Came Back.’ Now just imagine. I’ll leave this modern office in New York and in fancy go to San Francisco to create the atmosphere of the lowest sort of cabaret there. From San Francisco I go, again in fancy, to China. But do you think I see any of the beauty of that land? Not at all. I must stick to the opium dens. From there I journey, still in imagination, to a British possession, an island in the Pacific—and then back to New York again. Quite a trip!”

“However, the designing of sets will be the part of my life in California, perhaps. It is a well-known fact that the new talking picture industry needs the knowledge and experience of all the artists possible to help develop. They have to account for the industry itself, but for the sake of the millions of people who enjoy pictures. Every artist who goes to Hollywood has big experiments, if he is lucky, to do. It’s just not easy, but if you need, you will get the proper shadow and light effects, and still not move from the table on which you are building your model.

“I believe enormously in the educational value of talking pictures. I don’t mean that you should be taught lessons when you pay your good money to go into the theater. But I do mean that millions of people, even without realizing it, through the talking picture, will become so accustomed to real artistic form—artistic atmosphere, wonderful photography, splendid color, and clear unblurred sound that before they know it, they will become just as artistically sensitive and as dramatically critical as that small class of cosmopolitans who have had the advantages of education and unlimited money—those who are able to attend the Metropolitan Opera in New York in the winter, to go to London for the Covent Garden season, then on to Paris, for the Comedie Francaise, and then to Vienna and Monte Carlo to hear the greatest singers and dramaticists of the continent. Talking pictures really have brought Art right to our door step, and we have only to open our eyes and earn to learn.”

—Continued from page 83

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GARBO’S NEW SCREEN LOVER

Continued from page 83

Garbo nodded. "I don’t know—but he’s the man!" she agreed.

A few hours later the casting office got Gordon on the telephone and told him to report at 9 a.m. to begin work. "On what," he asked, and I’m astonished, since the film he tested for had already been released."

"The Garbo picture," he was told. Gordon grinned as he recalled the moment.

"And you can imagine my embarrass- ment," he said, "when I was late that a very charming young lady golling that morning—and I think she’s still waiting!"

a test at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for another picture but the Garbo picture had never been mentioned to me.

It seems that Clarence Brown, directing the new Garbo talkie, had made exhaustive tests to find a leading man without success.

The role called for a man who could play the part of the minister-lover with convinc- ing humanness and dignity, yet endowed with romantic appeal. Director and Miss Garbo were in a pro- jection room, looking at various tests, when the operator put on Gordon’s test by mistake.

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"I recall when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tried to get Bernard Shaw to let them picture "Pygmalion." Shaw was about to agree, if Metro would permit him to pass on all the important technical details. Of course, that couldn't be done."

"How long have you played the piano?"

Gershwin was asked.

"I can't remember—exactly."

But just then Ira broke in:

"Jos has always played the piano."

"No I haven't, Ira."

"Jos has always played the piano." Ira repeated firmly. "I remember when Jos was twelve years old, pop bought a piano for me to take lessons on but the first day it was brought into the house, Jos sat down and played," he finished proudly.

"Oh, Ira, I didn't either."

"You did, Jos. I even remember the piece you played. It was: Put Your Arms Around Me Honey, Hold Me Tight."

"But where did you learn to play?"

I asked Gershwin, a little bewildered.

"He never had to learn," Ira volunteered again. "There was a man who lived in a tenement not far from us. They had a piano a long time before we did and Jos used to go up there and play. And he never had a teacher near us like the rest of us. He just sat down and played."

Ira is a more phlegmatic version of "Joseph." He, too, has been signed to go to Hollywood. He plays the gold, unvarying bass to George-Joseph's scintillating and versatile treble. The relationship between the brothers is a happy one. Ira openly admires his brother. And "Joseph" depends upon Ira, not only for lyrics but also, I imagine, for an escape from the bothersome business details which oppress any young successful artist.

It has been ten years since Gershwin had his first music published. And in all that time, the one song of his which people of all classes, young and old, love is; I Was So Young and You Were So Beautiful. Somehow, that song is the keynote to Gershwin's character. Despite the sophisticated modern music this boy has composed, he himself is apparently not sophisticated in his outlook. There is a devastating naiveté quality about him which seems to say: "I'm expecting something that's wonderful, it will happen. Won't you stick around and we'll see what it's all about?"

"When I work," Gershwin explained, "I have to go up to my farm in Westchester where I can be quiet, particularly to do my orchestrations."

"But how can you work out orchestrations if you never studied theory or harmony?" somebody asked.

"I did study. I had a certain amount of technical training," Gershwin answered.

"Yes," Ira broke in again, "he had just one month at Columbia University under Professor Coles. One hour in the morning for one month. That's how he learned instrumentation."

"Was there ever anybody musical in your family?" another guest wanted to know.

"Sure," George smiled. "Pop used to whistle a lot. And he could play grand tunes with a comb and tissue paper."

"No," Ira corrected, "there never has been a musician in our family as far back as we can trace. My sister dances. I write a few verses, but Jos, he's the—"

"Oh, cut it out, Ira. Let's talk about something else," George interrupted. "You know I'm crazy about golf. I just took it up lately but it's my weakness now. I play as often as the weather lets me. One of the best times I ever had in my life was the last week when Ira next gave a two-day golfing party—for twelve men, no women at all. It was grand. We played the first day at Lido and the second at Fiping Rock. That's another reason why I'm so glad to go to Hollywood. You can play there every day."

"Yeah, play the piano!" said Ira, grunting. "But just then the telephone rang, and Gershwin's portly Viennese man servant—the same one who made the delicious strudel and tart—walked in: "Pardon me, sir, I was wanted to just say that you're attending 'Le Sacre du Printemps' tonight with Mr. Kahn."

"That's right—I am. Well, folks, will you excuse me? I've got to hurry and dress."

And so the company faded quietly away, leaving Gershwin, his brother, his sister, his sister-in-law, together, in their exquisite little house by the river, the little Jewish boy from the east side, who started life with every handicap, but who has proved that a genius has the power of the world fastened on his success. A success which is only starting. For when one begins to work with the illimitable possibilities of talking pictures, the future is bounded only by one's desires and dreams.

Jack vs. 'Mike'

Continued from page 29

to learn something new. I remember when Calve, already a noted singer, came to me.

"But why do you wish to take lessons from me?" I asked her.

"Because you have something I do not know. I wish to learn it."

John Gilbert is another who is eager to know, to learn something new. He is a splendid fellow. When he first came to me for lessons he said:

"How anyone else is to understand the correct use of the voice after reading your book I do not see."

"Then you have read my book?" I asked in surprise.

"I have studied it," he replied. That is the way with Mr. Gilbert. He will go into anything whole-heartedly. And it is the way to grasp this thing of voice training. When you have grasped, going to the forehead, "the voice can begin to function as it should."

"But I find the same thing is true with many of these moving picture people. They can concentrate. It is really easy to teach them. For, after all, it is a thing which must be grasped mentally."

"Missie Love," I asked another of my pupils who is learning rapidly. With six months of faithful training I will surprise people with her voice. Little Dorothy Jordan is another of the younger actresses who comes to me. She has a very sweet and lovely voice.

"It is an interesting thing, this teaching
here in Hollywood. I have taken some of the younger players, quite unknown, and started them in pictures, others in which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have every confidence. For it is my ambition to train these young players to be the singing and talking stars of the future. To teach them to sing beautifully, naturally, and combine with gestures and facial expressions which will photograph. It is not at all necessary that a singer grime before the microphone.

Cheering news! There are plenty of voices in Hollywood to do the singing, "the doctor," but all could be taught. It all depends upon the individual how long it will take. Gloria Swanson had lessons for less than three months before I felt she could speak properly. Longer than that is necessary, of course, for singing. Miss Swanson still comes to me every day by special arrangement for coaching. She will not let any

ASK ME—Continued from page 104

body's happy! Lane Chandler is 6 feet 3 inches tall and Gary Cooper is 6 feet 2 inches tall. Evelyn Brent is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Joan Crawford was 5 feet 5 inches tall. My assortment of December birthdays are rather low just now but here are a few: Virginia Lee Corbin, December 5, 1910. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., December 9, 1912. George cheronis, December 10, 1903. David Lee, December 29, 1926. Gilbert Roland, December 11, 1907.

Monroe Salisbury Inquirer. Ohio. If a screen player can be located, this department will find them sooner or later, with music and sound effects. At last, Mr. Salisbury, we have found you with "The Jade Bead" with Louise Lorraine and Jack Perrin. Mona Mahar, who played with Warner Baxter in "Romance of Rio Grande," appears with Baxter in "The Arizona Kid."

Lolly-Pop of Milwaukee. Am I William Haines' sister? Can you feature that? But Billy tells me he has two sisters, Ann and Lilian. His release is "The Girl Said No," with Leila Hyams, Marie Dresler, Polly Moran. Stan Laurel, of the comedy team, "Bob and Tom," was born June 26, 1895, in Ulverston, England. He has auburn hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 130 pounds. Johnny Hines was born July 24, 1897, in Golden, Colorado. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Ben Turpin was born September 19, 1874, in New Orleans. Billy Dooley was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1893.

Mary L. S. of Fort Wayne, Ind. Do I know of any screen players from Indiana? Look among the "caper-cutters" with a few more serious-minded Hoosiers: Louise Faenza from Lafayette; Sunshine Hart of Indianapolis; Charlie Murray from Laurel; Mary Pink, Blue Island, Illinois; Alice Terry, Vincennes; Louise Dresser and Marilyn Miller from Evansville; Richard Bennett from Bennett's Switch; Tom Santsch from Kokomo; George Church from Logansport, and Carol Lombard from Fort Wayne. Thomas Meighan has been married many years to Frances Ring, famous stage star. David Pickel is 20 years old and not married. He has black hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. Additional: Neil St. at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.


Selma from Succaratta, N. J. Is this service you need, is it? Showy but not expensive service, with no cover charge and all the latest static and pick-ups. In "The Home Towner," the daughter was Doris Kenyon, the son was Stanley Taylor and the mother was Vera Lewis. In "The Singing Fool," the girl, Molly Wilton, was Josephine Dunn. The principals in "My Man" were Fannie Brice, Edna Murphy and Guinn Williams. Ronald Colman was born February 9, 1891, in Richmond, Surrey, England. His latest release is "Condemned" with Ann Harding. His next film will be "Raffles," with Kay Francis as his leading lady.

Thelma L. of Clovis, N. M. All the grand things you say about SCREENLAND are true and we pass our bows, hurray and good luck with every picture you ask about was "The Gay Defender" with Richard Dix and Thelma Todd. Lucky you, to see Richard at the Indian Fiesta, while on location for that picture. William Haines' room-mate in "West Point" was William Bakewell. He was born May 2, 1908, in Los Angeles, Cal. He has wavy brown hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 143 pounds. He lives alone with his mother in Hollywood.

Polly of Columbus, Neb. You must have some other good-looking girl in mind, for I've never had my picture in the papers, magazines, or comic strips. I'm so exclusive! In Gloria Swanson's new picture, "What a Widow!" Lew Cody and Owen Moore head a supporting cast that includes Margaret Livingston and Buster West.


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DOGS OF DESTINY — Continued from page 59

received inspiration for the work he is now doing. He found while there, that every German soldier who had lost his eyesight had been given a trained Shepherd’s guide dog by the government. This makes it possible for them to get about alone. The dogs were trained at government kennels by Lambert Kreimer, a master at this work, to an almost unbelievable degree of efficiency and human understanding. Not only were the dogs taught, the masters also had to go through a course of training to know how to work intelligently with the dogs. As Mr. Sinykin watched these dogs work he became more and more interested and there came the realization of what a wonderful thing it would be to establish kennels of his own and train dogs for this good purpose. And that is exactly what Jack Sinykin is doing.

His kennels at La Salle, Minnesota, now cover a fifty-acre tract. They are operated on a highly scientific basis. At great expense and with considerable wire-pulling Lambert Kreimer, the famous trainer he had met in Germany was secured as supervisor of the La Salle kennels. It was almost like signing General Pershing to a post. Other kennel operators, less interested in science, have failed to get the fact established that he has these kennels and is training the dogs. He exhibits the animals at different Kennel Clubs where he explains and demonstrates the work he is doing and he also talks about it over the radio.

It’s fascinating to hear Jack Sinykin talk about these marvelous animals. He has experienced in training them and the way it is done.

For example: Suppose you are blind and want to go to a garage four blocks away and across the street. Sit in your home. You tell the dog this and, holding fast to the handle of his little harness, you start out. The dog will lead you along the right-hand side of the pavement and when he reaches the curbing to cross the street he will pull back and sit down; that is the signal for you to stop and feel with your cane for the step downward. The dog will not attempt to get you to cross the street if nothing is coming before he ventures across. Should a car turn unexpectedly around a corner, the dog will either pull back to stop you, or take you across according to his best judgment. If there are stop and go signals, nothing can induce him to cross until the releasing light or go signal is flashed. He never forgets.

And it would be an unlucky break for anyone who tried to pick your pockets, or mistreat you in any way. Instantly the gentle dog would become a snarling bundle of fur and fangs and your attacker would find himself in trouble. They are the 'business men’ of their kind.

Jack Sinykin came to this country from Russia when he was fourteen years old. He was just before the horror of the Bolsheviki uprising and he knew the blocks and led you to the garage and if ever you want to go there again, you have only to say 'garage' and he will take you there.

But I was all wet. It wanted an egg to sit on. They gave it an egg.

"Is that her egg?” I inquired.

"Naw," said the attendant, "any old bird’s egg will do.

And would you believe it? That egg hatched!

Boy, what a discovery. Why, all that bird had to do was sit on that egg, and rest! It’s a wise woman who knows her ostriches.

I’m having some slight difficulty adapting the plan for practical purposes, but I’ll get it, sooner or later. That’ll make Woolsey sit up and take notice!

And say, if you can make any sense of this last paragraph of that letter I got from Philadelphia:

"One of our number came to work recently, and upon arriving at the city hall discovered to his dismay that he had forgotten himself and left him home in bed. He rushed home to get him, only to find that he had departed. He dashed back to the office to ask if anybody had seen him. We have sent him to Hollywood, feeling that he eminently qualified to be your successor!"

Awh!
HOLLWOOD GOES PLACES—Continued from page 63

state unhesitatingly that it was Palm Can-
yon! exclaimed Patsy, as we stood on the edge of the trail, looking down into its cool depths where a lovely stream flowed under immensity tall palm trees, whose existence the hospitals could explain.

Fritzi Ridgeway is a very clever young actress who is dividing her time between film acting and running a hotel in Palm Springs, that was giving a big house party over the weekend.

Gwen Lee was there, and Dorothy Janis, Scott Kolk, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan. John Lloyd, Sammy Blum, Simeon Gest and his wife, Marie Bekefi, the dancer; Victor McLaughlin and his wife: Nita Martin, Elsie Bartlett, Sally Blane, Milton Brown, of Columbia Pictures, and others.

Rosetta Duncan must have a bottle of pop from that heavenly place, and we bought it back from the drug store that sells post-cards, soft drinks, etc.

Fritzi told us that there used to be a funny little shack there kept by a nature man, who wore long hair but little else, and in the hot spring in the rocks back of his cabin. He had been a beach comber in Honolulu, and from the Hawaiian islands he had brought a lot of odd native instruments, which he set in the trees, and which gave forth weird music when the wind blew, so that it could be heard away down at Palm Springs when the breezes were in the right direction. He also had a lot of signs posted up about the place, exhorting the reader "Don't feed the wild animals or birds; they never hurt you."

A kindly and an astonishingly interesting figure he was; but since he refused to wear clothes, the local Chamber of Commerce felt that the tourists must not be shocked, so they drove him away into the mountains.

After exploring the canyon, or at least as much of it as we had time for, we drove back down to the Tahquitz Hotel, where Fritzi's quite famous husband, the musician, Constantine Bakaleinikoff, was waiting to greet us and to conduct us into the room where the smokers were.

In the patio, a group of cowboys from the nearby dude ranch, all clad in picturesque cowboy outfits, were playing on banjos and guitars. Behind some of the plants, Bob Cheatum, came into the dining room to play his guitar and sing those weirdly comic cowboy songs which are like nothing else in the world. Cheatum is the son of a Virginian Senator, but prefers the wild life of a cowboy to that of politics or business.

Bob Cheatum's place at table had been vacant, but she presently dashed in, of course, to kid and clown about. She was wearing that funny false black mustache of hers, and she and Vivian set the party off to a high note of hilarity.

Moonlight horseback riding was the order for the evening, the party to ride up to Del Tahquitz Canyon, where there were to be a Weiner roast and bonfire, and there Rosetta and Vivian and Bob Cheatum entertained us with music and stories, and an inaudible kidding.

Next morning down in the hot springs shack, which is run by the Indians, we found Dorothy Janis taking the mud baths. They were squelching a bit, since the mud has a quicksand quality, and you go down and down. But invariably the spring boils and tosses you up again.

"Like the man who couldn't see the forest for the trees, we just can't see the guests for the party" exclaimed John Davidion.

John had taken Patsy and me to the Biltmore, where Edith Mayer, Louis B. Mayer's daughter, was being married to the extremely good-looking young man, William Goetz, and we found the huge drawing room outside the balcony already crowded with guests and although we were early.

"Well, I should think," remarked Patsy, "that when people like Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks are present, you'd better see'em!"

John admitted his error like a gentleman, and we trooped into our seats, which were luckily near the altar.

The drawing room had been fitted up like a temple of worship, with a high altar where the wedding was to take place, and decorated with long ropes and huge bouquets of blossoms.

Crowds flocked outside the door, in Peacock Alley for the hotel, and when a new star arrived, they cheered.

All the same, the fuss and excitement could not detract from the simple beauty and dignity of the Hebrew service.

"It sounds," said Patsy, "just as though your father and mother were talking to you!"

The bride looked lovely in her white satin gown, and she carried the most gorgeous bouquets of white orchids we had ever beheld.

"And the bridesmaids are a procession of beauties," remarked Patsy, in rather an awe-stricken tone, even used as he was to Hollywood beauty.

There were Bessie Love, Carinna Griffith, Irene Mayer, Carmel Myers, Katherine Bennett, May McAvoy, and Marion Davies.

Louis B. Mayer gave the bride away, and we heard somebody say that he hadn't found that slow step down to the altar at all easy, used as he is to dancing bushy about.

Joseph Schenck was with wife, Norma Talmadge, and second as attentive and devoted as he has ever been, despite rumors that there has been a rift in their marital happiness. We know, at any rate, that there is a deep affection and a real affection between the two, no matter what superficial break there may have been.

We circulated a while after the ceremony, saying hello to sources of people we knew.

Norma Shearer was there, looking very lovely, with her husband, Irving G. Thalberg, and we learned that they aren't going to Europe, after all, because Irving cannot leave his duties at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for so long a time as the European trip would take, but they are going for a trip to Honolulu.

"But I think it's partly on account of the expected visit of the stork," Patsy confided to me. "I think Norma doesn't want to be traveling about so strenuously at this time. Indeed she told me that..."

Harold Lloyd and his wife were there, and Charlie Chaplin and Mrs. Nibo, Paul Bern, Ramon Novarro, Walter Morosco, Antonio Moreno and his wife, Katherine Bennett, King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, Michael Curtiz and Bess Meredith, Bessie Love and her husband, William Hawks; Thelma Todd and Harry Priester, Hal Walis and Louise Pasenda, Anita Stewart and her husband, George Conklin, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Jack Gilbert and Ina Clarke.

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"THE KING IS DEAD—
LONG LIVE THE KING!"

This being an age of new styles in bathing suits, motor cars, and golf balls it is not surprising to find a new style of motion picture goer.

The 1930 style of picture enthusiast is having a profound influence on the talkies—for the better.

In the first place, we are more critical of our screen entertainment since the talkies came. We will pack to the rafters theaters that play good talking pictures, and walk away rapidly in all directions from playhouses that show poor ones—with fiercer loyalty on the one hand, and greater indifference on the other than we ever exhibited before sound came to Hollywood.

You—the "1930 model" picture theater goer—are responsible. You are alert, modern and you know entertainment. More and more you—added up until you make 115,000,000 picture patrons a week—sit in with the stars, directors and executives as they plan your pictures.

It's fascinating, isn't it, to think that you play such an important part in the creation of your favorite amusement? This issue of SCREENLAND marks a step further in the direction of still closer contact between Hollywood and you.

It happens that now—even as you are reading this page—is the selling season in the motion picture industry. That is a prosaic statement but it means a lot to you. Theater owners do not get pictures merely by wishing for them. They must buy them. Custom and the nature of this great art of ours have set this season of the year as the time when the theaters arrange for the major portion of the pictures they will show on their screens from the Fall of 1930 to the Spring of 1931. Most of the pictures you are seeing now were contracted for by the theaters at this time last year. Similarly, the pictures you will see and hear during the new season are being bought now.

In this issue of SCREENLAND several of the big producers, Warner Brothers, First National and Vitaphone, Paramount, Radio Pictures, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are taking you into their confidence regarding their stars and pictures for the coming year. Study their special advertising announcements with particular care. They mark a milestone in motion picture history.

These announcements are a far cry from the early days of pictures, when producers kept everything a dark secret, particularly the identity of their players. But the 1930 producer knows that without your interest, there would be no great talkie art. Without your support, talking pictures would be seen only in vault-like museums, collecting dust and the comment of the bored art critics. No beautiful picture theaters, no sunshine of laughter and romance, no joy of escape from rounds of daily care.

Now, the owner or the manager of your favorite theater is one of your best friends. In more ways than one. His screen sometimes cures more ills than the doctor, and very often is the pulpit for a message of spiritual beauty.

The theater owner or manager wants to please you. He is a merchant, selling the most-loved commodity in the world—romance. He wants to play the pictures that most appeal to you. He will be glad to hear from you at any time by telephone or letter. Particularly now, when he is deciding what stars, what pictures, what trademarks will appear on his screen from this Fall until next Spring.

It is significant that all five of the producing companies making special, timely announcements to you in this issue of SCREENLAND are also large owners of theaters throughout the country. Do not hesitate to express your preference in entertainment whether your theater is independently owned or is part of a large chain. All theaters, all producers want your keen interest, your active support.

For you are the new king—the informed picture theater goer. As the throngs used to shout when the old monarch passed and a new king took the throne, "The king is dead. Long live the king!"

How do John Barrymore, Buddy Rogers, Greta Garbo, Richard Dix come to the screen of your favorite theater? Does the theater obtain its pictures merely by wishing for them?

Pictures are contracted for far in advance of their play dates, and the time the major part of the contracts are written is NOW.

The publishers of SCREENLAND present herewith a message of real importance to all picture theater goers. Read it, and then go to the polls—the theaters—and vote your own winning entertainment ticket.

Of all the picture patrons, you, the readers of SCREENLAND were the first selected to receive this new type of announcements from The Warner Brothers, First National and Vitaphone, from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount and Radio Pictures. We told you the story to the producers and the idea took its present form with the able guidance of some of the best minds in the executive personnel of the motion picture companies. It is possible that other announcements will follow, and then still further announcements, telling you that the stars and pictures you vote for now are current at your favorite theaters.

So—to the polls. Enlightened by what you read, vote at your theaters for the stars and pictures you want to see in the new talkie year.

THE PUBLISHERS
IS THIS THE PERFECT SCREEN FACE?

See Page 18

Created by Rolf Armstrong
Try
Maybelline Eye Shadow

This delicately perfumed cosmetic instantly makes the eyes appear larger and intensely interesting! It deepens the color and imparts a wonderful brilliance that vivifies the expression, at the same time giving new loveliness to all the tones of the complexion.

Applied lightly for daytime use and with somewhat deeper shading in the evening, the four colors of Maybelline Eye Shadow are most effectively used as follows: Blue is to be used for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. If you would make the most of your appearance, a thrilling discovery awaits you in Maybelline Eye Shadow, incased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity at 75c.

Lashes Appear Longer by Using Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

Dark, luxuriant lashes are essential to feminine beauty and Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is the choice of millions of women the world over. A few simple brush strokes of either the Solid or Waterproof Liquid form and the magic of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is achieved instantly. This easily applied, perfectly harmless beauty aid, in Black or Brown, will delight you, particularly when applied after Maybelline Eye Shadow. Be sure to insist upon genuine Maybelline. Price 75c.

Try Maybelline Eye Shadow

and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

Nextly lined, perfectly formed eyebrows—every woman desires them for the added expression they lend. They are not difficult to acquire with the new style Indestructible Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. You’ll like the pencil—your hair in its smoothness and cleanliness— it succors to use. Colors, Black or Brown, 35c.
AN ODD TIME TO SAY...

HAPPY NEW YEAR?

Maybe it seems so, but it is the beginning of a new theatrical season, and Educational is wishing it may be the happiest year in your picture going experience. To help make it so, Educational, with vastly enlarged studio facilities, is producing for your amusement the most pretentious group of short comedies in motion picture history.

A year and a half of the talking comedy has proved how much funnier and more entertaining the short comedies can be, and they are a bigger and more vital part of screen entertainment now than ever before. The theatres that sincerely wish you a “happy new year” in this entertainment will be planning to show you the best of the short talking comedies as well as good feature pictures. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre now if Educational’s Talking Comedies are on his schedule of productions for the coming season.
THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM:

Cover — Painted by Rolf Armstrong

Sound News. By Evelyn Ballarine

Letters from the Audience

The College Movie Star Comes to Nile's Junction. Cartoon

Honor Page

Editorial. By Delight Evans

Is This the Perfect Screen Face? By Rolf Armstrong

All Quiet on the Broadway Front. By Herbert Cruikshank

Four-A-Day at 69! Madame Schumann-Heink. By Rosa Reilly

Otis Skinner's First Day in a Talkie Studio. By Brian Herbert

What Happens to Stage Stars in Hollywood? By Ruth Tildesley

A Singing Lesson. By Jeanette MacDonald

Queen Merry. By Marie House

Ronald Colman Confesses! By Helen Ludlam

Paris-Hollywood - What Smart Women Will Wear This Fall. By Travis Banton

Screen Stars in Fall Fashions


By Bradford Carroll

They Want to be Different. By S. R. Mook

News! Nancy Carroll. By Thomas Talbott

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Ways and Means to Beauty. Screenland's Beauty Department. By Anne Van Alstyne

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Conquerors of the Clouds. From "Hell's Angels"

Gary Cooper — A Portrait

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Prima Donna. Bernie Claire. By Allen Erwin

Reviews of the Best Pictures. By Delight Evans

Critical Comment on Current Films

On Location with Robert Montgomery. By Helen Ludlam

The Stage in Review. By Benjamin De Casseres

Cooking for the Fun of It. Zelma O'Neal. By Emily Kirk

Hot from Hollywood. News and Gossip

Making a Scene from "Moby Dick"

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Wanted — Another "Goat." By the Publishers
Greatest wonder in an age of wonders!

Talking motion pictures!

Today's greatest value in entertainment! Screen stars, once but moving shadows, you see and hear! The living voices of famous stage stars come to you! Song hits of the day on the screen! New personalities born. New types of entertainment created. Because the world's foremost stars, authors, directors, composers are now concentrating their talents on the screen! Go often—as often as it's a Paramount Picture—"the best show in town!"

"I LOVE YOU"
— but you have flaunted society and must pay!

"MANSLAUGHTER"
with CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Fredric March

The gripping story of a spoiled darling of society, who thought the world her playground and almost proved it until Fate took a hand, stripped her of her pride and power, and threw her into prison to fall in love with the man who jailed her!

With Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Emma Dunn, Natalie Moorhead, Hilda Vaughn and Stanley Fields. Directed by George Abbott. From the famous Saturday Evening Post serial and novel by Alice Duer Miller.

"GRUMPY"
starring CYRIL MAUDE

Now Paramount presents on the talking screen the distinguished star Cyril Maude in his most famous role, "Grumpy." With Phillips Holmes, Paul Lukas, Francis Dade, Paul Cavanagh. Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. From the play by Horace Hodges and T. E. Percyval.

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The livest sound news is Paramount! See it—compare it with any other for breezy, timely news of the day, striking personalities, showmanship—then ask your Theatre Manager to make it a regular part of his program.

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Tune in on your favorite screen stars in the Paramount Publix Radio Hour each Saturday Night, 10-11 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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Moments that Matter:

... when you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock—and your dress is sleeveless... When the tiny lamp on a "table for two" shines full on your bare fore-arm... when you cross your knees and realize suddenly that your sheer hose are so transparent...

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Send coupon below for generous trial tube.

*Perfected through our exclusive formula.

**Trial Offer**


**Now...I can stand the PUBLIC GAZE!... Can You?**

An ear and eyeful of forthcoming films

I s there a scarcity of original screen stories in Hollywood? There shouldn't be with most of the well-known writers such as Louis Bromfield, P. G. Wodehouse, Stephen Vincent Benet, Booth Tarkington and others contributing their genius. Maybe not—but it seems that most of the old silent successes are being remade into talkers.

D. W. Griffith is going to direct the talking version of none other than "The Birth of a Nation," for Triangle Pictures. Of course, you know he directed the silent film. This same company has plans for the vocal transcription of "Broken Blossoms" and wanted Richard Barthelmess for the lead again. It is said that Mr. Barthelmess won't consider it because he doesn't want to try to repeat a former success. "To'able David," another of Richard's silent hits, is being remade by Columbia Pictures. Three of Norma Talmadge's silent screen successes are also being remade but Norma isn't in any of the casts. Joan Bennett is making "Smilin' Thru." Mary Pickford will next be seen in "Secrets" which Mary has retitled "Forever Yours"; and Dolores Del Rio will heroine it in "The Dove," Rex Beach's "The Spoilers" is being vocalized by Gary Cooper. "Resurrection," with Lupe Velez, is another silent film being resurrected for the talkers; and also "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

A huge welcome with sound effects for the return of a few prodigal foreign accents! Victor Varconi is back in our midst with a nice new contract from Warner Brothers. "The Gay Caballero" will be his initial talker.

Lily Damita will play opposite Al Jolson in "Sons o' Guns," the Broadway stage play in which Lily made such a sensational hit.

However, Vilma Banky is making 'Rene-gade' for Fox Films and this will be her swan song. Vilma is content to be Mrs. Rod La Rocque in the future.

It has been rumored and re- rumored that Emil Jannings would be back on these shores to make American talkers for Paramount but he hasn't put in his appearance as yet. Where, oh, where, is Emil? We want Emil Jannings! It looks like a case for Philo Vance.

Adolph Menjou is doing very nicely for himself. He has a contract with Metro- Goldwyn-Mayer in which he will be called upon to make talkies in three or four languages, including the American.

Richard Dix is all set to start work on Edna Ferber's "Cimarron" but the feminine lead hasn't been selected. It's a case of cherches la femme and the right femme. RKO are looking for a charming young girl who can successfully portray phases of Paramount's life from 18 to 80!

And Evelyn Laye, the British stage star signed by Samuel Goldwyn, has an original story called "Lili" written for her by Louis Bromfield all ready for production except for the male lead. What to do? What to do? Too bad these stars aren't with the same company. Incidentally, Miss Laye played a very young girl, as she really is, and an old woman in "Bitter Sweet," the Ziegfeld operetta.

Maureen O'Sullivan, the little Irish colleen imported from Ireland for "Song o' My Heart," is making a hit in a big way. Maureen has been cast for the feminine lead opposite Charles Farrell in "The Prince and the Plumber." This picture was previously announced as a Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell opus. 'Tis whispered that little Janet Gaynor and Fox Films are not on talking terms at the present time. Which might or might not mean anything—George Bancroft was reported to have a peave on with Paramount recently but now everything is peaceful again. They're just one big happy family!

So successful was "All Quiet on the Western Front" that Universal Pictures are going to make a sequel to it called "Kamadar." Written, of course, by Erich Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet." The sequel will not be as grim as its brother film. Lew Ayres will play the lead again and Louis Milestone will again direct.
TEN-MINUTE THRILLS...
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Now you'll like the "SHORT SUBJECTS", too!

Why not enjoy ALL the time you spend at the Talking Movies?
You will if you'll make sure that the one and two-reel pictures on the bill are VITAPHONE VARIETIES.
VITAPHONE VARIETIES have raised "short subjects" for the first time to the Quality level of the finest feature pictures.
All the vast resources that back VITAPHONE full-length pictures have been marshaled for the making of this new series of "Ten-Minute Thrills!"
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Color scenes photographed by the Technicolor Process
Who made *SUNNY SIDE UP* the most popular motion picture of the past year? .... YOU did — with the tickets you bought at the box offices all over the country. .... Who made *THE COCKEYED WORLD* the runner-up? .... YOU again — with your spontaneous approval, registered by cash paid for tickets at the box office, of the rough and ready wit and humor of McLaglen and Lowe. .... Who were the year's favorite actor and actress? .... Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, overwhelmingly voted the most popular in polls conducted by both the Chicago Tribune and the New York Daily News, the two largest newspapers in their respective cities. .... Who won the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the past two years? .... FOX — last year with John Ford's *FOUR SONS* — year before last with Frank Borzage's *7th HEAVEN*. .... Who cast the winning ballots for Gaynor and Farrell? .... Nobody but YOU. .... Who has already decided what kind of pictures we will produce and leading houses everywhere will feature during the coming year? .... YOU, of course — because you have, in terms that can't be mistaken, placed your approval on what FOX has done in the past and told us what you like .... Will you get it? .... Look at this line-up of new productions now on their way to you! .... Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in *OH, FOR A MAN!* — another sure-fire hit, produced under the masterly direction of the man who made *SUNNY SIDE UP*, David Butler. .... McLaglen and Lowe chasing *WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS* — in the further rollicking adventures of Fagg and Quirt — from the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of *WHAT PRICE GLORY*. Direction by Raoul Walsh. What a line-up! .... Charlie Farrell in his greatest part of all, as Liliom,
In Devil With Women, from Franz Molnar's international stage success.... And Charlie will also entertain you in three other great pictures during the year—The Man Who Came Back, with Louise Huntington; The Princess and the Plumber, with Maureen O'Sullivan, the find of the year; and She's My Girl, with Joyce Compton.... In Up the River, a new kind of prison story, John Ford is striving to surpass his own Photoplay Gold Medal winner, Four Sons. In this picture appears Cherie, daughter of Warden Lawes, and a great cast of established screen favorites.... Frank Borzage, Gold Medal winner of the previous year, will give you four great pictures—Song O' My Heart, introducing to the screen the golden voice and vibrant personality of the great Irish tenor, John McCormack—two of Charlie Farrell's new pictures, The Man Who Came Back and Devil With Women—and Alone With You, in which Janet Gaynor will insinuate herself still more deeply into your affections.... The honor most coveted by the motion picture actor is the annual award of the Academy of Motion Pictures. Warner Baxter is the latest recipient of this honor—won by his magnificent characterization of the Cisco Kid in In Old Arizona. Warner, lovable bandit and idol of the feminine heart, will give you four big pictures.... If you saw Will Rogers in They Had To See Paris, or So This is London, you will cheer the announcement of two more pictures by America's incomparable comic: A Connecticut Yankee, perhaps Mark Twain's funniest story, and See America First.... DeSylva, Brown and Henderson—the Gilbert and Sullivan of our day—will follow their smash success, Sunny Side Up with Just Imagine, clever, gay, tuneful and funny. The cast will be headed by Maureen O'Sullivan and El Brendel.... We made the pictures—but YOU asked for them—and you and sixty million others can't be wrong!
LETTERS
from
the
AUDIENCE

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

I heard a brilliant educator say, "We save our souls in our idle time." I took inventory Mentally, I agreed with her and planned upon a change.

I am growing older. The lad of my youth long gone, my children grown. At this 'awakening' we move into a popular picture theater. On daily errands to market, I managed to pass the theater and censored the headlines. The opportunity for salvaging idle moments was at hand. Mother was about to step out, at night, and alone.

I went. I saw, I was conquered. The talkies are a blessing, bringing our stage favorites in our choice plays and this beautiful gift we call speech as an index to cultivation. I have repainted past joys and best of all, I am humanizing my later years. I admit, unashamed, that no young modern can say with more genuine feeling, 'I love that adorable Warner Baxter and his alluring voice 'In Old Arizona!'

Mrs. Mary A. Lallande,
1008 N. Sweeter Avenue,
Hollywood, Cal.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

Alas for those of us, who, having been born with wanderlust on our heels and not having been able to shake it off, have also not been able to meet the demands of the railroad companies. What a bonanza the movies, for us. How fine that we can see New York, Paris or Madrid in an afternoon and be home in time for dinner.

Faked sets, you say? Maybe so. Maybe the Arc de Triomphe is made of paper and stands on a few feet of Hollywood soil, but so accurate is the replica that only the most discerning materialist stops to consider its authenticity.

And the romance. Not only of travel, but of lives relived. Where is the little 'grey mother' today? At home? Not at all. She's at the movies, dreaming that John Gilbert is her John, (now fat and a bit bald), or that the slim, blonde thing is herself.

The movies. Fountains of Youth, I call them. And clean ones, too, if we watch the waters we bathe in and don't muddy them ourselves.

D. Milicent Burton,
3811 Normandy,
Dallas, Texas.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

After weeks of being friendless, jobless and near-penniless, I had neither the courage nor the desire to continue my struggle with Fate. True, I had learned the value of kindness, gained by an understanding of the hardships encountered by other girls, an appreciation of ordinary comforts of life if I ever should have them again, but the odd seemed to be against me.

One evening, after an orgy of weeping I powdered my nose and entered a theater which was showing Constance Bennett in "Rich People." I know not if this was considered a good picture, but I do know that seeing it marked the turning point in my life. Beautiful, intelligent, glamourous Constance! She inspired me as no Bible, books or advice had. I took inventory of myself, this time, negative. What was wrong? Everything, of course, but nothing that could not be adjusted wasn't stupid. I had possibilities.

I am back to normal now, living comfortably, working, planning, with only a thought of all I would, save for that insane nightmare of a few months past. And all because I went to one particular movie, on one particular night!

Ira Robinson,
437 Montgomery Street,
Portland, Oregon.
Apt. 205.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

When I was a very little girl I lived in a story-book world. First it was fairies and then the Arabian Nights; as I grew older it was David Copperfield, D'Artagnan, Jean Valjean and Froshue. They were so real that I could close my eyes and flash my favorite characters on the screen of my imagination. They were very real but not real enough. I wanted to know them, I wanted them to be alive.

Now, I no longer have to use my imagination. Anna Christie lives in Greta Garbo, D'Artagnan in Douglas Fairbanks, Disraeli in Charlie Chaplin. Yet a delightful sense of unreality, the same feeling that I used to have when reading fairy-tales, remains.

People have laughed at me for maintaining that the moving picture is an art, there are too many trashy films, true. That is true. But what about the poor books, poor music and poor pictures that are written, composed and painted every year? The moving picture is very young compared to the other arts, and still has many centuries in which to catch up. Those who condemn the talkies on the ground that they 'squeak' or are hard to understand fail to remember that man himself does not speak clearly until he is four or five years old. What then can one expect of a mere mechanical invention? Here's to the movies, I'm for them.

Hentretta Bruce Sharon,
836 Westover Road,
Kansas City, Mo.

A Constructive Suggestion

Before seeing a picture I read the cast of characters, but often the odd seemed to be against me. I often am struck by the sincerity and cleverness of some minor actor. I try to recall his or her name in the cast—impossible! I find others as enthusiastic over this particular actor. "Who was it?"—we ask? But no one knows.

Many years ago my wife and I saw a movie in which one of the actors so delighted us that we vowed we would go miles to see him again. If his name was on the cast it meant nothing to us for we could not recall it. We felt we would be a star of the first magnitude. It was the incomparable Charlie Chaplin.

Suggestion: Flash the cast on the screen after the movie as we well as before. This will fill a long-felt want for millions of movie fans.

W. C. Morris,
Njack, N. Y.

Praise for the Newsreel Men

We should be eternally grateful that we live in the Twentieth Century. But are we? Do we appreciate the risks men take in perfecting achievements that will be handed down through the years? Take the "Movietone News," for example. It
for September 1930

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

GREATEST AIR EPIC EVER!

Five thousand feet up! . . . Forty whirring, purring propellers singing a song of death. Forty roaring, streak-fast war-eagles making a shambles of the sky. Forty youngsters sporting with fate—for they must live greatly, or not at all! . . .

Forty famous stunt flyers helped Dick Barthelmes crowd "The Dawn Patrol" with more thrills than you'd get in a dozen actual flights. And the author of "Wings" has packed the story with heart-throbs such as only heroes know! "Take off" to "The Dawn Patrol" the minute it comes to town.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
is only a secondary affair to many picture patrons; to me, it is a schooling in itself. One doesn't need a newspaper to see or read about important events. It is only necessary to go weekly to the local theater and find there portrayed vividly and realistically the important happenings from all over the world. Yet we never stop to think how hazardous a job the cameramen may have, taking risks, flitting with death, to picture for us the news of the Universe—making it possible for us to have, if we will, this liberal education.

Elizabeth M. Sheridan, 31 Welles Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

Bermuda Speaking

Here's a fan letter from a little emerald isle, set in a topaz sea. A paradise! Yet, it was dull heaven. Bermuda lacked something. Yes! the talkies—now we have them. Our evenings are now pleasantly filled with "Broadway Melodies," and we're looking forward to John McCormack with his wonderful tenor voice. Speaking of voices, too many of the actresses voices are sadly alike. One Star I have really enjoyed hearing talk was Lila Lee in "Flight." However, I'm all for talkies, and the snappier, peppier and jazzy they are the better I like them.

Technicolor makes pictures a hundred percent more attractive. It makes them so real and so beautiful.

What's wrong with movies? Plenty! Yet we all love 'em. I for one, am an out-and-out fan.

Ray Moss M. E. Ru "St. Georges, Bermuda.

The Story's the Thing

I want to add a bit to the talk that's been going on about John Gilbert. Not because I worship at his shrine but because I think him to be a good actor.

His two talking vehicles have been mediocre 'tis true, but through no fault of his. The fault was in giving him stories and leading women not suited to him. In "Redemption" there was one outstanding scene, the courtroom scene, which showed what he really could do if he had a chance. But why must he be continually cast in great lover roles when, (to my mind), his two best pictures were "Cameo Kirby" and "The Big Parade?"

The story's the thing. A picture should be created as a book is written. A good plot and the story well told by characters especially chosen for their parts. The producers in their choice of a story can make or break a star. They spend weeks in producing a picture. Why not spend some time first in choosing the right story? Why not a special staff who do nothing but read plays and who specialize in choosing stories to suit the personalities of the players who are to portray the characters.

Mrs. Dewey Albright, North Street, Delmar, N. Y.

Wants Peace at Movies

Something should be done about the habit people have of making public eating-houses and nurseries out of even the best theaters. While seeing "The Floradora Girl" I missed half the conversation because of the disturbance around me. On my right, sat a fat woman rustling a bag of candy at the most interesting moments. Across the aisle a baby was protesting noisily as being kept out after its bedtime. When the fat woman finished her candy she bestowed the bag upon her small daughter who spent the rest of the time trying to 'blow up' the bag.

Where, I ask you, should a person expect peace if not at a movie?

B. Miller, Hotel Durant, Berkeley, Cal.

"Caught Short" a Blues Chaser

Have you ever been a stranger in a strange city—walking around in a hotel room like a bird in a gilded cage? Such was my plight. In fact, the situation so got on my nerves that I was miserable. In this state I picked up a paper where I spied an entire page devoted to a picture called "Caught Short" being shown at one of the local theaters. It sounded so amusing that I went. I saw. I was cured. Did I laugh? I am still laughing. Don't tell me that pictures are not a boon! The screen puts the world before our eyes, and the poor as well as the rich can enjoy the treats.

Yes, pictures help us to keep our 'Sunny Side Up,' and to 'Paint the Clouds with Sunshine.'

"Give me a sense of humor, Lord! Give me the grace to see a joke! To get some happiness from life—and pass it on to other folk."

Mrs. William H. Scherlirius, 3706 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

Amos 'n' Andy Prefixed

Just as soon as I found myself educated to the point of having a sincere appreciation of such excellent screen plays as "Beau Geste," "Chang," "Four Sons," "The Crowd" and so on, I am confronted by the most glaring inconsistencies and all for the sake of hearing (in most instances) mediocre singing.

In one talkie, the young hero asks the girl if that cute dance piece that is the orchestra is playing. She tells him and sings the first verse and chorus. Then our hero obliges with a solo (second verse and chorus), and does he know all the words? Oh, yes! Musical comedies never were rated for the excellency of their plot and we make due allowance for this, but why must we have so many of them? Charlie Chaplin is right about the superiority of the silent picture (as conditions are today). Story has been sacrificed to the theme song.

When McCormack or Tibbet sing, the plot can thicken or disintegrate but unless they do, I'm going to stay home and tune in on Amos 'n' Andy.

B. H. Christopher, No. 2 Dell Street, Hot Springs, Ark.

Again, Chevalier!

Who is this 1930 Prince Charming who hath laid siege to our movie-hearts? 'Tis Chevalier that naively sophisticated gentleman from gay Paris! If you have seen him in "The Love Parade," well, I know that you, too, have succumbed to his devastating smile. He is a man of the world, yet within his is doubtless the most boyishly arresting personality seen on the screen in many a weary day.

I have moments of wishing to meet this Prince Charming, but in my heart of hearts I believe I prefer to leave him just a shadow, a fascinating illusion of the silver screen. Dreams (to the dreamer) must ever be sweeter than realities.

Monsieur Chevalier, your naive romanticism is a delight to our hearts and your boulevard accent a joy to our ears!

Adele Louise Simonds, P. O. Box 1232, Hollywood, Cal.

Sound Pictures Bring Reality

For years I had been cherishing the hope of going abroad, of traveling around the (Continued on page 106)
RADIO PICTURES Challenge The Entertainment World!

P I C T U R E goers, this year, can look to the Radio Pictures trademark for the utmost in screen entertainment. Never before has there been such an array of outstanding productions.

Heading the procession comes AMOS 'N' ANDY, invincible monarchs of the air, in their first talking picture. A red letter event in screen history!

"CIMARRON," Edna Ferber's magnificent novel, will be presented on a colossal scale. This epic of empire brings RICHARD DIX in the picturesque role of Yancey Cravat, two-gun poet in buckskin, dreamer, crusader, fighter, who helped make history in a day.

"DIXIANA," glamorous romance of old New Orleans in Mardi Gras time, presents BEBE DANIELS, EVERETT MARSHALL, Metropolitan Opera star; Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and a thousand others. Victor Herbert's immortal "BABES IN TOYLAND" will be the year's supreme extravaganza. "HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE" featuring BERT WHEELER and ROBERT WOOLSEY, promises the season's comedy sensation.

Rex Beach's "THE SILVER HORDE" and John Galsworthy's "ESCAPE" typify the high type of authorship in Radio productions. Many more attractions of equal merit await you! Millions of dollars and the creative genius of the best minds in the talking picture art are being poured into these productions, which challenge the whole world of entertainment.

"HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE" Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in a grand bombardment of mirth and melody.

RADIO PICTURES
"TITANS OF THE SCREEN"
R K O Distributing Corporation
(Subsidiary of Radio Corp. of America)
1560 Broadway
New York City

GLAMOROUS "DIXIANA"
Brings BEBE DANIELS, EVERETT MARSHALL and 1,000 others in a supreme romantic spectacle

Your local theatre manager is now arranging his season's program. He is always interested in knowing your wishes and is guided by your desires in entertainment. Tell him you want to see these outstanding Radio Pictures at his theatre. He will appreciate your interest.
The College Movie Star Comes to Niles Junction

By special permission of COLLEGE HUMOR
At Last The Great Broadway Hit Comes To The Talking Screen

A greater, more complete, more realistic production of this sensational musical comedy than was possible on the stage. "GOOD NEWS" brings you the soul of college life—its swift rhythm, its pulsing youth, its songs, its pep, its loves, its laughter—crowded into one never-to-be-forgotten picture. A cocktail of hilarious, riotous entertainment!

What a cast! Bessie Love, of "BROADWAY MELODY" fame; Gus Shy, who starred in the Schwab & Mandel Broadway presentation; beautiful Mary Lawlor, also one of the original cast; Cliff Edwards with his magic ukulele; Stanley Smith, Lola Lane, Dorothy McNulty and a campus-full of cute co-eds and capering collegiates.


Scenario by Frances Marion—Dialogue by Joe Farnham Directed by Edgar J. MacGregor and Nick Grinde
THIS . . .
HONOR PAGE
is dedicated to
Rear-Admiral
Richard E. Byrd,
U. S. N.

BECAUSE: his motion picture, "With Byrd at the South Pole," will inspire the small boys of America, and the world, as no crook melodrama or 'western' has ever done; because as the star of his Antarctic epic he shares his honors with an unrivalled cast composed of gallant men, heroic huskies, and comedy penguins—those Chaplins of the bird family; and because his fine and modest screen presence sets a splendid example to the professional actors of Hollywood—and to all the rest of us.
A man named Jules Verne once wrote some fantastic stories, among them "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," "A Trip from Earth to Moon," and "Around the World in Eighty Days." They rehearsed the adventures of puny Man in his battle against Mother Nature, with Man winning. Silly, some people said; but good reading.

"Jules wasn't so crazy. He was just far-sighted. He foresaw the invention of the airplane and the submarine; it's too bad he couldn't have stuck around long enough to take a ride in them. Even Verne, though, didn't dream of the latest developments. You could have knocked him over with a feather if you'd told him that a great explorer would one day fly over the South Pole and, almost before he had even returned from his expedition, motion pictures of his flight would be shown on a hot summer day in a theater artificially cooled to a temperature of 71½ degrees! We saw the movies of Byrd's Antarctic exploit before the confetti had been cleaned up after his Big Parade. And when I watched all those people looking and listening with such rapt attention to this great screened adventure I began to think of the screen more seriously than I ever had.

"It's a good thing to be reminded that all that movies is not Hollywood. "With Byrd at the South Pole" is an epic drama and its only connection with Hollywood is a couple of cameras. When you're deploiring the gangster-girls-and-music-collegiate movies, don't forget that the Byrd film, too, is a motion picture. Judge the screen rather by a picture like "With Byrd to the South Pole" than by "Ingagi" and "Unguarded Girls."

"If you're still not convinced—the new amusement centre to be built in the heart of Manhattan should convert you. A great Radio City will rise on three square blocks between Forty-eighth and Fifty-first Streets and Fifth and Sixth Avenues.

New York—$250,000,000 of ground values, the largest real estate project yet conceived by private interests. The site was originally assembled by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for a new Metropolitan Opera House, but the Opera decided to stay in its Old Manse on Broadway at Thirty-ninth Street; and I think it's making a big mistake. Of course, I may be wrong; but it hardly seems smart for Opera to sit back behind its old brown-stone front and let the radio-movies-television walk away with the choicest site in the world. Grand Opera had better sit up and look around or the soundies, with their modern improvements, will grab all the glory, gate receipts, and our best people. Art is so much more convincing when absorbed in comfort; and compared with the chairs at the Met, those loge seats at the Roxy are cushions in Paradise.

"And speaking of Roxy. He's to have a big new job when his present contract expires. He is slated for the managing directorship of the gigantic new enterprise. This centre will have a motion picture auditorium seating 5,000; another theater seating 7,000; a huge symphony hall, with Leopold Stokowski conducting a great orchestra.

"Dedicated to 'culture, education, and entertainment,' the four theaters of the centre will play not only to New Yorkers, but by grace of microphone and telescreen will reach an additional audience of unseen millions.

"Do a Jules Verne! Let your imagination run riot—it can't run too far. By the time Lindy's baby is grown up enough to go to the movies, they will have changed so much that the early pictures of Lindbergh, Sr. in The Spirit of St. Louis will look like museum pieces. And Little Lindy will laugh and say: "Gosh, Dad—and you called those movies!"

D. E.
Is This the

Rolf Armstrong, famous artist, offers his Cover Girl as the ideal of feminine loveliness. If she could come to life would she be the super screen beauty, surpassing them all? Do you agree with Armstrong, or have you a screen favorite who eclipses her?

EDITOR'S NOTE:
Rolf Armstrong is an acknowledged authority on feminine beauty. Perhaps more than any other artist in America he is noted for his exquisite cover girls. He has been drawing Screenland's vivid covers and has at one time or another painted every well-known lovely woman on the screen. Now, out of his boundless artistry and imagination, he conceives a Face—which he says approximates his ideal of beauty. We put this Perfect Beauty on our cover. We like her. We think you will like her, too! Now read Rolf Armstrong's article in which he tells you of some of the famous screen beauties he has drawn and answers some of the questions you have been asking him.

BEAUTY IS FATE

By

Rolf Armstrong

What is your ideal of beauty?
Did you ever see a perfectly beautiful woman?
Are movie stars the most beautiful women?
Who is the most beautiful screen star?
What is the most important element of beauty?
Can any woman be beautiful?

The above questions are just a few scattered shots from the barrage forever leveled at an artist who becomes known for his paintings of feminine beauty.

Years of study and analysis have convinced me that beauty is a sheer, cruel, uncontrollable accident of birth. It exists primarily in a rigid, definite combination of architecture and mathematics. It is structure—in so many inches from brow to chin; from cheek bone to jaw; just so much space between the eyes—proportions immortalized centuries ago by Greek sculptors. So inspired was their standard, that it still remains the rule by which beauty is measured.

Beauty is dependent upon the caprice of the gods, who deal it out hap-

Miss Unknown—Armstrong's idealization of feminine beauty. She is no one woman, but the beauty of all lovely women! No one model posed for her. She is a creation of the artist's imagination. Turn to our cover and see her in color.

Right: Here is the Irish beauty, much of it sheer Gaelic charm, of Nancy Carroll. Armstrong says: "Her eyes were made for an artist to draw."

Above: Mary Nolan, of whom the artist says: "Her head speaks balanced structure in tenderer terms."

Right: the dusky loveliness of Evelyn Brent, one of the women of the screen selected as outstanding beauties.
Perfect Screen Face?

hazardly, with no regard for wealth, birth, or justice. They give one woman the terrible weapon of beauty, and withhold it completely from her sister. Here, they may choose to create a gargoyle, thereby dooming some lovable character to loneliness and heartbreak. Perhaps their cruellest jest is giving some woman a promise of beauty, and then contradicting it with too long a nose or upper lip, eyes close set, or a bulging forehead. But when the mood of the gods happens to be kind, they can etch a brow, or carve a mouth to make men dream. A woman is born with this beauty—or without. Beauty is Fate.

While I have never seen what I consider a flawlessly beautiful woman, many of my most vivid impressions of an approach to ultimate beauty are associated with my closely studied portraits of the screen stars.

Evelyn Brent and Ann Harding are the screen’s best examples of almost perfect harmony of proportion following the classic pattern. Mary Nolan’s head speaks balanced structure in tenderer terms—Billie Dove’s adds prettiness.

Superlative moments of dark, romantic beauty are glimpsed in Mona Maris. Nancy Carroll’s eyes were made for an artist to draw.

Estelle Taylor’s head, while not perfect structurally, reaches outstanding beauty in the contour of her mouth. Many other stars, also, are blessed with some single feature that reaches such perfection as to cast an undeniable aura of beauty about them.

Beauty is not limited to the screen however. In my continual, though somewhat subconscious quest for beauty, I have learned the impossibly of predicting where it will manifest itself. Beauty lived for me in a blonde girl from Norway. From New York’s squalid Ghetto came the clearest skin I ever saw. There was a Polish girl from the Bronx, and a pale Parisienne whose only address was a sidewalk cafe. A head of sublime architecture came, not from Athens, Greece, but from Athens, Georgia. Once, in a subway, I glanced up to find myself looking at a girl I was to use many times on magazine covers. A slim-throated Park Avenue deb epitomized the beauty of line. I can never forget the sheen of a cafe au lait colored dancing girl I saw in the Pyrenees, nor the Thais curves that belonged to La Belle Gerzane, an unknown, in a vagabond company that played one night in Florence.

Occasionally I make these memories that are stored away in my artistic consciousness, the motif for a drawing. The girl on this month’s cover of Screenland is one of these adventures.
Time was when revelry rode through our town. The beauty and the chivalry of all the arts thronged the one-time pasture lots of old-time fur-trappers and ferry-men—the Astors, the Vanderbilts. Then came a rumbling roar from Hollywood. It was Conrad Nagel chasing Dolores Costello around the microphone.

“Have you no thither of your own?” lispeth the future Mammy of Dolores Ethel Barrymore.

And before one could murmur ‘Code-of-Ethics,’ the chivalry had flown to rescue Dolores. And the beauty to rescue Conrad from a fate worse than death. Broadway was stripped of life and laughter. Well, practically!

In common with Joe Schenck, Adolph Zukor, Louis Mayer, and everyone else except the Warner Brothers, I, ‘Old Rip’ Van Cruikshank, continued to enjoy being asleep at the switch. But just about the time Joe had sold the last of United Artists’ silent pictures, and admitted that there might possibly be something to these here, now, talkies, I, too, made the Great Discovery. It happened this way.

The newsboys were selling Sunday’s papers—so it must have been Friday morning. I sauntered to a spot to drink a little breakfast—expecting, of course, to find Frank Fay in his accustomed place. For months Frank had been there. He was as much a part of the place as the autographed picture of Jack Dempsey. Frank was, in fact, one of the Old Settlers. (Frank always settled.) But now he was among the missing.

“Where is Broadway’s Favorite Son?” I queried.

“Gone west,” was the laconic reply.

“Well, well, poor old Frank. How did it happen?”

If Broadway is just a deserted talkies for enticing the stage icler Cruikshank sheds a the exodus—and on page 26 what happens to former

By Herbert

“Oh, he got a talkie contract and hopped out to Hollywood.”

“Hollywood? Talkies?”

Luckily it was too early for any chickens to be about—for I could have been knocked over with a feather. But there it was—Frank Fay, the Pillar of the Palace, had gone to Hollywood.

The fragment of conversation outlined may be expanded indefinitely. In fact it was, before I determined to confirm what couldn’t be more than an idle rumor. I sought Paul Whiteman—Eddie Buzzell and Ona Munson—Gilda Gray—Joe Frisco—Claire Luce—Marie Saxon—Lenore Ulric and Sidney Blackmer—Mary Eaton—all the gay gang that had tired business men and amused Broadway
village these days, blame the stars to Hollywood. Chron-
satirical tear or two over
Ruth Tildesley tells you
Broadwayites in Filmtown
Cruikshank

and one another since long before Earl Carroll came up
N'oth from dear, old Gawgia.
All I heard was Hollywood—Vitaphone—Warner
Brothers. Old Brigham Jolson had led the begira to the
promised land of bilk and money. But there was one
Temple of Art that I knew would house the truth. Florenz
Ziegfeld, who invented femininity—Florenz Ziegfeld, glori-
fer of gaiety—Florenz Ziegfeld, who put the way in
Broadway. Flo would tell me what in Hollywood all the
shootin' was for!
But his office door was closed—and young girls had
grown old waiting in the ante-room. (Called the ante-
room because so many things have been raised there.)
On the stairs I encountered Mr. Goldwyn—Sam, to you.

And I asked him.
"I'm amazed at your stupidity," he said, "but I'll tell
you in two words where Ziegfeld is."
"Where?"
"Hollywood!"

This was too much. It sounded like bologna. But the
wurst was yet to come. Everywhere I looked—Zani's,
Charlie Murphy's, the Aquarium, Mike's, Tony's, Sardi's,
the Warwick, the Algonquin, the Astor, Ambassador, the
Savoy Plaza—not a face familiar to me or the cab-horse of
'Mississippi,' the ancient Ethiopian whose lone hack is
the last of night-life on Broadway. From Wilson Mizner
to Arthur Caesar, their forwarding address was Holly-
wood. Only, of course, Arthur hadn't left any address,
and I only learned of him through a horse-dealer from
whom he had ordered a batch of polo ponies shipped out.

Barbara Stanwyck, Basil Rathbone, Ruth Chatterton,
Chester Morris, Ina Claire, John Boles, and—believe it
or not—Gus Edwards, Joe Weber, Lew Fields—all that
remained of them were caricatures in Sardi's. Faces on
the restaurant wall!

Paul Muni, née Weisenfreund, Bee Lillie, Charlie
Ruggles, Marilyn Miller, Jack Buchanan—gone! All gone!
Helen Morgan told me so—and dashed from the Tavern
for the Long Island movie studios. Just a pause in the
dizzy dance toward the Pacific.

And that wasn't all. Tin Pan Alley went silent. Not
a song bird remained from Al Bryan to Irving Berlin.
Not a lyric writer. Not a plugger. Not even a piano-
player. Each and every one was sitting on his patio along
the Pacific Palisades, hearing the sweetest melody of iced
mint juleps, and minted gold also (Continued on page 108)
More music, less murder! says Schumann-Heink, who celebrated her 69th. birthday by making her debut on a motion picture theater stage

By
Rosa Reilly

Work steal from the tones of the voice, just as they do from the freshness of the cheek and the luster of the eyes. But scarcely a person out of all the six thousand in the audience realized this, for real art has no age, and a real artist can conquer any limitation. As the woman brought her Wegenlied to a close, for a half-moment that vast mass of people was silent. Then like a flash, the multitudes broke out into applause, cries, whistles—a stampeded of white-hot enthusiasm. The woman made a bow and left the stage. Only to be recalled again and again, and still again. At last, she raised her strong, splendid arms, as if to enfold them, and said: "My friends: I am so happy to be here, singing for you, I can hardly speak. My throat is full of tears. Tears of happiness."

And so it was that Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, one of the greatest contralto prima donnas the world has ever known, made her debut on the stage of a talkie theater, at the Roxy in New York City, on her sixty-ninth birthday.

Two days afterward, I talked with Schumann-Heink in her dressing room, where she was resting between appearances—four of which she must make each day. In her charming broken English, she said:
"My great career is over, my career in the opera houses of the world. But my happy career has just begun. My career of singing for talking picture audiences. How I regret that I did not do it years ago! Think what I have been missing all this time! But thanks to Roxy, and to my manager, George Engels, Vice President of the National Broadcasting Company, I have at last reached the climax of joy."

Madame presents an interesting picture, even at sixty-nine. She has the snappiest of brown eyes, thick iron
gray hair, and an almost unlined face. Her whole personality breathes vigor, sturdiness, energy, unfailing health. She smiles frequently and her eyes twinkle constantly. She appears a woman in her early fifties.

"I don't feel my age, at all," the great woman continued. "I feel today just like a happy girl. The audiences have been so wonderful to me. Roxy, too. It cost him a very great sum of money to have me at his theater, but he did it with such a gladness.

"And Roxy's company here, the singers, the dancers—I tell you now, I have been in many theaters and many opera houses in the world, but never before, without a single exception, mind you, have I found such a spirit as among Roxy and his people. Such a spirit of cleanness, of loyalty, of comradesie.

"On Saturday night, the ballet dancers gave me a party, with a big birthday cake. We had it right here in the dressing room. And those girls, they gave me, too, a green leather case for my jewels. I had telegrams, flowers, kisses—it is the happiest time of my life! To feel young myself—to be surrounded by all this youth.

"I love Roxy. Isn't it terrible at my age to fall in love?" She laughed gaily. "And it's all quite hopeless, too, this case of mine on Roxy. But even as much as I love him, I have had a fight with him.

"You know, I sang on the radio before I made my first appearance on the stage. And Roxy, he introduced me as 'that grand old lady.' Pffft! I'm not old. I never will be old. 'I refuse,' I told him, 'I refuse to be old.' And when one refuses to accept something, then that something does not happen. Nicht wahr?

"When I say this is the happiest day of my life, it is true. For do you know what that Roxy did? He brought 'Mamba' here, this week. 'Mamba,'" she explained, "is the picture for which my son Ferdinand wrote the story. Ferdinand—he came on from Hollywood to be here with me this week—he is a dear boy, a talented boy. He not only writes but he acts, also. He has a part in 'Hell's Angels' and he was in a film with Vilma Banky. He is a good actor, too. I don't say that just because I am his mame—I know good acting when I see it.

"Ferdinand has had a hard time. But," she mused, "it is necessary to have trouble before any artist can be great. I don't know a single artist who is great today who has not known hard times. I can go back myself to the time when I sat in a bare room, I mean a room with no furniture, holding my baby on my lap, wondering where I would get food enough to feed myself to nourish him. The heart must break first—and then the voice, it comes.

"I was born in Austria. My art is the German art. But I am proud of being born in the country where Mozart was born. Mozart who composed The Magic Flute, Requiem, and so many others. I had a Latin mother. And, of course, know Latin operas. But whatever is in my voice had its beginning in the wild, rugged beauty of my Austrian mountains.

"I am the mother of six boys and two girls. When I think of these geese, these present-day prima donnas who have no children, I laugh. Every child I have had has brought a tone more in my voice. And if I had my life to live over again, I would do it just the same. With the birth of a wanted child, there comes something to a woman. Something deep and fine. Something that makes one understand the human heart. And without this, particularly in an artist, there is a lack.

"For a long time now, I have been singing in America, the country which I love so much. And now I must tell you something. Those people in Europe, they say: 'Americans

(Cont. on page 108)
A great stage actor is initiated into microphone mysteries for the filming of "Kismet"

By Brian Herbert

Otis Skinner's first day on the lot! And first of all—a screen test! Shades of Edwin Booth and Madame Modjeska—shades of fifty-three years on the legitimate stage! A screen test for Otis Skinner.

A funny business, these movies. The old and the new sit down together and turn their profiles this way and that; and it makes no difference whether one has played a thousand stage rôles or none, the test has to be made just the same.

In pictures, each character is weighed for itself, and while a screen test of Otis Skinner is not aimed at detecting—after all these brilliant years in the theater—that lo! the good gentleman may not be an actor after all, it is indispensable to give the director and supervisor of the film an actual picture of the particular character as he will appear to the cameras. In this manner they can select the remainder of their characters with an eye to dovetailing players into a pre-arranged pattern.

And so Skinner's first day on the lot was typical of every featured player's experience—except that this was Skinner, Otis Skinner! Things were a bit tense; directors hovered about; Skinner was given a freer rein in selecting his costume, and he was made up by Percy Westmore himself, head of the make-up department. And when the time came for him to pose and speak his line, not one camera was used, but two!

Otis Skinner's First Day Talkie
Skinner came on the First National lot at exactly five minutes after nine o'clock in the morning; the five minutes being a whimsical concession to his position, for usually players are required to be on hand at exactly nine. Accompanying him were his wife, Maude Durbin, who was one of his early leading ladies, and Skinner's own make-up man, William Nelson. Nelson has been with Skinner for years on the legitimate stage for the exclusive purpose of applying the star's make-up, and now Skinner has brought him to Hollywood, where strange paint and brushes are as foreign to him as they would be to anyone unacquainted with the special cosmetics required for camera work. But Skinner does not feel like parting with him after so long an association, and Nelson stands around and asks what is this dark grease paint for, and why don't they use jars of cold cream instead of the liquid that is applied with a brush, and please be careful with the right side of Mr. Skinner's back, which has been unusually tender of late.

The first stopover in the studio was at the wardrobe department. The star was ushered into a commodious fitting room where yards of burlap were draped on the wall. Closer inspection revealed the seemingly filthyest, most threadbare collection of rags imaginable, and this was Skinner's costume for the role of Hajj, the beggar in "Kismet." But the rags are not filthy, though they are threadbare enough, and the dirt illusion is applied by a special spray gun that covers the cloth with a layer which has exactly the appearance of age-old filth. The rags were hung on 'silk lining hangers,' which are ordinary clothes supports with a covering of velvet. Ordinarily these are used for garments with satin or silk linings, in order that the delicate fabrics may not be damaged by the comparatively rough surface.

These rags of Hajj are as carefully tailored as the best London suits. What may seem a haphazard girdle of unbleached flour bags is really the painstaking result of days in the wardrobe department where specialists decided to eat away a hole in the material just here, and have a nail catch onto the shoulder just there, and have a moth eat away just that much of the side and so much of the back. Some of the rags are.
What Happens to Stage Stars in Hollywood?

How many of Broadway's darlings have become picture pets on the camera coast? How many have failed? This story tells you.

By Ruth Tildesley

Hollywood is a grab bag out of which one may draw anything.

Stage stars of differing degrees of New York brilliance thrust in eager fingers and bring out—what?

Ina Claire, coming to the coast with a contract calling for the biggest pay-check ever offered if she scored a success, failed to have her option taken up, but gained as husband Jack Gilbert, the silent screen's most romantic figure.

Lenore Ulric, heralded by a fanfare of publicity trumpets, brought husband Sidney Blackmer with her 'among the retinue,' as it were. Lenore's pictures—well, the least said about them the better. Lenore went back to New York. But Sidney Blackmer's grab-bag haul was a long-term contract, loud praise from reviewers and much, much fan mail. Now Lenore, they say, has decided to try pictures again—wait and see if she catches up with friend husband!

Mary Eaton, a 'big shot' on Broadway, couldn't put herself over on the screen, but personally what did she do? Went into the matrimonial mart and appropriated Millard Webb, director, that's what. Mary says she'd rather be a successful wife than a successful film star.

Charles Bickford discovered that talkies don't interfere with his greatest love, the sea—so he likes 'em!

Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge (left). Very popular.

'Above: Kay Johnson conquered the movies in "Dynamite."'

'A Metropolitan Opera diva, lured to California by the films, can go swimming all the year 'round. Hollywood agrees with Grace Moore.'
But they don’t all fail. There’s Marilyn Miller, who scored a smashing hit in Sally. “They call Marilyn ‘upstage’ here (when they don’t say ‘snooty’) because she seldom puts herself out to be a social success.

Last summer, when she came out to make her first picture, it must be admitted that there was something to be said for Marilyn’s hermit-complex. The temperature hovered around 100 degrees; she worked under technicolor lights that raised it so that standing outside in the desert sun seemed cool in comparison; she sprained her ankle; had her tonsils out; endured the agonies of an abscessed tooth. Besides working long hours at the studio, she had to put in other hours vocalizing and limbering her muscles for her dances.

This year, however, with no weather or tonsils to blame, Marilyn is still ‘exclusive.’ Mary Hay is her chosen companion, other friends who frequent the Lita Gray Chaplin home Marilyn has leased being not of either picture or stage worlds. Marilyn is engaged to one Michael Farmer, an Irishman who has spent most of his life in Paris where they met. Michael’s business is in New York, but he is here while his fiancée makes her picture.

Perhaps a clue to this star’s aloofness may be found in an incident occurring some years ago, when Marilyn, then Mrs. Jack Pickford, was staying at Pickfair.

One evening Corinne Griffith looked out to see Jack and Marilyn come running hand in hand up her flagged pathway.

Below, Chester Morris deserted Broadway for Hollywood and has scored one of the biggest personal successes of any actor.

They may call Marilyn Miller up-stage because she seldom puts herself out to be a social success. But “Sally” was a smash.

A new arrival is Claire Luce, blonde and beautiful, who will first be seen in Maurine Watkins’ “Up the River,” for Fox.

Lenore Ulric and her husband, Sidney Blackmer, invaded Hollywood together. Sidney is a screen hit. Will Lenore equal him in film popularity?

“Hoo-hoo, Corinne!” panted Marilyn, “will you let us stay to dinner? I’ve come to the end of my string. Mary is sweet and Doug is great, but all anybody talks about at their house is pictures. Her picture—his picture—the latest picture! Stories for pictures, camera angles, rushes! If I hear another word on the subject, I shall go mad! Save me!”

Four years ago, when Ruth Chatterton was playing here in “The Green Hat,” she told me she couldn’t see what people did with themselves in Hollywood. All the people one knew were in New York, all the best plays, the best music, the best minds, etc., were there. Silent picture producers went on record as saying that Miss Chatterton was out as far as the screen was concerned. She wouldn’t photograph. There was something about her nose—

Now, she is one of the box-office attractions of the talkies. Whatever it was about her nose has been forgotten. Screen fans applaud what stage audiences applauded. Ruth is as popular in Hollywood society as she once was in New York. Her home, which she remodeled and furnished to her own taste, is a mecca for New York friends such as Fay Bainter and John Colton, as well as for Hollywoodites such as Louis Wilson and Ramon Novarro.

Ruth and husband Ralph Forbes, after their brief separation, seem more congenial than most famous married folk. They took Anna Q. Nilsson’s beach house at Malibu for the summer and indulged their mutual passion for swimming, sea sports and each other’s society, in the interim of work and house-parties.

“A home at last!” is the refrain sung by most of our stage stars when asked what is most important in Hollywood.

Ann Harding, especially, gloats over hers.

“I never had a real home in my life until I came here,” she declares. “My father was an army officer and my girlhood was just a series of moves from one post to another. Then the stage, which was a series of one hotel after another. My husband, Harry (Continued on page 109)
Jeanette MacDonald, known as Broadway's most beautiful prima donna, made her screen debut in "The Love Parade" with Chevalier, and scored a hit. Now she is adorning Lubitsch's "Monte Carlo."

A SINGING LESSON
by Jeanette MacDonald

Although I strive for perfection, there is no one in the world who realizes better than I, that I still have much to attain. I do want to warn the young singer to beware of the charlatans who, perhaps in a degree sincere yet none the less dangerous, ruin many promising voices with their theories. If the dire effects of these theories were not so seriously disastrous to the voice, they would really be most decidedly humorous.

I have heard of a singing teacher who makes a pupil balance a glass of water on the top of her head, telling the pupil the tone is not perfect until not a drop of water spills and the tumbler remains motionless! Another teacher is said to make his pupils bend the body forward in order to take a high tone. If your teacher's ideas about singing do not appeal to your logic, I advise you to drop that instructor immediately.

Trees by Oscar Rasbach, and Songs My Mother Taught Me by Dvorak, are both songs I would suggest as splendid ones for work on intervals and to attain smoothness of tone. Of course, there are countless exercises and songs equally helpful. I name these because they have been helpful to me. Some songs and some languages seem to suit personalities better than others. I feel that French as a language suits me. I like it. I have always wanted to sing the rôle of Marguerite in "Faust" or the rôle of "Mignon" yet neither is really suited to my voice. I am a lyric soprano and Marguerite really demands somewhat of a colorature, while "Mignon" is often sung by a high mezzo.

Because of its many years of hard work and because of its extreme uncertainty, I had always felt reluctant to attempt an operatic career. Since I've been in pictures, however, I feel I am becoming qualified to enter any field and fight any battle thereon. For no one, except those
who are right in the motion picture studios, know the hardships, the struggles, and the many things that are demanded of a singer on the screen. I really feel capable of attempting anything, even an operatic career! Right now I am hoping someday to have time to study and sing many of the operatic roles so rarely heard by the great masses of people in America.

Music has reached the corners of the earth through the radio, but there are countless spots in our own country where there has never been a performance of opera. In this colorful, musical age that seems a crying shame.

And now for our singing lesson, which I hope my readers will take in the spirit in which it is written—that of utmost humility, for I do not feel qualified to claim perfection by any means. I still have too much to learn. But I am happy to tell of some things that have helped me and some conclusions I have reached, and also to warn young singers of the terrible pitfalls that bad beginnings can make. The few things I am giving here are constructive truths based on the oldest singing method in the world.

The keynote of learning to sing is to be vitalized, yet opening the mouth vitally is something rarely taught by teachers of today and often not fully understood even when it is taught.

The first thing I should tell a young student to do is practice chewing, taking care that the lips do not cover the teeth. Open the mouth as wide as possible; then, while chewing, set the jaw vitally with no feeling of strain. When this position is taken one cannot always see an open throat because the tongue does not generally lie flat in the mouth—the action of the muscles underneath raises it. Elimination of the interference of these and other throat muscles is the secret of correct singing.

This was the real Italian method before it was blended with Modernism. The old Italians knew the science of free vibration. In other words, the breath that passes through the lungs over the vocal cords, must have no muscular interference on its way to the roof of the mouth (the natural sounding board) (Continued on page 110)


It's all the fault of the talkies. Old favorites are gone, new favorites unlabeled. In the old days of silence the fans knew where they were. They had a row of gilded thrones and occupants for each with nice clean faces and neatly brushed hair. And there it was and there we were and everyone could sit back with a sigh and enjoy it all.

But now where are we? Ninety in the shade and getting hotter, if you must.
Who shall be the new Queen of Comedy? We'll call the roll and review the candidates. Then you can cast your vote.

know. The talkies came along like any other great revolution and upset the old order and now we need a whole new set of candidates for the thrones. Pitched battles are still being fought and previewed over who shall be the 'Great Lover' with the balance of power being threatened towards the diamonds in the rough. Our Orchid Lady has left and we need a new one of those. So it goes.

But the thing that is really agitating, making us hard to live with, is the Queen of Comedy question. Who shall be Queen Merry? No. Not who shall be Queen of the May—but Queen of the laughs, the chortles, the guffaws. Back in the silent ages b.c. (before talkies) we had adored Mabel Norman—then Dorothy Gish reigned, succeeded by Connie Talmadge. But since Connie has abdicated in favor of a husband and Dorothy deserted to the stage, that brings the question up to date.

Who, now shall be Queen Merry?

Let's call the roll and review the candidates.

Hold everything! Here's Winnie Lightner, a red head and Irish. A headliner and favorite with the New York stage, the rollicking Winnie scored a big hit in her first picture, "Gold Diggers of Broadway," romped home with honors in "She Couldn't Say No," and becomes a serious candidate for the Queen of Jollity.

Winnie likes comedy, likes to make people laugh. She'll tell you so. Of course, she also dotes on a big, sobby cry, that's the Irish of it; but with Winnie herself, acting is just lots of fun and she enjoys it all as much as her audiences. Many a chuckle has been cast for Winnie. Big-hearted and regular, she gets a big 'kick' out of her fan letters, the advice they want, the questions they ask her to settle. "That's because they think I'm the great, good-natured thing they see on the screen," says Winnie. "Gee, I like to have people like me. I'm just myself when I act." That's Winnie's winning platform.

From the stage, yes, but Winnie confesses she likes Hollywood and adores the talkies. A sense of humor is a part of Winnie. She is full of those hearty laughs which make the world go round.

Winnie confesses to ambitions to do more sophisticated comedy in the Ina Claire manner—oh Winnie, how could you!—and threatens to do so in her very latest picture. In the meantime there's "The Life of the Party" which she has just finished, and another opus with Joe Brown. After that the threatened sophistication. So who couldn't say yes to Winnie! Winnie for Comedy Queen!

Listen! Hear those deep, whole-hearted chuckles down stage. They can't be—yes, they are—they can be nothing else than Marie Dressler's famous role of laughter. (Continued on page 116)
Ronald Colman

COLMAN'S CREED:

“If I have any philosophy it is to mind my own business as well as I can and keep order in my affairs.

“I am not a good mixer. I have no small talk. I only feel at home with people I know well and who like the things I like.

“What I do after I leave the studio is my own business, unless I break the peace or become a public nuisance!

“Acting is an illusion and the actor should be an illusion, too.”

There are three people in Hollywood whose personal lives are more or less of a mystery. They are Greta Garbo, Lon Chaney, and Ronald Colman.

All three are conscientious workers and all three hate publicity. Ronnie likes to play more than the other two, perhaps. He does not take his work quite as seriously as Garbo or Lon, who is never happy when he is not working. Ronnie likes his work, but only as a contrast to the life of leisure he thoroughly enjoys. Time for reading, time for tennis, time for swimming, time for riding, time for thinking. During the weeks he is making a picture he is lucky if he can get in two of his favorite games, and as for reading—that luxury is not indulged in. But the silent, friendly-eyed Englishman, has managed his career so well that there are long periods of rest between pictures which his remunerative work has made possible to spend in any manner he pleases.

Because Colman is apparently so little interested in his success, so leisurely and yet so successful, I thought his must be an ideal philosophy, and asked him what it was.

His brow puckered in a thoughtful frown. He clamped his teeth on his favorite pipe and drew a couple of puffs of smoke before answering me. Then he said, “Well, I really don’t know. I suppose,” he went on with great seriousness, “that I would be called an atheist, since I have no particular creed, or at least I follow none. But I do believe in God, so I am not exactly an atheist, am I? At least, I believe in a God-force. It seems to manifest itself in various constructive ways. For instance, light seems to me to have something God-like about it. So does wisdom, joy, truth, and life. These impersonal forces seem to me to be omnipotent.

“I can’t quite reconcile omnipotence with the misfortunes that afflict people, however. I think I am just lucky for what success I may have. I know a lot of people who work just as hard as I do, are better looking than I am (we don’t know who they could be, Ronnie!), and much more deserving of success all the way around than I am. Yet they have continual hard luck and disappointment.”
"Perhaps they have not centralized their efforts as you have," I said. "You have a desire for order in your life and for the material freedom that makes it possible for you to enjoy your leisure moments. A life of confusion would be intolerable to you."

"That may be true—about people not centralizing their efforts, I mean. People often think they want a thing when actually it is something quite different they want. This subconscious confusion of thought may be the stumbling block. After all, it is what we think about any condition in life that makes it good or bad, pleasant or unpleasant, isn't it? It hasn't actually anything to do with what the thing is. As an example, an African native would probably be miserable in Hollywood. Yet Hollywood in the minds of some people appears as a sort of heaven."

"If I have any philosophy it is to mind my own business as well as I can and keep order in my affairs. I try to remember, too, that at least once in his life each of us can be of vital assistance, perhaps, to some one who knocks at his door."

Yet Ronald Colman is not a person one could easily impose upon. He respects the rights of other people and demands that respect for himself. No, I don't think anyone could easily impose upon Ronnie.

"Why are you so reticent?" I asked, hoping to get an answer to a question that is asked me over and over again by people who happen to know that I have met him.

Do those of you who saw "Condemned" remember the scene in which Dudley Digges as the prison warden accuses Ronnie of an attempt to dishonor his wife, Ann Harding? Ronnie's whole soul was in the vehement manner in which he declared, "She never said so!"

In just the same manner he declared to me, "I never mean to be! At least, I am not so consciously. You see, I have no small talk. I am not a brilliant dinner companion by any means. For instance, if I attend a formal dinner—those two people one on either side of you that you don't know—I find myself painfully silent unless I find that we have interests in common. I only feel at home with people I know well and who like the things I like. Then I talk on and on. Sometimes the next morning I think to myself, 'I talked my fool head off last night!' But I have no talent for making an impression. I do not dislike people but I am not a good mixer. And I have long ago given up the hope that I ever shall be."

Ronnie has that peculiar temperament that is alone in the midst of a crowd. His is not one that suffers from loneliness, however, for although he desires to know all phases of life he has an executive quality of mind that keeps him from being restless. People say he is self-centered, yet that is not entirely true. Self-centered people are usually selfish, and Ronald Colman is not selfish; several people in Hollywood could tell you that.

It is said that he is penurious because he won't give mass parties and isn't in the habit of taking people out to lunch and won't have his beach house wired for electricity. But it isn't because he is penurious that he doesn't do these things. He abhors mass parties and almost never attends one. It would be impossible for him to give one. If he did he would cut and run when he saw the first guest drive to the door. He entertains quietly the people he calls friends, and acquaintances whom he finds congenial. But the idea of contacting

(Cont. on page 112)
HAVE you forgotten that girls are alluring, provocative, and perhaps a little—er—ah—naughty? Have the recent dear, dead days of short sports clothes and close-cropped heads made you forget how tempting are the purely feminine accessories of jewels, gloves, curls and flowers?

If you have forgotten, these first brisk fall days are the time to refresh your memory. For at no period since the beginning of the world war have elegance, distinction and soft femininity been at such a premium. To be in the mode this autumn of 1930, it is not enough for a girl to be dressed with that divine simplicity which all knowing women desire. She must have worldly charm as well. And to top it all, she should possess a dash of that witty sang-froid which denotes the true

Hollywood never has and never will influence Paris styles. Stylistically speaking, Hollywood is isolated from Paris, the fashion center of the world. Nevertheless Hollywood always has and always will influence the styles of millions of women throughout the world. Because, for every woman who is able to go to Paris to do her shopping, there are a hundred thousand who get no farther than the nearest picture theater. But here they see Clara Bow’s latest fur coat, and then go home and make the life of their home town furrier miserable until he makes one for them—just like Clara’s.

My job, therefore, is to keep Hollywood abreast of Paris—to bring Paris in actuality to Hollywood so that when I have to design clothes for a society drama, the people will really appear as if they lived (Continued on page 117)

By Travis Banton

Travis Banton, who wrote this exclusive article on the new fall mode, has been the fashion expert for Paramount Pictures for five years. He is noted for his knowledge of fashions, fabrics, and femininity—a two-fisted he-man who happens to be in the business of designing clothes for screen beauties. He goes to Paris several times a year, studies the style trend, and returns to design new and novel gowns for such stars as Ruth Chatterton, Nancy Carroll, Kay Francis. He knows his Paris and understands his Hollywood!

THE EDITOR

woman of the world. If you are one of the die-hards, and don’t believe that the hard-boiled, straight-figured flapper type is dead, just look around at the change in style in female screen stars. Where we formerly had the pretty, short-frocked, boyish heroine who went through trial and tribulation only to fall on the breast of the hero in the end, what do we find today?

Why, the engaging sophistication of Evelyn Brent, the worldly elegance of Lilyan Tashman, the frank smartness of Kay Francis, and the subtle allurement of Ruth Chatterton, who usually start their films where the old-fashioned ones formerly ended—with the marriage ceremony.

For over five years it has been my business to design clothes for these and many other movie stars, and naturally during this time I have made many trips to Paris. But I wish to state right here that

This dinner ensemble of beige chiffon trimmed with fox will be worn by Jeanette MacDonald in "Monte Carlo."
Screen Stars in Fall Fashions

The New Mode Expressed by the Hollywood Beauties

Ann Harding opens Screenland's special fall fashion forecast in her hostess gown of softest, finest transparent velvet in the new shade of golden brown.
Lovely Ladies in

Left, Lila Lee's gardenia beauty lends itself to the perfection of this costume negligée of Empire inspiration. White satin with black velvet bows and belt.

Below, Ginger Rogers is wearing pajamas of crepe patterned in blue, black, and white, with perky wide trousers. Ginger's shoes are blue with smart velvet bows.
the New Negligées

Right, not a negligée? We knew it! But we thought you would like to see the newest in nighties, with the clever new cap sleeves, worn by Chrystine Maple.

Below, a Continental negligée, worn by Marlene Dietrich. It's a frothy affair of pale pink chiffon, and even boasts a train! Note Marlene's amusing mules.
Above, Lila Lee’s favorite daytime frock is this black and white crepe de chine with white yoke and sleeves and a white tie. The cape fastens in front. Lila’s hat is black felt; her slippers, black patent leather.

Hedda Hopper’s brown woolen voile suit, designed by Howard Greer, has a tuck-in blouse, a skirt that curves to the figure by means of tiny pin tucks and a top coat which ends where the skirt flare begins. Luxurious red fox cuffs and a real lace collar and jabot add richness to the ensemble.

**Daytime Dash and Daintiness**
Left, fashions for the rain! Kay Francis dons a hat and coat of green suede at the slightest suggestion of an overcast sky. Why not, when they’re so becoming? The harmonizing accessories are a green umbrella, green reptile slippers, and pull-on suede gloves.

Below, Howard Greer designed this black fall coat and Hedda Hopper wears it. Its distinguishing note is the collar of fine caracul which frames the head. It is cut on intricate lines. Hedda carries an envelope bag of black patent leather trimmed with snakeskin.

Billie Dove’s black satin frock sets off her loveliness. With it she wears a black felt hat, a novelty necklace, and carries an envelope bag of black and silver brocade.
You Can Be Smart

Rita La Roy shows you some of her new fall clothes which she made herself.

All these photographs of Rita La Roy by Ernest A. Bachrach.

It’s possible for a girl to dress well without spending too much money, declares Rita. This smart street frock she is wearing above, for instance, can be made for $15! Note the cowl collar with its long ties, the sailor sleeves and the polka dot pattern.

Right, of yellow crepe de chine, this formal evening gown worn by Miss La Roy. The lines are simple. The shoulder straps are of crystals matched by the crystal jewelry ensemble including necklace, earrings, and slipper buckles.
Without Splurging

It's possible to be both smart and sensible, says Rita—and proves it!

Below, with her dance frock Rita wears a short chiffon velvet evening wrap of periwinkle blue, and antique earrings and necklace of crystal and old gold.

Above, Rita's dance frock of flowered pussy-willow silk can be made for $15. An enormous bow in the back gives the old-fashioned bustle effect, and its long ends simulate the fold falling below the skirt hem in front.

Above, Rita's smart and serviceable black jacket suit has a blouse of white pongee cut in tailored fashion. Rita is wearing a black and white felt hat, black gloves with white stitching, and carrying a black and white tweed bag.
Hollywood's Version of the Evening Mode

Hedda Hopper's willowy beauty enhances the grace of this formal frock designed by Greer. Of pale blue chiffon, it shows mirror and pearl trim, dyed in the same lovely pastel shade.

Ginger Rogers' pink satin evening dress has a becoming neckline. The cap sleeves are a youthful expression. The flowers are of self-fabric in deep rose and mulberry.

Another view of Miss Hopper's Greer-designed gown, named by him the 'Beverly-Wilshire.' Note that Hedda's only ornaments are a ring and bracelet. This frock is complete without accessories.
Screen Beauties Interpret the Paris Trend

Sue Carol looks even more bewitchingly young than usual in her favorite new evening wrap, with its luxurious all-enveloping border and cuffs of white fox.

'Chic' is the name of this Howard Greer wrap worn by Hedda Hopper, and chic it is, with its barrel-styled sleeves of ermine, its scarf, and its lengthened lines.

Billie Dove's black chiffon gown goes in heavily for ruffles, starting at the low hip line and reaching to the floor. The bow is developed in rhinestones.
Left, dyed ermine is exploited in all its variety of pattern in this flared model worn by Loretta Young. The collar is crushed as are the deep cuffs.

Right, royal white ermine is presented in this formal coat worn by Myrna Loy. It has wide sleeves and a Queen Anne collar in an unusual scalloped motif.


Below, right, a panther coat for sports wear is worn by Catherine Moylan. Its collar ends in a scarf arrangement which reveals a gay printed silk lining.

Advance Fur Fashions
Left, a luscious evening wrap of Russian white ermine with sable shawl collar is worn by Lila Lee. It dips in the back and is ruffled upward in front.

Right, the elegance of black caracul is manifest in this creation worn by Loretta Young. The shoulder-cape theme is presented. The skirt is slightly flared.

Below, left, the lounging pajamas of the new season! The coatee is of white galyak with scarf collar; the wide nautical-cut trousers are in black caracul.

Below, right, another glimpse of the new fur pajamas of black and white. Note the peplum. And doesn't Myrna Loy look yummy in this smart ensemble?

Photographs of Misses Young, Lee and Loy by Bert Longworth; of Miss Moylan, by Sturwell.

WORN BY SCREEN STARS
Above, ideal for the deb is Sue Carol's off-white gown of moire taffeta with its simple lines. A crystal buckle at the belt, crystal necklace and bracelets and slipper buckles are the only ornaments.

Left, the flaring sleeves are the distinctive feature in this frock worn by Dorothy Jordan. Ruffles of silver cloth outline the neckline and edge the snug elbow sleeves above the cuffs.

Film Favorites Grace the
Above, Lotti Loder wears with Continental chic this white satin evening gown with crystal shoulder-straps. Note the classic simplicity of most of the new gowns for the fall.

Right, with her gown pictured on the opposite page Dorothy Jordan wears this short white velvet wrap with a collar of white fox with fox heads forming an unusual cuff finish.

Catherine Maylan's short evening coat is fashioned of yellow velvet and black fox. The sleeves receive their fullness by the shirred arrangement down the side of the arm, giving the wide fan effect.

New Gowns and Wraps
Left, Bessie Love likes to have her shoes match her bag. She chooses snakeskin. Both shoes and bag are from I. Miller and Sons, Inc. Smart!

Right, a bee of onyx, crystal and gold rests on Mary Brian's new fall bonnet.

Left, Lillian Roth's new silk turban is black, white, and two shades of blue.

Joan Crawford's sports bracelet is patterned after a horse's bit.

Ruth Roland's choker is of turquoise, amethyst, white jade.
Right, Kay Francis' favorite afternoon hat is developed in smart black satin.

Are IMPORTANT

Left, the glove bracelet worn by Fay Wray over her gauntlet is composed of ivory and old gold. Others are made of onyx or crystal.

Right, Ruth Roland's novelty jewelry ensemble of necklace, ring, and bracelet, fashioned of Chinese gold, with stones of matrix and carnelian.
HOWARD GREER, noted fashion designer, is seen here with Hedda Hopper. Mr. Greer designed the lovely costumes worn by Miss Hopper on this and other pages of our fall fashion section.
MISTER BROWN

Joe is a sensible comedian—he has no Hamlet complex

By

Bradford Carroll

One platitude after another rolls out of the funniest mouth in the world. It's typical of Joe E. Brown that he wishes one would notice the platitudes rather than the mouth. As it is, attention is divided between the two with the mouth getting a bit the best of it. He twists bromides and makes them so much his own that they sound original.

But he doesn’t hide an aching heart beneath an exterior of mirth and he doesn’t want to play Hamlet and he doesn’t give a hang about what happened to the young Napoleon and he can’t work up a frenzy over antiques. Which, after all, should entitle him to some distinction in Hollywood, where comedians are popularly supposed to be very serious fellows who go around with long faces, artistic ambitions, dyspepsia, and other impressive affectations.

That brings us to Mister Brown himself— one just doesn’t call him Joe until the acquaintance progresses to the point where Mister Brown quite spontaneously and of his own free will slaps one on the back. And what a slap!

What with psychoanalysis, numerology and everything getting such a big play these days we might just as well give you the facts and let you work them out in your own favorite ism or ology. It’s quite all right because Mister Brown would love being analyzed. Being analyzed means having attention and Mister Brown, sterling showman that he is, realizes almost better than anyone else talkie town way the value of having attention. So here goes.

Most people think he’s Irish. Sometimes he’s complimented and again he isn’t. It all depends upon who says it. Be that as it may, he isn’t Irish.

His father, Mathias Brown, was German; and his mother, Anna Brown, was Welsh. That, he avers, had nothing whatever to do with his mouth. It was one of those things that just happened.

Mathias was a contractor who had difficulty in making ends meet. The family occupied half of a duplex apartment house in Toledo, Ohio. The other half was rented by the Malones, a clan with numerous children and scant finances. The whole place swarmed with Browns and Malones of assorted sizes and temperaments.

One of the Maloney boys got a job with a circus as a member of an acrobatic aerial act. He promised Joe Brown that he would get him into the act when there was an opening.

Joe was nine years old when he became the youngest member of The Five Marvelous Ashtons, a sensational aerial act which headlined Ringling Brothers, Selle-Floto, Robertson’s and other large circuses. A story has been published to the effect that Joe ran away with the circus but, as a matter of fact, he went with the full knowledge and consent of his parents who could see no reason for being excited about having one less mouth to feed.

The manager of the Ashton troupe beat the younger boys and gave them barely enough to keep body and soul together. Just before the season closed he always bought them a new suit of clothes so Joe went back to his home in Toledo for the vacation looking very prosperous. He never told his mother how he was mistreated for fear she would not let him return. Traveling with a circus gave him undeniable prestige in the eyes of Toledo schoolboys.

The Ashtons were filling a vaudeville engagement in San Francisco at the time of the great earthquake of 1906. Joe declares that he has never had such a good time in all his life. He treated the whole affair just as though it had been staged for his personal enjoyment.

He raised a demolished grocery store where he obtained crackers, $100 worth of caviar, a case of canned corn and a case of champagne. He had all he wanted to eat for the first time in months and became gloriously drunk on the champagne. His landlady, seeing that her home would

(Continued on page 122)
Strange things transpire under the Hollywood sun but none are stranger than the determination of the folks who make the movies to be different at all costs. The insistent struggle for distinction is as unending—and quite as important—as the fight to the top. The crest of individuality is the peg over which publicity, public attention and other what-nots, so dear to the heart of the actor, is draped. Thus, Clara Bow dyes her hair flamingo; Alice White goes sockless; Joan Crawford carries dolls; Ruth Roland wears tiaras; Charlie Farrell owns a Ford.

The motor cars of the celebrated are colorful beyond description. Bright greens and reds, yellows and blues, black and whites are the favorite motifs.

Clothes are equally colorful. Anything from pajamas to overcoats may be checkered in any preferred combination, yellow and black being a specialty.

The fad of the hour—modemism—which sounds a warning note to the rest of the country, is only a gentle hint to Hollywood who can be guaranteed to go it one better, and those who might criticize the extremity, have only to remember that the things that make the stars different are the very things that cause us to write fan letters. The less like You and I—the better.

When material things fail there are always ideas to fall back upon, and when the moderne influence made itself felt just recently, Hollywood took it up with a gust of enthusiasm and fitted its cubes and angles into everything from furniture to marriage.

It's a toss-up whether Buddy Rogers aims to attract with his clothes or his automobile. Buddy loudly disclaims that there is anything extreme about his sartorial adornment. "My clothes may be—well,
TO BE DIFFERENT

‘tricky,’ but they aren’t extreme,” he insists. On the other hand, it might ruin a banker to go to work in the same outfit Buddy dons for a morning suit. But even Buddy has to admit that the car is something else again.

Believe me, it is! It is a Dupont and is stream-lined like nothing you’ve ever seen before—or since. The body is navy blue, streaked and striped in a lighter shade of blue. The tires are a heavy cord, so heavy that the car can be run on a flat without damaging the tubes. It is a convertible type and can be made into a town car, sedan or sports touring.

The practical-minded Buddy explains that it was this feature which attracted him to the car as it enables him to get along with one car—an open car for himself and a closed car for his family. That, and the fact that he got such a good trade on his Packard. But I believe that unless it had been bizarre he would not have bought it despite the practical advantages it offered.

The seats are pneumatic and are made of light blue leather. Sitting down on one of them is like sinking into old Aunt Abby’s feather bed. There are windshields and wind-deflectors wherever you look. Five gear shifts—four forward and one reverse. Two cabinets in the back: one for a radio (which Buddy rejected because it cost $300 extra) and the other for the family jewels or other valuables.*

In defending this yen for the extreme Buddy says: “Things like this (indicating his car) express the period we’re living in. Just because it’s new, why should we avoid it and stick to the conservative things? It’s the different things that advance the world. People expect actors to be different so why shouldn’t we take advantage of it? It’s fun!”

It’s the same with Lilyan Tashman, who has managed to establish herself as an authority on every subject requiring the need of one. Lilyan has been a radical from the time she hit Hollywood. It was her idea—that putting bowls of very moderne fruit in her bathroom.

But where modernism really runs rampant in Lilyan is in literature and art. “Go back to Thackeray and you find the whole book cluttered up with descriptions of this and that and nothing at all. Today in books the same thing is said in a paragraph of three or four sentences. We use shorter sentences and choose words that have a terrific, driving power. Words that will convey what we formerly took a sentence to put across. I can cite you any one of a half dozen old books that are just as frank as ‘Galaxy,’ ‘Yama,’ ‘Lady Chatterley’s Lover,’ ‘Other Men’s Wives,’ etc. Take these and compare them to Boccaccio’s ‘Decameron Nights,’ or de Maupassant. I think you will agree that, despite the reputation that has accrued to the latter works, these modernistic ones are equally well written, the subjects just as adroitly handled, and infinitely more interesting. I do not believe that modernistic literature is necessarily erotic but I think it is franker and possibly, more esoteric as a general rule than that of fifteen or twenty years ago.”

Miss Tashman whisked out of the room to get some modernistic refreshments and I started looking through some of the modernistic literature. The pictures I saw made me feel more like “Alice in Wonderland.”

* Buddy wishes it clearly understood that the gag about one of the cabinets in his car being suitable as a safe for the family jewels and other valuables is only a gag. He has no family jewels and doesn’t drink so he uses it to keep magazines in. I stoutly maintain, however, that if he had family jewels or liquor he could keep them in that cabinet.

Author’s note.
When a screen beauty becomes a star—that's nothing. But when a star turns into a first-rate dramatic actress, that's news. The transformation of a cutie into an artist

By Thomas Talbott

When Nancy Carroll was the cherub of the chorus, in her Broadway musical comedy days. Today's new Nancy can't help grinning when she looks at the chubby kid she used to be.
If two out of five hundred contestants win ten out of twenty contests, certainly the winners know their business!

If these two are 'still' cameramen, and a certain film studio adds them to its roster—the studio also knows its business!

Which is to say that RKO recently signed Clifton Kling and Gaston Longet on contracts.

Between them, these two cameramen won ten of Screenland's "Most Beautiful Stills of the Month" contests within 20 months.

Kling had six stills published in a full page display, while Longet won the page with four.

Both recently won front cover positions on International Photographer's magazine. More than one thousand professional photographers compete monthly in this contest.

Longet, a native of Paris, explains his technique as follows: "Composition is the important thing in beautiful camera studies. That implies balance, proportion, and suitable subject matter."

Kling maintains "Color is the thing!"

He was cautioned that color translates into black and white when photographed.

"Yes, but it is the vibrant shades of black and white that count. The result is action in stills!"

"You see! I raise gladiolas—I study natural color!"

A short essay on horticulture followed before he could be stopped. It's Kling's avocation.

Both work with different formulae. Both arrive at practically the same result.

It never occurs to either that they are gifted with a sense of beauty denied the majority of human beings.

"Now there's Betty Compson," says Kling, who, unlike Longet, has been cut from a Huckleberry Finn pattern—even to freckles, cow-luck and boyish heedlessness. "There's a woman with color!"

"But (and he mentioned another star), gee, what a difficult subject!"

There is nothing that arouses antagonism in a 'still' man like an unphotographable subject.

"Pola Negri, Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels will work with you 'til the cows come home. Negri is difficult, but makes up for it by working hard to please."

"Let me," chimed in Longet, "say a word for my favorite movie subjects. Of all the men, give me Emil Jannings and Bert Wheeler. I can photograph the back of their heads in a fog and get a personality picture of either."

"The women? I choose Lupe Velez or Olive Borden. Their dark beauty provides the happy medium between high-lights and shadow! Marvelous! N'est-ce pas?"

The competition is keen among Hollywood cameramen to win our 'Most Beautiful Still' page. Some time we'll tell you more about these clever men behind the cameras. Hail the 'still' artists!
for the ARTISTS!

Rockwell Kent designs a mural for movie playhouse

When every well-known author, artist, Broadway actor and producer seems headed for Hollywood and the talkies, the announcement that the artist, Rockwell Kent, and the scenic designer, Jo Mielziner, are about to enter what may be loftily termed 'cinema art' might occasion no more than a passing "What ho!" or "Well, well!"—except that the Messrs. Kent and Mielziner are going in for the movies by a different door, as it were. In the first place, they are not going to Hollywood; and they have not been engaged for a fantastic sum as art directors, scenic designers or even light and color experts. They are to decorate a new movie playhouse, the Cape Cinema at Dennis, Cape Cod, Mass. Both are very serious about it, quietly engrossed in it at present, and seem hopeful that their gesture in applying a modern artist's concept to the inside of a movie house may stimulate a lot of other artists to go and do likewise.

"For a long time it has struck me as peculiar," commented Jo Mielziner yesterday, at his scenic studio, where he stood surrounded by maps, blue prints, and canvasses, "that modern art has been used in every branch of motion picture work except theater interiors. Often the building itself shows the best of modern architecture. We all know about the time and money lavished on the making of pictures themselves. But the inside of most movie houses is hopelessly behind the times. That's why it fascinates an artist of the fame of Rockwell Kent to work on this little cinema that's being built on Cape Cod."

Mr. Kent, who has done nearly everything else in the art field, with a good deal of resulting glory, has never before worked in the theater. Mielziner has seldom worked outside the theater; he is famous for his stage settings.

The history of the Cape Cod venture interested Kent and Mielziner not a little. A young Virginian named Raymond Moore, who loved the theater and was one of the Provincetown group of painters not so long ago, settled at Dennis, Cape Cod, several summers ago, and wanted something to do and somewhere to go evenings. He bought an old church, turned it into a theater, and rounded up some Broadway actors who fell in with the idea of working and vacationing on Cape Cod at the same time. "The Cape Playhouse," said Jo Mielziner, "has had three seasons of unusual success, with good Broadway plays and players. But Raymond Moore decided that entertainment on the Cape was not complete without a movie house. As an artist he had definite ideas about the kind of theater he wanted. It must be simple, in the mood of the Cape, intimate, comfortable, and unusual. That he interested architects like Rodgers and Poor, who designed the building, and drew Rockwell Kent into the theater after all these years, is proof of Mr. Moore's belief in his idea."

The outstanding decoration of the house, according to Mielziner, will be a gigantic mural, a single canvas five thousand feet square. "This is the largest single canvas ever commissioned," put in the artist. "It is twice the size of Tintoretto's famous 'Paradise' in Venice."
ANN Harding, the first blonde of Pathé's golden quartet to be signed by that company, is Broadway's gift to the screen. She made her first big stage hit in "Tarnish" but there's real 14 karat gold in that ash-blonde hair.

About seven years ago, Ann, an army officer's daughter, quit the old army post to come to New York. She immediately got herself a job with the Metropolitan—(no, not Opera Company) Life Insurance. But one day an extra spurt of ambition seized her and she hied herself down to the Provincetown Playhouse, where a group of writers and actors were managing a 'little theater movement.' P. S. She got the job! She remained until the season closed. Then she accepted a rôle in "Like A King," which died before it reached Broadway. Next she tried stock. Later, in "Tarnish," she emerged as the season's theatrical find. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" was another success.

By this time Miss Harding was Mrs. Harry Bannister, mother of little Jane Bannister. Harry Bannister was sent west with "Strange Interlude." So the Bannister family moved to California. Ann had no movie aspirations at that time but almost every movie company bid for her services and Pathé won her signature. Ann is about five feet two inches in height, and weighs about 106 pounds. She always wears her long ash-blonde hair in Madonna-like fashion. Her eyes are a clear blue-gray. Her new pictures are "Holiday" and "The Girl of the Golden West."

CONSTANCE Bennett's mother didn't want her to be an actress. This blondest of the glamorous Bennetts seemed all set for a social career. She attended a Park Avenue school for girls and later Mrs. Merrill's school in Mamaroneck—then on to Paris where she was 'finished' at Mme. Balsan's school. An education for a debutante—which Constance duly became at a formal coming-out in Washington. Mrs. Bennett's domestic ambitions for her pretty daughter looked promising—until papa Bennett took her to an Equity Ball in New York. Samuel Goldwyn, picture impresario, was present; and after one look at Miss Bennett he offered her a job—acting in the movies. The deb died and the actress was born!

She strolled away with the screen version of Hergesheimer's "Cytherea," her first rôle. Then came a career in Hollywood in such films as "The Goose Hangs High" and "Sally, Irene and Mary." Metro offered her a starring contract; she accepted—but before she ever went to work she changed her mind and eloped to Greenwich, Connecticut, with a young Manhattan millionaire named Phil Plant. Society had reclaimed Constance. Then the Plants separated. The Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye, Pathé's European representative, signed Constance for his company. Back to America and Hollywood gold and glory! Golden blonde hair, blue eyes—5 feet 4 inches, about 100 pounds of loveliness.
HELEN—Golden-blonde  MARY—Reddish-gold blonde

PREFERRED!

as Pathe's prize quartet of golden beauties? Ann! All nice girls and good actresses

Helen Twelvetrees says it's her real name. That's why she has fought so hard to keep it when stage and picture producers tried to persuade her to change it for a shorter and snappier one. "Anyway," says sprightly Helen, "once heard it's never forgotten!" The little slender blonde whose beauteous is being told that she looks so much like Lillian Gish—not that she doesn't admire Lillian but she'd like to be liked for herself alone—is carving a real career for herself in Hollywood after a false start. She went out there from Broadway and was cast as a lisping girl in "The Ghost Talks," thus becoming a pioneer talking picture heroine. However, producers got the idea she couldn't speak without lisping, so her career languished and she was about to return to Manhattan when Pathé decided she was just the type for "The Grand Parade." She scored in her second chance and followed with "Swing High." Now she's established.

Helen began her stage career with the Stuart Walker Players and in addition to acting did considerable work as an artists' model. Remember Alice Joyce, Dolores Costello, and other luminaries were once models, too. Helen qualified with her well-proportioned five feet three, her delicate features, turquois blue eyes, and soft golden hair. By way of diversion this dainty doll-like blonde actually prefers prize fights! Helen's latest picture is "Her Man," in which she is permitted to do some real acting.

Mary Lewis might have inspired the good old saying, "Oh, you Kidd!" for she was originally Mary Kidd of Hot Springs, Arkansas. But she didn't. Mary doesn't go in for slang. She is a very good scout all the same, never having forgotten her early struggles nor allowing her later successes to alter her head size. And a very pretty head it is, too, crowned with reddish-golden hair. Her eyes are blue, her lashes long; her figure is svelte these days, thanks to Sylvia's massages and Mary's grit and determination; and her sense of humor is in excellent working order. A prima donna with common sense—that's Mary.

She can't remember when she first began to sing. And she's always loved to dance. Both talents lead her to leave Arkansas with a musical comedy troupe; and when the show went broke in San Francisco, she got a job singing at Tait's. The work was strenuous and it never occurred to Mary to be careful of her voice, until one night she lost it! It isn't surprising she soon found herself in pictures—remember, they were silent then. She became a Christie comedy girl and stopped custard pies until, one day, her voice came back, and with it all her ambitions. She went to New York and, beginning in the chorus, worked her way up, through the Ziegfeld Follies, to the Metropolitan Opera House, with study and experience in Europe in between. Now she has signed to do two pictures. The first will be "The Siren Song."
A GIFT
from RAMON NOVARRO

Ramon Novarro and the gift guitar which he offers to a Screenland reader for a letter. He has autographed it to the winner—an added inducement to you to enter his contest.

To the winner with my very best wishes
Ramon Novarro
April the first nineteen hundred and thirty
at eleven forty five a.m.
Which of the following Ramon Novarro silent screen successes would you like to have him remake into talking pictures: "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Scaramouche," "Ben Hur," "The Student Prince"? Write a letter answering this question and stating your reasons for selection. The best letter wins Ramon’s gift guitar.

The best letter is meant the clearest, sincerest and most concise.

All photographs of Mr. Novarro by Hurrell

Greta Garbo is reviving "Romance." Long, trailing dresses and old-fashioned puff sleeves are in vogue again—and now Ramon Novarro is offering a guitar as a gift. Who said the good old days were gone forever? It’s the hey-hey days that are passé. The guitar is the thing! And now the thing for you to do is to write the winning letter answering Ramon Novarro’s question and then you will be able to strum your favorite theme song on Ramon’s guitar.

Address:—RAMON NOVARRO
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
45 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes September 10, 1930.
“M a s q u e r a d e parties are so delightfully devilish!” exclaimed Patsy, "that they give a thrill even to this more or less hectic Hollywood. And they’re so romantic, too. You escape into such a delightful land of make-believe, where all sorts of beings of every age and every clime make merry side by side, and—"

"Forget poetry," I admonished, "and tell your pal all about it in Hollywood language. Where is this marvelous party to be held? Who is giving it?"

"Well, that's the best part of it," Patsy answered. "Carmel Myers and her husband, Ralph Blum, are the hosts, and you know what nice parties they give. Carmel has a sense of humor, thank heaven. Anybody who gives a masquerade gets so much out of it if he has a sense of humor."

"Well, as long as the joke isn't on us—" I answered.

Vernon Rickard took us, and almost as soon as we entered somebody—a cute girl in a cowboy outfit—or was it a cowgirl outfit?—told Vernon that he probably was wanting to escape from himself by wearing that "Desert Song" outfit, and Vernon, being Irish and gallant, answered quickly — "Yes, to escape to you!"

Vernon has played in musical comedy and over the radio, and is headed for pictures.

"It would be a shame to waste his good looks on the radio," confided Patsy.

But that "cowgirl"—she turned out to be Carmel Myers herself, after we unmasked.

We found that Carmel had gone out the back gate, and had come in the front way like a guest. Nobody guessed who the little figure in the cowboy outfit was, although everybody agreed that no cowboy ever went about his chores dressed in a satin suit of white!

Everybody was mystified until a tall stranger dressed as a gypsy carelessly put his arm around Carmel. Then, as she pushed him away, somebody shouted, "Carmel!" From which one deduced that Carmel did not permit strange gypsies to embrace her.

After that, Ralph Blum, clad in Russian costume of black satin, pretended to be very jealous of everybody who spoke to Carmel.

Just then Vernon caught sight of a cute little Dutch girl, and trotted after her. He said he was sure she wouldn't be able to speak a word of English, but, though she spoke nicely to him in French, she turned out to be Lily Lee, who is as American as the Statue of Liberty.

"Carmel's house lends itself beautifully to parties," remarked Patsy. "I suppose it's because Spanish architects have in mind the big families and the warm hospitality of their countrymen, and this house is Spanish."

You enter a big sort of garden patio through a grille; and that patio, on the night of the party, was softly lighted from the house and with colored lanterns. There was a bewildering array of guests, and we positively couldn't guess who anybody was until the unmasking.

Except that Patsy said she was sure she was dancing with Robert Leonard, once, and sure enough when he unmasked she had found she was right. He's such a wonderful dancer, you know.

We found most of the guests either in the patio or in the big whooppee room, which is right off from it.

"Oh, look at the little sailor with the long blonde curls!" exclaimed Patsy. "I'll bet she started out to be Lord Fauntleroy and got sidetracked."
HIGH SOCIETY
in HOLLYWOOD

By Grace Kingsley

But we learned afterward that the sailor boy was Mildred Davis Lloyd. And it turned out that Mildred had thrown out the curls as a signal, as it were, to give people a clue to her identity, since she always wore them when she was Harold Lloyd's leading lady.

Harold himself came as a sailor, too, but found the room too warm and took off his mask almost at once. We simply couldn't have borne that from anybody except Harold, but he was so amusing about it, we had to forgive him.

He said he never saw a sailor furling the flying jibboom with one of those things on, and he wanted to be nothing if not authentic.

"I don't suppose," whispered Patsy, "that Beatrice Lillie ever could do anything so undignified as to kid around in a masquerade, do you? You see she isn't masked or costumed, and as a matter of fact, I don't think it would become her style to be."

Miss Lillie looked very smart in a charming evening gown.

The men all seemed to favor Spanish bull-fighters' costumes, and the most resplendent matador turned out to be Carl Laemmle, Jr. He danced with a lady dressed as Carmen, whom we found to be Norma Talmadge, but Norma said she couldn't possibly be persuaded to look at a bull-fight.

Gertrude Olmstead was a lovely little Boy Blue, but didn't seem to be any more worried about the sheep of childish legend than did the original, for, though she blew her little horn melodiously, she seemed quite contented that it merely brought the men flocking around her.

Lila Lee, Blanche Sweet, Jack Conway and some others had a lot of fun standing at the door, pretending to guess who the guests were, and calling out kiddingly to the masqueraders.

They called out "Little Eva!" to Marie Dressler, who wore a blonde wig and wide hat; and they dubbed Carl Laemmle, Jr., "Bull Montana!"

Mary Eaton, who is Mrs. Millard Webb, wife of the director, in real life, was dazzlingly pretty in a Queen Elizabeth costume, and said that, thus arrayed, she felt as if she could, if she wished, boss even her husband, and that she needed something ultra in the way of a costume to give her the courage to really boss anybody.

June Collyer looked lovely in a peasant girl's costume, and attracted a crowd of gentlemen peasants.

Rosabelle Laemmle Bergerman, Carl's sister, wore a pink chiffon costume like those worn in Paul Whiteman's picture, "The King of Jazz," and Carl, Jr., went about kiddingly calling attention to his sister's dress, as though advertising the picture, by exclaiming from time to time, "It's from "The King of Jazz!""

Thelma Todd came right from the studio, wearing a thin black lace costume, which became her blonde beauty very well indeed. Claudette Colbert wasn't going to run any risk of losing her reputation for being the best dressed woman of New York by putting on any sort of disguise, apparently. At any rate, she appeared stunningly clad in a beige evening gown, with no mask.

Hal Wallis and Louise Fazenda, the producer's wife, were there, Louise dressed as Buttercup of "Pinafore" fame, and acting the part so admirably that it put the idea into our heads to dash up to Harry Warner and beseech him to film the Gilbert and Sullivan opera with Louise as Buttercup.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sloane were there; Patsy Ruth Miller and her director-husband, Tay Garnett; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beaumont, Mrs. Harry Warner, with her husband; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Justus Mayer, Johnny Farrow, Edmund Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, and many others.

(Continued on page 123)
WAYS and MEANS to BEAUTY

By Anne Van Alstyne

Last month I advised you about protection against sunburn. Whether you heeded it or not I have no way of knowing. If you did heed it, you're in luck now, at least in better luck than those who threw caution to the winds and let Old Sol and the brisk winds do their worst. If you didn't heed it, all I can do now is to peddle comfort and help you as best I can to get back to normal.

Yes, I know I advocated sun-baths; I still do. But there's such a thing as getting too much sun, particularly on the face and hair, and especially if they have not been given protective care. Faces get plenty of light and air; in fact, most of them get too much. That's why we are always trying to put back into skins the oils that they lose through exposure. Sunlight is health-giving. It makes the body function better and it gives to the face the healthy look that is popular now and is always becoming. However, an overdose of sun defeats its purpose. No matter how even and becoming a coat of tan may be it toughens the skin, makes it less active in renewing itself as a normal skin should, and leaves it with a weather-beaten tone, coarse in texture and depleted in natural oils.

Small wonder that at this season the beauty specialists and cosmetic manufacturers are complacent over the fact that their rueful customers are back from seashore, mountain and farm clamoring for complexions that are fair freely and rapidly. How to get rid of the once-loved but now hated tan and look 'pink and white' once more—that is the problem.

But before we begin administering comfort, come along, girls, be frank and tell us how we can help. If you spent your summer wisely and well, you're a tone or two darker, quite likely, but healthily so. And you're lithe, slim and bright-eyed and full of vim and vigor. You not only had a grand time, you look grand, too. Come on, speak up; do you come under this head?

Now let's line up on the other side. If you paid no heed to the ounce of cure I already know the result: A red-nosed, flaky-skinned little person whom one never would suspect of having rollicked through weeks of summer joys! Your face, instead of being a romantic olive tint, is rough, red, and liberally besprinkled with freckles. The well-defined V of sunburn on your back and chest are not marks of distinction. Your nose, that you had rather liked because it was well-shaped, white and without blemish is now red and freckled and you don't like it a bit. And you don't like your new frown that's come from too much squinting, nor the lines about your mouth, or your scraggly-looking hair, nor the ten unnecessary
pounds you have added to your weight.

Am I right, and would you like to exchange your weather-beaten face for a new, rejuvenated, early autumn face? Oh, well, cheer up! We'll try to give you another chance. If you didn't use the ounce of prevention, we'll just have to scurry around and find for you the pound of cure.

Tan and sunburn arise from action of sunlight and also of the wind. Some skins tan or burn more readily than others. Some never tan but will burn red, while others tan only. Sunburn, if severe, will cause the skin to peel off, previously to which there is a burning sensation, the same as is present with any other blister. A similar effect may be produced by sitting too near a hot fire, and those who have delicate complexions should never allow their faces to become too warm from artificial means.

Freckles are another thing that menace many a girl's peace of mind as well as her otherwise flawless skin. The poet may call them—"scars from the kisses that angels in long embrace have pressed in careless confusion"; but not even that, nor pretty names such as 'Sun Kisses' or 'Kisses of Apollo' can reconcile most girls to an individual possession of these little pests.

Personally, I believe that a few freckles just under the eyes enhance their expression; and we know that as a rule freckles appear only on fair, lovely skins. But that doesn't mean a thing to the average girl. She figures that if her skin is nice with freckles, it would be much nicer without them — and what to do is what she wants to know.

Freckles are, perhaps, the most obstinate of all blemishes. While they may be removed, they are sure to return again so long as conditions remain the same. By conditions, I mean iron in the blood, strong light and lack of prevention. Technically speaking, freckles are caused by little particles of iron which find their way through the drainage tract of the skin and deposit themselves just under the surface of the outer skin. The action of strong light colors them into the irregular discolorations called freckles. Therefore, it is reasonable to suppose that as long as there is iron in the blood and the sun shines, freckles will return unless adequate preventive measures are used.

Iron in the blood is a necessity and sunlight is a necessity to good health; but sunlight applied directly to an unprotected skin is not essential to health. Therefore, if we would avoid freckles and tan we must protect the skin by the use of soothing, protective creams, plentifully applied.

No, I won't take any more space with 'I told you so.' I'll try to tell you how, having acquired a 'beautiful' coat of tan and a 'line' sprinkling of freckles you may, chameleon-like, change the color of your skin to a lady-like pallor.

There have been handed down to us many homely remedies such as buttermilk, pure cream, juice of cucumber and lemon juice for fading out sunburn. The first two remedies may be effectual but are messy to use. The third is good, but hard to prepare. Lemon juice is the best home remedy and is well recommended for the daily bleach throughout the year. But for most of us, it is better to use a lotion or cream compounded by reputable chemists and sold by firms who have done much research work and much experimenting before offering their products for sale.

In removing either tan or freckles, there are two processes to be considered: either a long, slow bleaching of the skin with mild preparations, or the quicker method with stronger preparations which cause a slight peeling of the epidermis or outer skin. Which to use should be determined by the nature of the individual skin. As bleaches are frequently irritating, they should not be used in their full strength on a sensitive skin and should never be used when any inflammatory condition exists.

If you are in doubt about your skin, give it this test before applying any bleaching preparation. Apply it on the skin of your arm just above the elbow before retiring and allow it to remain there all night. If, after removing it, the skin shows no irritation, the chances are that the cosmetic is not too strong to use on your face and neck. Should the skin show irritation, either mix the bleaching cream with cold cream or apply a thin film of cream before adding the bleach. Or you may find it satisfactory to use the bleach one night, and on alternate nights use a good nourishing cream.

This process takes longer, but it is better to take more time than to run the risk of irritating the skin still further. If in your impatience you carelessly applied an undiluted bleach too strong for your skin and find it red and irritated after the first treatment, cover the surface.

(Continued on page 114)
Stunting to Stardom

The story of Hoot Gibson—first a ‘stunt’ man, then an actor, now an idol

By Franklin James

It is said that when children and dogs like a man he must be pretty much all right. Children, boys particularly, like Hoot Gibson, and if they have their way about it they never miss a picture of his. It's a great asset to a star to be liked by children. It is one thing that has contributed to the long continued popularity of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin—their ability to hold the love and loyalty of young people; and only these three have been stars as long or longer than Hoot Gibson.

Among Hoot's loyal fans today are not only thousands of children but adults who were children ten years ago. Recently he had a letter from a man who followed his pictures in 1919. Today, he has two small sons and he takes them to see every Gibson picture. The speed and dash of the west appeal to all alike, men, women and children.

All of Hoot's boy fans will be envious when I say that when I went to interview Gibson his first act was to take me by plane three hundred miles north of Hollywood where he flew every day on location. And after we reached his location at Castle Rock, we continued the interview on horseback! This was a real stunt to me but not to be compared to the stunts that Hoot told me about.

Small boys and big boys and Hoot's followers in general will want to know how he happened to become a stunt player. Well, briefly, here it is. In Tekamah, Nebraska, his home town, he won the title of "The Best Cowboy Stunt Rider." After winning an all-cowboy championship at an annual rodeo in Pennington and representing the United States in the World's championship riding events in Australia, he came to Hollywood with a film career in mind. And right away he clicked.

Because of his daring he became a stunt man and doubled for stars who took the bows. When millions of fans throughout the world were gasping at Helen Holmes' nervous stunts in her railroad serial it was Hoot who actually performed most of the dangerous deeds with which she was credited.

One of his most exciting feats took place when he was doubling for one of these railroad thrillers. The trick was to jump from the cow-catcher of a fast moving train into the tonneau of an automobile that raced across the tracks just in front of the engine. If he was successful, he was to be paid one hundred dollars extra.

The leap had to be perfectly timed. The first attempt was a failure and almost cost Gibson his life. As he leaped from the train the driver trod heavily on the gas throttle of the automobile and Hoot landed on the tracks directly in front of the locomotive. This saved his life, for when the cow-catcher struck him it only rolled him to one side and broke three ribs. Production was discontinued until he recovered.

The second time the stunt was attempted, Hoot (Continued on page 125)

Above, Hoot Gibson as his public sees him—sombrero, shirt-sleeves, everything except his six-shooter.

Left, Hoot, all dressed up and ready to go. This is how Edward Gibson (Hoot, to you) looks in private life.

Hoot Gibson courted Sally Eilers in an airplane. No interruptions up there! Sally was selected by Ziegfeld as the most beautiful brunette in Hollywood.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

CLAUDIA DELL and LLOYD HUGHES in AL JOLSON'S "BIG BOY"
GARBO—
THAT'S ALL!

And that's enough for most people. For the glamourous Greta was never lovelier than in "Romance," her new talking picture.
These rarely beautiful portraits are the most charming, in Screenland's opinion, of the entire Garbo gallery. She was potent and appealing in "Anna Christie." But as the prima donna heroine of "Romance" she really comes into her own. It is not as an every-day person we like to think of Greta. She stands for the sort of enchantment that comes all too seldom in this machine age of ours. In her eyes there is something of the mystery of eternal romance, that transcends mere motion picture sentimentality and sweeps us out of our twentieth-century satisfaction. Garbo is as important to us Americans in her own sweet way as Henry Ford!
THE freshest and most refreshing personality on current screens: Mr. Jack Oakie. His overwhelming success in pictures has come as somewhat of a surprise to this natural young man who started in the chorus of a Broadway musical comedy. May he never be spoiled!
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, the little Irish girl discovered by Frank Borzage for "Song o' My Heart," the John McCormack picture, is headed for stardom. She is learning to sing and dance so that she can be the heroine of a musical movie called "Just Imagine."
Is she the most beautiful brunette in Hollywood? Who? Why, Sally Eilers. Wait a minute before you make a hasty answer—reminding us of the existence of Billie Dove, Estelle Taylor, Dolores Del Rio, and other lovely brunettes. Sally received her title from no less an authority than Florenz Ziegfeld; and we think she deserves to wear the crown, for this caption at least—especially in view of this nice new picture.

Ever since he died so gracefully in "Alibi," his first film, Regis Toomey has been in constant demand. Fortunately he has escaped the curse of being 'typed' and has been permitted to prove his talents in less fatal rôles.
CONQUERORS of the CLOUDS

Perhaps the most unusual 'shots' of airplanes in the skies are in "Hell's Angels," the long-heralded and much discussed air-war spectacle. Two years in the making, this production, called the multi-million dollar film, is now released. If it lives up to one-tenth of its tremendous advance publicity, it will be well worth seeing.
FROM "HELL'S ANGELS"

Such popular players as Ben Lyon, James Hall, and Jean Harlow are featured in Howard Hughes' picture, "Hell's Angels"; but the real stars of the evening are the airplanes—swooping, soaring, stunting through the skies. A drama of the world war, this film, which is all-talking, is one of the outstanding cinemas of the season.
THE newest, and as far as we are concerned, the very best portrait of the young man from Montana, Gary Cooper. He will next be seen on the screen in "The Spoilers," a talking version of the Rex Beach novel that was a popular silent success in the dear old days.
MEET and greet the latest lovely newcomer, Miss Claire Luce. A dancing sensation in Ziegfeld’s Follies, a dramatic smash in the stage play, "Scarlet Pages," Claire, a big-eyed, ravishing blonde, will act, sing, dance, and look in several forthcoming new Movietones.
Billie Dove has moved into a new house. She asked Screenland to drop in and we lost no time accepting the invitation. Here's the Dove in her cozy cot—which happens also to be one of the handsomest homes in the picture colony. Billie, being different, prefers collecting Scotties of ancient lineage to amassing antique furniture. Her particular pet, with sweet tooth, is posing in the picture below.

Elmer Frye
A BUSY BROOK

Not Tennyson's, but Paramount's; and proud of him they are, too. Clive Brook plays at the studio in talkies; then he races right home and plays some more—tennis, on his court, with such partners as Ronald Colman, Ernest Torrence, John Loder. Between times he collects old pewter; and you'll see some of the best pieces in the picture at the right. Brook's latest screen offering is "The Better Wife," with Ruth Chatterton.
There are many beautiful women and good actresses in Hollywood; but in the whole history of the movies there have been few endowed with Constance Bennett’s devastating charm. There may be more glamorous girls and more gifted actresses—and there’s always Garbo—but somehow it’s hard to concentrate on the others when Connie looks at you with those big, blue eyes!
Kay Francis started out in (screen) life as a siren. But since audiences are becoming better acquainted with this gracious girl from Broadway they have been making a heroine of her. Result: she's good and sweet in "Raffles," opposite Ronald Colman; and is in demand in other perfectly proper rôles. Being Kay Francis, she contrives to make any old part seem interesting.
England's leader in Beauty Culture

Mme. Bertha Jacobson warns "against harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils"

"Other soaps may irritate the skin; may cause coarse pores and an unpleasant feeling of roughness. Palmolive is refreshing, pure, safe."

When women come to me for advice on the care of the skin," says Madame Bertha Jacobson, of London. "I always impress on them the need for soap and water, as cleanliness of the skin is the first step to beauty."

"But," Madame Jacobson goes on to say, "I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils.

Dangers to skin beauty
The skin secretes oils; the day's make-up, face creams, dirt, clog the tiny pores. Unless these accumulations are safely and gently removed, blackheads and other blemishes soon appear. And

the delicate lather of Palmolive is the chosen method for keeping skin free of these blemishes... the preferred method of more than 23,720 experts.

Both as a teacher and beauty specialist Madame Jacobson is deferred to by members of her profession. And among London society women, her superiority as a beauty specialist is unquestioned. When Madame Jacobson urges the daily use of Palmolive-

A corner of the quaint Victorian waiting room in Madame Jacobson's London salon.

that recommendation carries the weight of authority.

This treatment, night and morning
Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder.

To get the full benefit of salon treatments, you should co-operate with your beauty specialist by using Palmolive Soap twice a day. By beginning tomorrow you will hasten the return of natural loveliness.

Since Palmolive costs so little, why not enjoy it for the bath as well as the face? Millions already do, in 48 countries the world over.
PRIMA DONNA

Bernice Claire has all the assets but none of the liabilities of the diva. No temperament for her!

By Allen Erwin

We know exactly how young prima donnas should act. You can't tell us. We delved into the not-so-private lives of countless divas in search of a parallel to our subject.

We know.

Young ladies who aspire to be great Carrèmes, great Toscas, great Delilahs, or even great Rose-Martes should be very arty. Oh, very, very, arty. They should drop much small talk about the bel canto method, discuss the future of opera as an art form, and ask did you hear how Mme. Calla-Wurchi cracked on that high note in the second act.

A grand manner is invaluable but, of course, one grows grander as one grows older. Love affairs, as many as can be managed and preferably with young artists or authors, are recommended; but if they can't be managed they can be invented and properly publicized later on.

The young lady who still wants to be a prima donna can follow this procedure or else she can be very simple and pretend to know nothing at all.

There are people in Hollywood who have wondered if Bernice Claire, she who twinkled so brightly in "Spring Is Here," "Song of the Flame," and "Toast of the Legion," doesn't belong in the ranks of the studiously naive.

But Baby Claire is neither studious nor naive. One looks in vain for a heading under which she can be classified but one winds up by shrugging one's shoulders and blaming it on the talkies. These audible are responsible for the cinema presence of several artists who grab off all the plum roles but who fit no place in particular. To complicate matters more, little Claire doesn't even want to fit.

Does she long to be starred in the great screen opera? Is she living and hoping for the day when people will flock to theaters to hear LaClaire and proclaim her the world's greatest prima donna? She does not, and she is not. She wants only to be allowed to indulge in the delightful old American custom of making a lot of money.

Little Claire has both feet firmly planted upon the ground and knows how to take things for what they are worth. It might well be explained here that Little and Baby are not terms of endearment. It's simply hard to think of any name that becomes her so badly as does Bernice. And she always impresses one as diminutive and precocious.

A close-up of Bernice Claire, the song and dance girl of the talking screen.

She was born and reared in Oakland, California, and became thoroughly saturated with middle-class re- spectability. When she went to New York to join that city's vast army of music students she was thrown in contact with the Bohemians of Greenwich Village. In Holly- wood she jumped right into talking picture prima donna roles and with hardly a year's professional experience be- came a prominent and high-salaried movie personage. She has learned something from each of these episodes with the result that she smacks of neither middle-class respectability, Greenwich Village, nor Hollywood.

Her full name is Bernice Claire Jahnigan, she having for obvious reasons chosen only (Continued on page 127)
With Byrd at the South Pole

THIS is required! Miss your favorite star in her latest effusion if you must, but don’t fail to see this film. It’s as essential to your well-being as your morning paper and breakfast food. Our thanks to Paramount for their imagination in sending two great cameramen, Joseph Rucker and Willard Vander Veer, into the Antartic with Byrd. They brought back a thrilling, intimate, and pictorially impressive record of a great expedition. It might have been just another ‘travel picture’ or newsreel. Actually, it’s an absorbing entertainment, with Byrd as the handsome hero; with pathos by an old ‘husky’; with comedy by the penguins, those solemn-feathered fellows who look like something out of “Alice in Wonderland”; by Igloo, Byrd’s smart little fox terrier; and a baby seal—may he never meet a furrier. Human, humorous—yet throughout a feeling of the importance of the achievement, the animation of a lofty purpose. If anyone asks you to fly with Byrd over the South Pole at your pet theater, you go!

Raffles

A NEW Ronald Colman picture is always a bit of an event in screen circles. You go because you want to see Colman again, and if his vehicle happens not to turn out to be another “Bulldog Drummond” you may be conscious of a vague dissatisfaction on your way out of the theater; but you won’t demand a refund, because after all, you came to see Colman. His picture doesn’t matter so much. This thoroughly charming Englishman is so genuinely gallant that his very presence on the screen is a subtle compliment to his audience. He doesn’t seem to be acting, you see; he is just whiling away a pleasant evening among friends. The flatterer! As Raffles, the gentleman crook and cricketer, whose “last job” is the one that puts him into uncomfortably close proximity to Inspector MacKenzie of Scotland Yard, Colman can only be charming, and that’s so easy. Kay Francis is enchanting. Alison Skipworth is delightful as a distressed Duchess with an understandable penchant for Mr. Raffles.

The Social Lion

Jack Oakie earns the Honor Page for this one but he didn’t get it. I’m sorry, Jack. Last time you surely deserved it for your great work in “Hit the Deck” but Greta Garbo came along in “Anna Christie” at the last moment and stole it from you. This month you were all set for it when Rear-Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd came back from the South Pole and what happened? Why, he set down on SCREENLAND’s Honor Page. All I can say is, Jack, if you keep up the good work you’ll get it sooner or later. Oakie’s first starring film proves this new comedy sensation is no accident. He’s a real star, here to stay. There’s an infectious quality in the Oakie personality or technique or whatever it is that removes any possible resentment. He’s a show-off who wins your sympathy. Prize-fighting and polo playing afford Jack every opportunity in “The Social Lion” to indulge his humors. Skeet Gallagher is a foil who is really a help; while Mary Brian and Olive Borden are the beauty spots.
Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects
The Six Most Important Films of the Month

The Big House

With none of the customary motion picture props such as ballets, theme songs, and lovely ladies, this picture manages to be a very special production. You should see it. It just misses being a 'human document.' Notably lacking in white-wash and movie sentimentality, it still fails to attain epic proportions. At that, it's an achievement, considering the censorship under which the screen is ever writhing. There is some propaganda for better prison conditions but swiftly the story sweeps on—action, and yet more action. Tense moments, a touch of romance—and three powerful characterizations, contributed by Wallace Beery, Chester Morris, and Robert Montgomery. "The Big House" is memorable for several scenes: one in the prisoners' dining hall, when Beery loses his temper; another when Morris, trying to go straight, is caught again; and still another with Montgomery, as the kid with a streak of yellow, in the convicts' riot. Strong stuff. Splendid direction and acting.

Holiday

Here is another adult and important picture by Pathé. This company, pioneering in sophisticated fields, had the courage to present "Paris Bound" and "The Awful Truth," and now it offers the screen version, almost a literal translation, of the Philip Barry stage play, "Holiday." There's nothing of the old-fashioned juvenile movie about it. The dialogue is intact, as I remember the original; the cast is just as well-mannered as in the New York 'legitimate' production; and the direction of E. H. Griffith is urbane and intelligent. "Holiday" concerns itself with reactions rather than actions. Dependent upon its dialogue, it's one of the 'new' pictures. But the cast, headed by Ann Harding, will reconcile even the most rabid reactionaries. For Ann, though a most modern heroine, is still very good to look at. True, her pungent dialogue removes her forever from the poetic princess pedestal of conventional screen ladies; but she is warmly, winsomely human. You'll approve. Especially of Ann Harding.

So This Is London

Will Rogers! When you've said that you've said everything about this picture; and you can take it or leave it. You'll take it whether you happen to be addicted to Will or not, if you prize an evening's entertainment of the good, old, simple school. There's nothing smart or subtle about "So This is London." It has more of the flavor of Claremore, Oklahoma, than of Beverly Hills, Cal.; but that only proves that Will Rogers is deservedly the People's Comedy Choice; as long as he sticks to his homely line he will never lack an audience. I think you will find his new Movietone refreshingly sincere and human. Through it all is the Rogers brand of drollery, as the star, in his rôle of a skeptical American in London, encounters the aristocratic Briton on his native heath, and discovers his only son in love with an English girl, played by the lovely little Maureen O'Sullivan from Dublin, Ireland. Irene Rich, Frank Albertson, and Lumsden Hare contribute considerably to the entertainment. But it is mostly Mr. Rogers' own little show.
Critical Comment

A Lady of Scandal

All the scandal is in the title of this screen version of the Lonsdale play, "The High Road." Ruth Chatterton as an actress beloved by the scion of an aristocratic family is a little lady even though besieged by Basil Rathbone and Ralph Forbes. Splendid acting by everybody. Nice, if not exciting.

Caught Short

Suggested by Eddie Cantor's book, this film is a riot, with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, pals and speculators, funnier than ever, which means you'll laugh harder than you've had an excuse for since the last Chaplin comedy. Anita Page and Charles Morton supply the young love interest. A howl!

Safety in Numbers

Buddy Rogers 'chaperoned' by three chorus beauties, Josephine Dunn, Kathryn Crawford, and Carol Lombard, doing their best to belie the title of this merry romance. Young Man You Appeal to Me is the theme song, sung by Josephine; you may agree when Buddy sings, dances, and toots his sax. Young and refreshing. It's nice to see lovely Miss Dunn again.

In Gay Madrid

If you like Ramon Novarro you may enjoy his latest, but you'll have to like Ramon a lot; for he has been handed a weak story. Locale, Spain; love appeal, Dorothy Jordan; menace, Lottie Howell. Novarro is as picturesque as usual, and Dorothy just as sweet; but it's not another "Devil May Care." Better luck next time, Ramon.

Dangerous Nan McGrew

Helen Kane is more than a mere Boop-a-doop girl; she's a really gifted comedienne. But she has no chance to prove it here. She struggles valiantly in this stilted burlesque and wrings a few hard-won laughs from the creaky scenes. Stuart Erwin helps her. Give them another chance!

Born Reckless

Just another case of a clever star working over-time. Edmund Lowe plays a gangster-bootlegger with his customary craftsmanship; but interest in his activities lags long before the finale. Gangster doings seem to be losing their novelty. Can it be the bad boys aren't so heroic, after all?
for September 1930

on Current Films

The Florodora Girl
Not to be missed. Marion Davies as the shy sweet member of the historic Florodora Sextette leads the laughter in this clever burlesque of a Gay Nineties melodrama, with Larry Gray as a brisk young blade, Sam Hardy as a deep-dyed villain, and Ilka Chase as a gold-digger. Marion is delectable—and funny.

Radio Kisses
Mack Sennett has inaugurated color in his comedies—nice color, too. This new feature short boasts a radio background, theme song, and bathing-girl sequence—Sennett could find an excuse for bathing-girl scenes in a South Pole epic. Marjorie Beebe and George Duryea provide the romance.

Shadow of the Law
A good picture, and a splendid chance for William Powell to establish himself as an all-round appealing actor. This 'villain' who turned hero is one of the most charming characters on the screen. As a gentleman convict who later squares himself with society Mr. Powell scores heavily and deservedly.

Numbered Men
Not to be compared with "The Big House." Sugared picture of prison life, with lots of comedy and love. Ralph Ince as the riot-leader gives a good performance. Conrad Nagel, Raymond Hackett, and Bernice Claire assist. Unreal and unconvincing—but it's cleaning up. What's the answer?

She's My Weakness
Sue Carol and Arthur Lake make a grand team in this talker version of "Tommy." The whole family will enjoy their adolescent romance, tempered with the comedy interference of Lucien Littlefield and Helen Ware. William Collier, Sr., adds his share. Light, gay, and guaranteed 100% wholesome.

Not Damaged
Chalk up personal triumphs for Lois Moran and Walter Byron. Lois as an adventurous shop girl, Walter as a 'philanderer' turn in excellent performances. The good-looking Byron's come-back as a talker hero will interest everybody. Modern love with a good old-fashioned sentimental ending!
A location trip is even more fun than usual when Bob Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan are the players

By Helen Ludlam

T he locale for the "Like Kelly Can" location didn't mean a thing to me. I had never even heard of the Lake Norconian Club, and when I saw it I wondered why so few people knew of this very beautiful and restful spot.

I groaned when I heard it was a swanky, dressed-up place. "Thirty dollars a day, my dear!" I was told when I asked what sort of clothes I would need on the trip! "Thirty dollars a day doesn't tell me a thing," I swanked. "Gary Cooper charges that and twice that much at his dude ranch in Montana, and you don't wear diamond dresses up there." But as it turned out we might have worn anything at all because, being off season, the only ones there, with the exception of perhaps a dozen people, belonged to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer troupe. Just think what fun! That enormous place with one hundred and twenty-nine rooms, elaborate lounging rooms, an immense ball-room, mineral baths, two swimming pools, a private lake with a casino, lovely bridle paths and an eighteen-hole golf course turned over to about fifty people all of whom were in your own party!

And girls, who do you suppose played the hero? Robert Montgomery! The Bobby Montgomery who was unknown to pictures a year ago and whom no one took very seriously at first, but now just look at him! Every girl on the Metro lot hopes he will be in her picture. He's just a natural heart-breaker. It happened that I had not met him until this location but Bob is a person whom it takes about five minutes to know and like very much.

Dorothy Jordan plays the girl of his heart, while Dorothy McNulty and Benny Rubin supply the comedy; and there are several other interesting people such as J. C. Nugent, Tyrrell Davis, Harry Burnes and Allan Lane. Charles (Chuck) Reisner was the director.

We arrived just at sundown and Bob and the two Dorothys with the rest of the gang were emerging from the lake where they had had a dip and a spin on the surf board. "Want to ride on it? I'll take you tomorrow after we knock off work," Bob offered enthusiastically.

The first thing we had to do was look at some newly arrived photographs of Benny Rubin's baby, and it is no wonder he wanted to show his daughter off. With all the adorable infants ever coined Miss Rubin could hold her own. After admiring her until I thought Benny was going to burst with pride we gave the actors a chance to get their make-up off and dress for dinner. That doesn't mean that they 'dressed' for dinner. Sports clothes were the rule there with the troupe. We hurried through the meal, too, because the foursome, Bob and Dorothy Jordan, Benny and Dorothy McNulty, had to rehearse their songs. They pranced around and had a lot of fun and we on the sidelines were kept in an uproar by the wisecracks of Benny Rubin.

After about an hour's rehearsal we went to the lobby and watched a spirited game of mechanical golf. The addiction of the company to the fascinating game was the only thing that caused the management any worry. "They'll wear it out," one of the clerks complained anxiously. "What of it?" chirped Benny Rubin, "just look at all the nickels you are getting. You can buy two new ones and still have something left over." For each time anyone played they had to put a nickle in the slot which entitled you to thirty chances to finish the course. Bob,

![Our Location Lady and Robert Montgomery are talking it over with Henry Sharp, chief cameraman of "Like Kelly Can." (That's the name of the picture!)]
Benny and Allan Lane played a threesome which lasted nearly two hours. Bob actually brought tears to Benny's eyes when he got around in five strokes. Benny himself had made it in six that time, the lowest score he had ever had. There is always laughter where Benny is. He keeps up a running fire of patter that keeps everyone practically in hysterics. My jaws hurt for three days afterwards, I laughed so much!

Bob Montgomery's efficiency in getting quickly around the course wasn't all luck, we discovered. He had studied out a system and manipulated the lever so that the little mechanical man in the red sweater knocked them home almost every time. Once he had difficulty and was still on the last stretch at fifteen strokes. "Take your time," urged Benny, "I've already used up twenty. It may take me nine to get out."

When the second round began some of us went for a ride with Bill Clark, the lucky son of the founder and owner of the Lake Norconian Club. Bill took us for a spin to Corona, the nearest town, for an ice cream soda but we were so frozen when we got there that we scouted around for a lunch counter and a cup of coffee. The lunch counter was the only thing open in this little town where night life stops at nine-thirty, and this was ten o'clock.

We thought it would be such fun to be the son of a hotel owner. "Just think of coming home late and hungry and having that ice-box to explore!" But very wisely Bill didn't offer to demonstrate what a thrill that would be. A moving picture troupe in a hotel ice-box would be sufficient cause for any cook to throw up his job the next morning.

When we got home everyone had gone to bed and we tiptoed to our rooms so as not to awaken them. Dorothy McNulty was in the room next to mine and it opened on to the same little balcony from which we could see the lake, part of the golf course and mile upon mile of lovely rolling country. Next morning she came barging in to get us up for a swim before breakfast.

Dorothy McNulty has the cutest freckles on her arms and back that I ever saw. She says they are terrible and makes them up so they won't show on the screen. She has a few little fellows scattered over the bridge of her nose and her cheeks which she doesn't mind so much. "They look healthy," she laughed. "But I'd just as soon my back and arms wouldn't advertise the fact."

Dorothy is a great admirer of all the great actresses of the stage: Duse, Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Julia Marlowe, and longs to do something worth-while herself. "How old were they when they were in their prime?" she asked wistfully.

"When they were your age they hadn't cut the dash in their profession that you have," I told her. "Duse played Juliet when she was just Juliet's age, fourteen, and it is said that she gave a (Continued on page 124)
"Lysistrata"

After twenty-three hundred years gay-boy Aristophanes showed up on Broadway in his gladdest, baddest, wildest, bawdiest comedy, "Lysistrata"—merely to show us that we are the same old human beings, doing business at the same old libido pie-counter, full of, overflowing and chasing the old It.

What makes "Lysistrata" such a howling success is the way it oozes boisterousness, health, sanity, pure belly-laughter. It pours out rough, strong, sound human nature—without any of those putrid, over-conscious, hot-house dramatic sex-stenches born of the modern ingrown imagination.

"Lysistrata," as all America probably knows by this time, tells the story of the sex-strike of the women of Athens, headed by the Pankhurst of her time, Lady Lysistrata. This strike was to compel the men to lay off making wars and so remaining away from home so long that the girls and wives were driven noodle-nutty.

Well, did the gals win out? Watch the goings on on the stage of the Forty-fourth Street Theater when the Johnnies Come Marching Home and the connubial doors are closed on them!

Ernest Truex leads the hefty boys out for their marital rights; and Truex is, to me, in his part, the soul of Aristophanic slapstick hot-dog comedy. He is a scream, an uproar, a riot in his pursuit of his legal It.

Violet Kemble Cooper is too classic in the rôle of Lysistrata. She doesn't whip the comedy out of it ("Lysistrata" should be played almost to Mack Sennett tempo). Sydney Greenstreet as the purblind, stumbling, idiotic President of the Senate of Athens was good. And there was Miriam Hopkins as Kaloniké—great Jupiter! Miriam would stop any war! She was exquisitely seductive. The
You'll find these pungent comments on the current plays of interest no matter where you live. If you don't see the shows on their native Broadway, you may see them later in their screen versions. And you'll enjoy being able to discuss the merits of the original productions. Follow De Casseres and know what's going on in the theater

By Benjamin De Casseres

The neat and dapper Phil Baker is one of the attractions of the new edition of "Artists and Models," the annual elaborate Broadway revue.

"Stepping Sisters"

This hilarious play by Howard Warren Comstock is the story of the reunion after about twenty years on a suburban estate of three ex-burlesque queens. When Queenie and Rosie and Cissie get together you can imagine that the Tower of Babel sounded like a cemetery at the North Pole in comparison.

There are a lot of complications which only occur on Long Island in the summer time (yes, Hedda, I'm thinking just what you're thinking), and I've seldom seen an audience enjoy themselves so completely. The whole business is jolly good whooppee, as they say (Continued on page 126)
Cooking for the Fun of It

Making candy with Zelma O'Neal in her outdoor kitchen

By Emily Kirk

When you go into the kitchen with Zelma O’Neal, it will not be to cook corned beef and cabbage or any other part of a substantial menu. To imagine the petite and peppy Zelma concentrating on the concocting of a liver sauté or the mysteries of a deep-dish apple pie is as difficult as to associate her with a stately minuet or a languorous waltz.

Not even in her pleasant, outdoor kitchen can we imagine Zelma preparing a regular meal. But candy—that’s different! Here is where she excels. And the quicker it can be made, the better she likes the recipe.

It looks so easy when you watch her do it. A flip-flop of sugar, spices, nuts and what-have-you into a saucenpan; a few hoop-de-zoom-oop turns on collegiate oxford heels while she waits. And she knows almost to a second when the mixture is supposed to fall into a nice, soft ball in a glass of water. Candy-making is a sort of sport with Zelma, not a tedious process. That’s why she likes it.

“I suppose the reason I enjoy making candy is because I did so much potato peeling and salad fixing when I was a schoolgirl in Rock Falls, Illinois,” said Zelma. “I had jobs around the house that I had to do every afternoon when I came home from school. I am sure I must have peeled at least six thousand potatoes in my lifetime, arranged hundreds of salads of various sorts and set the supper table empty-ump times. Now, I love to dabble about candy recipes. It helps to counterbalance those serious moments in the family kitchen when I was a little girl.”

Zelma has a sister in Hollywood who is an authority for the statement that Zelma was the neatest little kitchen worker in their home town.

“Don’t believe her,” scoffed Zelma. “It’s just that I can’t bear to have things around me that are not spick and span. It’s not much fun to scrub floors and shine the water faucets. But jimmies! They do look nice when you’ve finished.

“I always liked to make a good job of whatever I was doing. When I decided to learn to dance I went about it the same way I cleaned the kitchen — like a lady Napoleon out to conquer. Funny little kid, I must have been!”

Zelma’s knowledge of cookery came in handy later on when she and her sister were ‘plugging’ songs in a music stall in Chicago. They didn’t make much money, so cooking their meals was actually necessary.

Then came success on the stage and more time to laugh and play and to do the things she liked best to do. And now, while other Hollywood favorites are collecting first editions, tile pieces from foreign lands, pewterware, fine etchings and beautiful paintings, Zelma gleefully follows her bent of gathering candy recipes which she tries out on herself and recommends to her friends.

“If you hear of me as a lone and deserted soul, avoided by all my women friends, it will be because I was instrumental in ruining their girlish figures and consequently their movie careers,” laughed Zelma.

Some of Zelma’s candies are as unique as they are delicious. For instance, one recipe brought home to her by a traveler from India. It is called ‘Jellablies,’ with the accent on the second syllable. According to Zelma, it sounds like a Hindu trying to say ‘jellybeans.’—But
the candy, she says, is nothing like the old American favorite and she warns you that if you are wise you will supply your guests with coveralls when you serve it as it is the stickiest as well as the most delicious of confections.

Zelma likes to experiment, too. She had always heard that one of her favorite confections, 'Divinity,' could not be successfully made on a rainy day. But as one of her theories is that success in anything means achieving results and at the same time being 'different' she conjured a 'Divinity' recipe which defies rainy days, cloud-bursts or blizzards.

Another one of her original recipes contains cooked potatoes as one of its ingredients. Proving that Zelma knows how to do something with potatoes besides peel them and also that her aforementioned theory about achieving results and being 'different' is correct. Her recipe for pecan pralines is one she has hoarded since she went through the South on a vaudeville tour. And her toffee, she tells her English husband, Anthony Bushell, is guaranteed to be as delicious as any that can be bought along Pic

(Continued on page 111)
Above, "To 40 pounds of cotton add proportionate amounts of gelatine, water, camphor and silver. That's what a movie is made of," says Kay Johnson.

Right, Buster, featured player in "Dogway Melody," considers his new contract. "Okay," he bow-wows and signs with Catherine Moylan as witness.

Latest Talk from Talker Town

Cecil De Mille was once fired by Arch Selwyn for incompetence as a director!

"You haven't power enough," complained Arch, who quarreled with Mr. De Mille's method of developing what the actor had in him rather than make him a mimic. "You should make them do as you say."

Wonder what Arch thinks of him now!

Leslie Howard is here to play in "Outward Bound," which Warner Brothers are producing. Leslie was in the New York production but not in the part he now plays, which was then handled by Alfred Lunt. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., plays Howard's original part in the screen version.

Leslie is much amused by the questions the press ask of picture people when they first come to Hollywood and when he saw us being piloted about by a member of the publicity department he looked suspicious. "I suppose you want to know where I was born. Well, I never was born!" So he went down on our list as The Man Who Never Was Born.

Beryl Mercer, Allison Skipworth, Dudley Digges and Lyonel Watts are also in the cast, most of them having been in the play, and Robert Milton, who directed the play is also directing the picture.

What's going on in the Fairbanks family, anyway? First, Doug astounded Hollywood by remarking that he didn't think he'd make any more pictures if, indeed, he went through with his present plans. Then he departed hurriedly for Europe to have a talk with Eisenstein, the noted Russian director, apparently not knowing that Mr. Eisenstein was on his way to America. Doug remained in London for the golf tournament and then hurried home at a summons from Mary. In the meantime Mary folded up her half-finished picture, "Secrets," and calmly announced that she will reorganize the cast and staff and begin over again. Most unusual, most unusual!
HOLLYWOOD

But Mary was just being shrewd. As she got further and further into the story she realized that the tempo and feeling of the piece as she understood it was not being brought out, and that if it wasn’t the picture would not go over. She decided to wash it all up and begin again.

And Douglas further amazes Hollywood by deciding to accept the leading male rôle opposite Bebe Daniels in “Reaching For The Moon,” Irving Berlin’s forthcoming picture. But this, also, is a wise move. When you don’t know what to do, do nothing until you do. For Doug, playing a part in another producer’s picture is doing nothing. He made his name in pictures by bringing speed to the screen. Now that sound is here action is slowed up to a considerable degree and just how to startle the world in a sound picture Doug, as yet, has not discovered. And he doesn’t want to produce another picture himself until he does.

Excuse us, Samuel Goldwyn, we didn’t mean to say in last month’s interview with Mr. Ziegfeld that he was supervising the screening of “Whoopee,” his New York stage success. We know Ziegfeld came out to Hollywood to act in an advisory capacity but had no active part in the making of the picture. We know of no one more capable than you are, Mr. Goldwyn, of supervising your own productions!

The Screen Stars’ shop located at 1614 Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, has had its formal opening. Sixty-five of the brightest film lights were present. Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Virginia Valli, Norma Shearer, and a string of people like that. The plan for the shop is this; the screen stars pledge themselves to bring their clothes, costume jewelry and anything of value or interest to the shop to be sold. The things must be in good condition. The proceeds of the shop are to go toward the relief of families belonging to the theatrical and motion picture business whose supporting members are out of
work. In this interesting shop the public may purchase at a fraction of its original cost the beautiful clothes of the players. Some things are from their personal, some from their professional wardrobe. It will be a boon to the little extra girls whose jobs often depend upon the fitness of their wardrobe and whose pocketbooks cannot expand to meet Greer, Collins and Magnin prices.

Evelyn Laye, the beautiful English girl whom Florenz Ziegfeld predicts will be the sensation in pictures that she was in his New York production of "Bitter Sweet" is scheduled for all sorts of parties upon her arrival in Hollywood.

Evelyn is bringing with her the manuscript for the next Ronald Colman picture which Frederick Lonsdale has just completed. The noted English playwright and Ronnie have been talking the story over ever since they returned to London and now it is finished. Ronnie is not due in Hollywood for several more weeks and Evelyn was asked to act as manuscript bearer.

Another bit of news is that Leon Errol, who has convulsed Broadway for years, will play the comedy lead in Miss Laye's first picture, "Lilli," which Samuel Goldwyn will produce.

Josephine, Lupe Velez' little sister, is playing a cigarette girl in "Her Man" and getting along very nicely. The lot talk is that Jo is right there when it comes to pep and charm. Well, that's not surprising. It's in the family.

Mr. Jansen, maker of the popular bathing suits, opened a beach resort in Portland, Oregon, called Jansen's Beach to which he is luring a number of our stars to give the place a boost. Sue

Carol and Nick Stuart were the first to go, then Olive Borden and Jeanette Loff. Lilyan Tashman, Dorothy Lee, Marceline and Alice Day, Charlie Morton all will be among those present. The stars fly up and back and it gives them quite a little picnic.

By the way, Dorothy Lee, who is under contract to RKO, is engaged to be married to a very personable young Hollywoodian by the name of Jimmie Fidler, writer and publicist. The wedding will be in August.

Well, "Hell's Angels" finally opened. It was a surprise to Hollywood, and it caused greater interest and called forth a more brilliant audience than any opening for more than two years. The seats sold at eleven dollars each, which is a dizzy price out here. They do it in New York but that's different. However, it was a trick of showmanship for which Mr. Sid Grauman, who is handling the presentation of the picture, should be congratulated. We are apt to think we must have a thing if it comes high. Bank-
he remained impervious to all pleading until he felt assured the strange and unwelcome visitor had departed.

Ben, by the way, has had several tempting offers since his fine work in the air epic flashed on the screen. Two were especially tempting but so far, what with the wedding and his disinclination to have every breath he draws tied up for the next five years (with the studio, we mean, not with Bebe!) he has not signed at present writing.

Eddie Cantor was master of ceremonies that eventful night. He told us he had just discovered who paid for all the banners strung along Hollywood Boulevard reading "Welcome, 'Hell's Angels' and the return of Sid Grauman." It was the master barbers of Hollywood. When Sid wants a trim they take a day off and if he wants a shampoo they close the shop for a week! This was all poking fun at Sid's bushy mane.

Eddie Cantor was master of ceremonies at "The Flordora Girl" opening, too. He said he had just found out why. The management wanted someone in keeping with the spirit of the gay nineties and after reading some of his jokes they thought he would do all right.

June Collyer is coming rightalong. At first it didn't look as though June was in for a long run, but now she is so much in demand that studios hold up production in order to have her in the cast. She has flown from one to the other recently, the first of this cycle being "Mlle. Modiste" with First National; the next at Warners in "Sweet Kitty Bellaire;" the next "The Man From Wyoming," at Paramount, and then "Beyond Victory" at Pathé, where she filled the part Ann Harding was not free to take.

It's the height of something or other
when a man has to travel from Hollywood to London, England, to do less than half a day's work. That's what Jack Buchanan had to do. He may be an actor in Hollywood but he's a producer in England and as such had to be present when an actor was signed up for one of his forthcoming productions.

"Well, it gave me a chance for a full night's rest anyway," said Jack, razzing the crazy working hours in Hollywood.

Before Stanley Fields, whose latest picture is "Ladies Love Brutes," came out here a friend told him to be sure and have plenty of wardrobe. Whereupon Stanley ordered fifteen suits. He has only worn one of them, in pictures that is, his usual costume being rough corduroys. Stanley seems to be developing into one of our favorite bad men out here.

During the production of "Holiday," E. H. Griffith, the director, needed an actor to play a small bit of comedy and asked Jimmie Biro to do it. Jimmie is a first lieutenant in the Hungarian Army during the World War but has since cast his lot with Hollywood, not as an actor, however. Jimmie is in the electrical department and takes charge of all the various buzzers connected with the signals from the set to the mixer's room aloft. He is, however, a natural-born comedian and livened up his bit so tremendously that Mr. Griffith encouraged him to take up acting as a profession, predicting that he would be a second El Brendel. But Jimmie wouldn't hear of such foolishness. "Not me," he declared. "I've seen too many actors hanging around here out of work. I'm going to stick to the little old buzzer!"

Jimmy Gleason plays a soldier in "Beyond Victory" and a sailor in "Her Man," both in production at Pathé at the same time. It keeps him pretty busy but he has two breaks. One is that both pictures are on the same lot, the other is from the wardrobe department. "All I have to do is change my pants," said Jimmie. He wears khaki overalls as the soldier and blue overalls as the sailor.

The boys are all getting on the job at three-thirty so as not to miss the early morning light for the trench scenes, and it's interfering a lot with their rest. They declare they don't mind fighting the World War, but this three-thirty business is the bunk!

A little girl by the name of Frances Dee has just signed a ten months' contract with Paramount and will make her bow in "The Little Café," playing opposite Maurice Chevalier. Frances said it amused her to find another studio upon whose lot she had played time and time again almost demand that she sign with them when it had been rumored that Paramount had offered a contract.

We have just heard that it took three people, none of them connected with the studio, to think of the title for the western picture Bill Haines recently completed. Now brace yourself, because
this should be a knockout. The title is "Way Out West." There's snappy team-work for you.

At Ben's and Bebe's wedding there was a balcony and stairway connecting the two ballrooms which are on separate levels at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Bill Haines started to make the reception hall by sliding down the balustrade but stopped suddenly, less than half way. Some folks who happened to see it thought Bill had decided in the midst of it that sliding down the bannisters wasn't exactly the thing to do at a wedding. But we strongly suspect Bill found the balustrade which was covered with plush, not so good for sliding. The irrepressible Bill is not one to be daunted by the conventions.

"Oh, if anyone sends me another one of these things I'll scream!" cried Alice White, tearing to bits a sheet of paper and stamping it on the studio floor. "It's the tenth this week." The object of her wrath was a chain letter with which Hollywood has been suddenly deluged.

"Have some lunch?" she invited, but nobody did for what do you think it was? A chicken sandwich, a pint of milk, and two squares of milk chocolate!

"That goes on every day. She thinks it helps her with her acting," said her director, Eddie Cline, who loves to imitate Benny Rubin.

"Well, it helps keep the pounds off, anyhow," laughed Alice who had curled herself up in her chair and started to munch her sandwich, "I don't know exactly why, because milk is not supposed to make you thin. But it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, they say."

If Howard Greer doesn't get half the money the feminine film stars make, Harry Collins does. These are two of the leading sartorial establishments out here. We heard Lila Lee complaining that after a Collins orgy she was broke, but if all the creations she bought were as charming as the crushed strawberry handkerchief linen frock she wore at the Embassy she probably wouldn't mind that temporary flatness of purse.

Lila has been a busy girl these days and there is a part in New York being dangled before her eyes which were sparkling when she told us about it. "I've not been in New York for four years, and I'm dying to go."

In a recent picture Sharon Lynn had location scenes at the home of a very wealthy society girl who had loaned her estate for the benefit of a charity. Sharon was supposed to drive from the entrance and they brought a Chrysler 78 for her use. "Oh, I don't think that will do," Sharon said hesitatingly. "This girl is supposed to be very wealthy and I should think she would be driving a Packard or a Rolls." The man who was responsible for getting the car scratched his head. Finally, he said, "The lady who owns this house ought to put us right on that. She's a heiress, very wealthy, and she's home. Let's ask her."

"Well," replied the lady brightly, "all of my friends seem to be driving Fords!"
Making a Scene for "Moby Dick"

Here's little Dolores Ethel Barrymore's daddy hard at work on his talker version of "The Sea Beast," which, you remember, was one of his most popular silent successes. In its latest version this story of the sea receives its original title of "Moby Dick." Dolores Costello, now Mrs. John Barrymore, was leading lady in that first picture. Joan Bennett has the heroine's rôle in the new film. Here you see John listening to director Lloyd Bacon's outline of the forthcoming scene. Take a good long look, for it isn't often you have an opportunity to watch a Barrymore in action on the set.
Mildred B. from New Jersey. Just received a wire from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., saying that he was born in New York City, December 9, 1908. In a recent issue of Screenland we made him two years younger. Young Douglas is a proud of it. "The Dawn Patrol" will be his next release.

Betty Joe from Ft. Worth, Tex. Have I ever had a voice test? Yes, and now that you ask, I've had several 'scream' tests, but why go into that? In 1920, Clive Brook married Mildred Evelyn, a popular English actress. He came to the United States in 1924. He has two children, Faith Evelyn and Clive, Jr. You can reach Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, and Richard Arlen at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Greta Garbo at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Jackie from Homer City, Pa. I don't believe Ann Harding is the long-lunch stum you're looking for. Ann doesn't give her birthplace or name before she became an actress. She is Mrs. Harry Bannister, in private life. She attended school at Montclair, N.J., and the Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, Pa. You can write her at Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

G. M. of Birmingham, Ala. So Ramon Novarro is your everlasting heartache. Something should be done about that, but do you think a trip to Hollywood and a talk with Ramon would ease the ache? Ramon has made two pictures since "The Pagan" with Dorothy Janis; "Devil-May-Care" and "In Gay Madrid," also with Dorothy Jordan. John Mack Brown married a college sweetheart.

Marjorie C. of Hollis, L. I. Where have you been, dear, not to know that Garry Cooper is one of the most talked-about young stars? And such swell things the fans say about him, too! In the event you have overlooked my own private ravings, Gary's real name is Frank J. Cooper and he was 29 years old on May 7, 1930. His latest pictures are "Seven Days Leave" with Beryl Mercer, "The Virginian" and "Only the Brave," with Mary Brian, and Peggy from West Virginia. How do I take things? Never seriously; always with a smile. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is Mary Pickford Fairbanks' son. His mother is Mrs. Beth Sully Whiting, former wife of Douglas, Sr. Ruth Taylor was married March 17, 1930, to Paul S. Zuckerman of New York City. Nancy Carroll's address is given elsewhere in this department. Her newest picture is "The Devil's Holiday" with Phillips Holmes, James Kirkwood, Paul Lukas, Morton Downey and Zasu Pitts.

Dolly D. of Weymouth, Mass. You and the girl friend want a couple of fast answers, do you? All right, catch this one. In "Children of Pleasure," Lawrence Gray sings "The Whole Derned Thing's For You," Wynne Gibson appears with him. There's a new-comer to the screen that will make you cry for more of her. Marion Davies is 5 feet 1 inch tall. Joan Crawford and Marie Prevost are 5 feet 4 inches. Laura La Plante is 5 feet 3 inches. Clara Bow is 5 feet 3½ inches.

Kyoko Yoshidama of Hawaii. A little Japanese girl, as sure as I live. Now that they are introduced, who's in your mind? The stars you ask about have dropped out of sight since you saw them last on the screen so if you'll ask me about some of the more active players, I'll be happy to give you the last word about them.

Richmond Belle from California. There is really nothing the matter with Lon Chaney — his directors, producers and scenario writers will have to take the blame because Lon never gets the girl he wants in his pictures. Maybe Lon's not so easy to get. His last picture was "Thunder," with Phyllis Haver, James Murray and George Duryea. This film was Phyllis Haver's last appearance before her marriage and retirement from the screen. Lon is now busy making a talkie version of "The Unholy Three."

Virginia S. from Pauwucket, R. I. We couldn't go to press without some news about Buddy Rogers, the gift to America's sweethearts, young and old. Buddy has a brother, Bh (pronounce it, if you can) who has been given a try-out by Paramount where he will play bits for the first few months. Buddy's new leading lady for his
next picture, "Heads Up," is Margaret Breen of the stage. The picture is being made for the New York Paramount Studio. You can address June Collyer at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. June's real name is Dorothea Hermance. Mary Kaye was born in New York City on September 10, 1907. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 162 pounds.

Josephine of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. I'll admit I'm the state champion answer lady, if not national, but I wouldn't have space in this department to give you the names and addresses of all the screen players in Hollywood and the New York studios. Drop me a line and ask for five or six of your favorites and I'll be happy to give you their addresses. I thank you.

Marjorie O. from Hayward, Cal. You think you hold my job and no one would be the wiser? I guess that will hold me for the future. Colleen Moore's last release was "Footlights and Foibles." You can read her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Ken Maynard appears in "The Fighting Legion" with Dorothy Dwan; and in "Kettle Creek" with Kathlyn Crawford. Address Ken at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Josephine from Vancouver. You are not the only person to be "this and that" over Nils Anker so you'll be delighted to know he will appear in an all-talking picture, "The Sea Bat," with Raquel Torres. Nils was born January 7, 1901, in Malmo, Sweden. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. He is not married. He has played in "Toppy and Eva," with the Duncan sisters; "Trelss and Son," with H. B. Warner; "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" with Lon Chaney and Loretta Young; "The Cossacks" with John Gilbert and Renée Adorée; "Our Dancing Daughters" with Jocelyn Crawford and Anna Page; "Cardboard Lover" with Marion Davies, and "Dream of Love" with Joan Crawford.

A Costant Reader from Washington, D. C. If I had the information you want, it wouldn't be any trouble to give it to you; but I do not divulge the methods used by the stars to keep their poundage within camera demands. But the August SCREENLAND had an article called "How to Have a Hollywood Figure," by Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, with interesting information along the lines of reducing.

Sophie from Gary, Ind. Coply dodging this and that and to avoid getting into the rough, has developed my sense of humor to a marked degree. Do I like my job? Who wouldn't? John Gilbert's real name is Francis Price. He was married to Eva Steward on May 9, 1929. He was born July 10, 1897, in Logan, Utah. At the age of ten years, he made his first stage appearance with the late Eddie Foy.

Mary N. of Halifax, Nova Scotia. When you fell for Bebe Daniels, you fell hard and when you're mad about a star, you're mad for a while. Well, well, with the arrival of the talking and singing pictures, a new Bebe Daniels was discovered. She was 29 years old on January 14, 1930. Her eyes are dark brown, her hair is black and she is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Bebe is Mrs. Ben Lyon now. Her new picture is "Dixiana" with Lloyd Hughes.

Gary Cooper Fan from Chicago. You want to help boost Gary's fan mail, do you? Take your bow, good-looking Gary. Success has not gone to Gary's head; he has worked hard and has given his best in portrayals of the characters assigned him. His new picture is "The Texan" with Pay Wray. Some of his other films are "Winning of Barbara Worth" with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky; "Children of Divorce," with Clara Bow and Esther Ralston; "Arizona Bound" with Betty Jewel and El Brendel; "Wings" with Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen and Clara Bow; "Nevada" with Thelma Todd, and "The Last Outlaw" with Betty Jewel and Jack Ludden.

La Vida from Portland, Oregon. One of my many followers, are you? That's fine but I always manage to keep two leaps ahead of the gang, if you get me and you haven't yet. Buddy Rogers was born August 13, 1901, in Olathe, Kans. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. "Safety in Numbers" and "Young Eagles" are his newest pictures. Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are one of the most popular co-starring teams in films. Janet was born October 6, 1907, in Philadelphia, Pa. She has auburn hair, brown eyes, is a trifle over 5 feet and weighs 100 pounds. She is married to Lydell Peck, a San Francisco lawyer, on September 11, 1929.

Helen from Collfax, Iowa. What a wow Lawrence Gray has turned out to be since he has learned to talk and sing. He plays with Marion Davies in "Marianne" and in "Spring is Here" with Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray and Louise Fazenda. Address him Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Lawrence was born July 27, 1898, in San Francisco, Cal. He has brown hair, blue-green eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. He is not married. You can write Paddy O'Flynn at Box 386, Hollywood, Cal.

Lena O. of Raymondville, Tex. Last we for one moment forget the stories of our favorites, here you'll find that Ramon Novarro is 30, George O'Brien is 29, Dick Arlen is 31, Clive Brooke is 39 and Gary Cooper is 29. Kenneth Thompson was born January 7, 1899, in Pittsburgh, Pa. He has black hair, brown eyes and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. He is married to Alden Gay, an actress.

Bar of Omaha, Neb. I'm in the biggest giggle of the month over the many compliments received for this department. Come again with another load, we like them. Mary Brian is 21, Florence Vidor is 34, Evelyn Brent is 30, Greta Garbo is 23, Audrey Ferris is 20, Billie Dove is 27, Doris Dawson is 21, Barbara Kent is 21, and Norma Shearer is 25. Evelyn Brent, whose real name is Betty Briggs, is the wife of Harry Edwards, a director.

J. R. of St. Louis. I have the grandest time trying to arrange get-together meetings of long lost friends of the picture stars. More fun! John Boles please step up and be identified as one of the lost boyhood friends. This golden-voiced singer of the screen, was born on Oct. 28, 1900, in Greenville, Texas. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 180 pounds and has grey-blue eyes and brown hair. John graduated from the University of Texas as a physician but the World War changed his plans. At the close of the war, he returned to Texas to become a cotton grower but again changed his plans for he was advised to go to New York to study music. Lucky break for the fans, for his success means pleasure to his many admirers. He is married to a pretty Southern girl and they have a two-year-old daughter.

Mrs. R. E. J. of Atlanta, Ga. John Gilbert's first talking pictures were, "His Glorious Night" and "Redemption." To give you all of his screen plays would take too much space, but as far as I know he did not appear in the film you ask about. "St. Elmo" was a 1923 Fox release.

Mae J. of Indianapolis. You need cheering up a bit, do you? All right, let's give three cheers and a rah-rah! Colleen Moore and John McCormick were married in 1923. Mae Roque was born in St. Louis. Mae La Roque. He is the husband of Vilma Banky. John Mack Brown uses his own

Mr. and Mrs. George Pavecett. George can hold his own with any of the younger players for popularity according to Miss Vee Dee's statistics.
La Ray of Tenn. Do I like to answer questions? I just haven't got the heart to tell you, you big tease. Sally Blane is on the pay roll at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Fay Wray is the wife of John Monk Saunders, the author and screen writer. You can reach Fay and Mary Brian at Paramount Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Billie Dove wears her hair in a shoulder-length bob. I believe she has a brother in the picture industry but not as an actor. Jean Arthur has been married and divorced but has no children.

Cleo C. of Boardman, Mich. Does it take so much courage to write me? I'm an honest-to-goodness fan, like the rest of 'us girls,' so don't hesitate but write again. Clara Bow's real name is Clara Gordon Bow—she hasn't any brothers or sisters—she's the one and only Bow. She has been engaged several times but always changed her mind about marriage. She was born July 19, 1907, in Brooklyn, N.Y. Her eyes are agate brown and her hair is red. I don't know her home address but you can reach her at Paramount Studios, 7451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Doris W. of Chehalis, Wash. Dispelling gloom is a pet hobby of mine—here you see the joy lady of the future, if the future is lucky. Before going into pictures, Alice White was Alva White. You can reach her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Her latest picture is, "Show Girl in Hollywood" with Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall and Ford Sterling; and "Playing Around" with Marion Byron, Chester Morris and William Bawkevil. You may not recognize your favorites among the following, but here they are: Betty Riggs, Lucile Le Sueur, John Pringle, Douglas Ull man, Anita Fones, Gladys Marie Smith, Virginia Graves, Joseph Francis and Lewis D. O'Neill. Gather around next month and I may tell you who they are.

Buddy Rogers again! Buddy is the eternal favorite with Miss Vee Dee's friends.

Alice P. of Chicago. Do I have any fan clubs in my honor? Lack-a-day and other forms of hey-hey. Somebody would ask that. Your favorite, Walter Byron, was born June 11, 1902, in Leicester, England. He has brown hair, dark blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 163 pounds. He is not married. Walter's family have been actors for over two hundred years in continuous succession from his great, great grandfather. His father is George Butler, the English comedian, and his mother, Dulcie Lawrence, was a prominent leading lady until a recent illness forced her from the stage a few years ago. His first American film was "The Awakening" with Vilma Banky. His latest release is "Not Damaged" with Lois Moran, Inez Courtney and Robert Ames.

Duncan C. G. of Brockville, Ontario. Of course you can write to George Garbo for an autograph, but I can't promise you'll hear from her personally—address her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. If you can't wait, her first talkie was "Anna Christie" with Marie Dressler, Charles Bickford and George Marion. Her next picture will be Romance with Gavino Gordon from the stage. He has dark hair, gray eyes and was born in Chicora, Miss.

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name in films. He was born Sept. 1, 1904, in Staunton, Va. His father married a young daughter. Lon Chaney's first talking picture is "The Unholy Three." You can write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Patricia from Lake Charles, La. What do I do with my evenings these days? Well, you see, I'm married and have of course a real name is just that. He was born in Hamilton, Ohio, but doesn't say when. He has grey hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 1/2 inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. Before going into pictures in 1917, he was in a musical comedy in Victor Herbert's operas, also in vaudeville and has appeared as an oratorio and concert singer. His latest pictures are "The Aviator" with Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller and in "Song of the West" with John Boles, Vivienne Segal and Joe E. Brown, both Warner Bros. productions.


Billy Haines Fan from Milwaukee, can deliver all kinds of messages to the stars but a bear hug is quite out of my line; however, if you insist, I'll see what can be done about it. Since appearing in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Hollywood Revue of 1929," William Haines has made "Navy Blues" with Anita Page and "The Girl Said No" with Leila Hyams, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler, William Janney and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. Polly Moran was born in Chicago, Ill. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 134 pounds. Polly has traveled all over the globe, playing in musical comedy and in vaudeville until 1915, when she appeared with Charlie Murray in "The Janitor." She and her mother live in Hollywood with Polly's adopted son.


Jerry of Toledo, Ohio. Another booster for SCREENLAND, are you? Up and up we go, just watch us. Gary Cooper will be in "Gardens of the Moon," starring Myrna Loy. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Real name, Frank J. Goode. Olive Borden from "The Unholy Three" on June 1. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and has brown hair and grey eyes. You can
address Gary Cooper and Clive Brook at Paramount Studios, 1451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Genetrieve from Springfield, Mass. The producers do not always agree with the list of co-starring teams—take 'em or leave 'em and we usually take them, don't we? Nancy Carroll played with Charles Rogers in one film, 'Abie's Irish Rose'. Nancy is the wife of Jack Kirkland and they have a four year old daughter, Patricia. Nancy is 23 years old.

Miss La Rue of Poughkeepsie, Reginald Denny was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, but he doesn't give the date. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 178 pounds. His wife is Betsy Lee, a professional. He entered pictures in 1929, Robert Castle was born in Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany. He is 6 feet 2½ inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. You can write him at Paramount Studios, 1451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jack R. of Los Angeles. A bouquet of compliments for Screenland via the V. D. route. No, I never get any brick-bats. I always dodge them. Gloria Swanson is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 122 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Her latest release is 'What a Widow!' with Lew Cody and Owen Moore. Mae Murray bore a baby last May. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her husband is Prince David Mdvani. They have a young son, born in May, 1927.

Ohio Sue from Bethel. You're a regular question box and I'm the answer specialist, so I'll kassk you both 'regular fellows.' James Hall is 29 and Ramon Novarro is 30 years old. I haven't been notified of any engagement or marriage of either gentleman. Anita Page is born in Flushing, L. I., about 20 years ago. Her first screen appearance was with William Haines in 'Telling the World.' Marion Davies is 30 and Greta Garbo is 25 years old.

Daring from Ft. Stockton, Texas. The big heart-throb from the Lone Star State. You know how to pick your favorites but what do you want to know about them? Rin-Tin-Tin is barking his way through pictures with his usual cleverness. His latest is 'On the Border' with Armida, Walter Miller and Philo McCullough.

Violet of State College, Pa. Do screen stars ever write letters to the fans? That question disturbs me frightfully, but I can only repeat, dust off the desk, take pen in hand, either right or left, dash off the lines nearest your heart and hope for the best. Clara Bow's hair is red and when I say red, I mean RED. Alice White was 23 years old on August 25. She has blonde hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her next picture will be 'The Widow from Chicago.'

Jeanne of Baltimore. This comes to you through the courtesy of station WEE-DEE, so here you are, or are you? Nils Alvarado's given name is pronounced with the c's long—Neel. You can reach him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. John Mack Brown is 25 years of age and is married to his college sweetheart, a pretty southern girl. Very romantic, isn't it?

Frances L. from West Medford, Mass.

You just had to write me, did you? I know how you feel; somebody has to get the good laughs and why not you? Roland Drew's real name is Walter Goss. He was born in Elmhurst, L. I., in 1903. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and dark grey eyes. You can address him, Tec-Art Studios, Edwin Carewe Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

Maurageret S. of Birmingham, Mich. So you've had your eyes on me, have you? I may not be the fisherman's daughter but I can throw a wicked line. You may address Harold Lloyd at 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Little Wheeler is Bobby Hutchens in real life. He was born March 29, 1925, in Tacoma, Wash. He made his screen debut at the age of 21 months. You can write him in care of Hal Roach Comedies, Culver City, Cal. Edmund Lowe can be reached at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Florence D. of Sturgeon Falls, Oregon. No, I don't think the whole world revolves around me—I never taste the stuff. Ken Maynard was born July 21, 1895, at Mission, Texas. He attended school at Columbus, Ohio, but later entered the Virginia Military Institute, from which he graduated at the age of 18 with a degree in civil engineering. His love of riding caused him to give up his chosen profession to join the Hagenbeck-Walace Circus as a trick rider. He became famous for his daring stunts and won the world championship for trick riding and roping in 1920. While touring the country with the Ringling Brothers Circus in 1922, he decided to try motion pictures. Ken is happily married to a non-professional. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has black hair and steel grey eyes. You can write him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. His latest release is, "The Fighting Legion," with Dorothy Dwan.

Banjo Eyes from New York. Don't tell me there isn't anything new under the sun—with eyes like that, you should go far but not too far. Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana, about 40 years ago. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 173 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. Johnny Walker was born in New York City but doesn't mention the year. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Address him at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Nick Stuart's real name is Nicholas Prata. He was born April 10, 1904, in Abrud, Roumania. He has black wavy hair, snapping dark eyes and a never failing grin.

Miss G. from Olathe, Kansas. From the old home town of America's Big Boy Friend, Buddy Rogers, just as sure as I live! You can address Donald Reed at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Ben Lyon at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. June Collyer appears in "Mlle. Modiste" for First National Studios.

Mrs. Charles E. J. of Philadelphia. Sally Blane was born in Salida, Colo., on July 11, 1910. She played with Rudy Vallee in "The Vagabond Lover." Don Alvarado was christened Joe Paige. His mother was Marie Antoinette Alvarado and his father, Candido Paige. Olive Borden plays with Jack Oakie and Skeet Gallagher in "The Social Lion."

B. B. from Quebec. As the picture producing companies employ large staffs of scenario writers, it would be very difficult for an outsider to get a break with them. Dolores Del Rio may be reached at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. She appears with Edmund Lowe in "The Bad One."
They meet their Close-up Test
Triumphantly—

Do You meet yours?

NOW... the close-up! Eager eyes admiring... pulses quickening... hearts irresistibly won...
The acid test of beauty, 45 Hollywood directors declare, is the close-up—taken under a cruel, revealing blaze of light. A test, they have found, which only the girl with flawless skin can pass!

That is why complexion beauty is all-important to the stars whose beauty thrills thousands...and to you.

For you, too, have a close-up test to pass! Admiring eyes close to you must find your skin radiantly, softly smooth. You will want to guard skin beauty just as the lovely stars do!

In Hollywood, of the 521 important actresses, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap! On Broadway, too, and even in Europe the stars are devoted to this fragrant white soap.

YOU must face eager eyes close to your skin. This is YOUR close-up test.


LUX Toilet Soap — 10¢
LETTERS FROM THE AUDIENCE — Continued from page 12

world, in fact, I imagined that until I could achieve such a trip the barrier of remoteness would always exist between me and the countries I wanted so much to see. Silent movies, of course, did much to bring up the customs and customs of foreign people and of all people living in a sphere different from mine. But when I heard my first sound picture—a newsreel, with von Hindenburg officiating at the ceremony of launching the Bremen, and heard him speak in German, I felt a sense of the nearness of the countries which seemed to be so entirely separated from me; and I knew that even if my cherished hope of actually going abroad could not be realized, the world could be brought to me with every phase of reality, through the sound picture.

Miss Bertha Hirt,
625, 315 W. 9th Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Bouquets for Stage Players
The stage and screen have met, and who can say it has not been a success? After seeing Garbo and Bickford in "Anna Christie" in stark drama, Bessie Love and Charles King in musical comedy, Marie Dressler and William Haines in the lightest of nonsense, we must admit that stage training has its uses. Never once do Marie Dressler, Mr. Bickford or Mr. King make an awkward or self-conscious move. Each gesture is graceful and expressive. The talkies have been immeasurably helped by these experienced people who alone know the trick of putting a world of expression into an ordinary sentence, and in the flexing of their voices. Ruth Chatterton expresses much with the mere lift of her voice; while in Miss Garbo's scenes with Mr. Bickford one could almost feel his strong personality lifting and carrying her to a display of emotion never before seen in the "Swedish icicle."

With the event of the talkies, gone are the set faces and barely moving lips of the male and female beauties of the screen of yesterday, and surely we can now look forward to living, emotional portrayals of the various roles.

Miss Thistle Bell,
Chestertown, Md.

Study at the Movies!
My greatest interest is—people. Human beings. How they live and think. And why. The similar points of all. The interesting variations of the individual. The movies offer a study of mankind. How else can one person possibly become intimately acquainted with such a cosmopolitan group? How can I, in my little home town, know the dreams and despair of an Anna Christie, the philosophical reasoning of a "Disraeli," or the mystery of that divine lady, Emma Hamilton?

In literature we can find these people. But many will never read and find them there, who will see and hear them in the movies. To those who read, the movies bring their favorite characters in real form. They see and hear and learn to know them better.

Interesting phenomena—people. Too common to be really understood!
E. Edwyn M. Kennon,
1024 N. Clay Avenue,
Springfield, Mo.

What's the Answer?
I want to express my appreciation of "Luminox," the story for which was so well written, so well produced that I find it hard to think only in the terms of the artists behind this wonderful production.

Fannie Hurst is a wonderful character author. She describes each movement of the character so well that one can see the person; and Herbert Brenon is a great director because he put on the screen, making her a living reality, the same masterful character that Fannie Hurst wrote about.

Winifred Westover, Ben Lyon and Dorothy Janis were all superb in their characterizations.

Now I get back to the same old question. Why don't we have more of these perfect productions? Can it be that not enough people want them?
Isabelle W. Jordan,
17181 Pontchartrain Blvd.,
Detroit, Mich.

The Art of Being Natural
To me, the outstanding feature of Richard Barthelmess' art is his entire naturalness. As the Chinamen in "Broken Blossoms" and "Son of the Gods," the swash-buckling soldier in "The Fighting Blade," the crippled soldier in "The Enchanted Cottage," the pupilist in "The Patent Leather Kid," or as the wistful, dreaming elevator operator in "Young Nowhere," he is always natural. He seems to live the character he portrays and never bedecks it with tricks of the theater, unnatural manners or gestures. He even is careful how he dresses his characters. If they are drab, then they must be dressed drably. If they are romantic they must be so garbed. He takes no license in order to win his audience. Richard Barthelmess, my favorite actor.

W. C. Young,
1937 Grand Avenue,
Granite City, Ill.

A Tribute to "Hallelujah"
Talking pictures have finally achieved what silent films would never have attempted, a fine and moving story of the negro race.

"Hallelujah," to me, is a great picture—a monumental story of the American negro told with feeling, understanding, good taste, dignity and artistic sincerity. Watching Daniel Haynes and others of this splendid cast they seem to be not really acting at all, but actually feeling and experiencing the emotions they were seeking to portray.

The drama and humor of the colored race are shown in "Hallelujah," and it is as absorbing as it is picturesque. It is one of the greatest dramas ever made and surely will be ranked among the outstanding productions of the singing-talking screen.

Ernest Crum,
2401 Edwards St.,
Granite City, III.

Too Many Theme Songs?
I cannot resist the temptation to express my disapproval of certain phases of our new talkies.

Is it absolutely necessary that a person in love should sing to the member of the opposite sex in order to make it effective? In my estimation, theme songs injected in love scenes spoil the picture built up in a person's mind. It is not true to life and destroys the value of the play.

I witnessed a performance of "Montana Moon" a few nights ago and thought it especially good. Here, the story was the thing.

We are getting too many pictures just alike. Who cares to see a group of girls dance in every time the curtains are drawn? I, for one, am getting fed up on it—and plenty!

John B. Lemair,
2 Oak Street,
Pana, Ill.
Every Screen Star in Hollywood
Knows the Magic Beauty Secret of
MAKE-UP
In COLOR Harmony

You, yourself, may now learn how to double your beauty and vividly accent your personality... from Hollywood’s Genius of Make-Up, Max Factor.

Do you want new beauty... new magnetism of personality... new fascination... quickly, almost instantly... then listen to this message from Hollywood... learn about the one make-up that’s used in all the famous motion picture studios; by all the glorious stars who have enchanted you with their loveliness... discover why beauty is always perfect in every picture released from Hollywood.

A discovery by Max Factor, Hollywood’s genius of make-up, revolutionized the use of cosmetics in Filmland. Make-Up to really work wonders in creating and enhancing beauty must be in color harmony... Cosmetics must blend perfectly in the make-up ensemble. Of colors run beauty... often produce unattractive, grotesque effects. All this Max Factor learned in his work with motion picture stars during twenty odd years.

Then came the revolutionary idea... face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and other make-up requisites... all in color harmony to blend with the complexion colorings of each individual type, whatever the variation in blonde, brunette, blondette or redhead. And each color tone in each cosmetic created to some living type... to harmonize with such matchless beauty as typified by Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Billie Dove.

Imagine what amazing new beauty this discovery means to you... and now you may share Hollywood’s make-up secret, for in Society Make-Up, Max Factor has created powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other requisites for every woman, for every day, based on his famous discovery, cosmetics color harmony. A sensation in Hollywood... it will be a beauty revelation to you.

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SIXTY FAMOUS STARS WRITE ABOUT MAKE-UP IN THIS BOOK.
ALL QUIET ON THE BROADWAY FRONT — Continued from page 21

on the ice.
Playwrights, authors, stage directors, leading men, chorus men, producers, playbrokers, artists' agents, handmen and badmen—even Singers' Midgets had taken the trail in the rush for Hollywood gold. Hal Skelly was the only actor on Broadway—and he'd just returned with a special car attached to carry his last week's salary. There was nothing left but the Flea Circus. And even the fleas were understudies to the original Broadway company which had gone out with some of the actors.

The Great White Way, itself, had turned yellow, with orange-juice stands, Chinese chow-suey joints and the flamboyant lights and posters of the talkies. What was the Rialto (not a theater) in the good, and even the fair-to-middlin', old days now was strenuous with cinema cathedrals like a laundress-man's abscess. Between Times Square and Fifty-fifth Street, eighteen theaters stretched end on end reached directly from the box-office to the purse strings of the multitude. Coney Island came to town a-rarin' on a talkie! Each day of each week 200,000 persons going to the movies just along the Chown Mein Stem—and the theater with its vaunted legitimacy played to Tammany Young and Cain's Warehouse!

Even Al H. Woods, Forty-second Street's sweetheart, bade Joe Le Blang good-bye and forsook his art to sell take-away-yourself dyes. Next door to where Rothstein started on his last ride, stenogans and shipping clerks took voice-tests. In the sacred precincts of that vaudevillians' Valhalla, Palace movie stars—Estelle Taylor, Esther Raslton, brunette or blonde—headed the bill. The choice ring-side tables once reserved for Belasco, Gest, Zieggy and the rest, were sacred to Lasky, Cheekan, an odd Warner Brother or two. The revolution all over again. The Russian revolution gives way to an assortment of Irish included. The Grand Dukes of the old days trembled while the new Nabobs decided their fate. Death in the Deserted Village—or Exile to Hollywood.

Each day the Century carried all but the very bricks of the streets out of the Grand Central toward the cinema. Transcontinental commuting became the vogue. If you met a pal he was either coming or going—never staying—and usually talking loudly about being a Native Son of old California.

It's hard on we old fellers to try a re-adjustment. You can't give an old dog a new kick.

Now the familiar faces from Central Park to Central Islip are those shadows of the cinema suddenly and mysteriously come alive. Movie folks here for 'rest'—or European— or to make a picture in the Eastern studios. Buddy Rogers, Jack Oakie, Nancy Carroll, Maurice Chevalier, Lillian Roth. Or those like Gaudette Colbert to ameliorate, her forefather, come back home to star on the stage for a season between pictures. Dapper directors: Eddie Sutherland, Monte Brice, Victor Schertzinger, directing a new picture. A language with which New York is becoming a little more familiar since Broadway got it in the 'toccata' on \"speaka\", according to Willie Howard, is the way they say \"talkies\" these days in the theatrical profession.

FOUR-A-DAY AT 69! — Continued from page 23

have no artistic appreciation." P'tui! These Americans, I tell you, are the grandest people in the world when they hear something new in music, they say, 'Now we are going to hear something we will enjoy.' They look forward to it as something grand and beautiful. The Europeans they sit themselves down in their seats and say: 'Nun, let us just see what this is all about.' The difference is, Americans go to enjoy foreigners to criticize. But, of course, America is looking forward; Europe backward. That is their tragedy.

"But here I must make a complaint of America. Every American city, even the little cities, should have opera. Why not? The town supports everything else. You have Kiwanis, Rotarians, Masons, etc. The council will raise a hulabaloo if there's not a light in every dark little street. But they don't give a hang if the light burns out in the breasts of the thousands of talented young people. They don't care that thousands of boys and girls are starving for help in music, in painting, in writing. Americans should think a lot of that and pay less attention to these politics.

"If American people heard more Brahms, and more Beethoven, there would be less murder. Gangland would be reduced. Too much drinking would subside. When one is listening to a Beethoven sonata or a Brahms cradle song, there is no room in the human heart for strife and hatred. I have lived a long time now and I have seen many people, many countries, and this much I can tell you: Music, of all the arts, is the most satisfying. And when one hears it, he is lifted up and carried away from this world into something different, better, finer.

"Another thing, too, I should like to see Americans learn—and that is tolerance. The youth is the future of America, and they should be taught it. Tolerance for differences. After all, England was such a particular country, and they had a Jew for premier, the great Disraeli. And I wish I could think that one day there would be a Jew in the White House. And a Catholic, too. This country was founded for religious freedom. Let us have it!!"

Madame got up from her seat and went out into the hall, looking for a chair in which her accompanist might sit. "No, no, no!" she yelled, as somebody tried to bring her a stool from the dance room. "Don't take that stool from the little dancing girls away. Those children are tired when they finish their work. No, I tell you!"

"Ach, so it goes—always somebody trying to take something from somebody else."

She sat down again, "I can never retire, now," she concluded. "Now that I have sung once again, I had almost decided that my singing was over, forever. Now I can believe anything when this dream of mine, of singing for the movies, happens to be true."

"It looks now as if I would keep on singing, for I have been asked to make a talking picture."

"My hope is that I shall have the voice and strength to go on singing until I die. I should like to die singing, out before a great, loving, appreciative audience. And then as the last note of my voice faded away and the curtain fell, I, too, should live to go out, on the wings of my last song!"
Bannister, and I were usually in different shows; one would be on the road while the other was in New York. We had no home life."

Since coming here, the Bannisters have lived in a big country house near Van Nuys, but now they are building their own place on an acre and a half on a hilltop near Hollywood. They drew up the plans themselves, employed no contractor, Harry supervising the building, buying materials and hiring men. Whenever Ann isn’t working, you can find her in overall very busy about something connected with the new house.

The thing Ann and Harry like most about it is that there is no danger of their being separated again. They are very much in love and devoted to their infant daughter, so they insisted that Pathe give them a joint contract. The option of one cannot be taken up unless that of the other is also exercised.

"I have everything any girl could ask from life," says Ann.

Speaking of homes, John McCormack bought a whole canyon which he calls Rancho San Petronio (Spanish for St. Patrick’s Ranch). This is the 'other perfect spot,' according to John, who will divide his time between it and Ireland.

A group of former New Yorkers have gone completely suburban. Robert Montgomery and wife; Elliott Nugent and his wife, Norma Lee; Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hackett; Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris are the regular "crowd" who play bridge, tennis and golf, dine, dance and swim together and drive off for week-ends, just as other young couples all over the country might do.

"Talk about wild Hollywood!" says Raymond, "we live a most unsophisticated life. Early to bed, early to rise, kind of thing. I know it sounds like something to appeal to Babbitts and bromides, but boy, it's grand!"

Kay Francis has scored a hit both on the screen and in Hollywood. At present rumor has it that she has even won the heart of that untouchable, Ronald Colman. If so, any other impossible thing she may do will be greeted with no amazement here.

Her first act upon arriving in our town was to buy her first pair of trousers, a Ford roadster which she calls the Rabbit, and a Scottie dog and install them and herself in a bungalow. Her first vacation consisted of a motor trip to San Francisco in the said Rabbit, Chad in trousers and accompanied by the pup. A first-rate hotel refused to admit her because she wouldn’t part with her pet, so she drove around the corner to a second-rate hotel where she was accorded hospitality.

Kay was known as one of New York’s ‘best dressed women.’ But that, as she says, was before she knew the joys of the good outdoors.

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, his wife, have a home in Beverly Hills where they do a great deal of entertaining, chief among their cronies being Kay Francis, Kay Johnson and husband John Cromwell, Mary Astor and Harlan Thompson. Fredric says that Hollywood has wrought great changes in him personally. He has gained weight, shaved off his moustache and become athletic.

**WHAT HAPPENS TO STAGE STARS**

Continued from page 27

New summer freedom
with this lighter, cooler sanitary protection

Kotex stays light, cool and delicate for hours...it deodorizes...fits perfectly...thus giving unique summer comfort.

**MODERN living demands so much of us!** Freedom and perfect poise...every day of every month...for sports or business or some other interest.

This constant activity would be very difficult, particularly in summer, without the wonderful comfort provided by Kotex. Kotex...with its light, cool construction...its careful shaping...its safe deodorizing...its easy disposability...has ended forever many disquieting mental and physical handicaps.

**Used in hospitals**

Many of the unusual comforts of Kotex are due to its unusual filler, Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This material is used by 85% of America’s leading hospitals because of its comfort, absorbency and hygienic safety.

Cellucotton absorbs five times as much as an equal weight of cotton, or any cotton material. This means your Kotex pad can be five times lighter than ordinary pads, yet have the same absorbency.

Kotex deodorizes...so very important in summer. The corners are rounded and tapered to eliminate awkward lines. You dispose of Kotex like tissue. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.
“How I hate Hollywood!” was Kay Johnson’s line, while she was making “Dynamite.” Charles Bickford used to join in the chorus when she strafed the place, too.

“Pictures are simply unspeakable! I get myself worked up and into a scene and just as I feel I’m dialed in and camera is on, there’s a light on her chin” or the sound crew breaks in with “Watch that mike!” and it must all be done over. Then we go into the “deflation room” and I see myself up there unbelievably bad. What a business!” she would say.

“A factory—not an art!” Charles would growl.

Conrad Nagel would smile. “Oh, how familiar! I used to talk like that once!”}

His is the last laugh, for today Kay Johnson admits that talkies are not so dreadful, and that her Beverly Hills home and garden are ideal. She says she makes the best chocolate pie ever tasted and swings the meanest tennis racquet on the courts New York knew her as an ultra-smart sophisticate. “But you live and learn!” smiles Kay.

As for Charles Bickford: Talking pictures, he has discovered, don’t interfere with his love for the sea. “There’s a fascinating interest in two Pacific Coast whaling ships and spends much time in San Pedro Harbor. He also owns and manages four garages and filling stations, a restaurant and an animal farm where he rents animals for pictures. He lives right on the ocean front and swims every morning, summer and winter, wears sneakers, white ducks and sweater, drives a low-slung topless roadster and smarts when any one suggests his going back to New York. However, being still an independent thinker, he disagrees with everything one says on any subject. So I suppose he’s happy.

Marguerite Churchill, famed as the youngest leading lady in New York, had never stepped off a pavement in her life until she came to the film city. Now she is living in a tent on the floor of a great downtown department store. She bought high mountain crags for Raoul Walsh’s “Big Trail.” She is still sweet and dignified and delightful and has as many beaux as any girl in Hollywood.

“This home life stuff,” as Marjorie White puts it, seems to have the most tremendous pulling power for all stage stars. Marjorie has lived all her life since going on the stage at the age of four in the top of the trunk” and can’t get over the wonder of having a lawn to sprinkle, a kitchen to cook in and a house to play with. This inner idea of a wonderful time is to fix up shelves, make a cake or plant something. Even if the shelves have to be taken down next day, nobody can eat the cake and the stuff, she plants dies, Marjorie adores it.

Chorus to above consists of Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck, her wife; husband, Burr Bruce; El Brendel; and Jeanette MacDonald. Jeanette says the special thing she doesn’t like about Hollywood is early rising. She used to go to bed at one a.m. and get up at nine p.m. next day when the stage claimed her. In spite of having to be on the set at the studio at nine a.m., she’s never really awake before afternoon. What to do? What to do?

The dark side of the page was turned to Paul Muni, one of the finest of American actors, whose two pictures flopped here. Whether he will continue in talkies or return to the stage is not yet decided.

Success averted her face also from Catherine Dale Owen, who seems unable to live down the cruel treatment of a New York reviewer: “Lawrence Tibbett’s glorious voice poured out in adoration of the Spirit of Frigidaire.”

Everett Marshall observes that it is much harder to work in Hollywood, because there are so many other things to do. It’s easy to put on weight, and it’s difficult to get in enough practice with the voice.

John Boles, though, likes the California ease. He says he used to struggle so hard in New York to get a role, whereas here it’s grand not to have to slave and yet to keep on mounting higher.

Another group of ex-Broadway types who now change their parade to the picture line: those with patios, swimming pools and other accessaries, are the James Gleason family, Robert Armstrong, Anthony Bushell and Zelma Owen. Ralf Harolds, David Manners and Alexander Gray.

Bernice Claire and Dorothy Lee are California girls who recently spent a year or so in New York. Bernice found it stimulating there, but Dorothy felt as if she were living on a merry-go-round where everybody hurried all the time.

James Rennie says he has less to live for in Hollywood and life is less monotonous here. He spends his leisure in his car and thinks it will take a quantity of leisure to cover all the interesting places he wants to see. If the screen likes him as well as he likes California, he’s staying.

Joining the gang that warbles of the happiness of homes, Robert Woolsey of RKO setts for New York and next month will acquire a Lincoln car. After the Woolseys were settled, it was discovered that the Lincoln was too big for the garage.

“So I guess I’ll have to put the Lincoln in the house and move into the garage!” sighs Robert.

A SINGING LESSON — Continued from page 29

for the reinforcement of the vibration. Therefore, one should study the elimination of muscular interference before trying to develop breathing power.

Why lay stress upon breathing until the instrument through which the breath must pass is open and controlled? Breathing is one of the simplest things in the world but the over-development of it is one of the most dangerous factors. This over-development forces more breath through the same narrow passage than there is room for. Muscular contraction is the result; thereby developing muscular action instead of eliminating it. It is not the sort of breath that could be controlled at first, but the outlet.

To get the tone really forward, clear and silvery, is then a matter of elimination. One by one all interferences must be eliminated, until there is a clear open passage through which the vibration can flow. This can be done by slow, careful, and well-thought-out work.

Next, in our singing lesson, comes diction, a result of the activity of the jaw. We cannot enunciate clearly without action. The mouth must open and close totally (that ever-important word) and quickly. For example, one cannot dance gracefully if one drags one’s feet. They must be vital. Just as each step has its own position, so has each word its distinct and definite position. One word is not carried into the next. There is a separate action for each word. It almost resolves itself into athletics, doesn’t it? These same athletics are what we call technique. We can never afford to lose our technique in singing.

Singing is really a self-creative art and much mental work must be accomplished with the control of the physical in order to interpret intelligently the creative art of the poet and composer.

Learn to sing and speak with vitalization and relaxation, and sooner or later you will be able to get the sort of sound of mouth that is one of the secrets that all great singers have known, yet it is something that many teachers neglect to stress. Learn to breathe and sing so the nasal cavities and passages so that the voice will be forward. Real forward placement will follow as night follows day if the mouth and throat are open and the breath is allowed to flow freely.

Practice the exercises given here on the vowel sound between the Italian “AW” and the American “AH” (I admit I am giving you something hard to do, but it can be done) Practice the scales on do-re-mi, etc.; think constantly of the vitalization of your entire being, and you will attain your singing dreams.
COOKING FOR THE FUN OF IT

Continued from page 93

cadilly. All these recipes with others, are given here.
If Zelma ever tires of a career she vows she'll go into the candy business. And if she did, there would be no doubt of her success. Not only could she handle the manufacturing end, but she could attend to the distribution as well, throwing in free, a little dance step with every purchase of her two dollars a pound candy!

JELLABLES
Mix two cups water, three cups flour, two tablespoons sour milk, one tablespoon corn flour and two tablespoons ghee (Indian butter which is like a vegetable oil). Let mixture stand overnight to rise. The next morning add a pinch of soda. Fry in ghee and drop in syrup.

ICE BOX FUDGE
Beat three eggs five minutes. Add two cups powdered sugar and beat for five minutes. Stir in one pound melted milk chocolate. Add one cup nuts broken in small pieces, one-half cup raisins and vanilla to taste. Let stand in ice box eleven hours, then slice or cut in squares.

DIVINITY
Place in a saucepan two and a half cups sugar, one-half cup white corn syrup, and one-half cup hot water. Cook until mixture forms a hard ball in cold water, or hard enough to make a clinking sound on the side of a tea cup, take from fire and beat in two egg whites which have been well beaten. When stiff, add one cup chopped nuts.

COOKED POTATO FONDANT
Mix one-half cup potato which has been cooked and forced through a fine sieve with two cups of sugar. Add the unbeaten white of one egg, then thin with two-thirds of a cup of milk. Place pan on an asbestos mat over the fire and cook until thick. Pour on a cold, damp slab of marble or large platter. Knead small quantities at a time until entire quantity is smooth. Pack in tins which have been lined with waxed paper. Combine portions of fondant with fruit or nuts as wanted.

TOFFEE
Combine one-half cup brown sugar, one-half cup white sugar, one-fourth cup corn syrup and one-half cup cream in pan, place over fire and stir until it reaches the boiling point. Add one tablespoon butter and cook to 249 degrees F. Remove from fire and add one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon vanilla and one-half cup chopped nut meats. Pour on grease marble or large platter. When cold, cut in sections one and one-half inches long by one-half inch wide.

"Kleenex... the only safe way to remove face creams and make-up"

She started all America singing "Can't help lovin' that man"... she played in some of the greatest successes Ziegfeld has ever known... and she tells you here how she protects the beauty that made her famous.

Y ou saw her in "Show Boat," didn't you? And if you are human—and feminine— you must have wondered how she preserves her creamy skin and cool, magnolia beauty. Well—take a peep into her dressing room! Right past the doormat, into the star's own inner sanctum! And here we find her, cleansing her skin... with Kleenex!

"Kleenex is always on my dressing table," she says. "It's the only safe and sanitary way to remove face creams and make-up. Soft and absorbent, it wipes away but does not scratch or stretch the skin."

You see, Helen Morgan knows the importance of proper cleansing. So she uses Kleenex.

Kleenex is powerfully absorbent. It blots up... not only every trace of cream and oil... but embedded dirt and cosmetics also.

Women everywhere are rapidly adopting the Kleenex way of removing cold cream. Kleenex is so sanitary. It's so much safer than germ-filled "cold cream cloths" or towels. And far less expensive.

Kleenex comes in white, and in three safe, lovely tints, at all drug and department stores.

May we send you Kleenex—free?

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

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The golf bag offered by Arthur Lake in the June issue of SCREENLAND has been awarded to:

E. M. GRAVES, Caney, Kansas.

More and more people are using Kleenex to replace handkerchiefs. It is especially valuable during colds, to avoid reinfection.
TANGEE

Like Nature's Own Glow

Men admire youthful, healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look Natural... not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on the color after you apply it to your lips. It is like a glow from within... a blushing natural color that seems a part of the lips. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your individual complexion!

Tangee Lipstick, $1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75¢ ... Crème Rouge, $1. Face Powder, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. Day Cream, protects the skin, $1. Goumèse, a new "mascara," will not smudg $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

The George W. Lipton Co., Dept. 81-B
417 Fifth Avenue
New York

RONALD COLMAN — Continued from page 33

Do men admire natural color? Just Ask One!

strange people at a party en masse and having to talk to them is one of his ideas of what hell might be like!

His private life he guards as carefully from the public as possible. It is said no writer has ever entered his house. He prefers lamplight to electricity and that is why he has it in his beach house, although the last time I saw him he told me he was going to have it wired in case he wanted to rent it while he was away. "Not many people have my countryfied tastes," he smiled.

There are two reasons why he fights shy of publicity. One a business, the other a personal reason. "When a man has been in pictures as long as I have there isn't very much the public doesn't know about him. After all, when a story has once been told what is there to add to it? Once having read that Ronald Colman is an Englishman, smokes a pipe, likes solitude, likes to read, likes tennis, wears white flannels in summer, they can't be interested in hearing it again. Repeated stories are wearying, and the subject of them becomes wearisome, too. And as I am in pictures I think a little publicity is very good, necessary even, but too much is the worst thing that can happen to an actor."

"The other reason is that writers are insatiable in their demands. They want to know the things that have nothing to do with a man's work and only concerns himself. If sorrow or joy touches us surely it is our own affair, to be shared with our personal friends, perhaps, but not with the whole world. There are some things in this life of which, or should be, sacred to each of us alone. They are our problems to be worked out by us."

"What I do after I leave the studio seems to me to be my own business, unless I break the peace or become a public nuisance. What I think on certain subjects cannot possibly interest other people, I feel. The desire to know what an actor or actress likes or dislikes, does or does not is prompted, not from real interest, I feel sure, but by idle curiosity alone, and I can't see the advantage in gratifying it."

Colman is an illusionist, but the actor should, to my way of thinking, be an illusion, too. He is not himself when he is acting. If he is a good actor he tries to free himself from the things he, or others, could do him, not as himself might handle the situation. The public admires the man in the picture. If it knew the actor as a man it might not like him at all. If he seems to have a villain he is hated, and yet the public might like the actor who played the villain very much if it knew him as a man.

"What difference does it make whether they do or don't know anything about him? The man should be separated from the artist."

"I know, of course," said Ronnie with his charming smile, "that what I think won't matter in the least to the public or anyone else, but they are my views and I can't help them."

Ronnie isn't violent on the subject—he doesn't wonder why everyone doesn't think as he does—it doesn't even annoy him that they don't. His is a large tolerance of thought that desires to live and let live. When he is working he dodges interviews, though he is always cordial to visitors on the set. When the picture is over he turns himself over to the publicity department for publicity pictures, but he is always howling for, and anything they may want him to do within reason for a week. Although he has often begged to be left alone, the man in the public appearance in connection with his picture. Once in New York for the opening of "Bulldog Drummond" and once in San Francisco for the same picture because "it seemed to mean a lot to Sam." (Samuel Goldwyn.)

Ronnie thinks personal appearances are very bad business. "Curiosity again. The public forms a concept of what the actor is like as a man through his work on the screen and the parts he has been cast in. It is an exaggerated picture naturally, imagination being limited. An actor, therefore, could not possibly live up to what the public imagines him to be, and it can't help but be disappointed when it sees a flesh and blood individual step out upon a stage and say a few trite sentences. At once the illusion is broken and it seems to me just a little of the pleasure gone from the next performance given by that individual."

"Yet that is not altogether why I dislike making them. It is a terrible ordeal. I feel I am under—or I should say a blue ribbon!" And Ronnie's eyes smiled even before the laughter lines crinkled about them.

There has never been a word of scandal spoken against Ronald Colman. No one has ever known him to pay marked attention to any woman. He is occasionally seen in the company of a woman, sometimes of the screen world, sometimes unknown to it, but never often enough to excite comment, and it doesn't take much to do that in Hollywood. Believe you me!

Because of this it was both surprising and amusing to hear rumors, as soon as it was known that he was on the boat bound for London, that he was making the trip to have another try for a divorce from the wife from whom he has been separated for years. It was said that he would then marry Kay Francis, who was his leading woman in "Raffles," his latest picture. Kay Francis denied the report as well as
little Jane Harriet Brown is too young to talk but if she could she'd tell you all about her favorite actor—her daddy, Johnny Mack Brown.

she could for laughing. "We were friends, but there wasn't any sentiment to the friendship," she declared.

The next talking rumor was that Gloria Swanson was the lady Ronnie was to be divorced for. All we can say is that he must have done some stepping, and worn an invisible hat. However, in response to the Goldwyn office denied both rumors officially and unofficially declared that they personally thought the rumor that Ronnie was trying to get a divorce 'all hooey.'

One might imagine, remembering his preference for detachment, that Ronald Colman lives in a terraced fortress removed from the hushes of man, yet that isn't the way it is. All. His Hollywood home is right on the street. A seldom travelled street, but still a street. There aren't even trees between it and the cathedral-like windows. And his tennis court is quite open to the public gaze. At Malibu, heaven knows, nothing could be clubier. Each house down there is smack up against his neighbor, and one front yard is a strip of sand and then the ocean. There is nothing fortressed about any Malibu house, least of all, Ronnie's.

He is persistent, therefore, just served. He has not the passionate desire for solitude that John Gilbert has; for instance, only to find that when he is too much alone he becomes restless and lonely. Ronnie simply knows that a certain amount of aloofness from the hectic throng is necessary for his peace and happiness and he takes it. He doesn't overturn the world to bring it into his life. He is not a recluse. In a perfectly effortless manner, quite quietly and pleasantly he refuses to have his peace disturbed. For the ability to do this he can thank that executive quality of mind spoken of before.

Through all his success Ronald Colman has kept his sense of humor—has not lost his sense of balance and has, perhaps, more real contentment than any individual who earns his or her living in this seething caldron of joy and sorrow, achievement and disappointment, voiding ambition and grim despair, glamour and shadow, sudden wealth and still more sudden poverty, that is Hollywood.

Are you going to be one of the prize winners in the Jo-cur contest for beautiful hair? If you have beautiful hair, attractively finger-waved and smartly dressed, it may win you one of the prizes. Your chance to win is just as good as anyone's. Think of it! You may win the money for a glorious trip—a new outfit—or some other luxury you have always wanted. Just read the simple rules of this great contest—and enter today.

**CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST**

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. **Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair as shown in the photograph.** In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

**HERE ARE THE JUDGES**

These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial. Alice White, First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions, Charles B. Ross, famous photographer of lovely women, Hazel Kozlak, Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.

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Simple directions for shampooing and finger-waving the hair come with each of the Jo-cur Beauty Aids. If you wish to use Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate and Jo-cur Waveset in this contest, you will find trial sizes at most 5-and-10-cent stores—regular sizes at your drug store.

If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cur Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps. Remember the contest closes at midnight September 30, 1930. Be among the first to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

**CURRAN LABORATORIES, Inc.**

491 East 133rd Street, New York, N.Y.
WAYS AND MEANS TO BEAUTY

BY MADAME BERNARDT

with moistened baking soda or an anti- septic salve that relieves the pain and heals the inflamed tissue. Delay bleeding.

Bleeding preparations, to be effective, should remain on the skin for a consider- able length of time. If possible, apply the bleeding cosmetic at night before retiring; and use a local diuretic in the morning after the skin has been thoroughly cleansed. For the more obstinate and deep-seated freckles and tan of long standing, double-strength bleach may be used. These usually occur on shoulders, arms and hands, and these parts of the body are less sensi- tive than the face and neck.

There are few civilizations that cannot be improved by an occasional bleeding treatment. Some bleaches come in two strengths; others in one strength to be di- luted, if necessary. On tender, sensitive skins it may be better to use a mild bleach daily, the constant drop of water that will wear away the stone—while on others a double-strength bleach may be used with quicker results. Follow the directions faithfully. Best results are obtained by using their prepara- tions in the way the manufacturers direct you to use them.

While repairing the ravages of summer, don’t neglect your face, which so frequently takes on that horrid weather-beaten look so at variance with a well-cared-for com- plexion. Your becoming furs that you will begin to wear on the first cool days collect dust and dirt and will be rubbed into the pores of your neck and even the best of furs sometimes discolor the skin. Once a week, therefore, treat your furs either with a bleach suited and diluted to your need or with lemon juice.

Speaking of lemons, I would like to tell you of another use for them. As you may have noticed, I am strong for internal treat- ments. Dissolve a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the juice of a lemon and take every morning before breakfast, for a week. It tones up the liver, kidneys, digestion, and these are natural aids to a lovely complexion. I’m not recommending this as a cure for sun or sunburn but it will help banish blackheads and boils and is also useful in one’s digestive apparatus upset by irregular living while camping or motoring and to find that even one has succeeded in getting rid of the ugly tan that the skin underneath is sallow.

When the bleaching treatment does not sufficiently refine the texture of the sunshine that has been coarsened by severe sunburn, it should be given a treatment that will stimulate the blood to function normally. To accomplish this we have massage, the pater, electric apparatus, astringents, stimulation ointments and liquids and pore creams.

Eyes need attention, too, especially if the skin about the eyes is all puckerred and lined because of eye strain caused by too much glaring sun on the tennis court, beach, or golf links, or by long hours spent driving in the hot sun over hard glinting roads. A good eye tonic should be used night and morn- ing with an eyecup or dropper, also during the day when the eyes feel tired. At least twice a day, if possible, give your eyes a rest treatment. Use small bags of herbs or other soothing ingredients steeped in hot milk or water and place them dipped in hot water. Lie down to rest for at least fifteen minutes, renewing the warmth several times. Replace with pads of absorbent cotton drenched in witch-hazel or skin tonic. Have ready a bandage dipped in ice water and keep the ice pack in place. Relax fifteen minutes. If you give this treatment just before retiring, pat into the skin, very gently, an eye winkle-cream to which skin and eye tonics will result in rested strengthened eyes, and the lines will have softened or entirely dis- appeared. Exercising the eyes helps, too. Avoid eye exercises or any treatment, however out so many hundreds of copies, are still available.

Hair, too, shows the effects of too much sunshine, as surely as a child’s head. A sunbath for the hair after a shampoo is fine, but too much sun is almost as bad for it as not enough. Salt water as an oc- casional tonic for falling hair is good, but too much salt water on the hair is very bad.

Perhaps you had a permanent early in the summer, thinking that it would cover all hair difficulties until fall. You neglected brushing and scalp every day, you dined on the beach every day after bathing, letting the hot sun dry your hair into a sticky, gummy mass instead of rinsing out the salt and water. You washed it with bleaching and oil treatments and the regular care that hair needs regardless of season, per- manent or no permanent. And here you are, much dry, wrinkled, brittle and lifeless hair. What to do?

Rinse for the emergency kit! The first thing is massage; the next is a brush or a better one. Then, follow with the bleaching. Massage loosens the scalp, quickens the circulation, and so nourishes and strengthens the life in the cells. A tight scalp means undernourishment, and no failure about the face in be- coming lines; just dink, scrappy locks. Brushing exercises the hair and gives it life and luster. You always tell me that you have brushed and who has used brilliantine. There’s a difference. A bit of brilliantine on the brush occasionally, helps, but it doesn’t take the place of brushing.

Tonics are useful in several ways: to tone up the scalp to greater activity; to cleanse the hair so that the natural oils the scalp sends up to the hair will not be washed out, thus causing the hair to be com- poing. The last reason is psychological. It is easier to massage the scalp if we have a tonic to massage with.

Hair needs a nourishing tonic every day for awhile and later, two or three times a week, and twice a week an oint- ment massaged in at night. Wash once a month but brush everyday. For dandruff, massage regularly with a good disinfected tonic and take a hot oil treatment every week or ten days. Cleanse the Scotch and massage. Massage night and morning.

Give careful attention to your make-up. Summer complexions call for darker pow- ders than are used the rest of the year. Your regular powder will make your tanned skin look whitewashed, so match your skin tone as nearly as you can, a bit darker rather than lighter, if you can’t match it exactly.

The trend now is toward a natural effect in rouge. The medium shades are best for general wear, although brilliant red is con- sidered smart and is becoming to certain types.

In applying rouge remember that it calls attention to the place where you put it. Placed high on cheek bones, it makes them more prominent. Placed low, it makes your
lower face seem wider. Placed in toward the nose it narrows the face; farther out toward the temples it widens it, and on the chin it shortens it. If you want to rival natural color, avoid edges. Paste rouge may be blended with cold cream, liquid rouge with water or skin tonic. Use the tiniest amount for each application while blending your rouge, as it is easier to add than to subtract.

When you powder, start with your neck. Fluff on the powder with a clean puff or cotton, then fluff it off. Be careful not to leave powder in the corners of your eyes or the crevices of your nose. Use a small brush for your lashes and eyebrows.

If your lashes break easily and are dry and thin, you can use on them an oily substance that makes them appear darker and encourages their growth. The tiniest suggestion of darkener along the upper and lower lid gives an illusion size to the eyes and of darkness to the lashes. One way to apply it, is simply to close the eyes and draw the pencil lightly along the lashes. Don't use too dark a shade of pencil; almost no one should use black eye make-up. Brown, blue or green are far more subtle.

Lipstick goes on last. Use more at the center usually, than at the outer corners of your mouth. A large mouth can stand less color than a small one and if the lips are full, use lipstick sparingly. And remember that lipstick and rouge should shade together if they are to get along well together on the same face.

If you want more up-to-date cosmetic news, write to me. And don't forget that my advice on good looks and good grooming are yours for the asking. I'll be glad to answer all questions confidentially and as promptly as I can. Address Anne Van Alstyn, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 49th Street, New York City. Please enclose stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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QUEEN MERRY
Continued from page 31
And Nominee Dressler has plenty of chuckles to her credit. Forty-four years on the stage and never lost a laugh, that’s Miss Dressler’s platform. Away back in b. t., when Custards last stood, she brought her first laugh to the screen in “Tillie’s Punctured Romance” with Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand; but comedies were not to those days and Nominee Dressler went back to her first love, the stage. About a year and a half ago she came to Hollywood to enjoy the climate but determined to try her luck on screen in “The Callahans and The Murphys.” Since then she has been responsible for many of life’s brighter moments, as well as contributing a great deal of glory to the talkies with such characterizations as Old Marthy in “Anna Christie” and as the haughty, royal lady in “One Romantic Night” with Lillian Gish. But Marie can be depended upon to bring all of the drollery out of any characterization. And her latest picture, “Caught Short,” should bring in the laughs like magic, Three rousing choruses for Nominee Dressler!

What’s that? Nominee Dressler casts her vote for Polly Moran?

Yoo-Hoo, Polly! Votes for you, Polly. Polly Moran on the Queen of Comedy ticket. Polly is known everywhere anybody laughs and that is almost everywhere. Many remember her in the silent films when she was “Sheriff Nell”—when comedy was comedy and no disguise, let the pies fall where they may. Others remember her as a popular vaudeville single touring three continents; but for years Polly has been one of the brighter comedy lights of the movies. Her very latest is supporting John Gilbert in “Way for a Sailor.” There’s prestige for Polly!

And now that comedy is getting more refined, here’s Louise Pazienza, who has long harbored ambitions to emote instead of playing short stop to a pic. She has emerged successfully from slap stick to featured roles. With already something over 25 successful talking pictures to her credit, Louise should be away ahead in the field. As she herself admits, she used to caricature a role, but now she characterizes instead. And why shouldn’t she have a good voice? Anyone would develop great vocal powers giving vent to emotions when a great deal of the movie is thrown in her general direction. That’s what Louise says. See Louise in "Finger Prints" and judge for yourself where Louise ranks among the pretenders to the throne.

Here’s a surprise. The things these talking pictures have done! Zachary Scott, the lorn, sad maiden who portrayed slavies and did such splendid dramatic work in “Greed,” remember, now a comedian! Yes! Anyone who saw her as the abused wife in “This Thing Called Love” or in “Honey” where she achieved the title of first wailer of the screen will agree. She takes her place on the ballot.

“Are You There?” Oh, I say, are you there? Yes, you are there, and how! It’s Beatrice Lillie, don’t you know; Bee to her friends, Lily Dressler, Robert Peck to the aristocracy of England. Nominee Lillie is an international star of Charlotte’s Revues and one of the latest additions to the glory of the talking screen. Although getting off to a late start, Miss Lillie should have no trouble keeping in the front row of the laughs. Those who remember her clawing in “The Show of Shows,” or even her one silent movie attempt, “Exit Smiling,” will be glad to give her a hand and a vote for the throne of Queen Merry. She’s all there in “Are You There?”

Now we come to the youngsters, the newcomers who are pushing up steadily and fast. Well, there’s Zelma O’Niel, who may prove to be a dark horse. The original “varisty drag” girl of “Good News” on the stage, she has just completed her first role for Paramount in “Follow Thru.” Zelma should pull a good many votes before the year is much older.

And there is that zippy, little black-eyed person, Lilian Roth, an accomplished blues singer, who got her first vote from Mr. Lasky himself when he discovered her singing with Maurice Chevalier in New York. Since her joyous antics with Lupino Lane in “The Love Parade,” in “Honey” and “Paramount on Parade,” there are those who will have no one but Lilian.

A blonde steps up to vie with Lillian for Queenly honors. One of the most promising of the younger talent, Marjorie White, who made a snappy Bee in “Straw Side Up,” and brought in her basket full of choruses in “Happy Days.” Marjorie prefers to do comedy parts and apparently has no hankering after drama. A child wonder of the stage, she later toured in vaudeville with her sister and replaced a Duncan sister in “Topsy and Eva” when the Duncans left the show. Later a Broadway hit in “Lady Fingers.” Now a Fox luminary. Many big, gilt votes for Marjorie!

Then there’s that snappy Inez Courtney, one of Broadway’s favorite comedienne, who made her few comedy scenes in “Song of the Flame” stand out like everything. Votes for Inez!

Perhaps the question of Queen Merry will be left undecided so long that little Miss Green, now nine, will grow up to the throne.

Well, there you have it, the question of Queen Merry. Who shall have the throne, and if so, why?
in the heart-mind. And so, incidentally, that these millions of women who model themselves after the screen stars step out on the streets, they will appear as well-groomed personages, not like the tragediennes of a third-rate opera company.

But before we go into the matter of fall fashions, let me give you one bit of advice. It is a point on which many women err. This caution should be the first definition in every girl's fashion dictionary:

Don't try to be different. Don't imagine that you are a vamp, try to black your eyes, wear long jet earrings and slinky, tiger frocks. Not one woman in a hundred has the taste or trained to dress individually. To be on the safe side, do the accepted thing of the moment and don't try to "express yourself" in freak clothes.

Now we turn to the fall fashions. Paris has decreed that femininity shall reign. Skirts will continue long. For sports, four inches below the knee. For street wear, they shall end at the knee or between the knee and ankle. Afternoon ensembles shall be somewhat longer. And evening dresses will just miss the floor by an inch or so.

The three quarters or long skirt will not be too long in the fall.

And here is something else to remember. As skirts point longer and longer to the floor, more attention will be featured on your footgear. Shoes are really one of the most fascinating details of a woman's costume. If you will stop to hear the trim heels of the screen stars clicking in the talkies, you will see that these actresses have as much personality below as above the ankle. Try to buy the very best foot- wear that you can. Be sure that they are carefully cut and of excellent leather. Not matter what detail of your outfit you may have to economize, do not do so on shoes. A lady is known by her gloves and her footgear, and nothing is more dis- tressing than to see a tailored girl wearing high-heeled satin shoes, or to observe a woman wearing a distinguished costume of silk or satin—with brogues. It is abso- lutely necessary that you have shoes for sports, shoes for the street, slippers for late afternoon, and slippers for evening wear. It is impossible in the long run, to buy two pairs of each type of shoe needed—and alternate. This will ensure your being well-shod throughout the winter.

The fall suit, or coat and skirt, as tailors sometimes term it, should be clipped in a bit at the waist, and mostly will have a circular skirt. All long coats will be fitted at the waist, or belted in closely to the figure, or wrapped around tightly and held in position with a button or tie.

One novel aspect of the coming autumn fashions will be the luxuriant velvet, fur and the ensemble for afternoon. The dress will, of course, be of soft sheer velvet, with a touch of real fur and fur at neck and wrists and perhaps a vest of lace, and the skirt will be a long fur-trimmed coat, with perhaps a muff—small and round, of the type which made such a timid debut last winter—to complete the picture.

Evening dresses will be either white, with low white kid gloves black with long black gloves, or one of the tender pastel shades, pale pink, blue, green or yellow, for the younger girls, with some deeper and more violent tinges for the dashing young matrons; but both should be worn long flesh or cream-colored kid gloves.

In the evening, naturally, jewelry will play a large part. Also flowers, both nat- ural and artificial, placed on the shoulder or at the high waist-line. Curls, too, are modish again. Many Parisian women are permitting their hair to grow to a some- what shorter than shoulder length where it may be worn short, subtly curled, or twisted into a soft knot at the nape of the neck.

As to fur coats and hats, these are points on which I am unable to give general di- rections. They must be carefully chosen to enhance the beauty of the individual face and figure. For unless a woman's outer garments please a man, he has no desire to see the face under the hat, or the figure under the coat.

And now I expect you will want to know whom I consider the best-dressed woman of the screen. Well, there are five or six who certainly are outstanding. Perhaps Lilian Tashman, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton, Evelyn Brent, Linda Darnell, and Evelyn Brent are the first choices. Of course, Hedda Hopper is won- derful; and Florence Vidor, now Mrs. Jascha Heifetz, a joy.

Jean Arthur has made more improve- ments in her wardrobe this year than any girl I ever saw. She has a real style flair now. But at first—well, the first day I saw her, she was standing alone on the lot, dressed in a way which certainly did not improve her. Pretty soon, she walked over to me and said: "I'm not so sure I know a lot about clothes. Take these shoes of mine," she said, gazing down at her small feet, "they look—just a little bit Hollywood. Won't you tell me what to do?"

Today Jean can hold her own at any luncheon party, soirée, or reception on earth. She has developed, mind you, a real, not an imitation style flair, because she has given time and thought to it. She has a lovely figure and has created a type for herself. It's not the ingenuous type which the French call jeune fille. She wears just the sort of thing any nice, distinguished young society girl would wear.

Evelyn Brent is one girl I have never had an argument with. At first, all her clothes had to be slightly spectacular be- cause she was doing those wonderful under- world roles all the time. It's only re- cently that Betty, as everybody calls her, has had a chance to wear real clothes, trail- ing evening dresses, smart afternoon en- semble; and such things. She is easy to please, has a dramatic style of beauty which is a pleasure to design clothes for, and is one of the most popular girls in the film colony.

Ruth Chatterton is wonderful to work with. She gets more out of character parts than any other kind. When I did her clothes for "Sarah and Son," I got a tre- mendous thrill out of it myself because she was so excited. But when it comes to other clothes, she doesn't bother much:

"I don't want a fitting, Travis, unless you absolutely must have it," she always says. And if I must, when the dress is on her, I say: "How is it?" She always answers:

"I love it—are you through?"
Is reformed." But Nancy Carroll so trans-figures the trite substance of this story by her acting, that she tears love, beauty, passion, out of thin air and presses it into your heart and hands. In other words, her acting knocks you right out of your seat into the aisle. And you don't come to until you stumble out into the street, into the everyday atmosphere of realism.

Nancy came to New York to make her next picture, "Laughter." And the editor sent me up to see her to find out how come this transformation. For Miss Evans was as impressed as anybody by the strength and beauty of Nancy's work. And when our editor gets excited over a motion picture, it's apt to be a pretty fine product.

But when I met Nancy at her hotel I didn't ask her anything. I couldn't. I sat there, chin dropping, eyes bulging, looking at Nancy's hair.

Now a man wouldn't know about such things, so at first I thought Miss Carroll's hair couldn't really be that shade of golden red. I thought it must be dyed. But it's not. I realized, after a little bit, that no human hairdresser could ever quite get that color into a person's hair. I don't even know how to describe it. Maybe if you took the color in the red wings of a red-winged black bird and crossed it with the gold in the breast of an oriole, you'll get some idea of what that girl's hair is like.

All this time, Nancy was talking. But I couldn't make much sense out of what she was saying. We got in an elevator, went to the dining room, and Nancy ordered tea. But I still didn't take in much. My eyes were so full of looking, my ears weren't working.

Finally, after I had discovered that Miss Carroll had flame-red-gold-bronze-yellow hair, according to the way the light struck it, green-blue-gray eyes, according to the thoughts that were passing through her mind at the moment, a child's soft rounded nose, a child's soft untouched mouth, the words this actress was saying began to take form:

"From the time I first went on the stage," she was saying, as she drank her tea with lots of sugar and ate many little petits-fours, one after the other, "I wanted to be an actress—a character actress, not a chorus girl. But the moment I took off my hat, and that's the first thing a manager asks you to do when you go to apply for a job—every manager without exception would say: 'You must go into musical comedy. You're just the type. No chance for you in a dramatic production."

"I was a cutie, they thought. And nothing I could do or say would convince them otherwise. And so I sang, and did my tap dances, in two Music Box revues with Fannie Brice and Lupino Lane. In 'The Topics of 1923' opposite Donald Brian. Musical comedies, musical comedies—one after the other. Summer and winter. Legs, songs, fluffy hair, and smiles—and at the end of it all weariness and disgust. Mad as I was about the theater, and I always have been and always shall be, I couldn't get a chance to do the one thing I wanted to do—or die.

Nancy's quiet voice faded. She locked her slender fingers together and sat back. And here's a strange thing. Nancy's fingers aren't artistic. They are bent back at the ends like a banker's. And both her forefingers are as crooked as twigs. I am sure she is acquisitive, that no spendthrift blood runs in her veins.

And here's a second curious thing that struck me about Miss Carroll. Her voice! Usually when a person born in humble circumstances pulls herself out of poverty and obscurity, her background shows up most plainly in her voice. She may study and be drilled by the best experts in voice production and enunciation, but either a
too studied pronunciation will betray her, or an occasional lapse into the vernacular of her childhood. But not Nancy. Her diction is perfect, clear, natural. She speaks like Boston Cabot (and you know the old verse says: "The Lowells speak only to Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God")—and makes you like it and think it's real.

There's a third thing I discovered about Nancy, too. She has a brain. An analytical brain. She figures out things quietly and clearly for herself. Uses few but forcible words, and I would be willing to swear, would sacrifice anything to attain a position on which she had set her heart. I don't mean that she's cruel. Ruthless, rather. She knows what she's worth. She's climbed up a steep trail. And it's put quicksilver into her brain and steel into her spine.

As Nancy sat there quietly and went on with her story I wondered what trouble could have so enveloped her with a tragedy so strong that it never leaves her eyes or her voice. I pondered this as she said: "Two years ago I went to California wondering if anybody would give me a chance in pictures. Luckily for me, when talkies broke, I could sing and dance. That gave me my chance.

"But the opportunity I had longed for all my life—to do a real character part—did not come until I was given the role of Bonnie in 'The Dance of Life.' But when I started to work there was a peculiar atmosphere around the lot. As if everybody were saying: 'Poor Nancy. She's all right. But how can she hope to play that part?'

"I did play it. And loved it. But almost the next day I was thrust back into the same old singing and dancing roles as before. But little by little I got my chance. And then came 'Devil's Holiday.' And certainly the credit for this picture goes to Edmund Goulding, the director. He is wonderful. He wrote it, and directed it. He can write, act, sing, compose—he can do anything." Nancy finished.

Nevertheless, even with a great director, "Devil's Holiday" would not have been such a fine picture without the pathos and sweetness Nancy pours into it.

"There's been a lot of talk about me lately," Nancy said, "about how high-hat I am, how hard I am to get on with, and all that. The whole thing discourages me very much. Particularly when people think I'm high-hat. Somebody will say: I passed you on the lot the other day and you didn't even speak to me." The truth of the matter is, when I'm working I actually don't see people. I get so excited, so absorbed in my work, wondering how I'll handle that speech—that I actually go around in a daze. I wouldn't cut anybody. Nobody can get along without friends. A movie actress least of all. And every one I have I want to keep. So, please believe me when I say that it is only my eager absorption to make good for the fans who have made me, not any desire to separate myself from other people, that may have kept me from speaking to the friends I know and love.

"I'm really a terribly friendly person, by nature. At night I'm a regular tired business man. I could no more go home and go to sleep without some diversion—going to a party, or to some friend's house, or to see a picture, than any other working man. I love people—lights—music—dancing—that make you forget the worries of the day that is past."

And that's just what "Devil's Holiday" does to you. When we see and hear it, all the misery and trouble of our present is obliterated and instead, we find beauty, love, passion—all the things we have longed for—and sometimes vainly—right in our arms. In this film, Nancy Carroll drops the garments of her obscure past, and alone, on her own dramatic interpretation, rises to a height which has scarcely ever been reached before in silent or talking motion picture history. The little Broadway tap dancer becomes a Bernhardt of the talkies—at last, Nancy Carroll, the barefoot Irish girl of twenty years ago, becomes a dramatic actress.

Lillian and Anne Roth were joined professionally for the first time in several years in "Madame Satan." They used to be a sister team in vaudeville.


**Chicago Exposed!**

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THEY WANT TO BE DIFFERENT — Continued from page 53

land" than anything else. But maybe Alice was esoteric and it's taken me all these years to find it out!

Dorothy Sebastian has an attractively furnished bungalow done entirely in the modernistic manner. "I like modernistic things. They make you feel you are progressing. Entertaining, for instance, used to be such a routine affair. You merely invited people to the house, fed them with food from an over-laden table and offered a little music or cards by way of diversion. Now, the clever hostess may have no end of originality in her methods." True, indeed, Dorothy, for instance, invites people to luncheon. If, at the last moment, she decides it was a mistake to ask them, she simply disappears and leaves word that she has been suddenly called to the studio. If the guests are modernistic, they understand and take no offense.

On the other hand, if she decides really to go ahead and feed them, there are all the modernistic accessories with which to express her personality. "In the first place," she explains, "there's the table. The modern influence has introduced gay-colored chinens and glasses. One evening you may use a dark blue plate and water glass idea for an informal dinner. The next night you may see bright red rose glasses on the table. It makes the home dinner a pleasure instead of a routine."

"In the second place, there's the drawing room. The new furniture tends toward intimacy and friendly chatter. It conforms more closely to the human body than the furniture of any other period. Besides, it's tremendously chic and smart. She paused and swept her own drawing room with her eyes. "I want only up-to-date things about me."

I hope I may be forgiven for showing her the diamond filling in my tooth as proof of my up-to-date-ness!

Where Mr. Gay Dog of the So-and-So Insurance Company might think he was being very daring by decorating his home in the futuristic black and white effect, Charlie Mack of the Two Black Crowes has no such scruples. He has a modest little mansion of twenty-two rooms and eleven baths done entirely in cubes and oblongs, not to mention vehicles and horizontal.

This sort of thing might make the other fellow a little dizzy, but Mr. Mack finds it refreshingly different. "Actors are among those chosen people of the earth who can do pretty much as they please. A business man is always handicapped by what people will think of him. An actor has only to hope that people will talk about him. Now, some folks might think it was dizzy to have a living room done in a sort of coral-peach tone, with chairs of faded rose, gray beige. You see, over there I have a dull green divan and a black piano treated with red highlights. The carpet is pictured instead of flowered. Even the bird cage is just a little crazy."

Crazy is right. It is so modernistic that instead of hearing the canary sing The Echo Song from "William Tell," which is what all good Swiss canaries sing, I expected to hear him burst into the Rhapsody in Blue.

Lillian Roth come to the screen via the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic" and Earl Carroll's "Vanities." With her, modernism (that is, going the other fellow one better) finds its outlet in jewelry.

"I love to wear something entirely different from anything possessed by anyone else she explained. I am much more flattered when someone comments on some unusual trinket of mine than when they admire a new gown or hat. Nothing makes a wardrobe more startling than novelty jewelry. I love this modern idea of setting, for the simple reason that it is distinctive and beautiful without being overly expensive."

"If would take a millionaire to have jewelry to match every costume if one struck to the old-fashioned idea of real diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds. Besides, those jewels are practically suited only to evening wear and how many of us go to enough formal functions to warrant such jewels even if we were lucky enough to be able to afford them?"

"On the other hand, modern clothes are so simple they must have some sort of ornament to relieve the severity. With the coming of the ensemble, matching jewelry was a natural outgrowth. For instance, take this outfit. I'm wearing. A genuine Chinese jade set consisting of necklace, bracelet, ring and ear-rings. It will go with any white or green costume and the complete set didn't cost nearly as much as a dinner ring. Zircon is another effective stone. Crystals. Russian lapis lazuli. Rose quartz. These stones adapt themselves wonderfully to a novelty setting—and it's nice to be distinctive, even in your jewelry, isn't it?"

Just as I warned you—no detail is too small or the story too simple to interest a modernist. And just for—distinction.

When I started out to gather data for this symposium I thought I might find mental stimulation in the viewpoints of some of the stars. Believe me, it was all of that. But being different is just the usual thing in Hollywood!

---

**Lupino Lane has what it takes to make a talking picture comedian. He sings, dances, and is really funny.**
**OTIS SKINNER'S FIRST DAY IN A TALKIE STUDIO**
*Continued from page 25*

so meagre that they cannot be draped on the hangers, in which case ribbons tie them securely. Imagine it—filthy burlap shreds on velvet hangers tied with ribbon! After a few minor adjustments by Skinner himself, such as recommending that the rags be shortened to B.V.D. length instead of coming down to his knees, and offering his opinion that one of the rags seemed too pretty to fit in with the toup ensemble, he departed for his dressing room.

Nelson helped him on and off with his costume, during which time he ran through a sheaf of mail a foot high. From there he went back to the make-up department to have his face made up. The first thing he did when he entered the room was to pull the curtains together.

Westmore, the make-up man, looked perplexed. Skinner suddenly reminded himself that he was not being made up for the theater but for motion pictures. For fifty-three years his first act in a dressing room had been to pull the curtains together and create the effect of artificial lighting. You never see daylight depicted on the stage. He apologized profusely.

And then began a two-hour job of painting and gluing. The application of cosmetics only needed half an hour, but the beard took longer. On the stage a beard is a mop of hair on a foundation of linen, the whole of which pastes on the face. This is not the way beards are put on screen players. The rôle of Hajj required a scrappy stubble of unkept hair to roar over Skinner's features, varying in length from an inch to three or four inches.

First, Skinner's face was smeared with spirit gum. Then Westmore took foot-long strands of real hair, white, and stuck them to the gum. Just a few strands at a time were applied, and after an hour and a half Skinner had a flowing white beard one foot long that even on close inspection seemed to be growing out of his face. This was subsequently tailored and darkened to suit, and generally given the appearance of never having seen a Baghdad barber of the eighth century, let alone a Gillette safety razor.

By this time it was noon and Skinner partook of one bun and one glass of milk. He really wanted something more substantial, but his screen test involved eating a huge crust of bread, and for all he knew the rehearsals would have to run into loaves.

About one o'clock John Francis Dillon, who is directing "Kismet," for First National, poked into the dressing room, and they both left for Stage Four. It is Dillon's practice, although this is not general, to be present at the screen tests of his featured players. Robert North, production executive, was also present, a tribute indeed to Skinner.

Skinner squatted down, beggar fashion, on a slab of stone, and dozed. This was all rehearsal. From the deep Skinner chest came the most realistic asthmatic snores it has ever been the privilege of First National to record. Slowly Skinner yawned, a beautiful Skinner yawn, making the commonplace morning noises that seem so strange when acted upon. Supplicatingly, whining:

"In the name of Allah—day? Alms for the love of Allah! For the love of Allah, alms!"

The priest gives him a small round loaf.

"Verily, thy good deeds shall witness for thee on the day of judgement, O Mahmud." And on and on, through alternate ranting and pleading, praying and cursing, as difficult a sequence as one can imagine. The rehearsal is completed. Dillon suggests that the yawn come a bit slower. Immediately—for Skinner needs no prompting and 'getting in the mood' interlude—Dillon cries, "Camera!"

Supplicatingly, whining:

"In the name of Allah—day? Alms for the love of Allah!" and so clear through the sequence; not one error, not one correction. Dillon and North just smile. Mr. Skinner is excused for the day. On the way out he hear the executives commenting: "Oh, well, fifty-three years of acting!"

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MISTER BROWN
Continued from page 51

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be wrecked sooner or later anyway, told her lodgers that they might have anything in the house they wanted. Joe chose a large grandfather clock that reposed in the hall. A fellow lodger helped him to drag it out into the street but he was unable to manipulate it successfully from there. Loth to leave his treasure he turned it up sideways and sat upon it while he thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle that took place. Joe's comical delighted eyes. Although pot-stricken and flushed about him he was not in the least frightened.

Joe, like the best of comedians, has in his time fallen heir to his share of aches. But fortunately, or unfortunately, as you will, they were not of the heart variety. They usually occurred in the most tangible and painful regions.

There was the time after he had left the Ashton's to go with a manager who treated him very little better. The manager was the ground man in the act. He had decided upon a very difficult trick tumble he wanted Joe to execute.

The first night the tumble was used in the act Joe didn't do it the way the manager wanted him to. The next day Joe was told that if he didn't perform the tumble according to instructions something would happen he would long remember. And it did happen!

After Joe went into the tumble the second night the manager, who was supposed to catch him, turned and went off the stage. Joe fell on the floor and broke his leg. He can now truthfully say he has suffered for his art when he remembers being stranded in a tank town with a broken leg and no money.

Better times followed and Joe abandoned acrobatics for straight clowning. One summer he played professional baseball in St. Paul. He was still in vaudeville but he wanted to get into musical comedy. His first opportunity came in New York with a burlesque show burlesque. Broadway musical comedy is a long jump. Finally he was given a good part in "Listen Lester" but an Equity strike was called and the show folded. Joe's rehearal show folded.

Several weeks later when his first son was born he was out of a job and flat broke.

After months of idleness he was featured in "Jim Jam Jem," which was followed by roles in "Betty Lee," "Greenwich Village Follies," and "Captain Jinks." His biggest Broadway hit was in "Twinkle Twinkle," during the run of which he was elevated to stardom on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry into the show business.

While on tour with "Twinkle Twinkle" he was offered a part in "Crooks Can't Win," an FBO picture produced in 1928. He immediately clicked at a comedian and appeared in "Hit of the Show" and other successful silent pictures. It was the talkies, however, that set him definitely among the big movie names. After his performances in "Sally" and "Hold Everything" he was put under long-term contract to First National and is being developed as one of that company's biggest attractions.

Mister Brown—you'll forgive us for having lapped into the familiarity of calling him Joe while telling about his childhood—is now on top of the talkie heap.

He is almost without a serious contender because his brand of fun is peculiarly his own. He is taking his place along with Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Eddie Cantor, and other big-time screen comedians who have individualized talent to offer to the great art of being funny.

Some people say he is conceited but his is an impersonal kind of ego that never offends. Joe, more than any comic thespian, is a person separate and apart from the Mister Brown who lives on Harper Street in Hollywood.

He finds Actor Brown a business to be taken as seriously as a broker's studies his bonds. For that reason he fights spiritedly for billing, fat parts, and any other consideration he thinks will get Actor Brown ahead. It's no secret that after the release of "Hold Everything" he succeeded in having the posters recalled and his name placed in a more prominent position.

He considers his name his most valuable asset and his ambition is to have Joe E. Brown mean the same thing to a picture that sterling does on silver.

Although he appears to be much larger he is only five feet two and tips the scales at 145 pounds. He loves nothing better than an audience, which accounts for the fact that he is always very much seen and heard on the set. He likes to act as master of ceremonies.

He is a confirmed family man. Mrs. Brown is a thoroughly charming woman who is in every sense of the word pretty. His all-consuming interest is his two sons, Don Evan, aged 13, and Joe LeRoy, aged 11. He calls them his fellows.

His favorite foods are Chicken Knickerbocker Supreme and Neri salad, which is made with lettuce, grapefruit, tomatoes, oranges, and very near to the world's poorest excuse for food. His favorite author is Grimm, his favorite book the Bible, and his favorite song is "Home, Sweet Home." He likes Glenn Swanson's work better than that of any other actress and agrees with critics who call Charlie Chaplin the screen's foremost actor.

No matter how late the hour he arrives home he always has to read in bed before he can go to sleep. He recently ordered a specially-built foreign limeouche which will cost him approximately $30,000.

Mister Brown is always smartly turned out. He looks very personable in his street clothes and one has to look twice to recognize Actor Brown. He hates being called ugly, and platitudes to the effect that "handsome is, handsomé, does.

Loyalty is perhaps his greatest virtue. He is tremendously grateful to everyone who has helped him in any way, no matter how inconsequential the favor. Ralph Ince, who directed his first picture, is one of his best friends.

He thinks acrobatics are valuable in developing character. He says if one has confidence in his ability to do what he pleases with his body he has the foundation of something fine.

He insists that it has no special significance, but Mr. Brown's favorite color is brown!
There was a charming Spanish orchestra, which played throughout the evening, in the patio where you danced under the soft lights if you wished; or if you preferred, you lounged on the comfy swings and other outdoor furnishings. The buffet supper was a Spanish feast, very delectable.

The very last thing was awarding of the prizes for the best costume. Every one present was divided into a committee, made up of Robert Leonard, Herman Mankiewicz and Edwin Knopf. The judges seemed to take their task very seriously, looking each candidate over carefully, then put them dance, singly and then in couples, after which, when the rigmarole had been going on a long time, they put their heads together, frowning, shaking their heads, seeming to argue—then awarded the prize, a bottle of French perfume, to M. C. Levée, who had worn only his evening clothes and a tiny black lace mask over his eyes!

"BEBE DANIELS has so many friends that she has received one shower—a deluge of showers, I'd say," remarked Paty. "We're to go to one tonight at Mrs. Gates' in Palm Beach. It's to be a general gala shower—everything, Diana says— you know Mrs. Fitzmaurice was Diana Kane before she was married—from safety pins to tiaras." Delight was written on Mrs. Gates' face when she was giving Bebe a gift of her nightgown and negligée, and it only for that, if nothing else, we wouldn't miss the party for anything.

But Mrs. Fitzmaurice is a brilliant hostess, and lives in a perfectly gorgeous house, away on top of a hill in Beverly Hills, so there was every reason in the world for going. She and Bebe have been friends for many years, since they were little girls, in fact.

We found just everybody in the film world there, waiting to do honor to Bebe, with Bebe herself looking radiant pretty in white.

Most of the guests were in the huge drawing room of the house, which is English, and side and out, with its drawing room giving on a vista of wide oak stairway, red-carpeted, and a great, red-carpeted reception hall.

"And I think," whispered Paty, "that Diana is just as happy here as you would naturally expect her to be! For she has everything—a devoted husband, a lovely baby, and everything from a material standpoint that her heart can desire."

Bebe and Diana made a pretty pair, rushing about, making everybody welcome, and at the end of the room, as we turned to greet our friends, we espied a white bell suspended from the ceiling in an alcove, while great banks of flowers were on all sides of the alcove walls.

Naturally, Bebe showed us most joyously her wedding gift from Ben—a gorgeous diamond necklace.

We caught a glimpse of Colleen Moore, and in her own words to say hello to her. She recently separated from her husband, John McCormick, you know; but she was looking very pretty, and she said that she was having a perfectly wonderful time.

Leatrice Joy, looking very lovely, told us that she was taking lessons in 'metaphysical singing'—whatever that means. At any rate, in these days of complexes and imitations and psychological what-nots, one isn't surprised to hear that there is such a thing as metaphysical singing.

Dolores Del Rio was there, clad in Venetian green and wearing orchids. The dress, we learned, was from Patou's in Paris, and the orchids, we suspected, were from Johnny Farro. Miss Del Rio buys all her dresses from Paris, and so well does Patou understand her sartorial (how I hate that word, but it is the right one, at that) needs, that she merely orders from him, and the things are shipped to her in California. She was looking exquisitely pretty, and very tanned from the beach.

Else Janis was lounging picturesquely on a sofa, though you usually find her standing for some reason or other. She said that she had been in the hospital eleven days, having her tonsils out.

"Why, I could have had a baby in that time!" she exclaimed comically.

Mildred Lloyd was there, dressed in pink, and Mildred can wear pink now-a-days, she has become so slim; and there were Julanne Johnston, Carmelita Geraghty, Mrs. Allan Dwan, Billie Dove, Pauline Garon, Blanche Sweet, Lois Wilson, Mrs. John Patric, Julia Faye, Lillian Tashman, Alma Tell, Kathryn Perry, Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Mary Ford, Mrs. William K. Howard, Mrs. Griffin, Bebe's grandmother, Marie Momigny, Mrs. Skeet Gallagher, Mrs. George Archainbad, Mary Eaton Webb, Mrs. Barney Glazer, Mrs. Henry King, Olive Tell, Mrs. Edward Knox, Mrs. Harry Tierney.

And later, when the men arrived, these included all the famous husbands of the stars, among them Lloyd, Jack Ford, W. K. Howard, Henry King, George Archainbad, Millard Webb, Henry Hobart, Skeet Gallagher, John Boles, and of course the husband of our hostess, George Fitzmaurice, and Ben Lyon.

Dolores told us she probably would go to the South Seas after "The Dove," which is to be her next picture. She says she has always wanted to see Tahiti and way stations.

Bebe came out bejeweled with orchids, and we found that they had adorned the gift box which Julia Faye had brought her. Bebe said she was much too thrifty to allow the orchids to drop on the box.

Ben Lyon's mother and two sweet sisters from the South were among the guests, and evidently hugely enjoyed the whole proceedings, even as the guest enjoyed meeting them.

The buffet table from which we helped ourselves to delicious food was charmingly and amusingly decorated with a device calculated to express 'Daniel in a Lyon's,' a figure of Bebe, in bride's outfit, in a candy den, while a lion devoured her! Our ice cream was made in the shape of lions, too.

After dinner we all dashed into the drawing room, and Bebe sat down in the alcove under the bell to open her gift boxes, which were a puzzle. She managed to answer by this time, while most of the rest of us sat about on the floor to watch her.

Bebe's mother, Phyllis Daniels, and Bebe's grandmother sat close to the gifts, and Bebe's grandparents saved all the pretty ribbon, just as grandmas have done from time immemorial!

(Continued on page 126)
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By EVELYN B. TAYLOR

Beth, I said to my wife, 'I'd give anything if you could play something—plano, violin, banjo, ukulele—anything!' Beth looked so hurt I was ashamed of myself, so I said nothing more.

But about three months later I got home early one night, and heard the piano come to life —drums, an electric guitar, and a sweet plantation melody. And there at the piano was Beth, playing, and the hidden heartstrings! She saw me and stopped. "Oh, she cried, "I'm so sorry!" "Beth," I said, "I've been thinking, and I grabbed the whole family up in my arms. "But Jim, I wanted to wait and surprise you when I could really play; I'm learning fast, but it's only three months since I found this wonderful easy way to learn music!"

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for September 1930

STUNTING TO STARDOM

Continued from page 66

made the leap at just the right moment and landed in the car. But this time the driver didn’t see it and the automobile crashed into the rear of the automobile, again ruining the scene. Hoot’s injuries, this time, included a broken ankle.

The last attempt was successful. He landed in the tonneau of the automobile and the car cleared the tracks just in time to be missed by the engine. Many of you boys who grew up will remember that picture. But maybe you don’t know about the hundred dollar bonus Hoot was to receive. Well, he doesn’t either, for he was sent home. He was brave enough about little things such as leaping in front of trains and driving motorcycles from forty foot bridges, but he was not brave enough to ask for his extra pay!

Hoot’s first job before the camera was to do falls from a racing horse. For each good fall he received fifty cents! Hoot’s second job was better. In the morning he was an Indian in full war paint. He rode a bareback horse at full gallop all morning behind the camera houses. He kept on the ground with a blanket rolled about him and cooked his food over an open fire. His pay for such a one-night trek was one dollar and fifty cents.

Hoot’s progress was next marked by a job as a double that paid him twenty-five dollars weekly. Quite a princely salary in those days, particularly for one who had nothing to do but risk his life and limbs whenever a dangerous stunt was needed!

It was on this job that he performed what he considers his most dangerous stunt. Not on a horse, but riding a motorcycle straight off a drawbridge. As Hoot raced for the bridge, it was lifting in the air. His speed was to have caused his motorcycle to leap into the air, break the open space and cause him to land on the far side of the stream. Twice he fell, motorcycle and all, into the water. The third time Hoot managed to hold off the bridge forty feet in the air, and landed with terrific impact on the other side of the water. He was watering and bawling away with a flourish. All this was many years ago but it was all a part of the making of one of our most popular stars.

Hoot began starring in pictures about ten years ago. He never heard of the world of all-work. Not only did he do his own riding and acting, he often doubled for other members of the cast who were not...
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CURRENT READING GUILD, INC.
45 West 45th Street
New York

STAGE IN REVIEW — Continued from page 91

in London.

The three old timers are Theresa Conover, Helen Raymond and Grace Hall. They roughed their parts to the limit. Robert Perry and Billy Lynn add to the excitement. You will certainly see this show on Will Hays’ Circuit.

“The Tavern”

George M. Cohan, the perennial, the popular, the oddly gracle Cohan, stages a return to Broadway to the tumultuous clatter of ear-splitting applause, which indicates that George is clearly destined to be the Patti of the comedy stage: there will be revivals and farewells while the last Friar and Lambski can still beat their palms.

He first of all gave us that superb comedy, “The Tavern,” which is the humorous comedy itself seen from the higher dimension of a super-sane man known as the Artist—Author. The show thrived two years ago with Arnold Daly as the Vagabond, it immediately became a classic. It will still be seen when my bald head shall be ashes. It is not a novel fantasy stemming from an eternal idea that only the Great note in nearly every heart.

“The Western pictures appeal to the average person because it is the very nature of man to like motion and action. The picturesque background, the dash and daring of the expert horseback rider have a universal attraction, and only in stories of the west can riding be given fullest play. Therefore, what more natural than that the sounds accompanying the actions of the west should strike pictures and stories more interesting?”

Hoot Gibson’s success is well deserved. Today, he is one of Hollywood’s wealthiest and most popular citizens. Of screen he is quiet and well mannered. He dresses in the best of taste. His mansion in Beverly Hills is one of that community’s most beautiful. He is a brilliant athlete and is a favorite of the any dinner party. His favorite diversions are tennis, airplaining and bridge.

Summing it all up, Hoot Gibson is a real son of the west—sincere, genuine, fair-minded and honest. To Hoot, a spade is a spade and a six-gun a six-gun. He believes in every man until he has reason not to. Smaller boys are selected a worthy idol in Hoot Gibson!

Dolores Del Rio’s gift to Bebe was two lovely silver statues of deer.

Diana went about on the edge of the gifts, pretty enough to be picking up things and hiding them.

Else Janis showed us her satin what-you-may-call-ums. They were embroidered with red roses, and Else explained that they were theatrical—she said that she had worn them on the stage in Paris, and had lured all Prince with them!

Other gifts included wonderful lingerie, rare perfumes, table linens worth fortunes, vases, and other beautiful things.

There was a fortune-teller upstairs, and we found Lilian Tasker, Colleen Moore and some of the other guests waiting outside the door to come in, so we decided to wait below stairs and say hello to the the men; and Colleen dashed down later, saying that she had just been told a perfectly swell fortune, but she wouldn’t tell us what it was.

Downstairs we met Eddie Lowe, who told us about the marvelous time he and Lilian had had during their recent trip to New York. He said they even did Coney Island, and that the night they were down there they had only caught sight of a wealthy man such as was used in “The Cock-Eyed World,” and that the man running it spied him, beckoned to him, and Eddie went up and did his stuff as a shill, for the machine with the result that they did a thriving business.

George Fitzmaurice was a most admirable host, both he and Diana having that radiant something which makes people feel that they are special if they are near him or she or he is the favored one. Diana looked too lovely and slim for anything in a belted white gown.

Ben Lyon came up and put his arm around Bebe and kissed her, and looked as proud as punch about the gifts, while somebody told him that there were three or four things among them, like cigarette sets, that he himself could use. We wished it for them happiness, and departed, awfully late.

Human Comedy is seen in its proper perspective by the intelligent non-participator.

After seeing Daly as the Vagabond, the sentimental interpretation of the Vagabond of Mr. Cohan does not register with me. He plays it down to the box office, which, of course, is the Big Cohan idea after all — en-core pas?

“The Song and Dance Man”

Cohan’s other revival—which is to be country-wide, I understand — was “The Song and Dance Man.” This may have pulled in the shekels way back in the pre-Lyric times of 1923, but today it looks like a terrible piece of sentimental ham-fattening; and no one but Our George could get away with it on Broadway.

It is all about and has a song-and-dance man went down and out and came back—a sobby, ridiculous, nauseating piece of plundumf which ought to be looked at while Lincoln and Johnnie Farrell and the hoover, now belongs to the ages.

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the first two for professional use. Her father was a theater electrician who had naturally to be away from home in the evenings. Her mother's health has long been poor so all through her grammar and high-school days, Bernice stayed at home in the evenings instead of running about to the numerous dances, parties and club meetings that characterize social life in high-school. She enjoyed parties as much as the average girl but since she couldn't well participate in them, she, in time, learned to do a capital job of entertaining herself.

As a child, she didn't go in much for dolls because to do so made her lose caste in the eyes of the little boys who were her favorite playmates. She rather gloated in being just a bit tomboyish.

She conducted a dancing class during her last two years of high-school. Her pupils were mostly young children. She enjoyed teaching the brighter pupils but instruction of the less nimble-footed youngsters proved to be the direct drudgery. She says what with her own dancing and voice lessons and her high-school work, she probably wasn't noted for patience.

Miss Alice Eggers, supervisor of music in the Oakland schools, discovered that Bernice had an unusual voice and took her as a private pupil. When Emil Polak, accompanist and coach for Mme. Maria Jeritza, visited in San Francisco Bernice went to him for an audition. He told her that there was then a shortage of personable prima donnas in New York and advised her to try her luck there as soon as she had finished high-school.

Bernice Claire arrived in New York with a tremendous ambition and several hundred dollars she had made from her dancing class. For a time she studied with Mr. Polak before she was given a contract by Schwab and Mandel, producers of musical comedy and operetta. She was scheduled to take the place of an unsatisfactory singer in the New York presentation of "The Desert Song" but the producers did not succeed in breaking the actress' contract so they rented Bernice out for a turn in vaudeville until such time as they could use her.

She was shortly after recalled from her vaudeville tour and placed in a "Desert Song" road company opening in Detroit and subsequently toured from Canada to Texas. The season over, she went to Hollywood for the summer since there was little activity in New York. She was selected for the prima donna role in "No, No, Nanette," opposite Alexander Gray with whom she had played in "The Desert Song" and was given a First National contract. Since that time she has played the lead in six pictures.

Her mother has, more than anyone else, been responsible for Bernice Claire's attaining of her present position. Mrs. Jahnigan is a self-effacing woman who has devoted her life to seeing that her daughter has an opportunity to achieve distinction in her chosen field.

There is nothing of the managing mama about Mrs. Jahnigan. After having assured herself that Bernice possessed talent she provided dancing and voice lessons, firmly insisting that they be thoroughly mastered. She has always stayed very much in the background because, having once accomplished her purpose, she cherishes no desire to bask in reflected glory. Bernice Claire is of the stuff of which prima donnas are made. In spite of the fact that many of the more unpleasant characteristics of famous divas are not apparent in her make-up, she is first, last, and always a singer. She sings well because she can sing no other way. Her musical background is wholly negligible but she has always instinctively had a taste for the best things in music.

She would like an operatic career and thinks she will probably have one in due time. Pictures are excellent training and she knows of nothing else she would rather do while she is waiting for her voice to fully mature. She thinks it will be at least five years before she reaches her vocal prime. By that time she hopes to have saved enough money to be independent.

If the operatic stage is still remote then she intends having a fling at it, not because she considers pictures inferior, but simply to satisfy an ambition to feel a flesh-and-blood audience's reaction to the singing of several of her favorite roles. She thinks the public is improving the musical tastes (Continued on page 129)
ON LOCATION WITH ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Continued from page 124

strength. I am not going to move any more, "and promptly toed down on the grass using the golf bag for a pillow while Bob entreated him to be a sport, "Cut! He'd go on like that for four reels," yelled Chuck, who was laughing at Benny's imitable comedy.

There have to be a lot of tests for camera and sound between each scene and some has to stand in as a model. "Who's resting?" asked Henry Sharp, one of the most popular camera men on the Metro lot. "I'll stand in. I have nothing to do," said Chuck.

"Only direct the picture, that's all," said Henry. "Still, if you find time weighing heavily upon you, just park yourself under the mike for a minute or two." And Chuck did, acting like a clown and airing a pretty nifty line of patter himself.

As Chuck Reisner is considered one of the finest directors of comedy in the business I wanted his opinion on what quality was essential to get it over.

"Tragedy," he replied quickly. "You have to have the two strongest opposing forces clash. The positive and the negative. Without tragedy there would be no comedy, no contrast. A boy falls down the steps under a load of vegetables. He breaks his leg. The crowd laughs because he looked so funny when he fell and because they themselves are not the victims. Sympathy for his distress is a secondary thought. Comedy is built upon the misfortune of the other fellow."

Someone hinted that it was about time for lunch. "We’ll have lunch about six," said Chuck. "I’m staying on this job if it kills me—us I mean. I don’t want it ever to be said that I’m not trying!"

Bob was wrestling with two or three of the bunch. "Hey, Bob, cut that out," said Chuck, anxiously watching the hero rolling and tumbling on the grass. "You’re in the next scene, you know."

"Oh, well," Bob said cheerfully, coming up for air, "I could do with a broken arm."

"But not with a broken nose, my lad."

Think, man, think of your public!"

Again the plan came out, and Bobby trudged over the hill to begin the second scene. Fifteen times that morning he went back over the hill and so did Benny—with the golf clubs!

In one scene, a close-up of Benny, Bob had stood out of camera range and call to him. After the first take, the mixer called to Bob to stand further away and speak louder.

"There you go," said Bob jokingly, "making me strain my voice again!"

"Do you know the best way to strain your voice?" said Chuck. "Stand in front of a screen door and speak through it!"

After lunch we went to another part of the golf course. Every afternoon a stiff breeze seems to spring up and we were nearly blown off the hill. For some reason or other a motorcycle cop was there and the girls had a lot of fun begging rides from him. He took them, too. The two Dorothys had to work but not in the first scene, so sat on the grass and swapped stories. We all told what we liked to do when we were kids. Dorothy Jordan said she and her sister liked to take walks through the woods looking for flowers and ferns and go on buggy rides where five miles was a long drive. Dorothy McNulty liked to climb trees.

Benny had been holding down a place on the grass for an hour. "I’m right on my spot, see?" he held up a little wooden tee which he had put in the ground to mark the place he had to fall upon. And between scenes he just kept sitting there so no one would kick it away accidentally.

"Everything all right, Sugar?" asked Chuck.

"Why, Mr. Reisner!" exclaimed a young lady coquettishly.

"Aw, he means Shugart, the sound mixer," she was told disgustedly by her boy friend. "We all call him Sugar.

We watched until after Benny had started off the old dilapidated Ford which he insisted on driving around the golf course to save his bones. He gets into a lot of trouble with it, too. Runs it into a tree and everything. And after that excitement we departed, convinced that "Like Kelly Can" will be one of the funniest films of the season.
PRIMA DONNA

Continued from page 127

of the general public by leaps and bounds and that it will be only a short time before producers will be casting roles to satisfy the most vocally ambitious.

Bernice Claire has the complete disregard for clothes that characterizes so many artists. She professes to like pretty things but she treats them as though they were merely incidental. Although she possesses as pretty a pair of legs as e'en trod before a camera, she mostly wears long orts and off-screen dresses always in a manner which makes her appear older than she really is.

While she is working, it is the business of her maid to see that her clothes are properly arranged for the camera. Unlike most actresses who must inspect themselves in a mirror before every scene is taken, she is careless about such things, preferring to spend all the available spare time in learning her lines or rehearsing new songs.

She never indulges in temperament of the fireworks variety. She is much too wise and even-tempered for such a display. She knows that producers no longer tolerate it. She has a much wiser and altogether more effective method. If she wants to have a scene changed or to do some bit of business differently, she starts in on the director and frequently reminds him about it. If she doesn't succeed she at least hasn't made herself absurd by refusing to do something that might later be required of her.

All in all, she is extremely pleasant and conducts herself in about the same way any normal girl of her twenty-one years would be expected to act. She does, however, have periods of obstinacy of which she is later ashamed and apologizes for.

She has worked for six directors without a single major disapppointment. The unkindest criticism any of the six has to make of her is that she, at times, has difficulty in deciding when she wants to sing.

There are occasions when she would rather not sing in the morning because it is too early. About 11 o'clock she decides she would do better if she waited until she had had her lunch. Two o'clock is too soon after lunch and at five o'clock she's too tired. If, however, she is pinned down and requested to sing at any of those hours, she sings and sings well. Her delay is prompted only by the desire to do her very best.

She cares absolutely nothing for the superficial social life of Hollywood. She enjoys an occasional game of bridge and when she isn't working likes to have dinner in a small restaurant where well-prepared food is the main attraction. After dinner she sees a movie. On very rare occasions she likes to spend an evening dancing. She has an attractive apartment in a Hollywood court. Her only objection to the place is that it isn't soundproof and the gentleman in the next apartment is much given to showers and rather doubtful vocalizing. Her Spanish living room contains a grand piano, a radio, a Victrola, and a really fine two-manual pipe organ. She owns a Ford coupé and saves money.

Worked it's going to take time off and have a swell romance. Thus far she's just never been able to get around to it. There have always been boy friends hovering in the background but none that she treats very seriously. Hollywood seems bent on marrying her off to Alexander Gray but they are merely good friends. Fear is a quality absolutely unknown to her. She's afraid of nothing. She went to the winter quarters of a circus to take publicity pictures and amazed veteran animal trainers by quite unconcernedly posing with none-too-domesticated leopards, elephants, and a hippopotamus. She doesn't at all mind.

Her tendency to minimize her accomplishments has at times been construed as lack of color. She takes everything in a very matter-of-fact way. Her career requires hard work. She can see nothing glamorous about hard work.

She follows no particular rules for keeping her voice in shape. She eats all she wants and sleeps all she wants. She drives a hard bargain and knows how to save her energy so it will be seen to best advantage in her work. She will, in time, doubtless become more opinionated and better fit the public's conception of a great singer, but even now she is all the two words imply—prima donna.

The Loveliest Eyes in the World

Motion picture directors have said that Katherine Mac Donald has the loveliest eyes in the world. She developed with them for years has used her own Lash Cosmetic.

Absolutely waterproof, Willy Mac Donald has them soft and natural.

At most toilet goods counters or $1.00 direct to Katherine Mac Donald at Hollywood.
WANTED—
ANOTHER "GOAT"

Book review from "Time":

Hollywood Harlequinade

QUEER PEOPLE—Carroll & Garrett Graham—Vanguard ($2).

Theodore Anthony White is a picaresque rascal, a newspaperman. He lands in Los Angeles about as broke as usual, gets a job on a morning paper, is taken drunk, loses his job, wakes up next morning entangled in Hollywood. Successively, never too successfully, he is scenario writer, press agent, blackmailer, entertainer in a bawdy house. To a friend who asks him if he likes the last job better than being in a studio, Hero White replies: "Well, you work with a better class of people."

As press agent he is once ordered by his temperamental employer, a woman, to give a tea for the press. With misgivings he obeys. After the tea is over, this is what he sees: "A beautiful Chinese woman had been smashed. A chair had been hurled through a studio window. Someone had danced on the polished floor with hobnails. There were nine burns from abandoned cigarettes in the expensive rug. A drink had been spilled in the grand piano. Someone had left a lighted cigar on a mahogany side table. An entire bottle of ginger ale had been prankishly poured on a beautiful chair upholstered in brocaded silk. An arm had been chipped from a bit of statu-ary. Clare had brought from Italy. A mous-tache had been pencilled on the lip of her late husband's oil portrait. Seven glasses were broken. Three spoons were missing. The second maid had been seduced. The cook had quit.

"The press had been entertained."

IT'S just too bad that tiddledy winks are not as popular as the movies. We would then be reading about the orgies of the tiddledy winks colony, the wild life of the tiddledy winks stars, and much of "The Truth about Dubuque"—assuming that Dubuque became the capital of Tiddledy Winkdom in the thorough manner Hollywood is the heart of Screenland.

"It really is a pity the public cannot work up a lather about tiddledy winks. A lot of books already circulated about Life Among the Movie Stars could be re-edited without any trouble and passed on as realistic pictures of the Private Lives of Tiddledy Winks Artists.

"In the meantime, Hollywood will continue to be the target. So long as the motion picture is bound up with the enthusiasm of 115,000,000 followers a week, it must pay the price.

"Motion picture stars long ago learned that their conduct off the screen was public and not private property. Due not so much to public curiosity as to a psychological reaction to the parts they play on the screen. The romantic illusion must be preserved.

"A minister cannot let his flock down by straying from the straight and narrow himself. In the eyes of his congrega- tion he automatically ceases to be a man of the cloth. So with a picture star, except that it is the romantic, not the religious halo that is taken away.

"Keeping faith with the public" is a familiar phrase, but the stars know its true significance. A growing significance, too. The talkies raised standards all around—talent, story material, direction, cost—until Hollywood's production budget for the coming picture year is $190,000,000. The talkies are responsible not only for bigger audiences, but better audiences.

"And as we remarked a few months ago, have you noticed that SCREENLAND pays its readers the compliment of taking for granted that they are intelligent and alert?

"We know that you wish, with us, that tiddledy winks would grow up so they can pick on some other stars, just for a change.

"And if not tiddledy winks, have you any suggestions? THE PUBLISHERS

Another noted playwright signs to write for the screen. Frederick Lonsdale has adapted his play "Spring Cleaning," which will be called "New Morals" in its film version. He has also written an original story for Ronald Colman.
Rare... delicious... appetizing! The tang of Lime as you have never tasted it before... Lime Life Savers... the Fruit Drop with The Hole! China-hard, brittle, clear as emerald, Lime Drops... for the first time in the exclusive Life Saver form... bring an amazing new taste sensation!

The instant Life Saver Lime Drops touch the tongue, their delicate flavor is swiftly released... fairly melting in your mouth! Always fresh and full-flavored, Lime Life Savers come to you in doubly protective wrappers of heavy aluminum foil and wax paper... the ends heat-sealed and weatherproofed.

Treat yourself to a package... and try the Orange and Lemon, too, for the most delicious trio ever available at five cents each!
Swift and breathless, those final moments of thrilling play. Too swift and breathless to last. But there's an after-thrill that's even better: The quiet satisfaction of a good cigarette... so fragrant and rich, so mild, so incomparably mellow that it could only be a Camel.... And that's your advantage, too.
Winnie Lightner, champion laugh girl of the talkies, adds one more triumph to her list in Warner Bros. latest all-Technicolor comedy now, "Hold Everything!"

**Twice the "IT"**

A wonder screen—Technicolor. Everything is alive with color—natural color! The blue in blue eyes. The ruddy glow in youthful cheeks. Sky, sea, greensward—an orchid frock—or gingham! "Twice the 'it,'" you'll say, when Technicolor brings your favorite star to life. Beauty, charm, personality—nothing escapes the subtle, bewitching touch of Technicolor!

In Technicolor

**SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS**

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); KING OF JAZZ, starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); THE TOAST OF THE LEGION, with Bernice Claire (First National); PARAMOUNT ON PARADE, all-star cast (Paramount), Technicolor Sequences; SALLY, starring Marilyn Miller (First National); SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); THE CUCKOOS, with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio), Technicolor Sequences; THE MARCH OF TIME, all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy and Armida (Warner Bros.); WOMAN HUNGRY, with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National); VIENNESE NIGHTS, all-star cast (Warner Bros.).
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A PICTURE THAT WILL BRING HAPPINESS TO MILLIONS

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Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
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  By Ross Reilly

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  By Ruth Tildesley

Sing As You Speak! says Lawrence Tibbett.

The Re-“Birth of a Nation.”
  By Marie House

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Why I Don’t Like Hollywood.
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Alice White’s Gift Offering

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The Molded Mode

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Dorothy Jordan—A Portrait

Clara Bow—A Portrait

Robert Montgomery—A Portrait

Harold Lloyd and Barbara Kent
  —A Portrait


Reviews of the Best Pictures.
  By Delight Evans

Critical Comment on Current Films

On Location with Richard Arlen.
  By Helen Ludlam

Just an Old Spanish Custom in Hollywood.
  By Grace Kingsley

The Stage in Review.
  By Benjamin De Casseres

Come into the Kitchen with Anita Page.
  By Emily Kirk


Ask Me. By Miss Vee Dee

The Vitagraph Tank, the Old Days, and the New. By the Publishers

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Adapted from the novel "Spanish Acres" by Hal Evarts. Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin Knopf.

"THE SPOILERS" on Edwin Carewe Production with GARY COOPER

By REX COOPER

Also in the cast are Kay Johnson, Betty Compson, William Boyd and Harry Green. Rex Beach's dynamic drama of the Alaska gold rush on the talking screen in all its strength and splendor! A story of love, hate and conflict that you will never forget!

"FOLLOW THRU"

CHARLES ROGERS NANCY CARROLL

Zelma O'Neal and Jack Haley. Paramount's all talking, all musical, all Technicolor adaptation of the sensational musical comedy success that ran 54 weeks on Broadway. Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll in a bright, sparkling story of youth and love and golf with catchy tunes and laughs galore. On the screen, "Follow Thru" has the same zip and pep, the same youthful exuberance that made the stage production such a hit. By De Sylva, Brown, Henderson and Laurence Schwab. Directed by Laurence Schwab and Lloyd Corrigan.

A SCHWAB & MANDEL PRODUCTION

TUNE IN!

Hear great entertainment and the latest news of Paramount Pictures on the air in the Paramount Publix Radio Hour, each Tuesday night, 10.15-11.00 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time over the nationwide Columbia Broadcasting System.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.
PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK
GROW—

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

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

I say to you in plain English that no matter what sort the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that they can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines. Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefsfinger, 740 W., "If St. Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear."

From Naomi Ostrum, S47 Westminister Ave. W., Phila. Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes have been growing."

From Frances Roriasis, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.: "Your eyelashes and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous!"

From Perni Provio, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minne-

apolis, Minn. : "I have been using your eyebrow and

eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful!"

From Miss Forn J. Correseau, 8 Fortune Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyebrows and eyebrows are growing long and luxuriant.

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beauti-

ful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows bend down and tuck—how a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a life-
time—know that you can have eyelashes and eye-
brows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C.O.D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young

Blackwood, N. J.

Send me your new discovery for growing eye-

lashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will receive your money without question. Price C.O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage.

Price C.O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage. Order with price $1.95 and postage is prepaid. State whether money enclosed or you want order C.O.D.

Name

St. Address

City State

BY

Evelyn

Ballarine

About pictures—and you'll be seeing them!

THEY're collegiate—rah, rah, rah! College boys make good in the movies! It's surprising how many of our screen boy-friends were scheduled for other positions besides the screen. Edmund Lowe, graduate of Santa Clara University, might be practicing law now instead of antagonizing the law as he does in his screen portrayals.

Richard Barthelmess is a graduate of Trinity College. But Dick was always an active member of the school's dramatic club.

Buddy Hefflefinger is the University of Kansas' "sas' gift to the screen. And what a gift! Buddy was chiel trombone player and jazz band leader at the University and now he's still tooting his horn for the talkies.

Rudy Vallee was Yale's favorite band leader. Now he's the Pied Piper of America. At any rate, his music seems to fascinate the feminine populace.

Louis Wolheim was a college professor before the stage lured him from the schoolroom. Now he is one of the best hard-boiled character actors of the cinema.

Richard Dix, Gary Cooper, Robert Arm-

strong, Richard Arlen, Conrad Nagel, Fredric March, Johnny Mack Brown and Charles Farrell were scheduled for business careers had not Fate stepped in.

Thanks, Fate!

Our search for Emil Jannings has not been futile. He's expected in Hollywood about January 1st. Warner Brothers have a story in readiness for him and the title is "Idol." A more appropriate title would be "The Return of the Idol."

"Check and Double Check," the A mos-'n' Andy film, is now in production. Sue Carrol will play the dusky Ruby Taylor, Rita La Roy, the gold-digging Madame Queen, and Alice Cobb has been signed for the Kingfish role. No longer will our imagination have to work overtime to visual-

ize "The Fresh Air Taxi Corperation of America, Incorporated"—now we'll be able to see and hear it.

Lionel Barrymore heads the list of actors who have become directors. Ramon Novarro is the latest to succumb. He is to direct as well as act in the Spanish version of "Singer of the Cyclone." Lowell Sherman has been hanged a new contract with RKO in which he is slated to act as well as direct—and he does both very well, thank you. Raoul Walsh and Donald Crisp are two directors who double in brass. They are both good actors and directors. John Gilbert has always had a yen for directing, too. It wouldn't be at all surprising if he did a little two-timing in that direction.

Mrs. John Gilbert (Ina Claire) is making the most interesting comeback in pictures. About a year ago Miss Claire was signed by Pathé with a great deal of pomp and all the trimmings. She made two pictures for that company and apparently they didn't click and everyone thought she was through with pictures. Recently Ina accepted a stage engagement in Los Angeles and went over with a band. Now Paramount have signed her for one of the principal roles in "The Royal Family," and, also, for the role she is now playing on the stage in "Rebound." Of course, we all know that John Gilbert is staging a come-back, too, in "Way for a Sailor." It looks as though Ina and John Gilbert will probably be heralded as the latest talkie sensations—and it's all right with us.

"The Big House" and "Numbered Men," the jai-break films, proving so successful, Warner Brothers are producing a story from the woman's angle. "Bad Women" deals with prison life for women. With Vera Gordon, Claudia Dell, Martha Mattox and May Baleoy in the cast.

Everyone says that there's only one Garbo in pictures—we agree that there's only one Greta Garbo but the Swedish cyclone's brother Sven has been signed by Paramount for talkies. Sven Garbo is tall and handsome and is reported to be a good bet for pictures.

Marlene Dietrich, Paramount's importa-
tion who is called the German Garbo, has a splendid cast and director for "Morocco," her talker debut. Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou are the masculine in-
terest—and what could be more interest-
ing? Josef Von Sternberg will direct the vehicle. This will be Menjou's first American-made movie in over a year.

Here are a few titles to digest before the pictures are served to you: "The Boudoir Diplomat," which is the screen adaptation of "The Command to Love," the Broadway stage success. Mary Duncan, Jeanette Loff and Dorothy Burgess are in the cast.

"The Lady Surrenders," adapted from "Sincerity," the novel by John Erskine, has Conrad Nagel, Carmel Myers, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Lawton, John Boles, Frances Clayton, and Agnes Moorehead in the cast. Rose Hobart in the line-up. Rose is one of the latest stage recruits signed for the screen.
for October 1930

America's Greatest Actor
—As You Like Him!

WARNER BROS. present

John BARRYMORE
in "MOBY DICK"

With JOAN BENNETT
Lloyd Hughes, and a Great Cast

For seven years on the seven seas he had sought the inhuman monster that had made him a man unfit to love.

Can he win revenge against this awful enemy—or will he perish in the giant maw that has been the graveyard of a hundred men before him?

Will he ever return to his home to learn that the love he thought dead is still waiting?

These are the questions that have held hundreds of thousands spellbound through the pages of Herman Melville’s immortal classic, "MOBY DICK".

They are merely hints of the throbbing thrills that make "MOBY DICK" John Barrymore’s most glorious talking picture! See it soon, at leading theatres everywhere.

Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

AWARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE
LETTERS
from the
AUDIENCE

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes October 10, 1930. Letters in praise of SCREENLAND are not eligible in this contest and should be addressed directly to the Editor. Send "best" letters to Letters from the Audience Department, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

It is said that when George Sand was in low spirits she took to reading Dumas. The matchless gusto of the D’Artagnan romances never failed to restore her self-confidence.

I confess that a certain kind of picture does for me what Dumas did for the French authoress. It is the action play, born of unnecessary sentiment, best typified at this time by “Born Reckless.”

Edmund Lowe, I admit, is hard-boiled. You don’t approve of all he does. But you can’t help liking his daring abandon, his bold assurance that fate simply cannot put under.

There is a world of difference between melodrama and Simon-pure adventure. The former too readily cloys. The latter sweeps through you like a fresh wind.

I am not a devoted screen fan. My taste in books runs to the philosophical. But permit me to say that when any of the movie crowd bit close to the real, traditional spirit of adventure I appreciate it. Doug Fairbanks used to lead the field in this sort of thing. Now, it’s Edmund Lowe.

A. M. MILLER
McIlhenny Road
Redlands, Cal.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

Recently, I saw a demonstration of loyalty and affection from the picture fans that I wish some of the old-time film favorites might have seen and heard.

A certain theater showed a short Vitaphone subject called “Evolution,” a short story of the evolution of motion pictures. It lasted ten minutes but I could have sat through hours of it. I have not enjoyed anything so much for years.

It began with the old-time melodramas and slapstick comedies and on up to the present-day super-productions. Dear old John Bunny! How I wish he might have heard the ovation given him. Then came Wallace Reid, Earle Williams, countless others. How wonderful are motion pictures. To think that we may preserve films that show the World War, incidents of world-wide interest, great persons, great statesmen. That for generations people will be able to hear these persons talk. Imagine if they had had talking pictures in the days of Pompeii, of Napoleon, of the great wars!

I believe in motion pictures and their greatness. And I wish we might see more of the old films that we might better appreciate the great stride this industry has made in the last few years.

H. L. Reinbold
6257 Lankershim Blvd.,
North Hollywood, Cal.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

It’s queer how one’s tastes run to extremes. To me, the two most fascinating men on the screen are the two most different.

One is a gay, sparkling sort of fellow, laughing, singing, with a radiance of temperament that is almost Latin, a quickness of sympathy and warmth of feeling, a happy-go-lucky brightness of outlook.

The other is silent and dour, self-contained, strong and stolid like the Saxon, hiding his emotions or repressing them, slow to anger but dangerous when aroused. They hail from different continents. One from the congested quarter of a crowded city in Europe; the other from the plains of western America. You can see it in the eyes of both of them—the music, light and gaiety of the city; the silence and distances of mountain and sky.

One is debonair and nonchalant—can wear a straw hat with striking results. The other is at his best in the rough picturesque attire of a man of the plains. Different! But thousands love both of them.

“Vive le Chevalier de France!”

“Three cheers for Gary ‘Cooper!”

Gwennie James
330 N. Mason Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

For broadening its sympathies, deepening its understanding of all people regardless of nationality, religion, social station or outward manners, humanity owes the motion picture a great debt of gratitude.

In spite of ourselves we are suspicious and afraid of the unfamiliar. We mistrust foreigners. People of certain occupations are wicked, banned. The movies introduce them; they tell their own stories. We get into the depths of their hearts and souls. We know them; they are our friends because we have shared the vital moments of their lives with them. We understand, sympathize, and forgive.

Pictures have come nearer to accomplishing what the preachers have been trying to do for generations than anything else has done. That accomplishment is the brotherhood of mankind, universal sympathy, obedience to the admonition, “Judge not.”

After seeing “Numbered Men” who could remark, “An ex-prisoner? We cannot tolerate him!” And “All Quiet on the Western Front” has come nearer to convincing the people of the necessity for world peace than all the lectures and pacists and legal documents ever would. Let’s not accept these blessings passively, but give thanks for a great deliverer.

Margaret Ann McGuire
301 Joost Avenue
San Francisco, Cal.

Come On, Let’s See a Picture

What endless vistas of enchantment the simple word movie invokes. No matter how dull and drab our daily existence or how wearisome, we can escape from boredom and forget fatigue in marvelous realms of romance, comedy, adventure or laughter. Young or old, your favorite

Maurice Chevalier has transferred his title, The Idol of France, to America. In his new picture, “The Playboy of Paris,” he will be seen as a singing waiter.
Ridin' in on a thrilly surore
and a roarin' riot comes

"The BAD MAN"

"I make ze love to you myself—personal...
What? Because you are a good old deek &
wish to spiek of me?

Pancho

Listen to the ribbons broken a L'il old Cap
Hood of the railway ever bro...

A FIRST NATIONAL &
VITAPHONE PICTURE
emission awaits you—just round the corner.

And, apart from entertainment, we can keep ourselves up-to-date with the news films. Why be an 'old-timer' when you can so easily be informed as to what is going on in this busy world of ours, at home or abroad?

And now, the talkies! Just as we thought the last limit of achievement had been reached, these silent folk began to talk and sing and do so realistically that it seems they must be moving before you in truth instead of on the silver screen.

Let's keep young, happy, modern, as the pictured world of reality and imagination are brought to our feet. Come on, let's go to the movies tonight!

Mrs. Harrietta R. Albright,
24 Hudson Street,
Somerville, Mass.

Mr. Arliss, Actor and Critic

There are many players who deserve favorable mention for their artistic portrayals on the sound screen. George Arliss, polished gentleman of both stage and screen is notable in that he is not only an actor but a fine dramatic critic.

In an instructive disclosure of some of the deficiencies in the making of sound pictures with the statement that these will soon be overcome by the producers.

Mr. Arliss is one of the outstanding characters of modern stage type who believes that talkies have come to stay, not usurping the place of the legitimate stage, but helping and encouraging its betterment.

His support of the talking pictures and his success in them is made clear in his interview. There are many others, such as Gloria Swanson and Ruth Chatterton who are giving proof of the growing and favorable impression of talking pictures.

N. C. Bledsoe,
R. D. 2, Box 28,
San Bernardino, Cal.

Screen Inspires Success

It pleases me greatly to note the fact that the old ideal concerning the destructive moral influence on the plastic minds of growing children is gradually becoming obsolete. The only influence exerted upon me by motion pictures that I look back upon my childhood was beneficial.

My early youth was spent in one of the remote countries of the world, away from any adequate opportunity for social education and where grim realities governed every attempt at educational advancement. My parents lived in constant worry of my future.

When I came to America, one of the institutions which first attracted my child mind was the motion picture theater. I saw all types and varieties of pictures and gradually my mind expanded and embraced a broader outlook on life. I witnessed the success and failure of man, and the portrayed causes of these miserable failures left a keen impression on my mind. It excited me to further study, a desire to make good in the world.

Today, I am a successful business woman, daily gaining in efficiency and knowledge. I owe a measure of my success to understanding of life gained through motion pictures.

Marie Weid,
Fulton Rancho,
Azusa, Cal.

Movies for Shut-ins

... often

Get to Work, Doug!

Why in a few years has the motion picture industry, a medium for idle entertainment, reached a position rivaling any industry in the world? Why are so many millions of dollars spent and earned, countless persons employed in a business whose object is amusement? The answer is universally recognized. It is because the motion pictures bring romance into the existence of people who have been ground into a rut of monotony in this great modernized road through life. In a world of system and efficiency the souls of all, both high and low, are robbed of the spirit of romance and adventure which, in the last analysis, is all that makes life worth the heart-breaking, soul-stifling struggle.

The actor who employs this gift for its highest purpose, who has carried the art of the motion picture with him to perfection, is Douglas Fairbanks. No one can see one of Doug's joyous, adventurous pictures without being lifted out of himself onto a higher plane of striving and hope. I sincerely believe that Doug has accomplished more good in the world than any scientist, inventor or statesman that the reader can name.

Leo Goggin,
826 West 32d Street,
Oklahoma City, Okla.
WOMAN'S LOVE ... MAN'S HATE ... BLAZING ROMANCE
IN A CITY AFLAME WITH CARNIVAL PLEASURES!

DIXIANA

In staggering magnificence ... in thundering emotions comes "DIXIANA" to hold the world spellbound! ALL THAT IS LIFE HAS BEEN ENGLULFED IN THIS AMAZING PRODUCTION! Romance ... Fiery Drama ... Bouncing Comedy ... Revelry ... Stupendous Spectacle! The story of Two Men ... and a Woman who set men's hearts aflame ... amid the Mad Abandon and Fevered Passions of Mardi Gras!

with

BEBE DANIELS
Glamorous star of song and great emotions.

EVERETT MARSHALL
Famous star of Metropolitan Opera Company.

BERT WHEELER
AND
ROBERT WOOLSEY

DOROTHY LEE
JOSEPH CATHORN
RALF HAROLDE
JOBYNA HOWLAND and
BILL ROBINSON
(World's Greatest Tap Dancer)

Music by Harry Tierney, Book by Anne Caldwell
Directed by LUTHER REED . . . Supervised by WM. LE BARON

SCENES IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR

COMING WITH A RUSH! AMOS 'N' ANDY in their first talking picture, Edna Ferber's "CIMARRON", John Galsworthy's "ESCAPE", "BABES IN TOYLAND", "LEATHER NECKING" and "HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE" with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey ... not to mention a grand and gorgeous galaxy of other great attractions in THE NEW PAGEANT OF THE TITANS!

RKO DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
(Subsidiary of Radio Corp. of America)
1560 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY
**Tabloid Reviews**

Convenient Guide to the Current Films

**CLASS A:**

The Dawn Patrol. *First National.* Dick Barthelmess' latest and best, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Neil Hamilton. All-male cast. Don't miss it!*


Raffles. *United Artists.* Ronald Colman's latest amusing cinematic adventure, with Kay Francis and a great cast.

Holiday. *Pathé.* Adult screening of stage play with clever dialogue and smart performances especially by Ann Harding and Mary Astor.


So This is London. *Fox.* Will Rogers' best picture. Homely humor and pretty Maureen O'Sullivan and Irene Rich.


**Ladies of Leisure.** *Columbia.* Barbara Stanwyck scores heavily.*

The Border Legion. *Paramount.* Zane Grey western with Arlen and Holt.*


A Man from Wyoming. *Paramount.* War film with Gary Cooper and June Collyer.*

Lawful Larceny. *RKO.* Lowell Sherman the whole show. With Bebe Daniels.*

Hell's Island. *Columbia.* Melodrama with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Dot Sebastian.*

The Big Fight. *Sono-Art.* Drama of prize-ring with Guinn Williams in the Dempsey role.*

This Mad World. *Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer.* Turgid war drama with Kay Johnson, Basil Rathbone.*

The Sap from Syracuse. *Paramount.* Jack Oakie's funniest film. Not to be missed.*


Spring is Here. *First National.* Light musical romance with Bernice Claire, Lawrence Gray, Alexander Gray, and some good comedy.

Young Desire. *Universal.* Romance of carnival girl and rich boy, with appealing performances by Mary Nolan and William Janney.

Hot Curves. *Tiffany.* Baseball comedy with Benny Rubin's brand of humor, supported by Pert Kelton, comedienne from the stage.

Inside the Lines. *RKO.* Secret-service drama of average interest with Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes redeeming features.


Sweet Mama. *First National.* Alice White deserves better material than this mediocre crook story. Not so good.

One Mad Kiss. *Fox.* Don Jose Mojica's fine tenor, Tony Moreno's screen technique. Mono Mari's beauty—and that's about all!


Night Work. *Pathé.* If you like Eddie Quillian's brand of comedy you'll enjoy this. Sally Starr supplies the love interest.

Sisters. *Columbia.* Interesting chiefly because it shows Sally O'Neil and her sister, Molly O'Day, in the same picture.

*Reviewed in this issue.
DAVID BELASCO, the white-haired dean of the American dray-ma, has declared. This time he raises his dulcet voice against—guess what?—why, talking pictures! You see, the Dean's new play was opening and he was celebrating his seventy-seventh birthday—altogether an auspicious occasion for breaking into the public prints by squawking about the talkies.

Said Belasco: "If I were younger and had plenty of money I would go into the production of silent pictures. This is the great field for the right man today. Good silent films would sweep the country. The great mistake of the motion picture producers was that of launching talking pictures. The silent film was one of the most interesting developments in the field of entertainment. It has deteriorated with the introduction of the 'squawky.'

"They cannot turn out good talking pictures on a large scale. A producer of legitimate drama has to work and struggle with raw material all year and he is exceedingly lucky if he produces one or two good plays. The talking picture companies aim at producing twenty-five or thirty or more talkies in the course of a year. No wonder the average talking picture is what it is. The picture producer can never get playwrights to turn out good work on any such scale.

"As the public is turning away from the talking pictures, it is ready to turn towards the silent picture again."

"If I had a talking picture of you-oo-oo," Mr. Belasco! Now let's look into this thing. Here are some interesting items:

Paramount-Publix is planning to erect the world's largest film theater on Broadway, New York—diagonally across from the Paramount Theater on the corner of Forty-fourth Street. It will be in a skyscraper more than twice as tall as the present Paramount Building, and will seat about 6,000 persons. What do you make of that, Mr. Belasco?

If you are still thinking harsh thoughts about the talking picture business consider the fact that the Western Electric sound systems in use in theaters now total 6,160.

And that Warner Brothers will soon present the new wide film they have been working on—pioneering again, these boys.

But maybe you would rather hear what some of our film theater managers have been up to, Mr. Belasco? They are offering a combination of golfies and talkies. With miniature golf calling from one side and talkers from the other, it's smart to merge—and some theaters have miniature courses outside or next door or even in the lobby so that picture patrons may put themselves in the proper frame of mind to enjoy Ronald Colman's or Norma Shearer's latest. There's one theater in Minneapolis that has a roof garden serving free lunch—coffee and sandwiches with the compliments of the management. That's one you never thought of, Mr. Belasco.

So the public is turning away from talking pictures, is it? It didn't look that way when I watched the crowds squeezing into the Paramount to see "For the Defense," or the Winter Garden to watch "The Dawn Patrol"—and these theaters don't serve sandwiches, either. Of course, it's true we are all fed up with the girl-and-music backstage screen shows. But the producers know it and they aren't making any more. They are looking in other directions. Pictures like "The Dawn Patrol," "For the Defense," and "Let Us Be Gay" will worry Mr. Belasco. They are turning people away, all right—just because they can't all get in at once to see them. No, Mr. Belasco—I'm afraid you'd lose your bank-roll!

D. E.
The Swedish girl who faced Hollywood five years ago wore her hair in too many curls and used too much make-up on her eyes. See the picture at the left. Then the miracle-workers took her in hand and—presto!—look at Greta Garbo today. (Left, below.)

Anita Page's appearance was changed when the beauty experts plucked her eyebrows. Anita needs very little beautification. But from the sweet little girl you see at the right she became the dazzling beauty you see below, right, when her brows were thinned and cunningly curved.

Miracles

The battle of beauty is being constantly fought of the lipstick, the eyebrow pencil, and the satin

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the lipstick and eyebrow pencil are even more powerful than the pen.

To say nothing of the potency of a few yards of well-draped satin and one or two deftly-placed pins.

Every day these three—the lipstick, the eyebrow pencil and the satin, are winning new beauty battles in Hollywood.

After a few hours with the make-up artists, the hairdressers, and the gown designers, homely girls emerge as beauties and beautiful maidens become breath-taking visions. It happens every day in Hollywood.

An added curve of scarlet mouth, a deepened bluish shadow beneath the eyes, a wider wave in the close-fitting cap of hair makes little Jill an entirely different girl. Even her best friends might not know her.

There is, for instance, the now famous case of a girl called Greta Garbo.

Surely the frightened, speechless, shabby Swedish girl who faced Hollywood five years ago was nothing to inspire the writing of long letters home. Almost everyone remembers, and gasps at the memory, the first
When Lucille Le Sueur arrived in Hollywood she was too-made-up, careless of her clothes. Then Lucille became Joan. She toned down her make-up, was given a complete clothes transformation, and the result is a smart, well-groomed modern girl, not a giddy flapper.

Norma Shearer used to be the pretty girl you see at the right, just like hundreds of other pretty girls. Then she studied her good features and enhanced them—uncovered her perfect little ears, smoothed her hair in an individual bob, and blossomed into the Norma you know, below.

pictures made of Garbo as she stood in a shapeless checked suit on the deck of the ship which brought her to these shores and to a fame which has surpassed her own fondest hopes.

Almost everything about that girl was wrong. She wore her hair in too many curls. She used too much make-up on her eyes and cheeks, following the foreign custom of overdone artificiality. Her clothes didn't fit. Then the miracle-workers of Hollywood took her in hand. Look at her today! The first thing which the make-up experts did was to remove two-thirds of the blue shadows about her eyes and the rouge on her cheeks. Carefully they arched and thinned her eyebrows. Her mouth they didn't touch. It was perfect. Greta, herself, designed the plain, long-bob hair style which has been copied in every nook and corner of the world.

And, while we are on the interesting subject of the Garbo face, let me add that her eyelashes are her very own, every hair of them. These lashes seem to have become the subject of much controversy. They are almost too long and too thick to be (Continued on page 110)
DARE a screen star try again for happiness? That is the question which is staring Hollywood in the face right now. For during the last few months, three of the best loved stars in the industry—Billie Dove, Betty Compson, and Colleen Moore—have had the courage to risk their professional necks by deciding to divorce their husbands. And during the last few years, some half hundred other stars and players have had to take a similar decisive stand on the divorce question in the hope of wresting future happiness out of present discontent.

You may not have realized it, but the professional and personal happiness of fifty or sixty stars lies right in your hands, right this moment. Because you can make or break them at the box-office window. It's a strange and sad fact that Mary Harris, of Fort Wayne, may decide she is tired of having her husband use her head as a target for soup plates every time he gets annoyed. She, therefore, tells her troubles to a judge and gets relief in the form of divorce—and nobody criticizes her. But just let a well-known movie star dare to thrust her hand into the grab bag of happiness for a second chance, and the world may fall about her ears! For nearly every newspaper in the country features her decision on the front page. And hundreds of thousands of picturegoers take pens in hand and begin to speak their minds.

When her public are broad-minded and tolerant enough to realize that a star is a woman first and a moving picture actress second, the player can go and get her divorce and still not risk losing her following at the box office. But if they decide they
don't want her to be divorced and turn thumbs down on her, inevitably that person's professional career is dead and she quickly passes out of the picture, if she persists in going against her public's wishes.

You probably never thought of it in that light before, did you? You never realized, perhaps, just what a close relationship you personally bear to your favorite star's home and happiness!

Fortunately, with the inception of talking pictures, the film industry began to grow up. Picturegoers are fast be-

coming more intelligent, more sophisticated, and more typically cosmopolitan in their outlook on the personal lives of their favorites, and in other ways as well. Previously, many thought the players lived lives of complete, idyllic happiness. Something like every idealist has dreamed of achieving since the days of Plato! Beautiful homes, with the sun on one side, the sea on the other; cars, jewels, exquisite clothes, health, beauty, and freedom—not only from financial worries but freedom to develop in the art they love. What more could a person want than to be a star in Hollywood, we used to ask! But now, mental grown-ups that we are, we realize that although the film actresses may possess every material comfort, frequently real love has eluded them. Take Betty Compson, for instance. Surely if any woman in the whole film colony deserves happiness she does. And she had it with her husband, Jim Cruze, for several years. But that freedom to develop in the art she loves—which we spoke of in the last paragraph—was denied her. It all happened like this:

Three years (Continued on page 114)
MARY

Will the big twin thrones of Hollywood soon be for sale?

"And the Sage said to the King-Who-Had-Everything: 'You must die unless you sleep in the shirt of a Happy Man.'

So the King dispatched couriers to every corner of his desmesne that they might bring him the shirt of a Happy Man.

But each subject questioned dwelt with sorrow. Then finally the seekers found a man who was happy. He was a beggar and hadn't a shirt to his back!"

From An Old Tale.

WHAT'S happened to Mary?
And what's happened to Doug?
Mary wants to work. Doug wants to play—they say.

Doug likes his golf. Mary doesn't like to be a golf-widow—like several thousand other big-business men's wives.

So Doug may golf and Mary may work. Why not, and who has a better right?

Sometimes Doug doesn't seem to care if he never makes another picture. He is fed up with the cares of production and unless he finds a story to suit him he'll just—play golf? But Mary—who has trooped ever since she was a golden-haired child—is probably happiest when she is in the throes of a new picture. The business is in her blood. Trips around the world—visiting celebrities at Pickfair—all the prestige of being screenland's First Lady—have not made Mary Pickford a contented woman. Her fame, hard-won as a curly-haired child, is ever snapping at her heels. So she'll keep on.

Right now, it looks as though she couldn't make up her mind about her new picture, "Forever Yours." She started it, got halfway through after spending $250,000—and then scrapped the results! She may make it yet. Meanwhile, she and Doug have been cruising on Joe Schenck's yacht. Doug has been talking about starring in "Reaching for the Moon," with Bebe Daniels as his leading woman. Bebe, they say, hasn't definitely made up her mind as to whether she wants to take secondary billing—Doug won't share his—after being a big star in her own right. Mary has disbanded her production staff and will make her future films, if any, under the business management of Mr. Schenck.

When Mary and Doug were in New York together after the release of "Coquette" Mary Pickford was tired, and looked it. She was suffering from headaches. Some of the reviews of her picture had been a blow to her. She saw some reporters in the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel and one of them asked her: "Why don't you get some rest?" "Oh," said Mary with a weary little smile, "Douglas has seats for the 'Vanities' tonight."

"Why don't you call it off?" persisted the sympathetic reporter.

Mary's eyes widened. "Why, we couldn't do that!" she said. "It's all arranged."

Schedules. Routines. Obligations. Not even a visit to a theater can be disregarded. The show—the big

By Herbert
Doug

Will—in other words—Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks retire?

Cruikshank

show of King and Queen of Movieland—must go on. Mary Pickford has been acting her super-rôle for so long that her original identity—little Gladys Smith—has been overlaid with glory and money and adulation. Her best friends can't call Mary Pickford a contented, happy woman. But she has everything in the world. Only sometimes—maybe—little Gladys Smith creeps in and spoils everything by asking: "What's it all about, Mary? Where are we going, anyway?"

Fairbanks wants to retire, according to some reports. He has made money. He believes his pictorial style has been cramped by the new talker technique. He wants action, and still more action. How to get that action in a sound picture? Neither he nor Mary was entirely happy about "The Taming of the Shrew," they say. Their first co-starring screen venture was also their last. They finished it and forgot it on their world tour. But Mary came back and wanted to work again. And Doug wanted to keep on playing.

Here, in the Pickford-Fairbanks alliance, is a great business partnership with invested capital amounting to millions, and vast interests which interlocked. Here were two gigantic stockholders in that close corporation known as "United Artists." In silent-picture days, they reigned supreme. Came talkers, and new stars began to twinkle. "Coquette" and "The Taming of the Shrew" were topped by other pictures. Doug declared himself as unwilling to make "just another talkie." But Mary—Mary who worked so hard to make "Coquette" a success, Mary who in silent days was the queen of them all and in 1929-30 must share her place with half a dozen other, newer, brighter stars—stuck gamely and grimly to her plans. She spent thousands making a sound re-make of Norma Talmadge's "Secrets."

Doug went to Europe to see some golf. Without Mary! But when a guest asked Mary, on a tour of Pickfair: "... and this is your room?" there was the gentle correction: "This is our room!"

And then came the news that Mary had abandoned her production. She is no spendthrift—the investment was well over a quarter-million—but—the picture was shelved. Doug hurried home. And Pickfair once more housed its master and mistress, Mary's little niece, Gwyn, returned from school in Switzerland. All seemed serene in the big house on the Beverly hill.

Will they retire, this King and Queen who have reigned so long? Or will Doug, grinning, run out for golf and Mary start her picture all over again? Well, if Doug wants to go golfing—here's luck for every stroke. And as for Mary—"Our Mary"—she can have her throne as long as she wants it, but we hope she'll squeeze some happiness out of the future and hand some to that little Gladys Smith. If we could see once more that spontaneous twinkle in her eyes that we used to see in the days of "Daddy-Long-Legs" and her old triumphs; that magnificent twinkle that seemed to die when the audible Mary was born on the screen—then we'll know that some one of her adorers—and there are lots of them left—has lent Mary Pickford a shirt!
NO AGE LIMIT

The screen is no longer dedicated to youth. The oldsters are having their say and their day.

If anyone should ask you "Where is the fountain of youth?" you might reply: "In Hollywood!" and not be far wrong, for there's no age limit in pictures.

Some of the players most in demand at the studios have reached what used to be called 'years of discretion,' their popularity increasing with every appearance on the screen.

Take George Fawcett, whose stage experience reaches back to the days of the elder Salvini, who played Iago to his Othello.

Several years ago Schumann-Heink, the great contralto, sent Mr. Fawcett her photograph stating that, though she had never met him, he was her favorite actor. Mr. Fawcett replied, with an autographed picture of himself, that she was his favorite star of the operatic stage. Followed an occasional interchange of letters, in which Mrs. Fawcett (Percy Haswell) took a special pride. But it was not until last May, when Mr. Fawcett made a local appearance in his one-time stage success, "The Great John Ganton," that they met.

Schumann-Heink occupied a seat in the first row of the orchestra and applauded frequently and with enthusiasm. After the last curtain, she went backstage and congratulated the star.

"On my dressing-table, I have but four pictures," she told him, "and one of them is yours!"

The singer’s admiration has been shared by many during the more than two-score years of Mr. Fawcett’s professional life. At 21, he made his first bow on the New York stage, which always, thereafter, greeted him with applause, whether he supported reigning stars (he was with Maude Adams for three years) or starred in his own vehicles.

His success was no less in London, where he was signal honorably honored by being made honorary member of the renowned Beefsteak Club, to which but two others were admitted—the late Theodore Roosevelt and Lord Kitchener.

Since 1914, the actor has been a familiar figure on the screen, and the advent of talkies has served to strengthen his hold on an ever-increasing audience.

That youth no longer rules the screen is attested by Beryl Mercer, creator of Mrs. Dowey in "Seven Days' Leave," who couldn’t play all the roles offered her if...
in Hollywood!

By

Ruth Tildesley

... she was a twin. She's in constant demand.

Born in Spain of a Spanish father and half-English, half-French mother, Beryl was endowed with enormous black eyes and a gift for drama. At the age of four—her father having removed to London—she made her debut at the Drury Lane Theater in a pantomime. At seventeen she was leading lady to Sir Herbert Tree, and before she was twenty, was the toast of the English capital.

1914 marked her appearance on the New York stage, her first picture work at Fort Lee—and the war. Beryl went to France as an entertainer, served for two years, and was presented with a medal by Queen Alexandra.

We think of her as new to the screen because producers brought her to Hollywood to repeat her stage success in the Barrie play, but she has worked in many pictures, among them "The Christian," in which Richard Dix achieved film fame.

She is under feet tall and terrified of interviewers! Joseph Cawthorn's long-term contract with RKO is another proof of the fact that the mature player appeals to today's sophisticated audiences.

On the stage since babyhood, Mr. Cawthorn was a musical comedy favorite for years, his final role being that of principal comedian in "Sunny" with Marilyn Miller. Since then, his name is seen on cast sheets for film plays, notably in German dialect roles.

In addition to his foot-and-kleig-light fame, Mr. Cawthorn is one of the greatest concertina players in the world. The ordinary concertina has 48 notes, but the actor's instrument was specially made for him and has 103.

When Sam Taylor, producer-director of "Du Barry, Woman of Passion," Norma Talmadge's latest talker, asked Alison Skipworth, member of the cast, why she became an actress, Miss Skipworth replied: "To keep from starving to death!"

"That was 31 years ago," she explained. "My husband, Frank Markham-Skipworth, was an artist and we were very poor. All I had was a good singing voice, and because I wanted to eat I marketed my voice. I went to see George Edwards, London producer, and half an hour later came out with a five-year contract."

She began as understudy for Marie Tempest and nine months later was playing... (Continued on page 116)
SING AS YOU SPEAK!  
SAYS LAWRENCE TIBBETT

A great name in opera, in concert, in movies: Tibbett! A great voice, a great actor. And a great and understanding person, as he proves in the invaluable advice he gives out of his own intimate experience. We’re proud of this article!

So many young singers come to me for advice. Asking me what exercises they should study, what teacher I recommend, whether I think they have possibilities, and what do I think they should do to become great singers! To all I have but one answer. I ask them this question: “Are you unable to prevent yourself from singing?” If the urge within you to sing is so strong that neither time nor tide, poverty nor setbacks can keep you from singing, you need not worry about exercises, methods or whatnots. Not that I discredit the importance of these factors but the most important thing is the desire within.

In my case, I believe I’ve learned as much on the platform, before audiences, as I have from any studying I’ve ever done with or without a teacher. The platform — concert or operatic — and also the ‘mike’ are great singing teachers. I’ve been singing about in moving picture, vaudeville and legitimate theaters, in churches and clubs ever since I was tall enough to wear long pants — and before. Every time I sang I criticized myself and I listened to the criticism of those who I knew had my interest at heart, and the next time I made a public appearance I tried to improve. To-day I have to work just as hard and think just as seriously about singing as I did in those early days of my career.

There is no Royal Road to Singing. Good singing grows out of good speech. Singing might well be called sustained speech. Just as you have to think before you speak, if your thoughts are going to be expressed in words of weight and sincerity, so do you have to think when you sing. The person, actor or layman, who speaks convincingly and with beautiful tones that ring and echo in your heart is one who speaks with sincere thinking behind his words. This, I think, is the keynote of good singing. Sing as you speak. That means you must know how to speak, also.

Another conclusion I have reached, not haphazardly nor swiftly but after many experiences, is that the more you sing, the better you sing. I’ve tried resting the voice for a week, a month or longer, and each time when I’ve started to sing again, hoping I would be rested and full of renewed energy, because of the complete relaxation
I had taken, I would find my voice stiff and rusty, and my soul felt rusty, too! I had lost my endurance, and had to battle days to get the voice in shape again. Besides the physical work I had to do to get in voice again, the mental agony of thinking one's voice has gone is dreadful. So I have reached the conclusion that the way to keep a voice in shape is to sing, sing, sing!

I even sing away my ills and my moods. Except for the first year that I sang at the Metropolitan I have never cancelled a performance or a concert. My first year at the Met. I lived through one of those hectic periods that life seems to hand you on the same platter that she serves you prosperity and success. I had the flu, the mumps and one very bad throat, so I did cancel a few performances, but generally I use my voice instead of letting it use me.

I often think of one of my concerts last season. Just a few hours before I was to sing I received some very tragic news, something that upset me mentally more than anything I have ever experienced. I walked the streets for over an hour, feeling I would rather die than give that concert; however, I sang; and out of the forty-five concerts I gave last season I consider that was by far my best.

I do not disparage the necessity of teachers, for to become a singer you must have a good teacher sometime during your career. You should have one always. I am indeed grateful to Frank La Forge, with whom I still study whenever I am in New York. He has given me much, and I hope any success I attain may in a degree express my sincere gratitude to him.

Every singer owes a debt to some understanding teacher or teachers, one who is really in sympathy and harmony with the student. I feel that singing is such 'spiritual fun.'

Personalities are always entering into one's life as a singer and if one is not awfully careful he can be easily influenced by them. An unсимпатичный musical director can ruin a singer just as a sympathetic one can help to make a singer great. Tullio Serafin at the Metropolitan has helped me much with his perfect coaching. No people on earth have the traditions of the operas as the Italians have and to 'pass a score' with the stamp of approval of a great director like Serafin is to accomplish something really worth while. Both 'Falstaff' and 'La Cena Delle Beffe' I studied with him and attribute much of my success in these operas to him.

The immortal Toscanini has made many a singer great, who of themselves had little or nothing above the ordinary. One of the ambitions of my life is to sing under the direction of this wizard of music. I deem it a gift of the gods that I have become a singer in the days that this extraordinary genius still wields his baton. For such as Toscanini are born only once or twice in the history of the world.

As I have said before, to your teacher and to those who are in sympathy with your desire to sing owe much, but if I were allowed to tell only one thing to a young singer, I would impress this upon him—a defeat administered early in your life will often really make you. I can quite honestly say I owe more to a critic right here in California than to anyone I know of. Not many years ago he said I had no possibilities whatsoever as a singer—he still does not like me, but that matters not. For that thought that someone right here in my home state thought I had no pos- (Continued on page 118)
The old, familiar faces—some of them not so old, at that! Members of the one and only original cast of "The Birth of a Nation." Front row, left to right: Donald Crisp, Mae Marsh, D. W. Griffith, Henry B. Walthall, Mary Alden, Ralph Lewis. Back row, Joseph Hennaberry, Spottiswood Aiken, Tom Wilson, Walter Long.

The Re-"Birth of a Nation"

By Marie House

The old master, D. W. Griffith, superintends a revival of his screen classic with $200,000 worth of Sound!

The clan rides again. The gray coats and the blue shout as they charge on immemorial battlefields. The sins of the carpet baggers are re-committed and Lillian starts again on her Gishful way.

It's the Re-birth of a Nation!

But—it's the very same che-ild!

Oh, with a new bonnet and frill, perhaps. Certainly with a new coo and cry; but it's the very self same che-ild. A baby with a $200,000 gurgle!

The same "Birth of a Nation" that we enjoyed with every heart-string sixteen years ago—the very self-same print, with every kind of sound and music. No dialogue, mind you. Not a word will be heard out of Lillian Gish, out of The Little Colonel. Not a cry out of Mae Marsh, the Little Sister. Not a sound out of the handsome octaroon. But rebel yells, sounds of horses' hoofs, houses burning, cries of mobs, bugle calls—every kind of drama in sound will be there, in this re-edited picture of "The Birth of a Nation."

Here's a thing the talkies have done. $200,000 spent for a picture all of which lies on the cutting-room floor, only the sound is kept! A fabulous sum spent and not a picture with it—just the sound was saved, the sound that goes with the old masterpiece. No sacrilege this, so dry your tears. No common brush strokes will obliter ate the masterpiece. No botched restoration of a Mona Lisa, a La Primavera. But the original itself, with new sounds attached, and the master himself, D. W. Griffith superintending it.

Tragedy stalked in its making! Whole troops of cowboys hired for a day's extra work turned out in their most gorgeous trappings, and found that their faces were not wanted, only the sound of their horses' hoofs would
go down to posterity! Entire buildings were erected and burnt to the ground, but only the crackling of the flames will ever be known to movie audiences! An entire picture of sound! That’s 1930.

Experts attended this re-born. No effort was spared. We will hear the cannon shots, almost feel the scorching of the powder, so realistic will it be. When the gray costs charge over the top, we will hear the fiery dramatic rebel yell—given, if you must know, by five very old gentlemen imported from Atlanta to do this yelling. Five very old veterans from the D. A. R. home whose voices will be spared for years to come, but whose faces will never appear! We will hear the Klan, the Ku Kluxers as they ride, the hoofbeats far away, getting nearer, nearer, until they are upon us. This was made by running the horses in a circle with the microphone in the center. We will sit on the edges of our seats and shiver with Colonel Cameron and his party as the niggers 1-r-e-a-k-a-k down the door! Days were spent getting this sound just right. Experts decided if they took the sound of a door breaking down, it would all be over in a minute, while they needed to preserve and prolong every crackle. So they slowed it down as a phonograph record is slowed down. And we can prolong our minutes of shivering!

It will be remembered that “The Birth of a Nation” in its original form was the first picture to be presented with special music and an entire orchestra was sent around the country with it, and the roll of drums and the tooting of horns made our sounds for us. Now we shall have on the same sound track, a musical accompaniment to the picture, an orchestra of 100 pieces under the direction of Louis Gottschalk, whose orchestra helped make the silent picture the stirring spectacle it was. We will hear choirs of voices, negro melodies, national anthems, all with the self-same picture!

Might not the film be just—well, a little—perhaps a trifle, or—faded, you may ask delicately? After all, sixteen years has been responsible for many a face-lifting? You’re entirely right! That’s just what will happen. The original film will be put through a fountain of youth and come out, snappy, sparkling, peppy as it was in its early days. If some technical meanies inquire, it was done by running the film through two plates on which were running streams of gelatin, and in this way the original picture was restored to youth!

Again we will suffer with Little Sister, be ecstatic with Lilian, proud with the Colonel, fierce and determined with the Ku Kluxers as they ride. Sixteen years will be as nothing. We will have them all back again in this Re-Birth of a Nation!”

We will see again the brave and brawny Wallace Reid engage in mortal combat a score of husky culled pussons, and it’s still a swell fight! We will see the touching scene with Joseph Hennaberry as Lincoln where he pardons The Little Colonel. We (Continued on page 101)
So often stars of the theater and the screen are disappointing when encountered in the flesh. But if you liked “Sally” and “Sunny” on stage or screen, you are certain to like Marilyn Miller if you are ever fortunate enough to meet her. For she is “Sally” and “Sunny;” and they are Marilyn Miller!
"SALLY,"
"SUNNY,"
and
MARILYN

Three lovely girls
—you'll like them!
And they are all
Marilyn Miller

By
Mitchell Rawson

THERE are two classes of people who will give you two different and absolutely opposed accounts of Marilyn Miller.

According to one of these classes of informant, the star of "Sally" is cool, indifferent, upstage, high-hat.

According to the other class, she is one of the most gracious and human and lovable of young women, altogether natural and charming.

For this divergence of experience there is a quite simple reason. The first class have met and dealt with Miss Miller's secretaries. The second class are acquainted with Marilyn herself. And they are the lucky ones!

She always has a secretary; sometimes two. And these secretaries, whether male or female, are invariably so efficient, businesslike and unsentimental as to strike a chill to the heart—even over the telephone.

That is why they are there. It is simply a matter of self-protection on the part of a girl, who, though warm-hearted and generous to a fault, has a level head on her shoulders. Broadwayites will tell you that Marilyn Miller has been imposed upon by frauds and ne'er-do-wells oftener, probably, than any other footlight celebrity. Actors, musicians and others connected with show business, down on their luck through their own fault or otherwise, have long known the facility with which substantial aid could be obtained from the most famous of all musical comedy actresses—if they could only appeal to her personally.

Bitter experience at last opened Marilyn's eyes. Hence

the secretaries of forbidding mien who stand guard at her portals.

Marilyn Miller is simply a girl who hates to say "No." So she has these employees to say it for her.

But, once past their eagle scrutiny, one finds oneself in the presence of the genuine Marilyn of stage and screen. She is "Sally;" she is "Sunny;" she is "Rosalie." For there is never any necessity of telling her to 'be herself.' She always is!

In fact, one of the most disarming things about Miss Miller is the complete frankness with which she discusses her own professional career.

"I'm not an emotional actress," she declares. "Everybody knows that and I know it, too. First and foremost, I am a singer and dancer and a romantic comedienne. Of course, when we make 'Sunny,' at the First National Studio, it will have a stronger story than it did as a musical comedy, but the story (Continued on page 121)
Corinne Griffith made a charming picture as Lady Hamilton in "The Divine Lady." But was she correctly dressed? Read the story.

FAMOUS
When the scenarios get historical, Screen stars cast as sirens of

By Virginia

ASP waists by Catherine de Medici. Ruffs by Queen Elizabeth. High waists by the Duchess of York. Corsets by Marie Anjou. These are some of the possible credit lines for the new costume pictures, giving credit where credit is due. These famous ladies of fashion made some infamous styles and, incidentally, a lot of trouble for Hollywood.

It's all because of the vogue of the costume picture. Stars are looking at their figures from an entirely new angle. When the scenarios get historical, Hollywood gets hysterical. Casting directors are going around with a tape measure and doing problems in stellar length, breadth and thickness. Their statistics read: Bessie Love, 5 feet, 100 pounds; Sue Carol, 5 feet, 2 inches, 107 pounds; Norma Talmadge, 5 feet, 2 inches, 108 pounds; Clara Bow, 5 feet, 3 inches, 110 pounds; Dolores Del Rio, 5 feet, 3½ inches, 115 pounds; Nancy Carroll, 5 feet, 4 inches, 116 pounds; Alice White, 5 feet, 104 pounds; Corinne Griffith, 5 feet, 6 inches, 115 pounds; Janet Gaynor, 5 feet, 98 pounds.

Not one suited to be Marie Antoinette. Not a Josephine for Napoleon among them. All too short for Queen Elizabeth. Not round enough for Lady Washington. The casting director must put on his
glasses and look further for figures of a fourth dimension.

Physicians use the following table of weights for women between 20 and 30 years of age: 5 feet, 117 pounds; 5 feet, 1 inch, 119; 5 feet, 2 inches, 121; 5 feet, 3 inches, 124; 5 feet, 4 inches, 128; 5 feet, 5 inches, 131. Hollywood feels gross and corpulent by this scale and averages at least 10 pounds under each weight.

Anatomically we may be the same through the ages, but figure ideals have changed and, therefore, the figure proportion. At one time, the Venus de Milo was the standard of feminine beauty. Notice the breadth of shoulders, her waist and the thick torso. A marvelous museum piece as far as Hollywood is concerned. Far too Herculean to win a Beauty Contest today.

Figures years ago rose to fame by the help of iron, wood, steel and whalebone. The importance of figures in relation to fame should not be under-rated. What would have happened if a certain Louise de Montagnard had not worn a vertugadin (early hoopskirt) narrow at the waist yet so wide at the hips and hem as to hide her cousin, the Duc de Montmorency, when his enemies searched the house and left no concealment possible except through the lady's ingenuity! Costumes have been a fortress and refuge.
Ladies of the Empire Days donned their muslin gowns wringing wet in order to have them dry and thus mold lines realistically. Page, please, a Madame Recamier who led the molded fashions so effectively in Paris after the Revolution in gauze gowns of a shamefuf sheerness.

The idea of omitting clothes beneath the dress in order to get a molded line did not originate with Greta Garbo. Way back, in-when-was-it, the Empress Elizabeth of all the Russias had her riding habit sewn together over her bare skin. She was very proud of her horsemanship, it seems.

Then high waists. They aren't at all new. A Duchess of York started this fashion before an heir to the throne was born, finding that a ribbon placed higher than the normal waistline was more becoming to her figure. Other women in order to resemble her attached a small cushion or pad to the waist and wore a ribbon at the same height so that the proportions were every bit as fashionable as the Duchess's.

Royalty could, of course, change fashions at will. Take the case of the daughters of good St. Louis. It seems that their legs and feet were peculiarly "ill-shaped," which, modernly speaking, means knock-kneed or bow-legged. The daughters were clever enough to start the vogue of long skirts and the court had to follow suit no matter how comely their calves or how light their ankles. This was a stroke of genius for the princesses. Not only did it hide their ungainly legs with a new fashion, but at once took away the contrast with other legs more pleasant to the eye. Unfortunately, a subterfuge of that kind can not be realized these days. Skirts are long now simply because they have been short.

There are, of course, pictures that are staged in periods not so difficult to costume. Greta Garbo in "Romance" wears the costume of 1850 in a charming fashion. Few people would have thought Greta could so suitably slide into the most mid-Victorian era. But art and especially the art of this actress can surmount the greatest obstacles with seeming ease.

Grace Moore makes her debut as Jenny Lind in the picture of that name and wears the costumes of 1860. Costumes of the later periods are more easily adapted to the modern figure than costumes of the medieval times or of the immediate succeeding centuries. Costumes must be worn convincingly. The success of the film depends to a great extent upon authenticity. Doubles may be used for hazardous or monotonous moments in Hollywood, but no star can find a substitute for the discomfort that she endures in a costume picture. She must suffer, if she is playing the part of the de Medici, the agony of being locked into an iron corset. No matter how large her waist is naturally, it will be compressed into the span of 13 inches. This Queen has two uncomfortable fashions to her credit, one, the royal edict that all waists must measure no more than 13 inches, and the other, the Medici collar which was straight and high in back, keeping the neck in a vise-like position. She who plays Catherine should consider the costume carefully. She should remember that the corsetiere will be a blacksmith and be shapes metal that can not be stretched, broken or eased out in any way.

There will not be many who care to play the part of Queen Elizabeth, either, after they hear the wardrobe requirements. First, consider the stays, laced tight and pointed in front, made of bone (Continued on page 129)
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Foster (Claudette Colbert)

MARRIAGE in HOLLYWOOD
Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson
(Sally Eilers)

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen
(Jobyna Ralston)
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

(Joan Crawford)
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess
(Jessica Sargeant)
Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook
(Mildred Evelyn)
Mr. and Mrs. Grant Withers
(Loretta Young)
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Blackmer
(Lenore Ulric)
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Forbes
(Ruth Chatterton)
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe

(Lilyan Tashman)
Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon
(Bebe Daniels)

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March
(Florence Eldridge)
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bannister
(Ann Harding)
Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bushell
(Zelma O'Neal)
Mr. and Mrs. Nick Stuart
(Sue Carol)
A GOOD sport! That's the finest compliment you can earn in Hollywood. Well, anywhere, really. It's American. It's something you can't buy. It's the accolade of your associates. That's Sue's highest ambition—oh, aside from doing bigger and better things in the movies—of decorating a home—of earning enough money to retire on in a dozen years, perhaps.

Do you know this black-eyed Susan named Carol? Yes, you do. She's the girl you watch flying by in the yellow sports roadster. She's the laughing young thing on the tennis courts. She's the slim brown mermaid on the beach. She's the girl who lives on the corner. She's the girl you've known all your life.

Once upon a time about twenty-one years ago, all of the good fairy godmothers attended the christening of the tiny Evelyn Lederer, a trifle out of breath because it was in Chicago, to be sure, but not a one stayed at home. A happy childhood followed, full of things children do. A normal girlhood spent in a convent and a fashionable private school. Then Hollywood. Sue Carol. A movie contract. And Nick. (Mrs. Nick Stuart is the correct name, in case you don't know.)

What? No struggling up from nothing? No orphan asylum? No going ragged and hungry? Not just like every typical American girl except for the movie contract, surely. Tch! Tch! Can't we have any illusions? Can a movie actress be just like the rest of us—only some one on whom fate has played the spot?

Well, that's what Sue says.

"There's no reason for my getting where I have, not that I am famous or anything," Sue modestly confesses. "It just happened. Sometimes I'm as surprised as anyone else. When I was a child I never dreamed of such a thing as being in the movies. I was a great fan then and still am. I remember when I was eight I wrote a passionate letter to Charlie Chaplin. But mother found it and never sent it. Valentino was another of my idols. So was Ronald Colman, and Norma Talmadge. I was just in Hollywood on a visit when they asked me to take a test. I thought they were kidding me (they, being Nick, now Mr. Sue, and a studio official). I remember so well going into the room where about fifty girls were taking tests for stock. I didn't even know what 'stock' meant; I was so dumb. When it came my turn I hadn't the slightest idea of what to do. They had to tell me. It was a terrible test.

Oh, surely, Sue, not so terrible! At least it started her on the road lined with fan letters and electric lights. She laughingly tells you her letters all come from young people; children adore her.

Well, Sue has arrived now, with three years and thirty pictures to her credit, but finds it amazing that she is one of the stars twinking in the cinematic heavens. "When I was a child I always thought movie stars were continually dressed up. Kept in a velvet case. I couldn't imagine them wearing old clothes. Now I understand how hard it is to uphold the impression the public wants you to make. If you go around in any old thing, they think you are sloppy—or broke!"

Sue talks to you as friend to friend, tucking her feet up under her. She has the most amazing round dark eyes, tiny nose and most charming smile, as who doesn't know. The friends who come in to play bridge are 'the kids.' Some of the stars even now have glamour for her. She stars at stars like Mary Pickford, Lawrence Tibbett and Norma Talmadge just as she did when she was a small girl.

I guess you are just like the rest of us, we decide. "Oh, I am," Sue is eager about it. "And do you know I'd rather be called a good sport than anything else! If I could make myself over I'd be what they call 'regular.' You know, the kind of girl that can do all sorts of sports well. I try them all but I'm not much of a champion. I'd like to be the kind of girl that boys would know they could ask to go on any sort of impromptu jaunt."

Well, isn't she? Why, once when she was on location in Arizona for "The Lone Star Ranger" in which she played with George O'Brien, (Continued on page 109)
Introducing Screenland’s Stylist! Miss Manning, leading New York couturiere, talks about fall fashions. A new department.

BECAUSE SCREENLAND is America’s smart cinema publication, numbering among its readers thousands of moderns who demand to be gowned on a par with the best that can be offered, I am inaugurating in this issue my Fashion News, which will bring to you each month the last word in current fashion trends as I find them on my frequent visits to the style capital of the world—beautiful and gay Paris.

This season, when the leaves are turning gold and the air carries the potency of many glasses of Chateau Yquem, is a season of romance, glamour, subtlety. It takes our minds back to the days of gay cavaliers and their ladies, to drooping feathers and heavy russet satins. And this is exactly where the danger lies! In our desire to conquer the charm of those romantic times, it may be that we become frumpy, over-dressed. That is the mistake that was made when we changed from the straight boyish styles to our present-day modes.

To be over-dressed is the cardinal sin of the present day. You can easily see how it is. When you are lunching at Pierre’s or at the Crillon, or dining at the St.-Regis or the Central Park Casino, or at any smart restaurant or hotel where the trend is all towards the simple grandeur of modernistic decorations, an over-dressed woman is as much out of place as a fluffy-ruffled telephone doll would be in the Parthenon at Athens.

Therefore, before you plan your autumn wardrobe, remember first of all that you need imagination, but that this imagination must be held in check, for the simplest is always the best. Never forget that! For clothes which will enable you to mix in any métier of society and yet to feel as well dressed as the best dressed woman there, you must depend largely on two things:

1. On beautiful materials, extraordinary only for their texture and fineness;
2. On having the cut of your dress, suit, coat or

The fall waistline is absolutely natural—that is, resting on the hips, just at the out-curve below the normal waist. Fall colors are black, white, antique ivory, garnet red. Many evening gowns will show the classic Greek influence.

Here is Maybelle Manning herself! She is not only one of the best known style artists in Manhattan, but a charming figure in New York smart life: an indefatigable first-nighter during the season, chatelaine of an exquisitely appointed town house, and in summer a member of the smart colony at East Hampton. Truly qualified to advise the girls of America on their clothes problems!
evening gown absolutely perfect. A misplaced godet will ruin any master designer's dream.

About the greatest need in early fall is the demand for a suit, or one, two, or three suits. Now the simple little tweed coat and skirt of the past summer will not answer. Something more intricate, more of the great world, is necessary. Besides, tweed is quietly on the wane, and cheviot and other such materials are taking its place.

A suit of three pieces which I designed is particularly appealing for the first brisk days. The coat is a box affair of orange cheviot. The dress is—can you imagine it—of brocade!

No, no, no—not the stiff old brocade of our grandmother's day. Don't you know there has been a tremendous textile revolution these last few months? The big textile men have been patiently studying the old costumes in museums all spring and summer, and experimenting until now they can manufacture a brocade, marvelous in color and texture, but as sheen as sheer satin. And it is this brocade which is positively the last word in place of the foulards which we used in the spring.

The dress, of flame-color shading to brown figured brocade, is distinguished by a Bateau neck. That is, a band, two inches in width, runs around the neck with incrustations of box pleats pointing into it. Every other pleat is cut out, showing the skin underneath, thus giving a pleasing and original effect.

Perhaps you will be interested (Continued on page 120)
Ruth Roland plays on one of the one hundred and forty-five miniature golf courses that have sprung up in and around Los Angeles. The vogure of Mah Jong and the cross-word puzzle was mild compared to this new craze that has swept Hollywood and the whole country like a forest fire! It’s a game that can be played in any old California all the year round.

Hollywood goes

NEVER, since Mah Jong and the cross word puzzle swept our enthusiastic land, has anything excited us like this miniature golf craze. It has captured the whole country and swept Hollywood like a forest fire. Whether you call it Tom Thumb, Sportee, Pee Wee or what have you, it is all the same—the Pied Piper of Hollywood that lures children young and old through the magic of bright lights and promise of good fun. From banker to bricklayer, from studio executive to office boy, from star to extra—if you want to find any of them look on the golf course first. It might save you a lot of time.

The film colony has taken to this novel sport like ducks to water. A few months ago there wasn’t one in the city. Not even on the Pacific coast, I was told. The first I saw was the Sportee, on Sunset Boulevard at La Brea. It had been a vacant lot which I passed every day. One night, last December, I saw that the vacant lot had blossomed. There were lights and cute little rocks and runways and hills and valleys and people chasing little golf balls all over them with clubs. It had sprung up, it seemed to me, overnight. And that is so typical of things as they are done in California that I laughed all the way home. “What next!” I thought. As a matter of fact, it takes three weeks to lay out a course—I just had not noticed what was going on in the daytime.

For a month or two there didn’t seem to be an abnormal interest in them, then suddenly the dam burst and they went up like mushrooms all over. It was reported to me by two people who are interested in the business that there were about six hundred in the city and fifteen hundred under construction in and around Los Angeles. That seems to be an exaggeration, however, when compared with the city hall records which include one hundred and forty-five! And this is only one city. They are springing up all over.

Golf has taken precedence over every other theme of conversation at parties.

“Can you make the eighteenth hole in forty-five? You can’t? You make it in less? Well, I’m willing to be shown.” And that’s good for two hours. No use interrupting—they wouldn’t hear you.

“Sure, this thing is here to stay!” declared Robert Woolsey, impressively. “Why not? It’s good healthy fun and just the thing to relax one before going to bed. I don’t say all the little ones will hold out, the ones that are like A B C and made of poor felt—you have to give people something. The good ones that have difficult hazards and something to whet the appetite of a sporting nature will become more and more popular, I think.”

Just then Bert Wheeler, Bob’s partner in comedy, wilted into a chair, unhitched his prop collar and vest and twisted it to one side to give himself air. “Say, Bob, wouldn’t a niblick and a mashie shot burn them up on one of those courses? Gee! What fun to think up new problems.”

“T’m buying a half interest in one of them with my brother-in-law,” Bob continued. “We’re going to put
GOLF-CRAZY!

country. It's so popular a menace to the motion stars love it. Fore!

By

Helen Ludlam

da good location now. That's very important," he said, with the seriousness of an owl. And then he asked about climatic conditions during the California winters and whether it rained long enough to make an outdoor game impracticable as an investment. Bob wasn't a Californian until he came out here, but he is now!

Irene Delroy, Claudia Dell, Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and other Warner Brothers players, including workers in every department of the business, rush out at the lunch hour to see if they can 'get around.' Sometimes it means no lunch but "it sort of peps us up after so many hours on the stages. We feel we do better work, and can always send for a sandwich and orange juice," one of the girls told me.

Every studio seems to have its golf course. Not operated by the studio but built by some bright boy who figured trade would be good there. There are two across from Metro. It used to be when a person was being paged the order would be issued, "Look for them in the commissary." Now it reads, "Look for them in the commissary and on the golf course."

"It just seems to round the evening off right," said little Dorothy Lee. "You never feel like going to bed right away after you've been to a show or even if you have been working until eleven or twelve. You feel as though you wanted a breath of air. There used to be nothing else to do but take a drive or go to a restaurant. Now we go to the golf course (Continued on page 124)
HOW about the AUTHORS?

The screen audience knows Rex Beach from Coney Island, but does it care whether Shaw and other great dramatists transfer their plays to the screen? Read what a scenario expert has to say about it

By Gray Strider

WITH the possible exception of gloomy 'Gene O'Neill, certainly George Bernard Shaw is the most talked about dramatist of the present day, and the one whose work is awaited most expectantly by talkie audiences. "A very wise trader he is," too, according to Mr. Jacob Wilk, the magnetic and astute scenario boss of Warner Brothers, who has recently returned from a trip to London where he interviewed the great Irishman.

When I asked Mr. Wilk to tell me about his dealings with some of the great authors of the world, he answered: "Most moving picture fans don't know Rex Beach from Coney Island! The general public as a whole are not very much interested in the machinery of making pictures. All they care about is the finished art."

I couldn't agree with Mr. Wilk there, so I said: "I can't imagine anything more amusing, Mr. Wilk, than to see Shaw's 'Caesar and Cleopatra' made into a talkie. Do you think he will sell the rights? And, by the way, what does Mr. Shaw think of the talkies, anyway?"

This man whose tremendous job it is to sift all the contemporary stories, novels, and plays in the world for possible screen material, looked me sternly in the eye: "Understand me, young lady," he said, "I happened to be in London recently and Mr. Shaw was kind enough to give me a personal interview. We discussed various matters. But I am not free to tell you about them. Shaw talked to me in confidence and I respect it. I do not go to see a man who is a great world figure and then trade on his greatness, for publicity purposes."

"Well, then," I answered meekly, "talk to me a little, please, about conditions generally in your department."

"That I can do," he said agreeably. Then measuring each word most carefully, he began: "With the exception of Shaw, there isn't a single author in Europe who does not look forward to talking pictures as an output for his work. Even Mr. Shaw is perfectly willing to sell his plays to the screen producers but he will not do so unless the producer who buys them will agree to let him have the final O. K. on everything.

"Although right now it is impossible for Warner Brothers to do that, I can quite understand Mr. Shaw's viewpoint. It is this way. A person may have the best flour, eggs, milk and sugar—all the finest ingredients—and send them to a bakery. But he cannot be sure that the finished product—the bread or the cake—will be of the highest grade. It all depends upon the mixing and baking, and George Bernard Shaw intends to stand by while his dramatic pies are being made to be sure that nobody lets a fly drop in the seasoning.

"You can understand," Mr. Wilk continued, "why Warner Brothers can't give Mr. Shaw this O. K. even though it would be a magnificent screen experiment. For Warners are past the experimental stage. If we were stage producers it would be different. A stage producer can get together eight actors or so, a few backdrops, a couple of chairs and a table and try out a play. If it doesn't go over, the most the producer will drop will be in the nature of a few thousand dollars. But when a movie producer starts experimenting on Mr. Shaw's code—well, it's as costly as washing a herd of elephants with attar of roses. It's just not sensible at this stage of the game, for it will cost any film producer at least two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a respectable production—a production worthy of Shaw's
genius. And nobody knows how the public will receive it!
"I, myself, have the highest regard for Mr. Shaw's directorial and production abilities. He and Franz Molnar, of Hungary, not only write but produce and direct their own plays. Shaw is a superb director. He has that rare ability, not only to know what an actor should do, but he knows how to tell the actor how to do it."

"But wouldn't it be fine," I started harping again, "if we could have 'Caesar and Cleopatra' on the screen? I think people would eat it up."

"I am not sure about that," Wilk replied, guardedly. "It's unbelievable the way people react to pictures. Most of them wouldn't give a cent for the fact that George Bernard Shaw was the author of a talker unless they liked the finished product. And how to tell what they will like!

"We may see a picture in the projection room and think it is the last word. The public does not care for it. And what we think trip at a pre-showing, may turn out to be a winner. It is not possible to gauge what the public reaction will be in Keokuk, Iowa, or Palmer, Mississippi. It is the most difficult and exhausting of jobs."

"Has Shaw any antipathy towards talking pictures?" I asked Mr. Wilk.

"Quite the contrary. He is much interested in them. When I interviewed him at his London Apartment in Whitehall Court which faces the Thames near Westminster Abbey, Shaw said: 'I think talking pictures are closer to the theater than any films have ever been before.'

"Another reason for Shaw's friendliness towards the screen as it now is is because of the fact that George Arliss is one of his closest friends. He admired Arliss very much in his picture, 'Disraeli,' and at present Arliss is trying to persuade the great dramatist to write a play for him, taking the life of Voltaire as the hero. In this connection, I have recently sent Shaw a working manuscript of our version (the film version) of 'Disraeli' to let him read it and see how the picture script varies from the play. I look forward with much interest to his reaction.

"Shaw is more active mentally," Mr. Wilk went on, "than most people of thirty. And his figure is one that any woman would envy — so slight and graceful. Perhaps this may be due to the fact that he is a vegetarian. He knows a great deal about the business end of making pictures and I could judge from the canny observations he made. He is not concerned with art or literature; he is directly concerned with what people want to read about. He is a very wise merchandiser. So much so that I personally should not hesitate at all to have him manage my affairs. And with all his shrewdness, I know of nobody who is actually getting so much out of life as this man who is swayed by no opinion but his own. He has more enjoyment at sixty-odd than most of us ever have at twenty."

"When I went to visit him, I had no hope of making a business deal. I have no hope now. And even if we should acquire those rights, nobody could tell what the outcome would be from the general public—where the final verdict of success or failure always lies. But this much I do know—if we should buy one or more of these internationally loved works, they would be given cast, settings, direction—everything humanly possible to make the finished product equal the master ingredients which were poured in."

It is rather funny to me when I think of these two great Gods of Modern Amusement—Shaw, chuckling on his Shavian heights at one side of the world, and Mr. Movie Producer, sitting in his California fortress on the other side of the globe, arguing, dickering, checking and counter-checking each other on the important point of whether George Bernard Shaw shall have the final say on the film production of his own works. However, I feel pretty sure if enough bank notes float over the waves from west to east, pages of manuscript will begin to float over the big pool from east to west. And that pretty soon we shall see and hear Cleopatra, the It Girl of the Nile, laughing and loving on our own talking screen!
Why I Don’t Like Hollywood

Our erudite author tells just why he wouldn’t ‘go Hollywood’

Benjamin De Casseres

The year wheezed along uneventfully until October. “Ya-ha!” I yelped with delight. “This time Ike the Psych is going to flop! Hoop-la! I shall die without seeing Hollywood! Shout abracadabra—I will never go to the place where Hokey is King and Blah is Queen and dine in the Montmartre with their little Crown Prince, Itsa Wow.”

But the engines of slaughter were at work on both fronts—psychical and physical. It had been written in the first atom—in fact, in Papa Atom and in Mamma Molecule—that I had to go to Hollywood.

In the early part of October I received a 'phone message to come to see a man of whom I had never heard—a treasurer and multi-in-law to a famous and almost first-class picture concern. I went to his office and was shown a telegram signed by the Hollywood general manager of the concern’s studio, a man whom I had seen but twice, and then only socially. The substance of the telegram was to tie me up in a six months’ contract at a certain sum and shoot me West right away.

“Nothing doing!” I said to the treasurer. “I will never go to Hollywood—I hate the very word!”

He looked over his glasses (Continued on page 119)
NOW, this is the question pitched at you should you ever casually make the remark that you had just returned from southern California:

"Do you like Hollywood better than you do New York?"

To me this is like asking, "Do you like sauerkraut better than you do sponge cake?"

There is no likeness between Hollywood and New York. Instead, there is a very deep, fundamental unlikeness. New York is masculine. Hollywood is feminine. New York is like a raging bull that will gore you to death if you are not a trained bull-thrower. Hollywood is a contented cow using her seven stomachs to much avail in digesting and re-digesting all the literary fodder that comes its way. New York has its Chrysler Tower. Hollywood has the Hollywood Bowl. New York is a super-boss. Hollywood is the great mother, nurturing this newest of the arts—Motion Pictures—happily, watchfully, like a mother holds a babe to the breast.

There have been quite a few caterwaulings lately panning Hollywood, and all of these have been written by New Yorkers. I smile as I read them, for I read between the lines and see the age-old cat-and-dog row on the back lots.

In regard to Hollywood, every sock is a love-tap. I do not belong to the goggle-eyed group that have a stop-over in Hollywood for a few days and spend all that time hunting out the motion picture stars. Nor do I belong to the exclusives who commute from New York to Hollywood and count every moment lost that they spend beyond the Grand Canyon.

Off and on for many years I have lived there. I have had a charming bungalow with window boxes for mignonette and pansies and nasturtiums. I have had a princely poinsettia flagrantly proclaiming itself near the corner of the house. I have had my porch completely covered with a honeysuckle vine, and while breathing its distilled fragrance caught the zither-like music of a humming bird. I have planted a seed at night and watched it come up in the morning. I have had two big-eyed, downy rabbits, and in six months I had run out of names for all the little rabbits that were poured out of the Big Hat of the universe.

These things are symbolic of Hollywood: Beauty, growth and plenty. Besides, (Continued on page 117)
Alice White with the second prize mesh bag. It is carried out in orchid shades with orchid satin lining and contains a hand mirror. Very pretty.

"Sweet Mama" displaying the first prize enameled costume bag. It is of pastel coloring with rose predominating. It's yours if you write the best letter answering Miss White's question.

Two beautiful bags—first and second prize in Alice's gift contest! Write the best letters and win the bags. The more expensive bag will be sent to the writer of the best letter. The other bag—really as lovely in every way, though not quite so elaborate—will go to the writer of the next best letter. Consider Alice's question. Sharpen your wits, fill your fountain pens, gather round, get busy!

The question: would you rather see Alice White as a song-and-dance girl, as she was in "Show Girl in Hollywood" and "Sweet Mama," two of her First National successes; or in more dramatic roles such as she plays in "Naughty Flirt" and "The Widow from Chicago?" Alice can play whoopee girls or demure young things or serious roles with equal success; but she is interested in your reaction to her interpretations of these

ADDRESS: ALICE WHITE
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
45 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes October 10, 1930
Gift Offering

Fairy Godmother Alice White presents her public with two Costume Bags for the two best letters answering her question. Get busy! This is your contest.

Ultra-modern Alice White and the latest innovation in mesh bags which she offers to you for your sincere advice. Beauty and the bag!

Attractive girl—attractive bag. Another view of the second prize costume bag and another view of Alice White. What could be more inspiring?

varied roles and wants your advice and suggestions. Make up your mind and then write your letter. The two best letters win the prizes. By best letter is meant the sincerest and clearest.

The bags—you'll want to know all about them. It's difficult to describe them because of their beautiful pastel colors. They are Whiting and Davis Costume Bags. The most expensive and lovely is the first prize winner; the second, scarcely less beautiful. The first prize winner is developed in rose color, with rose enamel frame and a beautiful flower design in rose, beige, and blue, with beautiful fringe of the same coloring. The second prize mesh bag is carried out in orchid shades with a gold-plated (burnished) frame with a Roman ornamental design. The background is gray with violet flowered design and green leaves and has an orchid satin lining. Both bags are equipped with little mirrors. The last word in modern mesh bags. From Alice White to you!
LONG LANCE, Chief of Heart-Breakers

The Indian hero of "The Silent Enemy" looks like a new outdoor idol. He's a social lion in Manhattan. Read about him!

By Rosa Reilly

Back in the early sixteen hundreds, the Dutch bought the Island of Manhattan from the Indians for a peck of beads, six hatchets, and a handful of wampum. History speaks of it as the "Dutch Settlement" of Manhattan. They settled for about $15.32 cash—and Lo, the Poor Indian, never had a chance.

Today, Manhattan is flinging its jewels, its eminence, and its latchkeys at the feet of a Chief of the Blood Indians. Step up and say "How" to the new screen idol, the new red-skinned Romeo who is paying back the Dutch for the shabby trick they played on his copper-colored ancestors. Meet Long Lance, one of the last of the Vanishing Americans, who appeared before the movie public for the first time when he played the leading role in "The Silent Enemy," the distinguished film made by the young millionaire sportsman, William Douglas Burden, of New York.

Ever since the picture was released, Long Lance, one of the few real one hundred per cent Americans, has had New York right in his pocket. Everybody likes him—women and men alike—and that's no mean feat for a movie hero. His telephone at the Explorers' Club never stops ringing. If he's not lunching with Fannie Hurst, he's motoring with Irvin Cobb, or dining with Peter B. Kyne, or taking in a night club with the Duke of Alba, or sitting for his portrait to the Princess Alexander Victoria. And with it all, Long Lance is as unspoiled as a spotted calf.

There are many reasons for this man's popularity. First of all, he's handsome, in a strong, clean-cut way. He looks like a Victor McLaglen carved out in bronze. Tall, barrel-chested, thin-hipped, with hands strong enough to strangle a bear.

In addition to the Chief's physical qualifications, he has been a circus performer, cowboy, football player, light heavyweight champion of the Canadian Army, West Point cadet, war hero, archaeologist, newspaper man, author, and screen actor.

Thirty-four years ago, Long Lance was born out in the Cottonwoods of Montana, in the neighborhood of Sweetgrass, seeing the light of day for the first time from a tepee. He was just one more of a vast number of Indians who were gradually being shunted north from Montana, by an encroaching civilization, to wherever they could find a spot for their tents and a few blades of grass for their dwindling slab-sided cattle—this

In "The Silent Enemy," the authentic and entertaining record of the life of the north Canadian Indians produced by W. D. Burden, Long Lance has the leading role—his first appearance before the picture cameras.
being before the government had set aside reservations for their protection.

When this child was seven years old, he joined Buffalo Bill's circus. And he might still be in the sawdust ring, if a wall-eyed pinto pony hadn't rolled on him. That—and a bartender up in Laramie, Wyoming—changed the course of his life.

The circus was in Gainesville, Mississippi, when the horse rolled on the little Indian—Gainesville, a tiny, lovely town, fronting on the Gulf, where magnolia blossoms filled the air with soft perfume, and where long Spanish moss trailed from nearly every slow-stirring limb of every ancient tree.

The boy was badly hurt—his right arm broken, his right leg crushed. The circus had little accommodation to look after him properly. So the mayor of the town, Colonel John Alexander Aspinwall, offered to care for the boy in his home.

The neglected little Indian had never been in a house before. And what a house—with its shining rosewood furniture, its wide, curving, white mahogany-trimmed stairways, its beautiful old silver. The master of the house wore white linen trousers and a black broadcloth coat. The women wore long dresses of satin. And even the little girls had pinafores of silk.

From that moment, the boy decided he would never rest until he had a house like that for his own. And clothes like the Colonel's to cover his thin little body. But when he said goodbye to the Colonel, well and sound, to rejoin the circus, he had to cover many square miles of territory and fight many battles both with guns and fists before he achieved his wish.

As he grew older, Long Lance left the circus and started punching cattle. "Twenty dollars a month and buying my own tobacco wasn't getting me anywhere," Long Lance explained, "but I didn't know what to do about it.

"One night in Laramie, Wyoming, I was fooling around a bar-room. I must have stuck there a long time when finally the bartender dried his hands on a towel and said to me: 'Kid, you're too young to be hanging around this joint. Why don't you go to the Carlisle Indian School?'

"That made me laugh—the idea of my going to school. 'Why, I can't even read,' I told that bartender. 'They won't let me in.'

"He grunted. 'You can learn, can't you?'

"I did learn. The only way I knew how. Whenever I saw a newspaper—it might only be a torn piece lying in a muddy road—I would pick it up and try to figure out what the letters were. Then, as I commenced to be able to string the letters together, I got a dictionary. Soon I was able to read (Continued on page 113)
Health and Beauty

Healthful ways to the slim, graceful figure every woman longs to attain

By Anne Van Alstyne

I HOPE I am writing this article for the kind of people who always feel, as I do, a sort of rebirth or beginning again in the fall; those people for whom the season has nothing of melancholy in it, to whom autumn means that the lovely leisure of summer is over and now has come a time of bright energy, a sense of fitness and purpose, a renewal of all one's high resolves.

It's trite but true that every season has its problems. And no matter what anyone says, it takes a lot of time and thought and energy to be beautiful. But then, it takes that to accomplish anything worth-while, doesn't it? And beauty is worth-while, we're all agreed on that. When I say beauty, I don't mean that you can all be breathtakingly lovely, but you can have the beauty of daintiness that grooming gives and a personality charming enough to give you the sense of well-being which makes you interesting and pleasing to other people. And that's what you want, isn't it?

Scores of girls write to me bewailing lack of popularity. 'Boys don't care for them;' or they can't 'hold' the boy they like best; or they're not popular at parties. What to do, how to make themselves more attractive, how to achieve a personality that will make them more popular, they want to know. Each of these letters, of course, has its individual problem and is answered personally. Here, I can only advise and suggest in a general way. But I repeat the statement I just made. You can have the beauty of daintiness that grooming gives, and a personality charming enough to give you the sense of well-being which makes you interesting and pleasing to other people.

And now, it's autumn. Time to think of the good times and the busy times ahead. Time to be glowing and fit, to start the season with a rhythm that you are going to keep all through the winter.

Figures—what about them? Have you taken advantage of the marvelous opportunities offered for outdoor exercise? Have you kept the blood moving and the circulation from becoming sluggish? Is your body more lithe, graceful and supple than it was at the beginning of summer? Or are you among the number who be-
Screenland's Health and Beauty Diet is yours for the asking. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Van Alstyne, in care of this magazine.

Ruth Roland demonstrates the value of bending exercises for slimming the hips and improving the waistline.

Loretta Young has the beauty of daintiness that grooming gives; all the svelte loveliness that comes from right diet, fresh air and exercise.

Ruth Roland practices deep breathing to keep the blood well circulated.

believing that summer is the time to get all the rest possible, eating, meanwhile, indiscriminately and too well of rich, unseasonable foods? If so, then no doubt your complexion as well as your figure has suffered.

Many letters come to me about reducing. Letters from young girls as well as from older women. Sometimes it is a distribution of fat in unwanted places. In other cases, it is simply overweight. In either case, unless there is an extreme overabundance of fat due, perhaps, to some organic trouble, this condition may be corrected by diet and exercise.

An excessive amount of fat on the body is not normal. Such cases need expert diagnosis and treatment. But when unnecessary weight is taken on because of wrong diet and too much inactivity, the cure is obvious.

First, be sure that you are really overweight. In your zeal for slenderness remember that curves are now admissible, that the flat, boyish figure is 'out' and that your correct weight is computed according to your age and height. One girl wrote to me: "I am twenty years old, five feet, four inches, and I weigh one hundred and twenty-two pounds. How can I reduce five pounds?"—when, as a matter of fact, she was four pounds underweight!

If you want to avoid Mr. Overweight, scorn all advances, no matter how alluring. "A box of nut chocolates, an easy chair and thou," he sings softly. "Caramel sundaes, gooey salads, and lots of nice French pastry," he whispers in your receptive ear. But don't listen. These are among the things you must avoid if you are inclined to overweight. Curves are admissible if they're in the right place and not too prominent, but waistlines must be preserved. Avoid temptation. Remember that if you give in an inch you may lose the whole waistline—and you need it if you are to wear the new frocks successfully.

Now there is no particular formula for producing beauty, but one essential ingredient must enter into its foundation if it is to be real and lasting. That ingredient is health. And health means, according to the dictionary, 'absence of disease.'

It is only within a short time that the close relation between bodily ailments and eating has been appreciated. Now, specialists all over the world are beginning to realize that these ailments are not caused exclusively by germs which can be isolated and killed. They know that improper eating is behind a great many of these ailments and that they can be controlled or cured by correcting the diet.

Not only that, food specialists and manufacturers of food are realizing this fact and are endeavoring to incorporate into their products their most nutritive ele-
MAUREEN from DUBLIN

Meet Miss O’Sullivan. Will she be another Janet Gaynor?


We walked along the gravel path, Maureen and I.

"See a pin, pick it up," murmured Maureen stooping for the pin buried in the thick dust.

"And all day you’ll have good luck," I added, feeling pretty smart.

"See a pin, let it lie, and bad luck will follow you until you die," finished Maureen, fastening the pin in her jacket.

"You’re superstitious," I accused her.

She admitted it. Perhaps this luck of the Irish has something to do with the superstition. She makes you think of a merry little elf, but with a very nice dignity, you understand. A charming little piece if there ever was one. "I’ll bet you believe in leprechauns and things," I told her.

"Not now," she scoffed, being, of course, a vastly grown-up young lady of eighteen with a house of her own and a Ford car that she drives at great speed here and there about the country side. "But I did until I was about twelve," (oh, such a long, long time ago!). "All Irish children believe in the ‘little people,’ as we call them."

I shook my head sadly. "Hardly like American children."

Maureen was indignant. "I think it’s terrible not to believe in folk tales and elves and Santa Claus when you are children. Why, I used to pore over books of Irish fairy tales. I adored them. And do you know," she stopped eating toast, for this was noon and we were lunching now, except that this was breakfast for Maureen—that’s how far she’s progressed in Hollywood.

"Do you know," she eyed me severely, "if I had children, I mean when I do have children, I shall bring them up in complete innocence, unworldly, and they shall believe implicitly in gnomes and elves and yes, in Santa Claus," she finished triumphantly. "And then when they are twelve or so I shall tell them all."

"Not all!" I gasped. I was impressed. I queried timidly if the sudden disillusionment might not be hard on the poor dears.

"It all happened to me like that," insisted Maureen. "I had always believed in Santa Claus and used to get so excited at Christmas. Until one year when I was twelve, Nanny, that was our nurse, was trying to get us to bed, but we just wouldn’t quiet down. So mother came in and said, ‘Hurry up, children. Your father wants to go to bed. You’re keeping him up all night. He can’t fill the stockings until you get to sleep.’ Then I knew."

"Tch, tch! Imagine! Maureen glanced out of the corner of those merry Irish eyes. Was dear old Santa being kidded?"

"Tell me about (Continued on page 123)"
The MOLDED MODE

Above, left, Catherine Moylan, ex-Follies girl, exhibiting the form-fitting lingerie which will be worn beneath the new frocks. Catherine wears a black singlette in all-over lace held in place with garter attachments.

Above, right, another view of Catherine’s singlette, which solves the undie problems of the backless evening gowns. This undergarment provides the correct foundation, molding without marring the suppleness and grace of the natural figure.

Right: like all Follies girls, Miss Moylan can wear clothes beautifully. Her gown is of black satin and chiffon. Intricate designs of satin form a slender yoke at the hips, and the chiffon gives a soft flounced skirt.
The new fashions demand form-fitting lingerie

Below, Dorothy McNulty displays a correctly tailored singlette in glove silk, flesh pink and daintily lace-trimmed, with no bones or elastic. It forms a natural all-in-one foundation garment for every gown.

Above: ex-flapper, or the new model femme! Doesn't Dorothy look dignified in the new sweeping, floor white evening gown? Dorothy looks entirely different here from the frisky flapper she plays in "Good News."
LUANA ALCANIZ, a lovely Spanish dancer, singer, and actress, makes her screen debut in Victor McLaglen's latest picture, "Sez You, Sez Me!" Looking at Luana Alcaniz all we can say is "Si, si, Senorita!"
MOVIE TONE is grabbing off the promising new talent. The latest discovery is Louise Huntington of the stage, who makes her bow in John Ford's picture of prison life called, appropriately enough, "Up the River."
The profile above belongs to Jane Keith, who makes her Movietone debut with Milton Sills in "The Sea Wolf."

In the oval is Marlene Dietrich, heralded as "the German Garbo," whose first Hollywood film is "Morocco," with Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou.

Right, Michael Bartlett, who brings a grand opera voice and husky he-manliness to his role in "The Heart Breaker," for Fox.

Above: Marion Shilling who played with William Powell in "Shadow of the Law," is a charming ingenue.

New Faces—with Voices!
Frances Dee, above, is the lucky young lady chosen to play opposite Chevalier in "The Playboy of Paris."

Delores Del Rio's double? No, but Rosita Moreno is another Latin beauty who'll be seen in "The Law Rides West."

Ona Munson, in the oval, came from the New York musical stage to play the heroine in "Going Wild." You'll like Ona.

Left: Bruce Rogers, younger brother of Charles Buddy Rogers, whom you'll be seeing soon in Paramount pictures.

Stars of Tomorrow?
Betty Compton, in the oval, has been signed to step and sing for Warner Brothers' Vitaphones. Snappy!

Jack Whiting debuts in "Top Speed." He's Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s step-father! Jack is a likeable juvenile.

Above, Roberta Robinson, who will warble and look winsome in Radio Pictures. Left, Irene Dunne, lovely heroine of "Leathernecking." Like her?

MORE NEW
She makes her bow in Buddy Rogers' new song-and-dance film, "Heads Up"—a pretty blonde named Margaret Breen.

Charles Starrett, former Dartmouth athlete and stage leading man, will be seen soon in "The Best People."

Above, Evelyn Knapp, from the New York stage, plays the leading role in Warners' "Penny Arcade." Rose Hobart, right, ingenues for Movietone.
HERE'S a brand-new view of Marion Davies. She isn't high-hatting us—the camera artist caught a glimpse of her pretty profile and told her about it and it turned her head! Thanks, Marion, for a charming picture.
ESTELLE TAYLOR makes a thrilling debut in talkers in Charlie Farrell’s film version of “Liliom.” Now she is playing Dixie Lee in “Cimarron” with Richard Dix, with lots of lure and all the Taylor talent.
"GOOD NEWS!" Mary Lawlor helped to make it a musical comedy success on Broadway and she also lends her vocal and optical charms to the screen version. And you may see her with Richard Dix in "Shooting Straight."
A LITTLE Southern girl who is making good in the movies—Dorothy Jordan. You all found her charming in "Devil May Care" and you'll like her more and more in "Love in the Rut" and "Dark Star," see if you don't!
CLARA BOW had better be a good little girl or Paramount may put Mitzi Green in her pictures to steal all the scenes. Clara brings her old-time zest to her new rôle in her latest picture, "Her Wedding Night," now being filmed.
ROBERT MONTGOMERY is an actor first, an idol afterward. He has demonstrated his versatility in a wide variety of rôles and he will never be satisfied to smile his way through his films. His latest is "Love in the Rut."
THE latest Harold Lloyd comedy is always something to cheer about. The spectacled comedian's new howlie is "Feet First," with pretty little Barbara Kent, pictured here, as a very special 'extra added attraction.'
MISS MIDGET

A close-up of the little girl—Dorothy Lee to you—who’s known to most of Hollywood as Midge

By Richard Ray

I HAD looked forward to interviewing Dorothy Lee. Ah—a quiet two hours in a tranquil tea-room tete a tete, I asking questions, she answering them with a dreamy look in those big brown eyes. As a matter of fact:

“I hate tea rooms,” said Dorothy Lee. “Besides, I had a late breakfast and I’m not hungry. Do you play golf?”

From that moment until, tired and footsore, I arrived home, I chased Midge—her nickname, derived from Midget, for Dorothy is a tiny parcel!—all over Southern California.

The route included eighteen holes of golf at the Lakeside Club, two sets of tennis at the Los Angeles Tennis Club, a swim at the beach, where Miss Lee has a summer home, and several sets of ping pong in the game room of her house. At the end of the session, I was hoping an ambulance would pass and rush me to my home and bed. She was ready to visit the beach and take in the pleasure rides and side-shows there.

Never in one girl have I seen so much animation and pep. She is the exception that proves the rule that small girls are not athletic. Barely five feet high and weighing less than one hundred pounds, Dorothy is one of the screen’s best all-around feminine athletes. Perhaps she is the best. I know of no one who can beat her at tennis. There are few who can better her golf game. At swimming she holds her own with every film actress who goes in for that sport. She is equally proficient at horseback riding.

As a matter of record, she earned her nickname—Midget—when she played lacrosse on the championship team when she attended school in Los Angeles. Other girls on the team weighed twenty-five or thirty pounds more than Dorothy but she was the outstanding star of the lacrosse season.

Dorothy is a Los Angeles girl—one who had to leave her home city to become successful. For more than a year she haunted the studios in search of work but with no good luck. At each casting office the reply was the same: “No work today.” Undaunted, she turned to the stage and was an instantaneous hit in prologues in and around Los Angeles. An eastern producer saw her and signed her for the leading feminine rôle in “Hello Yourself.” The play had a long run in New York and on the road.

When RKO studio officials were casting “Syncopa- tion,” Miss Lee was among those tested. She photographed well, danced and sang well, and had a plentiful supply of personality. Result: she won the part over almost three score others who were after it. This led to “Rio Rita” which in turn culminated in a long-term contract. It is a fact that Miss Lee’s salary is more than ten times what she asked when she first visited the studios in search of work two years ago.

Dorothy is a bundle of nerves. She is a tomboy and yet she is entirely feminine. She can sit on the back of an overstuffed chair with all (Continued on page 127)
The Dawn Patrol

Here's the ace of all war pictures. A spectacular circus of the air, it records the adventures of a gallant squadron of the Royal Flying Corps. And somehow, it is a glamorous show. There's more of the romance and the high courage than the brutality of war about it. It's the "Journey's End" of the air. You watch these fine lads flying off to keep their rendezvous with death in the clouds. You wait behind with the squadron commander as he listens for the returning planes and wonders who'll come back—this time. And then you soar with the bravest of them all over the enemy lines on a mission of death and destruction—and after all the excitement it's over you come back to earth, and find yourself applauding a grand picture. Richard Barthelmess does it again! His latest performance is also his best. And look at this competition—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Neil Hamilton, both splendid. Howard Hawks has directed the best air scenes screened so far. Bravos for everybody!

The Unholy Three

Haney talks! And you'll talk, too, about Lon's first audible offering. The screen's great character actor took no chances with his first talker. He used not one voice, but three; he played not only his familiar crook character, but an old lady. He's the same Lon Chaney with the added interest of a repertoire of voices to match his faces. In "The Unholy Three" he has for a vehicle one of the most fascinating stories ever filmed. You may remember the silent screen version. When you see the talker you'll wonder how the original could have been made without sound. The macabre tale of the three crooks—Echo, the ventriloquist; Hercules, the strong man; and Midget, the meanest of them all—has become a classic of the screen. It has horror, humor, romance. Lila Lee as the girl is sensational not only pictorially but dramatically. This girl is lovely dynamite.

For the Defense

For real, unvarnished, engrossing entertainment, take me to a William Powell picture. You saw "Street of Chance?" Then don't miss "For the Defense." The same star, the same director—John Cromwell—the same superb and nonchalant touch, truly this Powell series of polished crime plays is providing us with authentic and intelligent amusement. In "For the Defense" it's not the 'plot', it's the mood, and the characterization. Powell plays Bill Foster, brilliant lawyer and gay boy of Manhattan, who confounds the bar association and the district attorney, performs pranks in the court-room, shines in speak-easies, and finally commits an act of gallantry that sends him to Sing Sing—still smiling. It's a rich rôle and Powell plays it to the hilt. Kay Francis, as his sweetheart, is handsomer than ever—the one believable siren on the screen today. Mr. Powell and Miss Francis, in fact, are foremost representatives of the new order of things in Hollywood.
Best Pictures

Screenland’s Critic Selects

The Six Most Important Films of the Month

Romance

YOU have never seen a lovelier figure on stage or screen than Greta Garbo presents in "Romance." She is breath-takingly beautiful in the enchanting costumes of 1850, the period in which this Edward Sheldon play is laid. Garbo in "Anna Christie" was vivid and arresting. Garbo in "Romance" is all sweet seductive-ness, allure, and tenderness. If she is never quite the imperious Cavallini, operatic toast of her day, with New York at her feet; if she is always Garbo, the fascinating Nordic sweeping about the sets of a more mellay day in costumes that obviously delight her soul—who'll complain? I've no doubt she is a revelation. And in some moments she is the consummate actress of her silent pictures. Clarence Brown, a fine realistic director, is not at home here. He is too literal, and his love scenes lack the spark. Lewis Stone and Gavin Gordon are just—support. "Romance" is all Garbo. And Garbo is all romance to most people.

Let Us Be Gay

AND how can we help it, with Norma Shearer at her loveliest and Marie Dressler at her best? It's a gay, deft, sophisticated picture, and you'll enjoy every minute of it or I'll be disappointed in you. It all begins with Norma as a neglected wife—try to imagine it. She's one of these sweet, long-suffering souls who believes that pretty is as pretty does—until she learns that her husband has been looking elsewhere for the beauty denied him at home. Then she wakes up. But not before Norma has a chance to shine in a little clear-cut characterization, perfect, and pathetic, of the drab wife. Then, of course, she turns into a beautiful butterfly in the Hollywood manner. And the fun begins, with Miss Dressler stealing all the scenes as a doughty dowager, and Hedda Hopper, Rod La Rocque, Sally Eilers and Gilbert Emery contributing cleverness. You can be comfortable, chuckling at the goings-on in this film for you know that the ending will be perfectly proper.

Good Intentions

THE underworld again! But with a difference. You may think you have had about enough of these sleek crooks and their sinister associates but don't give up until you have seen "Good Intentions." Then you'll be sold on a series. And there won't be any more, not for a long time, for smooth and expert films like this are few and far between. I mentioned 'a difference,' it's in the direction, by William K. Howard. He wrote the story, too—and the dialogue; and it only proves what I've thought for a long time and what "Devil's Holiday" and "Good Intentions" bear out—that a one-man picture is the best. Mr. Howard knew just what he wanted to do and to say. The result is consistent, intelligent, and adult entertainment. Edmund Lowe helps. He is at his suave best as the picturesque and polished leader of his gang. He glances away—in the direction of pretty little Marguerite Churchill, providing keen complications. Earle Foxe and Regis Toomey are excellent. It's a good picture.

Greta Garbo is supported by Lewis Stone and Gavin Gordon in "Romance," her latest talking picture.

Marie Dressler and Norma Shearer share acting honors in "Let Us Be Gay," a delightful comedy.

Edmund Lowe is at his best as the suave mastermind in "Good Intentions," rousing melodrama.
Critical Comment

Manslaughter
It's the talker version of a popular book and silent picture. It has alluring Caludette Colbert for its heroine and magnetic Fredric March for its hero. It has some thrills and suspense and clever direction. Yet it is only moderately good entertainment. Go, but don't expect too much.

The Sap from Syracuse
Another triumph for young Jack Oakie, the boy who never disappoints his audiences. It's funnier than "The Social Lion," and Jack, you'll be glad to note, has developed no tendencies towards forced smartness. He's as spontaneous as ever. Ginger Rogers assists. Don't miss it.

Wild Company
Reckless youth at play—only this time it's all the fault of the older generation. If H. B. Warner had been a sterner father, Frank Albertson wouldn't have met Sharon Lynn and—there wouldn't have been any story. As it is, Frank proves himself by far the best of our juvenile actors.

A Man from Wyoming
Don't be misled by the title. It isn't a western, but a war drama. Gary Cooper plays a dashing young captain of engineers, with a new leading lady, June Collyer. It's never very convincing, but if you like Gary, rehashing the war, and June's dimples, you may be pleased.

The Big Fight
With Guinn Williams and Lola Lane in the rôle enacted by Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor in the stage play, this will satisfy those who relish romances of the ring. The champ—his girl-friend—her weakling brother in the clutches of a racketeer—if you like this sort of thing, go to it!

On the Level
It takes more than Victor McLaglen and the repetition of "Oh, yeah?" to make another "Cock-Eyed World." "On the Level" has a few funny scenes but these can't compensate for the long stretches of dubious humor. Plenty of plot and McLaglen, Fifi Dorsay and Lilyan Tashman.
The Border Legion
Richard Arlen, Jack Holt, Fay Wray and Eugene Pallette in a strong, rousing picturization of a Zane Grey yarn—what more do western addicts want? It's good to see Jack in one of his familiar roles again, and Dick is appealing—but Pallette and Stanley Fields share their honors.

Ladies of Leisure
Cheers for Barbara Stanwyck! She proves herself a grand actress and potent personality in this intense drama of 'ladies of the evening' in love, from the Belasco play. The film maintains its pace up to a badly botched 'movie ending.' But it's well worth your while to see Barbara.

Lawful Larceny
Lowell Sherman doubles in brass, both directing and acting in this talker taken from the stage play. Most of the clever lines fall to Lowell. Bebe Daniels is featured but is allowed to contribute little besides her beauty. Mr. Sherman steals the show. An entertaining domestic drama.

Hell's Island
Melodrama, frank and unashamed. Jack Holt and Ralph Graves, rivals in the Quirt-Flagg manner for the affections of a cabaret cutie, Dorothy Sebastian, fight it out in approved Foreign Legion fashion. Excitement, some comedy, and lots of heavy acting by the leading trio.

This Mad World
What, another war picture? Not much excuse for this one. Kay Johnson and Basil Rathbone must choose between passion and patriotism, for their countries are at war. Some splendid moments, and good performances by Miss Johnson, Mr. Rathbone and Louise Dresser.

Sins of the Children
Louis B. Mann has a splendid opportunity to ingratiate himself with screen audiences in this sentimental picture of the old-fashioned father of a fast-stepping family. He's touching and fine. Robert Montgomery and Leila Hyams are excellent. Recommended for the whole family.
FOR months and months I had been looking forward to "The Sea God" location. "It isn’t until summer, but it will be swell," Dick Arlen told me. "All under-water stuff. That’s why we have to wait until summer when the water will be warm."

And now we were on our way to Catalina, which had been picked for the location because of the still, clear water and the beauty of the sea floor. We arrived late in the afternoon and plenty wet from our trip on the Cabrillo, for the seas ran high that day, and, preferring the forward deck to the lounge, we paid for our rashness.

The company was housed at the old Banning place, which has always set my heart beating with envy. It is so spacious and livable and quiet. And it overlooks as much beauty as it is good for one pair of eyes to behold at a time. Everything is so full of color. Of course, I am speaking of the Isthmus, which is on the other side of the island from Avalon. The Isthmus has only a few cottages and tents and a commissary, most of which were used by the company, which included the staff and the extras.

Dick lived aboard his yacht. Yep, he has one. He and Walter Huston, who became good friends during the making of "The Virginian," bought it together, overhauled it and painted it themselves, and it’s a beauty. Walter was there, too, on a vacation before he plunged into work on "The General" for Paramount. So was Mrs. Richard Arlen, otherwise known as Jobyna Ralston. We hadn’t seen Joby for a long time and had forgotten how rosy and merry her face was. She was tanned from the sun and looked too healthy for words.

"She’s awfully cute," one of the girls told me. "She always wears those sailor pants with a sweat shirt and goes around with a little gun trying to shoot wild goats. There are millions of them on the island, you know. She is always game to get up at dawn and go fishing with any of the troupe who will take her, and she is good at it, too."

As soon as everyone got washed up we piled into a water taxi and steamed off to see the rushes which were to be run in the new Casino Theater at Avalon. It was a lot of fun getting there, because, aside from the extreme beauty of the water and rocks which were all colors of green and lavender in the evening light we could see little black goats jumping about over the rocks which rose sheer from the water to a height of several hundred feet. We hailed Joe Schenck’s yacht.
Richard Arlen

anchored in a charming lagoon and waved to those on board.

In this theater I saw my first sound rushes and found them as interesting as I had imagined, though I should think a cutter would go mad trying to unravel all those different shots of the same scene. The bit we saw was under-water stuff. A man going down in diver’s outfit and then the little bubbles churning up the surface of the waters which told those above that all was well with him. It’s amazing what divers have nowadays—underwater torches and telephones.

None of the really interesting under-water stuff had been taken at that time but it was thrilling just the same to see the unwieldy figure plowing through the misty water, scuffling through seaweed and shells and startling the fish half out of their wits. Dick is doubled in some of the things done under water which are too dangerous for a land man to attempt. But he does do some of the stunts and he wasn’t looking forward to the experience with any great amount of enthusiasm. “I like fun and all that,” said Dick, grinning, “but this stuff is darn dangerous for a novice to monkey with, and if anything happens it’s too late to worry.” Dick isn’t any piker but he has got common sense.

After the rushes we filed out of the theater to find the first arrivals for the regular show waiting patiently outside. And how surprised and pleased they were to see Fay Wray, Dick Arlen, Eugene Pallette, Maurice Black, Ivan Simpson and William Gleckler when the doors opened and we all strolled out.

We went to the St. Catherine Hotel for dinner, the first time I had been in the place since the location on “Drag Harlan” with Bill Farnum, years ago. The hotel hadn’t changed much, but the cuisine had.

Our ride back in the water taxi was made in record time. A card table was put up stern and Joby and two or three others played bridge—as well as they could for the joy ride we had that night. How we did ride!

Eugene Pallette declared nothing but the rear end of the boat touched the water from dock to dock.

Next morning we were up at dawn and had breakfast served to us at the Banning House by the special chef engaged for the troupe. And how he could cook bacon, pancakes and biscuits!

Eugene Pallette didn’t have to get to work that day so what he did was to rise at four o’clock, rout Joby and Walter Huston out of their bunks on the boat and go fishing. While we were at breakfast he came breezing in with an enormous basketful which he promised for our dinner. “I must apologize for all the noise we made when we came in last night,” he said, grinning at those who had not gone to Avalon the night before. “Did you hear me yell ‘Quiet!’” went (Continued on page 112)
The film colony brushes up on its Spanish—parties!

"T"his is the glorious season of autumn leaves, untanning your skin, and going to barbecues!" exclaimed Patsy. "Frank Lloyd is giving a barbecue at his big ranch over near Montebello, in honor of Richard Barthelmess."

Through the lovely old countryside we rode, along winding country roads which led through miles of green English walnut groves, past ancient houses, until we turned into a dirt road, which led, under the shade of big trees, to the stately white Colonial house where Lloyd dwells with his charming family.

Our invitations had read, rather mysteriously, "Watch for the boy with the red sign," but, as Patsy put it, we found only a very red boy with a sign; however, he turned out to be the right boy, and we found our way without trouble.

Our host had turned his big tennis court into a huge out-door picnic ground, with gaily colored umbrellas and awnings shading the tables and the rustic chairs.

Frank Lloyd and his delightful wife greeted us with all the kindly warmth of their most kindly natures, and we said "Hello" to Dick Barthelmess and his lovely mother.

It would never do to give a Spanish barbecue without having Spanish entertainers, and our host had supplied a number of these, all gay in their bright-hued sashes and toreador hats with their trousers of black velvet, slashed at the ankle to reveal red satin inserts, and with their white silk shirts. Even the waitresses were dressed as Spanish peasants.

Warner Baxter and his beautiful wife, whom we used to know in her old theatrical days as Winifred Bryson, waved to us to join them at their table under a great gay umbrella, and Winifred told us how she and Warner had just come from location in Utah, where she made a real home for Warner out of the funny little cabin in which they dwelt. She did the cooking when they didn't go to the regular mess tent, she said, and she hadn't forgotten her cooking experience when she kept house for Warner in a single apartment, when they were just starting out on their careers.

We told Warner that he ought to use his Spanish accent here, but he said that he liked to rest it out of working hours; but we said to him that we had thought that by this time he wouldn't be able to speak a real word of English, he had played so many Spanish roles!

Antonio Moreno was another guest who fitted excellently into his Spanish background, but Tony has been in this country so long that, though he speaks pure Spanish beautifully, he said he had had to learn a Spanish accent!

Chester Morris and his wife were there, and we met, also, Joe E. Brown and his wife and son.

"My son has a Spanish name, even if he is blond," Joe remarked.
But we didn't find out what it was because just then a crowd of people Joe knew carried him off.

H. B. Warner and his wife, Rita Stanwood, were among the guests, and there were Bessie Love and her husband, William Hawks, Mr. and Mrs. Montagu Love, (no relation to Bessie), Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, James Gleason and his wife, Lucille Webster Gleason; Marian Nixon and her husband, Edward Hillman; Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, Joseph and Queenie Cawthorn, Mr. and Mrs. Will Kernell, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford, Hal Wallis and Louise Fazenda; Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Hope Loving and Louis Lighton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Farrell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton, May McAvoy and Maurice Cleary, Henry Hobart and Ollie Tell, James Rennie, Walter Pidgeon, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, Charlie Farrell, Lila Lee, Constance Bennett, Mervyn Le Roy and Edna Murphy, Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, and scores of others.

When the Spanish food had been served, the Spanish orchestra went about playing at different tables, and Warner Baxter asked them to play *Amapola*, his favorite song, at which Louis Alvarez, a handsome tenor, sang it most soulfully.

Frank Lloyd appeared on the scene after that, calling out, "We will now be entertained by the Prickly Heat Quartette!"

Whereupon Joe Cawthorn, J. Farrell Macdonald, Edmund Breese and Bobby North moved a baby piano about the place, from table to table, amusingly warbling *Sweet Adeline* and other old plush-album favorites, in a highly melodious manner. The four had been together in many a famous New York show in other days.

Then we all besought Joe E. Brown to recite *Little Mousie*, which he did with huge success, remarking afterward, "That's just a hang-over from last night at the Mayfair." Then he remarked jocosely, "All money taken in at this benefit will be turned over to the Stage Relief Fund!"

We circulated and met James Rennie, who told us that his wife, Dorothy Gish, isn't coming to Hollywood as soon as she had expected, because her sister Lillian has gone to Europe to aid Max Reinhardt in making talking pictures, and Dorothy didn't feel that she could leave her mother, who is a semi-invalid, without one of her daughters to see that she is well taken care of.

Speaking of health, he said that he hadn't been very well in England, and had consulted a noted physician.

"It's whisky," the doctor told Rennie.

"Oh, dear me," said Rennie.

"Stop drinking soda with it," admonished the doctor.

The orchestra played for the guests to dance on the tennis court, and the shadows (Continued on page 128)
Earl Carroll's "Vanities"

It is really a 'super-spectacle.' Carroll doesn't care what it costs—he gets his ideas across. Ideas that are bizarre, exotic, perverse, grandiose, but for this reason all the more unique and memorable.

This is the eighth edition of this American classic, and each year it gets more sensational. All of which I, for one, endorse—if Mr. Carroll would only cut out the cheap vulgarity that does not improve his shows and offends the dainty eyes of cops, who blush, it seems, even in the dark.

The beautiful scenes in this edition of the "Vanities" must be seen. They cannot be described. Also, the beauties: each one is hand-picked, and when Carroll introduces them through a megaphone as 'the most beautiful girls in the world,' it is no Barnum-bunk.

The naked fact stands before you! Every girl in that show would cause me to leave my first editions of Dickens and Overholt and go a-Maying with It. (Wake up! Well, where was I?)

It's three hours, anyhow, of money's worth entertainment, believe me. One of the daintiest and most beautifully modeled dancers that ever came along Broadway is Vivian Fay. She is an artist and a chimeric dream.

Then there are Kay Carroll, Irene Ahlberg, Dorothy Britton—and—and—and—but there I go again! Well, it's like that!

As for Jimmy Savvo, I don't see him. For me, he hasn't a laugh in a carload of his stupidities. Jack Benny is the real comedian of this show—and Herb Williams. Benny will be remembered by picturegoers as Master of Ceremonies in "Hollywood Review of 1929."
“Who Cares?”

This is a well-balanced revue put on by the Satirists with Lambs Gambolings and some original matter. In fact, it’s a cooking revue and deserves the hit it made.

The kernel of the show is satire. The stage, television, Chicago gangdom, John Held, “Sunup,” Broadway and “Lysistrata,” are some of the things that are banged—and often with bare knuckles.

“Who Cares?” winds up with a screaming “Hunting Ballet” done by men dressed as women. It is a rarely humorous bit of work.

Arthur Hartley, William Holbrook, Peggy O’Neil, Percy Helton, Olive May, Grant Mills and Sibylla Bowman are some of the merrymakers in this full evening’s chortle.

The Talkies and the Drama

Curtain, 1930-31!

Last year, somewhere in August, we were promised a winter of champagne and jumbo lobsters à la Guild, à la Gest, à la Hopkins, à la LeGallienne, à la Belasco, etc.; but when the Big Party was over last spring I found I had been served in about one hundred and fifty meals with about five real steaks, two or three glasses of good charged claret, an immense number of synthetic cocktails, an ocean of needle-beer, two or three dainty claws from a chicken lobster, a mess of cheese sandwiches, and plates and plates of stale boloney.

And that’s the way matters have gone every season since the old strumpet Hope began to spring eternally in my somewhat human breast; and still for all that here I am again, with some millions of my fellow New Yorkers, standing with wide-open mouth, with nerves, emotions and eyes all a-tinkle and agog with expectancy, before the brand-new thousand and One Nights and Matinées of the season of 1930-31.

The little Alice in all our souls prepares again to walk through the Magic Mirror (or, rather, the asbestos curtain) into—what? Well, look out for rabbit-holes, open sewers and box-office traps!

A thousand playwrights will once again bite their finger-nails back stage on the rise of a thousand curtains; a thousand producers will loll with well-assumed sang-froid behind the arras and watch the first-night pall-bearers walk out; and the coroner’s jury of critics again will toss quip and quiddity up and down the aisles and in the lobbies, while Messrs. Hammond, Gabriel and Atkinson will caw and caw and for all that are not villains.

But all is not hopeless in spite of the croakers and the pall-bearers and St. John Ervine. There also will be chortles and gurgles of delight after the curtain goes down on the coming first nights.

It happens about once out of twenty throws. A hit! A hit!—it’s a sell-out!—crashing applause, the critics turn their thumbs up (you can see it by the yes-saying glint in the eye of Brooks Atkinson and the hossanna in Gilbert Gabriel’s walk), the producer ‘phones Palm Beach for reservations, and the actors salute le bon Dieu.

But was it art? you ask with George Jean Nathan, who until then had not said a word. No, something far better: it was amusing, interesting, gripping. Art doesn’t pay—the success of “Street Scene” proves it.

I am not one of those pessimists who believes that the drama is going boom because of the talkies.

On the contrary, I believe that the talkies are a godsend to legitimate drama and real dramatists.

The field for non-talkie (Continued on page 122)
Come into the Kitchen with Anita Page

As clothes, complexions and figures become more feminine, women become more and more feminine in their choice of avocations. The making of cake, for instance, an accomplishment that dates back to the days of our great-great grandmothers is an achievement that is now being listed among this season's domestic attainments.

History is repeating itself. Arriving simultaneously with the new style dresses, also copied from great-great-grandma's time, the desire for perfection in this lady-like accomplishment is both opportune and appropriate. The fashion for curves (in moderation) is making it fitting to own up to the possession of an appetite (also in moderation). Therefore, now as then, girls are invading the kitchen to learn the gentle art of cake-making.

There's a difference, however, between then and now, and the difference is all in favor of the modern girl. The girl of great-grandmother's time worked in a large kitchen where many steps were necessary. She must know how to regulate a cooking stove temperamentally inclined. Her surroundings were drab, her cooking utensils few. Her cake-making was a slow and tedious process of creaming and sifting and beating. The results were often very good; sometimes not so good. In those days it was practise, not scientific knowledge of the job in hand, aided by easy-to-use materials and all manner of handy kitchen utensils, that made perfection.

The girl of today dons a dainty frock and be-ruffled apron and ties to her sanitary, compact, red and white or green and white kitchen with its electric range, gayly colored cooking dishes, every kind of handy contrivance devised to make cooking a pleasure. She has been taught to measure properly and combine her materials, to test the temperature of the oven until it is 'just so.' And she has a wide choice of easily combined and partly prepared food materials from which to prepare dishes that make for variety and fine flavor. And the result is always just right.

Great-great grandmother used good materials in her cake making. Quantities of real cream and butter, fresh eggs and plenty of them. I can imagine a good cook of an earlier generation peering through her glasses and reading with a sniff of contempt "two eggs, one-fourth cup of butter"—now what kind of a beginning is that for a cake? But if she could follow the making of Anita Page's cake recipes given here and note the economy of time and material, she might wonder how in the world one could expect to make anything fit to eat in that length of time and with so few ingredients, but she would have to admit it was good cake.

Hollywood girls are just like all girls. They like occasionally to go to the kitchen and see what they can do. Anita Page, one of the most popular girls in the film colony, is one of them. Anita is beautifully slim and intends to remain so; but she loves to go into her kitchen and 'whip up a cake' and her friends are all in favor of it. "Good, wholesome cake in moderate quantities is good for you," Anita tells them.

ANITA PAGE'S FAVORITE RECIPE

Lady Baltimore Cake

Blend one cup of sugar with one-half cup butter, butter substitute or Mazola. Place sugar and shortening in mixing bowl and with the back of a spoon slowly work the fat into the sugar. When smooth, add two-thirds cup milk alternately with two cups cake flour sifted with one heaping teaspoonful baking powder. Add pinch of salt, three stiffly beaten egg whites and one teaspoon vanilla. Pour batter in two greased pans and bake in moderate oven. About 350 degrees F is needed. Filling: dissolve one and three-quarters cups sugar in one-half cup water and cook slowly until syrup forms a soft ball. Remove from fire, pour over three stiffly beaten egg whites and beat until mixture turns a creamy white color and begins to set. Cool and add flavoring. Use half this frosting for top of cake. The remainder, with one-half cup each of chopped raisins and walnuts, one-fourth cup each of chopped almonds, citron, figs and candied cherries, for the filling. This recipe with the addition of spices, nuts and fruit may also be used for a loaf cake or for cup cakes.
One of Hollywood’s modern maidens gives a lesson in cake making

By Emily Kirk

Chocolate Cake and another which comes under the aristocratic name of ‘Lady Baltimore Cake’ are easy to make.

Cookies and small cakes are an interesting part of the cake family, too, especially when there is a young brother in the house. Don’t we all, when we think of cookies, recall days of childhood almost in the same breath? Those happy, carefree days when we went dashing in from play to forage in the cookie jar which was a family institution then, and we hope it still is. And since men and women are only little girls and boys grown tall, we like these little cakes almost as much as in bygone days.

These small, dainty cakes are always handy for the tea hour when guests drop in unexpectedly and are especially adapted for party menus, not for their delectableness, but because they fit in with almost any combination of foods, and in many instances seem to fill that little deficiency making the refreshment plate complete.

Anita likes to keep these little cakes on hand because they are quickly mixed and baked and keep indefinitely. That is, if they can be kept away from investigating members of her family, she says. Her many varieties of small cakes and cookies are year-round favorites. She serves them with either cold or hot drinks, such as tea, chocolate or hot punch or as a pleasing accompaniment to ice cream or fresh fruit in (Continued on page 104)

“IT’s only very rich cakes and pastries that make you fat.”

Anita’s kitchen is just the kind of trim, colorful and well-equipped workshop you would expect her to have. A harmonious, cheerful environment in which she and those who serve her can work happily and well. And Anita is just as modern about her cake-making as she is about everything else. She doesn’t believe in fussing for hours doing a thing that can be done just as well in one quarter of the time. Cake-making, like everything else, may be a test of efficiency, she believes. If you can use one recipe for a loaf cake, for a layer cake or for cup cakes varied by the addition of spices, nuts, fruits and flavoring—that’s one way of passing the test.

Anita’s recipes are very simple. Both the Black

Anita adds the finishing touches to her favorite cake, “Lady Baltimore.” Judging from appearances, this cake lives right up to its aristocratic name.

Anita contemplates the finished product and wonders who’ll be the first to sample it. We’d like to be in on that. We always did like cake.
CONSTANCE BENNETT is reported engaged to Lew Ayres. Constance, most glamorous of the three beautiful Bennetts, has been married and divorced. Lew, one of the newest boys in pictures, appears with Constance in "Common Clay."

+ + +

The film colony seem to be going in for baby Austin cars in a big way. Buddy Rogers and his brother have one; so have Alan Crosland, Winnie Lightner, and many others.

Cliff Edwards bought one and ordered another; "one for each foot," he explained.

Gary Cooper hasn't taken to it yet. Maybe he feels that his six-feet-plus and a baby Austin don't belong. And maybe he's right.

+ + +

The Malibu colony, which houses so many screen stars extends over such a long stretch of beach that some means of transportation had to be evolved. The road that runs back of the houses is so narrow and so dusty that regular cars are a great nuisance, so someone thought that bicycles might be handy and at the same time a help in retaining that girlish, or boyish, figure. A few of the players went in for them, including Lila Lee and Gertrude Olmsted. That is, Lila did before she went to the desert for a rest. But now that the Austin cars are upon us the bicycles will have to take a back seat. This baby Austin thing is an epidemic.

+ + +

James Hall is another who has succumbed to the charms of Baby Austin. The reason he fell, he says, is because they play such cute little tricks. He saw the driver of a Cadillac put out his arm for a left-hand turn and a baby Austin came along, ran right up his arm and bit him!

+ + +

Dick Barthelmess made a hit with several members of the "Adios" cast one morning on location. A strip of canvas, called by courtesy a rug, was spread on the ground. Several chairs had been placed upon it and one by one they were taken by players resting between scenes. When Dick arrived on the set someone whose duty it is to see that all avenues are cleared for the comfort of the star bustled ahead and invited everyone to vacate. "This is Mr. Barthelmess' dressing-room," the man said seriously, though not unpleasantly. Dick was
close enough to hear and sang out, “Who said so? You boys stay where you are. I don’t want any of that star stuff around me.”

Going back to Baby Austins, you should see Winnie Lightner’s. It has Rolls Royce lights, the loudest horn she could buy, and a radio. She is now considering a yellow paint job with black stripes. “Then, all it will need will be hot and cold running water,” says Winnie.

All is not snow that glistens, with apologies to Bill Shakespeare—but Charles Bickford knows it’s true. A flock of huskies know it, too. The most beautiful snow scene covers a Warner Brothers’ stage where Charles is making “River’s End,” but while the ‘snow’ fooled the camera it didn’t fool the human and canine respiratory glands. Under the lights, the snowy atmosphere was a revelation to the string of dogs engaged to carry the sleds. Charlie Bickford was all done up in a fur coat, cap, gloves, and fur lined boots. The first thing he knew he had lost twelve pounds.

Little birds woke us up early this morning to tell us about Greta Garbo. Without benefit of—hold everything—censors, “Anna Christie” is now being remade! But for German audiences, a German version. What a break! Ach du lieber Greta! The Continentals will see a new “Anna Christie,” a different make-up, and it will be full of swear words and other uncouth expressions such as Anna in real life might use. Many Garboites are sailing on the first liner for Germany.

Ben Lyon waited around so much during the last hectic days of his engagement to Bebe Daniels when he called to take her home from innumerable showers that he decided to give the girls a glimpse of the other side of the picture. He gave Hoot Gibson a ‘lingerie’ shower just before his marriage to Sally Eilers! The girls, then, had to call for the boys to take them home and wait around outside while the last farewells were being said.

Madame Schumann-Heink, the grand old lady of song and opera, is to be canned. That is, to be preserved for all time in the talkies. It was Elsie Janis’ idea. Elsie has a sort of ‘butting in’ job with Paramount, to quote Miss Janis, and it is one of her ambitions to do a story with Madame Schumann-Heink. The Madame
Ernestine will sing and be the good influence in the story, the love interest to be supplied by handsome juveniles and ingenues.

+++ +

Some people have all the luck. Louis Bromfield has actually talked a film producer into the notion that a creative artist is not a machine and cannot write to the tick of a time clock. He's going to Paris with Mrs. Bromfield and there he will develop an idea he has for Ronald Colman. It will probably be Ronnie's next picture after the one just completed for him by Frederick Lonsdale. Samuel Goldwyn, need we add, will be the producer. I imagine Mr. Bromfield has had some help in putting his idea across with Mr. Goldwyn in the person of Florenz Ziegfeld. The first thing Mr. Ziegfeld said when he came to Hollywood was that screen producers would have to get over the idea that creative work could be done like building a set, under the whip of the time clock; and Mr. Ziegfeld kept on saying it. So have a good many other people, but coming from Mr. Ziegfeld it meant something.

+++ +

Kay Francis isn't going to wear her boyish bob any longer. Her new coiffure is fluffed out a little. In her next picture "The General," you will see what it's like.

+++ +

Janet Chandler signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which may be the beginning of an interesting career. Who is Janet Chandler? Well, if you frequented the Ambassador, the Montmartre, George Olsen's Cotton Club or any rendezvous in Los Angeles where there was a dance floor, you would know. Janet is a University of Southern California girl, a very spirituelle blonde who, at the end of a dancing contest, makes every other girl on the floor look like a wilted poppy while she appears as fresh and cool as an Easter lily. She reminds one of that pure and graceful flower, too: tall and very slender, with hair the color of spun gold, milk white skin, cheeks like wild-rose petals, and a radiant smile. If Janet dances at any impromptu contest it is a rare thing for anyone else to carry off the first prize. We saw her at the Cocoanut Grove one evening when a table of celebrities including Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Wurtzel and others were asked to judge the winners. Out of a dozen couples, all of whom had won many cups, Janet and her partner were chosen. That was several months ago, and it may be that Janet owes her present contract to the impression she made.

William Janney, left, shows how an American would look in the top hat of an Englishman, while Claude Allister—oh, hurry and change back, boys!
Every woman must face her own particular Close-up Test

SMOOTH SKIN instantly attracts, say 45 Hollywood directors...

A GIRL'S lovely skin is an instant attraction. A whole audience is swept by enthusiasm when the close-up brings the radiant loveliness of a star near to them.

And every woman must meet the scrutiny of close appraising eyes. Does your skin quicken the heart with its loveliness like Clara Bow's, Betty Bronson's, Janet Gaynor's? It can.

For the lovely screen stars have discovered a sure way to complexion beauty. Clara Bow, the bewitching little Paramount star, beguiling Betty Bronson, Janet Gaynor, the beloved Fox star, are among 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood who jealously guard their smooth skin with Lux Toilet Soap. Their enthusiasm has made it official in all studio dressing rooms.

Hollywood—Broadway—Europe the favorite beauty care

Not only the stars in Hollywood, but the famous Broadway stage stars, too, have enthusiastically adopted this gentle beauty care. So devoted are they to this fragrant white soap that it is in 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters in New York. And even in Europe, the beautiful screen stars insist on this soap for their beauty.

MARY BRIAN beloved Paramount star, says: "It's certainly a wonderful soap! I always use it!"

98% of the lovely complexions on the screen and radiant skin of girls everywhere are cared for with... Lux Toilet Soap-10¢
ASK ME
An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

By Miss Vee Dee

Shamrock, Hamilton, Ontario. Here is a colleen without the usual yen to crowd the Hollywood gate-ways. Congratulations and my hand, so pat yourself. Some of us girls must stay behind to help fill the movie palaces. The object of your interest, Paddy O'Flynn, was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. He doesn't give his age but I'd say about 25 summers or winters. He was raised in Canada and at a very early age went on the stage. He began his screen work in 1926. Paddy has brown curly hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall and weights 150 pounds.

Buzz of Cape Cod. Was Buddy Rogers in aviation training during the World War? He was born Aug. 13, 1905, and 1914 was the beginning of the Big Fight, so just get the brain to buzzing on that and figure it out. Sue Carol was born Oct. 30, 1908, in Chicago, Ill. Her first screen try-out was with Douglas McLeou in "Soft Cushions." Her latest release is "She's my Weakness" with Arthur Lake, for Radio Pictures.

Doria, Brooklyn. I treasure all the kind things you say about my department and drink in the compliments to the last drop and that goes down too. You can write to Rex Bell at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Sue Carol appears with Grant Withers, Edna Murphy, Adamae Vaughn and Eddie Phillips in "Dancing Sweetie," a recent Warner Bros. picture. Address James Murray, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Kathryn Crawford plays with him in "Hideout."

A New Friend from Old Hickory, Tenn. So you like my hystorical hodge-podge of information and want some of it. Gary Cooper's latest films are "Only the Brave" with Mary Brian and Phillips Holmes; "The Texan" with Fay Wray; and "A Man from Wyoming" with June Collyer and Regis Toomey. Gary gets his fan mail at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Colleen Moore's last picture for First National was "Footlights and Fools" with Frederic March and Raymond Hackett. She has not announced any new picture plans.

Eddie, Hanover, Pa. You'd adore my photograph standing up, would you? Someone would want an upright when I'm just a baby grand. John Mack Brown's next picture is "Billy, the Kid." William Powell appears in "Shadow of the Law" with Marion Shilling and Regis Toomey; and in "For the Defense" with Kay Francis.

Frances G. of Detroit. You saw your favorite in "Road House" and that was the end of him. Lackaday and many of them. Gary Cooper first attracted attention on the screen in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, as far back as 1926. Dolores Costello is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Constance Talmadge has golden hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Lane Chandler is 6 feet, 3 inches tall and has red hair and blue eyes.

T. J. J., Dayton, Ohio. If Clara Bow hasn't any definite plans for marriage, you'd like to put in a bid as the future bridegroom. You and who else? Here are a few of the sister trams in real life: Dolores and Helene Costello, Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, Loretta Young, Sally Blake and Polly Ann Young, and Shirley Mason and Viola Dana. Conrad Nagel's wife is Ruth Helms, a non-professional. Do I know what make of car Joan Crawford drives? Even with a Rolly-Royce at her disposal, Joan says she prefers the new Ford that friend husband gave her.

D. V. S. of England, So my famous answers have made a hit in London? I take up my pen for merry old England. What ho! I'm the main event in the "ASK ME" department. I receive many letters from fans who tell of their remarkable resemblances to their screen favorites. I'm sorry I've lost track of Mary of Pittsburg who is the living image for Mary Brian, or I'd be glad to deliver your message. Your fellow countryman, Clive Brook, appears with Ruth Chatterton in "The Laughing Lady." Another famous son of England, Ralph Forbes, plays with Miss Chatterton in "The Lady of Scandal."

Ethel L. C., Minneapolis. To make a long story short, as the aviator said when he knocked off the church steeple, we'll no longer have a fan club department or I'd be glad to make the announcement you suggest about Richard Dix. Understand, we're strong for Richard and spend many a hard-earned two-bits to see his pictures, but space in my department forbids fan club revelations.

Ruth W., Kokomo, Ind. Unaccustomed as I am to such delightful bouquets as have been coming my way, I'll not be misled by the wholesome flattery but stick to the straight and narrow that leads to my mailbox. Jobyna Ralston is the wife of Richard Arlen and hasn't made a picture for some time. She is 5 feet, 1 inch tall and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Neil Hamilton was born Sept. 9, 1899, in Lynn Mass. Conrad Nagel was born in Keokuk, Iowa, on March 16, 1897. John Mack Brown played opposite Mary Pickford in "Coquette" and Charles Rogers opposite her in "My Best Girl."

Betty B., Hamilto, Ontario. This is positively the last word — why is an actor with a mustache? That's a swell question but what's the answer? You can write to Gilbert Roland and Charles Bickford at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Nick Stuart at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Gilbert Rolay played with Norma Talmadge in "New York Nights," produced by United Artists.

Nan, New Orleans. If I would try to give you the name of Hollywood's most prominent directors, I'd have the whole bunch on my trail — but if you'll drop me a personal line and repeat the question, I'll give you a list as long as you like. H. B. Warner is one of the most sought-after players in the film business. His long stage training, his clearly understood voice and pleasing manner, have made him a great favorite with the fans. His latest picture is "Wild Company" with Frank Albertson, Sharon Lynn and Ivce Comp.

(Continued on page 112)
Dr. Shirley W. Wynne
Commissioner of Health of New York City

says:
"Colgate's is most efficient cleanser"

RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph. D., University of Chicago, and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

All agree that Colgate's is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate's thus cleanses completely—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says:
"The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.

"I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of all examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."

SHIRLEY W. WYNNE, M. D., Dr. P. H.
Commissioner of Health, New York City; M. D., Columbia University; Member American Medical Association; Prof. Preventive Medicine, N. Y. Polytechnic Medical School and Hospital; Prof. Public Health, Fordham School of Sociology and Social Service; Recognized internationally as an authority on matters of Public Health.

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The price is important—but the quality—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.
COMING INTO THE KITCHEN WITH ANITA PAGE—Continued from page 95

THE RE-"BIRTH OF A NATION"—Continued from page 29

...ing water will hasten the process of creaming. Then, when the mixture is very light break in two eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Stir in three cupfuls of pastry flour sifted with three teaspoons baking powder. Turn onto a well floured pastry board and knead lightly, working in more flour as required. When the dough is smooth and does not stick to the hands place in bowl, cover with towel and let stand two hours. Roll to one-fourth inch in thickness and cut with small heart-shaped cutter or, if to be served at a bridge party, cut in shapes of hearts, clubs and spades. Place on prepared baking sheets and bake.

NUT SPICE CAKES
To recipe for Lady Baltimore Cake add one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon cloves, one-half teaspoon nutmeg and one-half cupful nuts. Omit vanilla. Put batter in greased muffin pans filling them about one-half full. Bake about fifteen minutes. Cover with an icing made from one and one-third cupfuls brown sugar and one-half cupful thin cream. Cook to soft ball stage, cool slightly and beat until creamy and of consistency to spread.

MARGuerites
Beat two eggs slightly and add one cup brown sugar, one-half cup flour, one-fourth teaspoon baking powder, one-third teaspoon salt, one-half cup nut meats cut in small pieces, one-half cup All-Bran. Bake in a moderate oven ten to fifteen minutes.

DROP COOKIES
Cream one-half cup shortening with one cupful sugar. When well blended add two beaten eggs. Mix and sift two and one-half cups flour with two teaspoons baking powder and one-fourth teaspoon salt and add alternately with one-fourth cup milk to the first mixture. Flavor and beat well. Drop from spoon on greased pans and bake about fifteen minutes. These cookies are much improved by the addition of nuts or raisins, dates or figs may be used.

HERMITS
Cream two-thirds cup shortening, add one and one-third cup brown sugar gradually, then two beaten eggs. Add three-fourths cupful soda dissolved in one tablespoon hot water. Then add two and one-half cups flour, one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon cloves and one-half teaspoon salt. Mix, last in one cup chopped nuts and one cup raisins. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet and bake fifteen minutes.

THE RE-"BIRTH OF A NATION"—Continued from page 29

will see the quaint and touching scene where the Little Sister trim her home-spun dress in ‘southern ermine’ for the homecoming of the beloved brother. Where Lillian Gish and Henry Walthall, who later were to make the love scenes, we will hear the twitter of birds in the forest—oh, shades of Gilbert and Gable!

It will all be there.

We will have a prologue and an epilogue with a story running through it in which D. W. Griffith will appear with Walter Huston, and will tell why he came to make "The Birth of A Nation" in the first place. There will be scenes enacted from his own childhood, where, as a small boy of five, he hid behind the horse-hair sofa in the home of his father, a colonel in the Southern army, and listened to the harrowing tales of the Ku Klux Klan and the carpet baggers, which he was later to put into his picture. The epilogue will show the new south arising from the ashes of the old, and we will all arise and sing the Star-Spangled Banner at the end!

Sixteen years will bring beloved players back to us.

Lillian Gish, now an actress of established reputation appearing on the stage, who has been absent from the movie houses except for her one talker, "One Romantic Night," will appear at her early best.

Mae Marsh, little sister, now Mrs. Louis Lee Arms, a matron in a fashionable suburb of Pasadena with ‘little sisters’ of her own, will wring tears from us again.

Spottiswood Aiken, the gallant Colonel Cameron, now a white-haired old man.

Donald Crisp, who played General Grant, and acted as assistant director, now a director for Pathé.

Mary Alden, the mulatto beauty, now a concert singer.

Joseph Henaberry, unforgettable as Abraham Lincoln, now an independent producer.

Henry Walthall, the Little Colonel, still in movies, who has just finished his latest talkie, "The Phantom of the House" with Nancy Welford.

Walter Long, as Gus, the colored soldier, now acting for RKO. Ralph Lewis, who played the part of the elder Stoneman, now with Paramount; Elmer Clifton as the younger Stoneman, now a director for Tech-Art.

Two of the original cast are dead. They are Wallace Reid, who played the blacksmith who hurled the negro out of the smoky window, and George Seigmann, who was Lynch, the mob leader.

And it brings back D. W. Griffith at his best. He has recently finished his "Abraham Lincoln," and will undoubtedly remake others of his masterpieces for the talkies.

So get out the old handkerchiefs and be prepared to weep as only D. W. Griffith can make us weep, with joyous abandon—make us red-nosed and like it!
A charm that is recognized everywhere

What a glorious thing it is to face each day, secure in the confidence that you are always attractive! That you can wear the alluring new fashions, so adorably feminine, with the grace and charm for which they were designed!

... Yet for everyone girl who possesses a naturally fashionable figure there are hundreds who diet and worry to control their weight—often unwisely.

The main danger with most reducing diets is that they are unbalanced. In the desire to reduce, important food elements are frequently omitted.

Nearly all reducing diets lack roughage. When the amount of food is cut down, there is often insufficient bulk to assure proper elimination.

As a result poisons are formed. These may sweep through the system, causing headaches, listlessness, dizziness, swellings, and, sometimes, serious disease.

Add two tablespoons of Kellogg’s All-Bran daily to any reducing diet and you can be sure of getting enough bulk or roughage to assure proper elimination.

Kellogg’s All-Bran is not fattening. But it does contain iron, which helps prevent dietary anemia. Iron is the natural source of beautiful red color for the lips and complexion.

Add it to any reducing diet—in fruit juices; sprinkled over cereals or salads—in clear soups—in bran muffins or bread. Eat it as a cereal with milk. Kellogg’s All-Bran is delightfully flavored—a delicious food that helps to build health every time you eat it. Improved in texture and taste. It is a food that prevents the dangers of pills and drugs. Eat it regularly—to promote beauty and to help control your weight safely. Recommended by dietitians.

In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

“Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce”

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

Kellogg Company, Dept. SC-10
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet “Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce.”

Name ________________________________

Address ________________________________

[Image]
HEALTH AND BEAUTY—Continued from page 65

ly linked together are all physical attractions with the very mundane act of eating. The food you eat every day is like a little mark in our blood which is our liquid self and reflects our actions, thoughts and personal appearance. It has more to do with us than we actually become than any other thing. We must eat in order to live, and we must eat correctly if we are to live well and beautiful.

It would take too long at this time to go into the matter of calories, the chemistry of food and the proper combination of foods. This is a thing each individual must figure out for herself. Counting calories is all right as far as it goes; but to by-pass calories constitutes the powers that be in weight control and to give no thought to food combinations is to put all your apples in one basket. The number of calories you need depends on your normal, not your actual weight and upon the kind and quantity of work you do. And no matter how carefully you may estimate the calories needed, if you combine the wrong foods you may lose weight, but the result to your health will be bad.

Give a little time to intelligent study of the food and drink suited to your need, and that which has a deteriorating influence. Learn to balance your diet so as to eat just enough and not too much, of foods that agree with you. Be your own dietician.

A good digestion is as necessary to a good complexion as light, air, water and exercise. And remember that what one person may eat, another may not. This is true, also, in reducing diets. One person may eat certain foods without gaining weight. Another may eat the same food and upon weighing herself will find that the scales register a jump of several pounds. Generally speaking, your diet is the dictator of your weight. It is rarely that a person who takes on superfluous weight cannot trace its source straight to the table, between-meal eating and under-exercising.

Determine your normal weight for your age and height and keep to that weight and you will be in perfect health. Weigh yourself frequently. If the scales register a jump it may startle you into reform. Without the scales you may succeed in fooling yourself, but when you’re not fooling others. Some day, a dear friend will remark, “My dear, your eating is getting fat!” and you’ll smile and pretend you think it’s a compliment, and with near hatred in your heart for this person you thought was your friend you go home and with gnashing of teeth and a tape-line try to think what to do about it.

A strenuous diet never is good. It’s as bad for the looks as it is for the health. There are plenty of non-fattening foods that are wholesome and palatable and you need not deny yourself anything good to eat. The severity of the diet must be regulated by the individual need, but it must be regular, and it must cut down the starchy, fatty, sugary foods.

But no, you don’t have to live on fruit and ‘sloshy’ vegetables! You may have lean meats, poultry, fish, eggs occasionally, every kind of fruit and vegetables except potatoes, beans and corn, all the fruit and gravy you want, with dressing of lemon juice and a little oil, whole wheat or bran or gluten bread.

With this list of foods you need not be hungry. Choose your food with care and combine it intelligently. Your reward will be in finding your circulation improved, your activity both physical and mental increased, your skin clearer and your figure returning. All this talk about food doesn’t mean that you are to be always fussing about what you eat or do not eat. It simply means that you must realize your dependence on food in relation to your health and personal appearance and learn to ‘eat to live’ rather than ‘live to eat.’

Lillian Roth doesn’t spend all her time being funny. Here she is seen practising the ‘toe-sitting’ exercise, excellent for slen-

In planning a diet for health and beauty, remember that a certain amount of roughage is necessary. A diet lacking in roughage inevitably leads to imperfect elimination and there is no more cruel foe to beauty. The coarsest vegetables such as cabbage, spinach, onions, carrots, celery, baked potatoes, skins and all, are excellent in this capacity. In breads, choose whole wheat, gluten, all-bran muffins or bread. In cereals, all-bran, bran flakes, or shredded whole wheat biscuits are ideal for their roughage and for their laxative qualities. These healthful foods contain not only nutritive elements, but all the other elements needed for building and repair of bone and muscle.

Being low in calories these cereals may be eaten freely while on a reducing diet. Cream or rich milk must not be taken, of course, but, swilled in prune or orange juice, any one of these foods is delicious. Or, any canned or fresh fruit with its juice may be combined with the cereals. This is one of the appetizing ways to add roughage to diet.

Train yourself to note symptoms and treat them by diet. Remember that unwise eating manifests itself in a mottled skin, a complexion marred by pimples, blackheads, large open pores, a red nose, swollen skin, fleshy hair and dull eyes. And when you step on the scales and find you have gained five pounds you may be sure you are eating too much food or too much of these rich foods or one or more of these foods. And you may be eating too many of fruit, vegetables, and foods with roughage. Drink freely of water between meals. Most skin troubles and most cases of over-weight may be controlled by a healthful diet.

An effective method of purifying the digestive system is by the use of yeast. The three cakes of yeast that you buy from the doctor away is a well-known fact and it is also a natural way to complexion beauties.

Yeast is the oldest health food known to medical science. It was used, we are told, by Hippocrates the ‘father of medicine,’ and by the physicians of Nero’s court. And throughout the ages science has added bit by bit to the knowledge handed down by these pioneers in the art of healing. And it is, if you will, the ‘medicine’ for it. It ensures good elimination, raises the resistance, renews appetite, improves digestion, and clears away skin eruptions.

Many interesting and amazing things we learned about yeast. One was that there is a patented yeast, which which endows this famous food with an added health element, the ‘sunshine’ vitamin, known to science as vitamin D—and of vital importance to health.

We all know something about vitamins, those mysterious food essentials contained in such foods as eggs, milk, cream and whole milk as well as other natural foods and without which health cannot be maintained. Yeast, we learned, is the richest food source of vitamin B, which vitamin is really vitamin D and outstanding because it is the only vitamin that can be produced artificially.

We know that sunshine is very good for the body but we did not know until recently that this was because the ultra-violet rays of sunlight converted a certain substance in our skin into ‘sunshine’ vitamin. And now, amazingly, it has been discovered that this same substance may be converted into the ‘sunshine’ vitamin which heretofore was obtained only through the action of the sun on the skin. As a result we can now eat foods rich in sunshine vitamin when all year round in a simple convenient food. Irradiated by powerful ultra-violet lamps each cake of yeast is endowed with as much ‘sunshine’ vitamin as hours of summer sunshine can possibly create in our bodies, and it has an energizing effect on the whole system.

I had heard that the eating of yeast caused one to take on weight and inquire if this was true. The answer was no. Yeast enables one to assimilate food and gives a normal appetite. If there is a gain in weight it is because of the gain in substance, not because more calories are eaten. For instance, one cake of yeast contains fewer calories than a soda cracker.

Exercise bears an important relation to the weight and also to beauty of skin. It sends the blood to all parts of the body and more waste is carried away. Usually, persons who are normal in weight approach more rapidly the normal standards of weight. You must exercise not only to help the reducing process, but to harden the muscles and to add to the tissues so that lessened weight through diet need not be followed by flabbiness of flesh.

Swimming, skating, dancing, walking, riding, and even housework are all ex- (Continued on page 108)
"I'm a helpless prisoner!"

says MYRNA LOY

"I'm caught! ... in a spun-silk web! I'm held ... in a star-dust rapture! I'm captive to a lulling mood! But I love my captor ... I'll never escape. For this mood that's captured me is Youth itself ... a mood which stole from a perfume bottle and entered my heart ... surrounded my soul ... and I surrendered! See, here's the bottle ... there's the name—Seventeen—but wait! Not a breath of it—unless YOU want to be carried away—too!"

SEVENTEEN ... not a perfume alone but a whole ensemble of gay toiletries!

The ensemble idea is smart in toilet accessories, too! ... so Seventeen's gay and lightsome fragrance has been breathed into each of these essentials: Powders ... a face powder, bath powder and talcum ... all charmingly packaged, all exquisitely soft, all faintly scented with Seventeen ... a Compact, the smartest you've ever seen, in gleaming black ... a Sachet, the subtlest way to perfume lingerie ... Brillantes, one solid, one liquid, to restrain straying locks and leave a fragrance that's ever so elusive.
EAT YEAST

HEALTH AND BEAUTY — Continued from page 106

Excellent. But I'm giving you also a few exercises that you can take at home. These will help you to become slim and supple and will also help to eliminate the unwanted bulges.

'Toe-sitting' is an excellent exercise for slenderizing the hips, thighs, calves and ankles. Stand erect, support hands on back of chair, then squat to sitting position, keeping back straight. Raise to a standing position, then squat again, and keep this up at a moderate pace until tired. Ten times is enough to begin with, increasing to twenty.

To reduce hips, abdomen, and to improve waistline, stand erect, bend backward then forward, bringing hands down between limbs. Bend backward again and swing hands down in front of body touching ankles from left to right. Repeat until you can touch floor without bending the knees.

Deep breathing exercise. Stand with feet together and arms held a little away from your sides. Raise arms sideways and upward until they are extended full length above the head. Inhale slowly, so that your fullest capacity is reached when the arms are at the highest point. Bring arms down slowly, exhaling rapidly. This exercise is to increase sluggish circulation.

Don't forget the importance of good posture. It relieves the nerve centers and frees the circulation. No matter how well proportioned your body is, it is not quite perfect unless your posture is correct.

This will help keep the skin fresh and firm.

Do you have beauty problems? Are you overweight? The health and beauty diet is yours for the asking. Follow it, and you'll find yourself several pounds lighter, with a complexion clear and fresh, and with a feeling of youth and well-being every girl longs to attain. Address Anne Van Alstyne, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

The evening wrap offered by Dolores Del Rio in the July issue of Screenland has been awarded to:

Miss Louise George,
1829 G Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.

Nancy Carroll was popular before "Devil's Holiday" but now she is an outstanding star. Her new film is "Laughter."
they got lost from her clothes and props and the boys loaned her shirts and overalls and she was perfectly happy! And she’d like to go places on the spur of the moment. She’d be perfectly capable of going to New York, just like that, without packing or anything. It would be a lark! So, you see!

Happy-go-lucky. But that’s because you’ve always had things, we hint.

“Oh, no, I’ve been broke,” Sue objected. “It isn’t true at all that I’ve always had everything. I’ve been out of money right here in Hollywood and it isn’t any joke owing bills. I remember one time—I know better now—I had just $100 in the bank and owed everybody, it seemed to me—I was only making $150 a week then—and I spent $87 of my hundred going to San Francisco to a ball game and had just $13 when I got back!”

You see! That was next to starving!

And once when I was sent over to Europe to make the picture with Nick, ‘Chasing Through Europe,’ I lost my letter of credit. The company paid my expenses but I had everything in this letter. But it got lost crossing from Italy to France, the guards forgot to put my suit case back on the train. And when I landed in Paris I had just $30. I phoned Nick in Rome but the connection was so poor I thought I’d better get up before I spent all of the $30. I knew just one man in Paris but just well enough to go to tea or dinner with and I had going to the Fox company. Finally I wired my aunt in England, collect, to meet me on a certain boat, but when I got on she wasn’t there. I hadn’t any reservations on the boat or any money, so the captain cabled my mother and she wired the money. That’s how I got home.

After all, Sue has had her vicissitudes. That’s plain!

But Sue is a settled young matron now, with a new contract with RKO, a lovely new home and husband to keep in order. There’s a job for you!

“I want to work about five more years,” Sue will tell you, “and then really settle down. I’d like to do something really big in pictures before then. Not just program things, but something I can be proud of. I’m thrilled with this part I’m to have in the Amos and Andy picture.” Sue supplied the interest, as is quite natural.

And what does Nick say to all of this ambition?

“Oh, Nick is the most unselfish thing in the world. He’d rather see me get a big part than get it himself. And I’m thrilled over any good break he gets. I couldn’t imagine being married to anyone who wasn’t in the movies. As it is now we have the same interests and we couldn’t be jealous because we understand each other. We don’t always expect to be in the movies; some day Nick will be doing other things and I will just stay at home.”

You should see the new home, a large brick English place. One is taken by the hand and shown this and that and explained how bow windows will be built, how breakfast rooms will be enlarged, how royal purple sofas must be returned because the cushions don’t fit. How the garage will be moved forward and the sunny-bodered patio enlarged. It’s great fun, keeping house. One must hire and fire servants. One must talk to the Chinese gardener and one doesn’t understand a word of Chinese!

Otherwise the world is a happy place full of nice and happy people. And the sun shines and probably always will shine on—for Sue!

---

**FROM THIS ONE LIPSTICK**

*Your True Natural Color*

How demure Tangee looks in its modest gunmetal case! How innocent! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling eyed Brunette!

At first nothing seems to happen. Then slowly, into your lips begins to creep the rose-blush color that is Nature’s own . . . a glow of perfect health . . . of lovely youth.

For this is the magic of Tangee . . . that at first it seems quite colorless, but presently takes on just that exquisite shade of color required for your individual complexion.

Tangee never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, so that it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals.

---

**TANGEE**

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and “Art of Make-Up.”)

THE GEORGE W. LUPT CO., DEPT. S. L-10
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Name: ..........................................................
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real. But they are, believe it or not.

Next, the dress designers came into Greta's American life. Since there was only one Garbo, she must have a fashion all her own. So they threw away her slouchy checked suits, dragged out the satins and laces, and evolved the Garbo gowns: long, slinky affairs with high Elizabethan collars.

That was the first Garbo who burst upon the American picture scene—a strange, exotic creature who dressed like no one else in the world. In recent pictures she has become more human but not less unique. The skull-fitting hats, the stark simplicity of her gowns are essentially, by and for Garbo.

The off-screen Garbo has changed, too, since that day when she first glimpsed the hills of Hollywood. She wears no make-up except a slight splash of crimson on her lips. She clings to tailored clothes, flat heels and berets, simply. Gone are the curled locks, the deeply shadowed eyes and the careless slouchiness of the other Greta.

Another girl whom the three potent factors: make-up, hair and clothes, have aided on the road to stardom is Joan Crawford.

When Luella Le Sueur arrived in the land of motion pictures, she was Broadway's idea of a flapper, gay, restless, too-made-up, careless of her clothes. She didn't have time to bother much with her appearance in those days. She knew that she possessed beauty, that no matter what she wore she would knock 'em dead. So she went her merry, carefree way.

Then Luella became Joan. Under the influence of the ones—who knew she toned down her make-up. She smoothed down her hair. She discovered a new interest in the style and the wearing of her clothes.

Joan has perfect photographic features. She needs less make-up than the majority of the screen players. Her eyes have natural shadows. Her mouth is beautifully shaped. When she was persuaded to discard mascara on her lower lashes and shadows beneath her eyes, she became far more natural and for more beautiful.

Her hair was put through the entire color chart from brown to bemused. Then she discovered that its own natural glossy chestnut brown was more effective than any other shade. So Joan has become her real self.

Making a beauty more beautiful—Max Factor, Hollywood make-up expert, helps Raquel Torres select the proper lipstick, on the set at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

She has been given an entire clothes transformation. She is no longer a giddy flapper but a smart, well-groomed, beautifully designed modern girl. When Joan and Adrian, the designer, put their heads together, the girls of the world may make ready to sit up and take notice.

The one thing about Joan which can never be changed is the army of splashes, little, golden freckles which marches across her nose. Luella had them and Joan can't lose them. So long as they remain, you may know that the old, made-up Joan is ready to fling her Paris hat into the air. That is what makes her so fascinating and so ultra-modern in her charm.

When Kay Johnson landed in Hollywood to make her first picture, "Dynamite," she knew nothing whatsoever about screen make-up. Trustfully, she placed herself in the hands of the studio experts. They discovered that she had just one fault photographically. Her nose, which had been good-looking behind the footlights, was too large in the magnifying eye of the camera.

Were they downhearted? No! A little grease paint in just the right places and, behold, there emerged a perfect screen nose. Kay's hair was right and she possessed the unusually Broadway flair for wearing clothes. So these important problems were settled with no difficulty.

Norma Shearer enlisted the aid of the three powerful makers-and-breakers of stars when she first started her screen career. Norma is that kind of a girl. She goes at everything in a serious, intelligent, systematic way. She studied her good features and enhanced them. Norma thoroughly 'camera-tests' every gown, every hat, every hairdress before giving it a final okay.

She uncovered her ears because they are perfect. She wears her own individual kind of a long bob, because it increases the shapeliness of the contours of her head. Her skin is clear and unblemished so she needs little make-up.

Norma is an unerring judge of clothes values. With Adrian's guiding hand she select gowns which are the last word in well-groomed sophistication. No one needed to teach her how to wear them.

Anita Page's whole appearance was changed when she plucked her eyebrows. Anita needs very little beautification. Her cheeks are smooth and round. Her eyes are large and well-shaped. Her mouth is soft and curved and a skillful touch of the lip rouge makes it a trifle smaller. She is everything that nineteen should be. When her brows were thinned and cunningly curved, Anita was a different girl.

Raquel Torres was a gay over-painted little Spanish girl when she first went to the studio. The experts removed most of her make-up, tamed the riotous masses of her hair and deepened the curve of her lips. The dress designers threw away her jangling bracelets and her ruffles, and moulded little frocks to fit her little figure. She became the perfect picture of a modern senorita.

While the make-up artists were toning down Raquel, they were vivifying little Dorothy Jordan. They widened and curved and reddened her mouth. They deepened the shadows around her eyes and added mascara to her lashes. They fluffed out the wave of her hair. They changed her from mouse-like dimness into a vivid sweetness.

So it goes.

Pens may undo the work of swords, so they say. But a little jar of lip rouge, and insignificant eyebrow pencil, and a cleverly draped yard or two of satin may wreck the words of pens and make their own history.
Every Screen Star in Hollywood Knows the Magic Beauty Secret of Make-Up in COLOR Harmony

You, yourself, may now learn how to double your beauty and vividly accent your personality . . . from Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, Max Factor.

Do you want new beauty . . . new magnetism of personality . . . new fascination . . . quickly, almost instantly . . . then listen to this message from Hollywood . . . learn about the one make-up that's used in all the famous motion picture studios; by all the glorious stars who have enchanted you with their loveliness . . . discover why beauty is always perfect in every picture released from Hollywood.

A discovery by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, revolutionized the use of cosmetics in filmland. Make-Up to really work wonders in creating and enhancing beauty must be in color harmony . . . Cosmetics must blend perfectly in the make-up ensemble. Off-colors ruin beauty . . . often produce unattractive, grotesque effects. All this Max Factor learned in his work with motion picture stars during twenty odd years.

Then came the revolutionary idea . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and other make-up requisites . . . all in color harmony to blend with the complexion colorings of each individual type, whatever the variation in blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. And each color tone in each cosmetic created to some living type . . . to harmonize with such matchless beauty as typified by Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Billie Dove.

Imagine what amazing new beauty this discovery means to you . . . and now you may share Hollywood's make-up secret, for in Society Make-Up, Max Factor has created powder, rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow and other requisites for every woman, for every day, based on his famous discovery, cosmic color harmony. A sensation in Hollywood . . . it will be a beauty revelation to you.

And you may have your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up charted for you by Max Factor . . . who will analyze your complexion, and tell you personally how to make the most of your own natural beauty; how to reveal the alluring charm and fascination you have admired and longed for. Accept this priceless beauty gift from Max Factor . . . and copy of this book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." Just mail the coupon below.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP
"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 4-9-30.

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"; personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony charts. I enclose no cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

[Mail coupon with address and other information]

JOAN CRAWFORD

*95% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

Sixty Famous Stars write about make-up in this book.
on Eugene booming out the command like the trump of doom? "I wanted everyone to know that I was doing my bit to keep everything under control. By that time George Abbott had come to the window, having climbed from the balcony. The Palettes humor and delivery has certainly gone over with his director.

This was rather a complicated location because there were two sections, the water section which included the under-water stuff, and the huge section which included the above-water stuff. Otto Brower directed the undersea stuff and George Abbott the above water and dramatic stuff. Mr. Brower, I am sure, was driven to adapting it from the novel, "The Lost God" by John Russell.

During the suspension of the scene, we took land scenes and traveled in automobiles around and around the terraced hills to the cove adjoining the Isthmus. I said automobiles, but it seemed as though everyone climbed into ours. Eleven people fitted themselves into a seven passenger car. It isn't clear just who was on the little green running board a trike. Every time we rounded a sharp curve on the narrow road we'd yell "Watch yourself" to these clinging to our car.

Fay Wray appeared in an attractive crease flannel skirt and silk tailored blouse. The scene taken that morning was supposed to be after Fay's and Dick's fight with the cannibals.

"We'll have to muss you up a bit, Fay," said George Abbott looking as though the job was one he wouldn't mind tackling himself, and he did! At least, he helped and we all gave suggestions. With a pen knife he slit the pretty waist here and there while Fay tore great gashes in her skirt and the property boy gleefully threw mud over the costume as it rolled down, half visible there. Her tennis shoes were cut and frayed and muddied and in ten minutes she was about as far removed from the chic young lady she had been as anything you can imagine. Fay had three of these outfits, all exactly alike. In a picture of this sort where costumes have to be wet or soiled or ruined it often happens that the last scenes taken are first. As in this case, Fay is on a boat, goes ashore and has a scrap with cannibals. This scene was taken before the scenes on the boat, where her dress was whole and clean. Why don't they take scenes in order and sequence! Oh well, go into pictures and find out for yourselves! It would take long to explain. There are a million reasons why it can't be done.

The most difficult was taken in such a steep part of the mountain that a rope had to be tied around Fay's waist to let her down to the desired level. Scattered all over the road were the sound trucks, mixing machines, location chairs and props. The script girls had their typewriters balanced on their knees or on rocks or the flat side of the hill if they could find one. While the musing up scene featuring Fay Wray was in progress, Louise Woodcock, one of the script girls, had a swell time trying to talk Fay out of her clothes.

"You wouldn't be wearing stockings, Fay," George Abbott exclaimed.

"Goody! And I wear her size," Louise was joking but Fay said, "Well, you may have them then and save me the trouble of keeping them tucked up in a place where they'll be missed. Whereupon, Louise declared it must be lucky day and looked about for more things Fay might not need.

"She wouldn't need that blue suede belt either, would she, Mr. Abbott?" she asked, impishly.

"Oh, no. She'd have lost that.

"And as she had been on the boat, shipwrecked, she would probably have saved her petticoat so she could wear it when her dress gave out in case they weren't rescued before then, don't you think?"

"Go on, authoress, you're doing very well," laughed Fay. "But Fay has a sequence of her own to add: "Oh, yes, she would, too. You may have the petticoat if there is anything left of it afterwards but it stays on me in this scene. I'm nothing but rags as it is!"

Dick arrived, all bright and shining, to be greeted with a loud guffaw. "Boy, you don't know what you're in for," one of the assistants laughed. Dick grinned as he looked at Fay's bedraggled state. "Oh, that's nothing. They are a lot bigger and my own mother wouldn't know me."

"He wouldn't have a shirt left to his back and his undervest would be torn and stained," mused the property man proceeding to qualify as an artist.

"And what these shoes would look like, nobody's business," added Dick, operating upon them with a penknife.

"What on earth are you made up for?" laughed Walter Huston, who had dropped in from a neighboring studio.

"Oh, just a bright boy who got into an argument with some cannibals," grinned Dick.

We all sat on the edge of the cliff and let our feet hang over while, from a built-out platform, the cameras recorded the first love scene of the picture.

"Why don't you go in swimming, Johnny?" we asked John Engstead, who is in charge of publicity of the Paramount public-man's business. All he had brought over in the way of luggage was a comb, a tooth brush and a bathing suit which he kept hidden in a puzzle which he had. He was all set to grab the first chance of a swim. Johnny is only twenty-one and very popular with the Paramount gang. When we first arrived everyone we met called out, "Hey, Johnny! How's the boy? What do you know?" and so on from actors, grips and everyone. The next day we wrote here that a good many people have wondered why Mr. Lasky or Mr. Zukor hasn't taken Johnny back and led him in front of the camera. If that ever happens, girls, you'd better put a padlock on your hearts, for you're apt to lose them when Johnny smiles.

But he wouldn't go swimming. His job was to take care of us and he stuck to it until we knocked off work and then he swam to Dick's boat and back from shore. As it was a holiday the bay was alive with

(Continued on page 115)
LONG LANCE, CHIEF OF HEART-BREAKERS

Continued from page 63

fairly well. From that day to this I've always looked up every word I didn't know the meaning of, and now, you can hardly stump me on any word at all. Or on any of those fancy accents, either!"

Soon afterward, the boy was admitted into the Government Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. There he played on Jim Thorpe's famous football team. Later he went on to Madlins Military Academy, winning more athletic honors, until finally he entered West Point, where he remained but three years. When I asked him what happened, he said:

"I guess I must be a born fighter, for I can't go long without something stirring! You see, I had been getting military training for eight years but no action fighting. I never could stay in one place very long, so I just up and slipped over into Canada—after they fired me out of West Point—and enlisted in the Fiftieth Battalion of Cavalry of Alberta, where I was sent overseas."

It was in 1916 that Long Lance entered the army as a private. He came out at the end of the war a Captain, with three citations for bravery under fire. With no more fighting around, the Indian started in as a newspaper reporter up Calgary way. He began at $10 and was making $32 when he was fired. There hadn't been enough stirring for the Chief, not even with all the labor troubles going on then. So the Indian put a fake bomb in city hall—with the result that the Mayor of the town jumped through three panes of glass to escape the "explosion."

It was at this period that the Blood Indians, a branch of the Blackfeet, made Long Lance their chief of their tribe. Shortly afterwards, he went to work as an archaeologist for the Canadian Government. For three years he remained here, and it was during this time that he wrote his book "Long Lance," which has probably done as much for the Indians as any single volume. In addition, he composed three short stories to Cosmopolitan, one of which, "Custer's Last Stand," was chosen as one of the twelve best short stories of 1920. He was the seventh best which gave him precedence even over that of the celebrated British novelist, H. G. Wells.

It was then that Burden discovered Long Lance and cast him for the hero in "The Silent Enemy."

Long Lance likes rare steak, fresh fruit, and hard-boiled eggs. Also blouses, new shoes, and all kinds of correctly cut clothing. He dislikes night clubs, bad liquor, and Hollywood—which he thinks is a "gaudy, flimsy, incoherent place."

"I like to look on myself," the Chief explained, "as the spokesman of my tribe. And every time I may feel like cutting loose and raising hell—I don't! For I figure it might reflect on Indians generally."

"The greatest enjoyment I ever had was while we were making 'The Silent Enemy.' It was a life of real adventure. We were free. Away from people, houses, civilization. There was no money problem, for we had no money. We were housed and fed and we didn't even catch sight of any yellow backs for one year. Here in the North Country, one hundred miles within the Arctic Circle we lived for twelve months the lives my ancestors lived five hundred years ago."

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DARE THE STARS TRY AGAIN FOR HAPINESS?—Continued from page 21

ago. Betty was working in “quickies” in Poverty Row. True, she had made and saved plenty of money but she was very far from the artistic heights where she longed to be. She had just been through a bad week. After a hard day’s work at the studio, she wanted quiet, restful companionship. But what did she find? She found her husband in a house full of people! Jim has always liked his friends around him. And why not? But for all the rest poor Betty got, she might just as well have camped out on the boardwalk at Coney Island. Despite this drawback, she kept on going.

By the exercise of almost superhuman self-control, keeping her weight down, studying, working doggedly, even when she had to go out of her crowded house to a quiet cove on the beach to learn her lines, Betty staged one of the greatest come-backs in screen history. And now, wishing to keep her place at the top of the screen world, and knowing she cannot do it in Jim Cruse’s crowded house, she has sued for divorce—even though her closest friends say that Jim is so pathetically true and perfectible.

Colleen Moore! Gentle, unspoiled, striving Colleen certainly deserves happiness for she has worked as hard or harder than any vocalist or dancer who ever strutted upon the screen. Colleen likes to drop her comedic rôle and read books on art. She has always wanted to be an artist, a sculptor, and to devote to indulgence in this avocation grew stronger with the years. But she didn’t live her own life—as many a more selfish woman would. Colleen loved her husband, John McCormick—Johnny, as she always used to call him—and sacrificed her own wishes to his. Now, she can’t go on against him any longer. For a long time her marriage has been a burden, a dead weight, and in a recent divorce suit, she has won. This is a third. His new wife, “Bubbles” Steifel, they say, is bringing him much happiness.

Again, there’s little Joan Bennett, who seems no more than a baby herself, yet she has not only been married and become a mother, but is a wife to a married husband. She is now in her very early twenties, and box office or no box office, shouldn’t we all be able to see her try again apparently when there’s such a good-looking, brilliant young film executive admiring her from the side lines?

And Del Rio. Somehow, her case seems particularly tragic to me. You know, it’s harder to try again if you’ve found happiness in your first marriage than if you haven’t. It seems to me a woman who has married, lost her husband, of course, when she came to Hollywood, deserting her aristocratic, secluded life in Mexico City, went through many changes, many re-adjustments. Poor distinguished Jaime must have felt very strange, almost de trop there in Cinema City. Finally, when the big misunderstanding came, he went away, and Dolores divorced him. Then, as we all know, he died, alone on the beach in Newport, Rhode Island, six thousand miles away! All she could do was to cable: “I love you.” She must have felt like the words of the old song; “Love comes knocking then it disappears so late.” But it isn’t too late in her case. As we go to press Dolores is announcing her engagement to Cadet Gibeaut, an associate director for Metro. They will be married soon.

Then there’s pretty Helen Twelvetrees, who joined the talkies ranks over a year ago. Should she not dare to marry again since her separation from Clark Twelvetrees for fear he will get married, too? Of course, quite naturally, they didn’t try to Grant Withers, the happy husband of Loretta Young, who has an unfortunate marriage behind him.

What about John Barrymore? Married formerly to Michael Strange, the poetess, with her at one side of the world and him at the other—what happiness could result? Anybody who has seen the exquisite Dolores Costello holding Barrymore’s child in her arms could not have the heart to deny them the happiness which has apparently resulted from their marriage some two years ago.

The list of stars who have dared or are daring is very long! There’s Bob Wheeler and his wife Betty, now divorced, but he has recently become the happy father of a child by his second wife. Sue Carol was divorced before she ever saw Nick Stuart’s curly black hair. Then there’s that very new marriage, the one of Joaquin Miller. Did you ever study her pictures closely? If you do, you’ll notice that nearly always she seems very wishful. Surely she’s too fine to be a hummingbird. Such good luck! Al Jolson, who told me he never knew what happiness was until he went swimming and golfer, Ted Rector, now Mrs. Jolson? There’s sad little Mary Astor whose hus- band was so tragically killed in an airplane accident. And how about King Vidor, and Florence, his former wife, so marvellously content with her second marriage to Yascha Heifitz and now expecting a new baby any day? To say nothing of Eleanor Boardman, who has married that funny guy, Mr. King Vidor. Eleanor always wanted children—and now she has them. And there’s Helen Costello and her new husband, Lowell Sherman; Elinor Fair, Billy Boyd, John Gilbert, Leatrice Joy, Lita Grey, Kenneth Harlan, Marilyn Miller, and the first Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks who now seems blissfully happy with her young actor husband, Jack Whiting. And I am sure there are many more stars to be mentioned.

Of course, there are. Mary and Douglas, the most splendid of all screen artists, who have dared to seize their happiness. And all the new girls—Mary Astor and Janis—that lately they have been able to drop the cares of executive life and enjoy themselves. For years they have been given to

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LONG LANCE, CHIEF OF HEART-BREAKERS—Continued from page 113

"I think Mr. Burden deserves great credit for his picture, not only because it is real entertainment but because he has adhered in every respect to Indian truth. For instance, you know the historical setting of our country; our mother land was 1400. In this time, the Indians knew nothing of beads. They trimmed their costumes with furs and porcupine quills. And it was at this time that the New England Company, with beads produced beads to simulate porcupine quills that the Indians adopted them. In "The Silent Enemy," the redskins were correct."

This point is merely used to illustrate just one of the many ways in which Mr. Burden presented the true Indians to millions of eager movie lovers. In "The Silent Enemy," he wore a shining silk hat. Not a buckskin shirt but a formal evening coat, long tails and all. In the place of a tomahawk in his belt, he carried a thin folded wallet, and on his feet was a glossy patent leather shoes instead of mocassins covered the slim feet that have sought out the hidden places in so many tortuous trails.

The boy rose from nothing to everything. He is welcome to-day in the smartest homes. He sought out, interviewed, flattered, seduced. The romantic thing, of course, would be to predict that this mighty hunter will go back to the land where the moose and caribou roam. But I believe that the nearest this red-skinned Romeo will get to this idealized animal will be when he sits down to make a venison steak—must be rare—after Mr. Zukor or Mr. Lasky, or one of our other production czars, gets Long Lance’s Indian sign on the dotted line. For the Chief is a marvelous actor as he has shown in "The Silent Enemy." And, since without even opening his mouth—he has never opened his mouth in his first film—he has half of the feminine scalps in America right at his belt, what will happen when he is starred in a talking picture?

I’ll tell you what will happen! He’s going to give Gary Cooper, Richard Dix and the rest of our great outdoor heroes a run for their money!
ON LOCATION WITH RICHARD `ARLEN'

Continued from page 112

boats which didn't help the progress of sound pictures at all.

In the afternoon, we went out on the boat to the lagoon in front of the 'jungle,' Dick had to put on the diving suit for the first time.

It had been calm in the morning but the usual afternoon breeze had sprung up so with all the other things they had to wait for, such as putt-putting boats, airplanes and light, they had to watch the 'jungle' background. With the boats in a certain position the 'jungle' was in camera range. When the swell of the sea turned them it was out, and one doesn't find Catalina scenery in the South Sea Isles.

"Never mind, Fay. Keep up your courage. You'll work tonight, anyway. You'll be in the picture," soothed George Abbott, jokingly. Fay had been sitting in the blistering sun most of the afternoon waiting to be called. We all laughed.

Night work is something to look forward to when one has risen at six.

There had been a great excitement when it was discovered that Fay's extra pair of tennis shoes had been left in Hollywood, the ones to match those which had been ruined in the morning. And there wasn't a pair in the wardrobe that would fit her. They were either too large or too small. Fay wears a five. You'll be pleased to hear that she chose a pair too large rather than one a size too small. "I have too much respect for my feet to cram them up even for an afternoon if I can help it," she said.

We discovered from Thomas Owen, a well-known professional diver with over twenty-five years' experience in the business, a lot we hadn't known before about deep sea diving. Mr. Owen was one of the divers on the picture, "Men Without Women." He uses a regulation commercial diver's outfit and that's what Dick wears, too. For under-water stuff a specially made and weighted camera in a specially made under-water boot is sunk to the floor of the ocean. The camera weighs three hundred and fifty pounds. The camera man also wears a diving suit but can't enter the booth to operate the camera. It has to be run by electricity. The cameraman indicates the spot he wants the camera to be in and signals above. The booth is then lowered over the spot. A diver's suit weighs eighty pounds as it takes that much weight to hold a man down. This weight is adequate for any depth it is possible for him to go. The pressure of water is one pound to each foot. I am told, so by the time you have gone down thirty feet you have thirty pounds resting upon your diving helmet! It is sometimes hard to walk under water, too. The currents keep pushing you and the weighty clothes are difficult to manipulate. But it must be fascinating. Dick Allen plays a pearl diver and a bad-tempered one until he—well. I won't tell what it is that changes him, though if you are any good at guessing you know right now. He goes down in strange waters and his helmet is not right. Then Foul Play begins and Dick is—whooa! Anyhow, he earns near dies before he can get the thing off.

That night we did some rain scenes outside a prop store. A hose supplied the rain which had to be turned off when the cameras began to grind. It was just necessary for the roof to drip showing that it was a wet night, or had been.

Gene Pallette was on the job again. He had made good with the fish and they were great. "They ought to be. I spent all day (Continued on page 116)

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NO AGE LIMIT IN HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 25

the Tempest role in New York, Charles Frohman having cabled for her. She landed at noon on Christmas Day and played a matinee before she had time to register at a hotel.

For years she remained with the Frohman Stock Company on Broadway. More than a quarter of a century ago she bought a farm on Long Island, expecting to have to retire, but engagements came thick and fast and retirement seems farther off than ever since talksies "have made acting a pleasure."

She says that queens, duchesses and high-class wickedness are her dramatic specialities; and dear, dear, if that's keeping a youthful outlook, no wonder people worry about the younger generation!

Herbert Bunston, the Lord Elton of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," is another sipper at Hollywood's perennial-youthful fountain. He created this rôle on the London stage, played it again in New York, and went on tour with it through this country before being persuaded to re-create it on the screen.

England has contributed more than its quota of famous oldsters to Hollywood, including the Belmores (Lionel and Daisy), Alec Francis and Emily Fitzroy. That romance is not the exclusive property of the very young is shown by the love story of the Alec Francises.

Alex and the first Mrs. Francis were at the Allied Bazaar in Madison Square Garden, New York City, where he was helping entertain. The country was at war. At a booth, the present Mrs. Francis, then Mrs. Elphinston Maitland, widow of the celebrated son of General Maitland, was exhibiting pedigreed dogs for the cause. The two met, casually. Alec dismissed the prophecy of a seer in another booth that he and that day met his second wife as so much foolishness.

Years went by. The first Mrs. Francis died and Alec became well known on the silver screen. Mrs. Maitland, coming to California for her health, was taken to a studio by her friend, Madame Eline Glyn, and shown the set where the actor was working.

"Why, you're the dog woman!" he cried. Cupid's cup was stirred. Youth no longer rules the screen. Witness Bodil Rosing.

Bodil comes from a long line of stagefolk. Her great-great-grandfather, Michael Rosendal, lived in the Edwin Booth of Norway, was the first actor in Norway to be recognized by the King. He was received at court and decorated and through his efforts the status of actors was raised.

When Bodil, at sixteen, was leading woman at Copenhagen's finest theater, so changed was the position of the actor that the King and Queen often visited the theater and frequently came back-stage to compliment players on their work. They were not at all like the royalty of an earlier day. "Have you met my wife?" the King would ask, as if acquaintance might do.

Marriage took the actress to Seattle, Washington, where her three babies were born. One of them, Tove Jansen, grew up and married Monte Blue, and it was at Monte's urging that Bodil, after a successful career on the American stage, decided to try pictures.

"If Marie's in the picture, I don't worry about it," Robert Leonard told me the other day. He referred to Marie Dressler whose spectacular success in talkers has resulted in her being starred at the age of 'somewhere near a thousand,' as she puts it.

And only half a dozen years ago, Marie told a ship news reporter that she was "just a tired old woman nobody wants!"

William Farnum, ten years ago an outstanding idol of the screen, is staging a comeback, too. So excellent is his performance in "Du Barry" with Norma Talmadge, that he is finding it difficult to choose from among the offers that have poured upon him.

Another veteran, from this same picture, Hobart Bosworth, sometimes finds it necessary to play in two pictures at once. He is 63, but as popular as when, forty years ago, he played leads with Julia Marlowe, Greta Garbo and Henry Crossman, Amelia Bingham and Mrs. Fiske.

In 1900, Mr. Bosworth's health broke and for nine years he waged war against tuberculosis, living in tents in Colorado, Arizona and California. But these years, which the locusts might have eaten, were for him fruitful instead, for he gained fame as a writer and artist, and was ready with renewed power when the time came to enter motion pictures.

In 1914, the Bosworth Film Company merged with Famous-Players-Lasky, and Hobart became again an actor. The list of his successes in the succeeding 15 years would take up the rest of the book.

Veteran players of the silent screen who have carried their popularity over into talkies include the brothers Beery, Tully Marshall, Lucien Littlefield, Robert Edeson and Louise Dresser.

There's Myrtle Stedman, who was one of our very first picture stars and the heroine of the old Charles Van Loan stories, now doing mother roles, the latest in "The Little Accident" for Universal.

There's J. Farrell MacDonald, who starred in 1906 in the "Broncho Billy" pictures, and is now dividing his time between Fox's and Warner's with scarcely a pause to give his breath. His Ford Sterling, one-time captain of the Keystone Kops, who boasts that he discovered Louise Fazenda, with whom he re-created his comedy lead in "Bride of the Regiment."

Back in 1916, Eugene Pallette was co starring with Norma Talmadge. He went to war and when he returned found himself forgotten. He fought his way up again in character rôles and in 1921 was on the verge of stardom when the first Metro Company closed its doors.

Eugene turned to Texas oil fields where within a year he had made and lost a fortune, a long struggle, and then came the talkies. He made an instantaneous hit in a picture called "Out of the Fog," and has since been unable to fill all the parts for which his services have been requested. Of course, you all know him well as Sergeant Heath in the Philo Vance detective films.

ON LOCATION WITH RICHARD ARLEN

Continued from page 115

"Yeah. I'm going in and catch a scene." Later we moved to the wharf where Dick gets a cow's rope, and the stunt he had learned while on 'The Virginian.'

"Are you going to rescue someone, Gene?" we asked.

"No. I'm just going to see the sea," said the actor, who was later to become one of America's leading leading men.
WHY I LIKE HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page 59

whenever I enter Hollywood I have a sense of space, freedom, non-conformity; whereas in New York I must wear a mental coat of mail to protect myself against crowd-vamp.

Cities have aromas, auras, souls. New York is a city of stone, gray and formidable. Her secret is like that of the Sphinx—for the ages to read. If Nathaniel Hawthorne had written "The Great Stone Face" today he would probably have laid it in New York.

The New Yorker is often just as provincial as any other main-streeter. In the old days he traveled from Jack's to Joe's and from Joe's to Delmonico's. And everybody is a Broadwayite, a Harlemite or a Greenwich Villager—always tied to a narrow section; whereas Hollywood means California from Santa Barbara to Lhasa.

Hollywood has personality. It has become Pierrette, And its artist lover—Motion Pictures—is Pierrot. But this is a new Pierrette and a new Pierrot. They are not longer starving in a garret, but dancing on the sunny slopes of California with orange blossoms in their hands and hair. Pierrette and Pierrot, with the great Arizona desert at night for a French window, and during the day—Toytown.

Hollywood is the most gayly bedecked, rambling, sprawling, larky, playeful town in all the world. The New Yorkers hate it because it refuses to wear its own serious Wall Street face.

What we need most in America to-day is the play spirit; a divine carelessness, a sweet do-nothingness. There is something in the climate of Hollywood—salaam belt revolves there, I am told by the seers who know their Bunyans—that touches everyone there with a little bit of moon madness.

However that may be, there is the spirit of the bizarre, an irrational something, a gay devil-may-care camaraderie, an incorrupted mind that runs the gamut of everything that comes to hand.

Diviners, yogis, soothsayers, astrologers, long-haired hermits, and bare-footed pilgrims abound there because of the miracle money that breaks out every day like the rojo de oro—the golden-hearted poppies you tread underfoot. The Spirit of Chance is everywhere. Why, today you may be working as a poor extra at five dollars a day—tomorrow you may be called to take a leading part in a super-special.

Old Cinderella stuff—but it really comes to pass in Hollywood—and nowhere else in the world!

Now, as to the 'mormons' we hear about—they are not related to time and place. Here in New York I lately heard a supposedly cultured woman, one who is in the know regarding the leading writers and their works, says: "I had 'The Story of My Life,' by Isadora Duncan, but I didn't think much of it—I gave it away."

Now, my opinion about the 'Cradle of the Deep' is that it is the greatest autobiography ever written."

I had nothing to say, I who had hugged Isadora's book to my heart because of the great idea that had been revealed to her, who had kept this idea intact through all her travail, and given it to the world—an idea as sublime as any creation of Wagner, or any of the great poets. What could one say?

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continued from page 59

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SING AS YOU SPEAK! SAYS LAWRENCE TIBBETT

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...abilities, was a great incentive to me to put my shoulder to the wheel and forge ahead to victory. You may be grateful when someone says of you, "He has no voice"; or "She will never be a singer in a thousand years." For if it's in you to become a great singer, this will be the match that will ignite the 'flame of your desire' (that would be a good title for a movie).

When I was a little boy I wanted to be a doctor, a painter, a writer, an actor; with each rising sun I had a new ambition, but always I wanted to triumph in whatever I undertook, so when fate led me into singing, because I could not keep from singing, I had the desire to perfect my singing at every turn. Someone asked me whether it was true that I used to sing high notes at seven-thirty A. M. A student he knew in Italy told him my story of me. He said I used to come to his house here in Los Angeles before breakfast and say to him, "Listen to that note—until I get it clear and ringing before breakfast I won't feel that my voice is placed." Now that's a good story to stir ambition, so I repeat it. I don't remember doing just that but I do know that I used to work hours a day to get my high notes clear and true. For without any modicum of modesty I would like to say that I do not feel I am blessed with a super-organ of any kind—when I began my voice was unusually small; I have never forced it, for though I've made many mistakes in singing which I've had to rectify as I went along the rocky way to songland, forcing my voice was not one of them. Yet with constant singing, my voice has grown steadily and evenly.

Singing is an outward expression of what is within your soul. I like to think of singing not as bel canto but as canto expression, or life is not always beautiful, therefore, you cannot always express beauty. Singing should be an expression of life in all its phases. If you are expressing torture or pain, sin or sorrow—beautiful velvety tones do not express it. So one ought to have ugly tones in one's voice with which to express ugliness. But let me say here that I have two pieces of advice to give young singers which are pretty safe to follow always: You cannot sing unless you open your mouth and the smiling mouth is suicide to most voices. This applies to ninety-nine percent of singing. There may be times when a grim of irony or a smile of joy would be necessary to the part you were singing, or a closed mouth or grinding of teeth might be needed to express a thought, but these are exceptions. Generally speaking, to sing with a well-opened mouth and to avoid the smiling mouth are excellent pieces of advice to all singers.

I am still as nervous as a school boy in his first play when I sing the opening bars of an opera or at a concert. Even on the motion picture sets I have experienced nervousness. It is a rare thing for me to be free from this agony. Some singers say they overcome it after years and years of singing. I don't know that I ever will. The other night I was singing the oratorio "Elijah." I had not sung as much as I am accustomed to these past weeks and although I had worked a lot for a few days previous to the concert, when I heard the first few notes coming out of my mouth I was frightened (figuratively) to death. It took almost the entire evening for this to pass away. Of course, nervousness that stiffens the muscles of the throat or diaphragm is dangerous to a singer, but just this stage fright that we all have, is sometimes a good thing to keep one on one's mettle and it often inspires a singer to lift out of himself and depend upon a higher force.

Let me say in closing, you need heart and intelligence and the great desire to sing. You need to be brave and impartial to the knocks and criticisms you will receive from those to whom you look for praise. But let me impress upon you again—it isn't praise and flattery that has made me go even as far as I have today—I hope to go much farther. It is often to those who almost broke your heart at the time to whom you owe your big success. Last but not least, I say to you—"You will become a singer as surely as tomorrow's sun will rise if you are unable to prevent yourself from singing."
WHY I LIKE HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page 117

Morons are not made or unmade; they are not indigenous to Hollywood or New York. They are like genitals—they are born.

I have only pleasant memories of Hollywood and of all the gay, great-hearted people who entertained me there. There were nights at the Writers' Club, where interesting one-act plays were given and the roles were interpreted by the best talent, for in Hollywood there is always to be found a great cosmopolitan round-up of the people who have spent most of their life on the stage. Hollywood Boulevard is the real Rialto of America—yes, of the world.

It was in Hollywood that I saw a much finer production of "All God's Chillun Got Wings," by Eugene O'Neill, than I had seen in New York. It was in Hollywood that "Lazarus Laughed." O'Neill's des- tinian spectacle, was produced. It has not yet been done in slow-poke New York. I saw "The Light of Asia," done by Walter Hampden. A little before it was produced in New York.

Gay, bright, colored, open-air Pierrotte and Pierrotte, they wandered down the centuries and found a haven in southern California, with Cinderella and Prince Fortunatus!

WHY I DON'T LIKE HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page 58

at me as though he had a lunatic to deal with: Here was the first human being ever heard of who chucked a contract to go to Hollywood, and with such an old billion-dollar concern! I walked out.

At home I formulated a scheme that would prevent them from ever inviting me again, for I knew they would raise the offer after my first refusal. I matched a special delivery letter to the treasurer in which I named a figure so high, with conditions about de luxe transporta- tion for myself and wife going and coming back, advance money and conditions regarding the renewal of the contract that no treasurer and watchdog of the mammoth box could help me immediately losing the wage-basket and then notifying the police that a thief was at large.

"That'll fix 'em!" I said to my wife as I immediately began to write my book on Spaghetti.

Forty-eight hours later I got this tele- gram from the treasurer:

"West Coast O. K.'s all your conditions. See me for contract. You start Now!"

I threw up the sponge. I couldn't back out now. They had called my bluff, and what the seer in Michigan had foretold had come to pass.

I was in Hollywood early in November, and on New Year's Day I stood under the California palms with the seer, as he had foretold.

Hollywood had been literally swamped into Hollywood by Fate and Mammon. And, although I spent the most pro- bing time there, I scarcely had spent in my life, I could hardly wait for the six months to close so that I could get on a train back to New York. (And I might

(Continued on page 122)
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FASHION NEWS—Continued from page 53

in knowing that this and other fall dresses will have so high a waistlines. The Autumn waistline is absolutely a nature line that is resting on the hips, just at the outline below the normal waist. Women have quite rightly rebelled against the high line. It was impossible for corset manufacturers to make a corset to suit every individual figure so that this high line could be worn. And after a woman had experimented with several different kinds of corsets and brassieres unsuccessfully, she refuses to go on.

Now you have your dress and your coat. But there is still another feature of this ensemble. It is a buttoned-on skirt, of the same color and material as the coat. This can be buttoned over on the dress for the morning, for sports, or for an informal luncheon, and removed for the afternoon or for an informal tea, making it possible to start out early in the day and carry through until the dinner hour with the minimum of effort.

And now to evening gowns! Invitations to the first formal dance of the season will undoubtedly make the freshening out of old fashions. Evening dinner dresses seem like so many wispy rags. For this part of the wardrobe, one must be extremely careful. The dresses that hold the figure from the bust to the knees are now quite entré. New months, new modes—that’s the answer. Nor will such a large slice be cut out of the backs of evening gowns. Society ladies are meeting not to show so many of the vertebrae as they did last winter.

So that you may have your evening gowns exactly right, I must explain that the skirt fullness begin at the hip line or a bit above. And that if you must have an extremely low back, a scarf or cape be used to cover this expansion. The sleeves, will, of course, puff out from the shoulder, giving the waist that slight lack of quaintness which is so flattering.

The colors will be black, white, antique ivory, garnet-red, and all pastel shades. In this connection, it is interesting to know that the velvet and the satin manufacturers have not been sitting out under the trees this summer sipping long, cool drinks out of tall glasses. They, too, have been unusually busy. All the old gowns and court dresses resting in museums and private collections have been unearthed and studied as carefully as the new contract bridge rules, with the result that there is a new Lyons velvet, exactly like the stiff old velvet we used to see in ancient oil paintings, but as soft as satin. Every single skirt, every single dress, in fact, has been so carefully analyzed that now they can be perfectly imitated and we have old-ivy, old-ivy satin, old-ivy, old-ivy roses velvet, and a breath-taking gamut of other colors and fabrics.

One of the bright sides of the new modes is that the great designs like Molyneux, Lanvin, Worth and Chanel are working on a classic basis instead of working on fads. Many of the most stunning evening gowns will be Greek gowns. One which I created for Hedda Hopper is of old-ivy satin. The entire material, pleated in small pleats, is cut exactly like a collar, and with two bands running from shoulder to hip and crossing at the waist to give a "V" effect at top and bottom. The attitude of the pleats, the perfect simulated satin, the subtlest of the cut, and the grace of the completed model combine to make an evening gown of incomparable beauty. I think it is the loveliest one I have designed for the coming season. Naturally, it takes a distinguished type to carry off such sheer natural beauty of line as this dress imposes.

Another evening dress which I designed for Claire Luce remains in my memory. It was of pale lemon organzly, tight-bodied, puffed-sleeved, wide-skirted, trimmed at the bottom with alternating bands of the material and real Viennese lace. Usually for Miss Luce, I do something informal, but this was a classical design but this gave the perfect setting for her jeune fille beauty.

In modeling your clothes after screen stars, you are safe in following Lilian Gish, Kay Francis, and Joan Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, Ina Claire, Madge Kennedy, Evelyn Brent, and Charley Chase, and Claire Luce. Naturally, there are others, but of these dozen I am sure, as I have designed clothes for them all, that they are studying their own lines. Without exception, they understand values clothes.

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won't be tragic. There won't be any high emotion so far as I'm concerned."

Which explains the fact that Miss Miller is probably the only feminine player in the world who has never cherished an ambition to play Juliet. She laughingly admitted this in New York last Spring to an interviewer, who was duly astonished.

In a word, she is utterly without pretension. A certain motion picture magazine published an article some time ago declaring that Marilyn was extremely risqué and naughty on her last visit to Hollywood when she was making "Sally." The present writer, finding this very hard to believe, asked Miss Miller if it was really true that she high-hatted various people.

"No!" she declared very vigorously. "I couldn't be that way if I wanted to." And then, with laughter in her eyes, she added: "Even if I started out to be that way, I couldn't keep it up."

And that is simply the case. She must always be herself. It is the characteristic that will always prevent her, as she admits herself, from becoming an emotional actress. She always displays those personality—always the one and only Marilyn Miller.

She has simply loads of friends—and of the most amazing variety of types. A sort of cross-section of them appeared at the Grand Central Station in New York to bid her good-bye when she recently started West, bound for Hollywood and the new screen edition of "Sunny."

At least three dozen people were on hand. Some were actors; some were Broadway playboys of purest ray serene; there was at least one aunt, as well as three sisters who, one gathered, were nieces and nephews. Also, there were people whom it was quite impossible to classify—not to forget one of the secretaries who went to accompany Marilyn to California. Tears—yes, tears!—were in the eyes of the secretary, which made it quite evident that she, too, is human outside of the features.

The aunt, the children and the secretary were kissed good-bye. And—"I certainly do hate to see that girl go!" said the aunt.

The Broadway playboys looked as though they heartily agreed.

One of the nicest things about Marilyn Miller is that she doesn't knock. You may know her well for a very long time indeed without hearing her say one word against anybody. This is rare in the theatrical world—indeed, by all means, the most admired.

But she does cherish a rather strong resentment against the Gerry Society, which made it impossible for her to appear in New York as a cultural actress and dancer.

All the Millers—parents and youngsters—were on the stage, and Marilyn made her debut at the age of five as Miss Sugarplum. In the cities, however, organizations devoted to child welfare prevented her appearance; and she says that she used to insist on her mother dressing her for the theater, as she was not allowed to perform; and then she would stand in the wings and cry, a forlorn little spangled figure.

"We were better taken care of, better clothed and better educated than most children," she declares; and it is quite apparent that she has not forgiven those child welfare societies to this day.

She likes parties; she likes to go to the legitimate theater and to the movies; she likes books—that is, within the limits of fiction, Marilyn is anything but a highbrow. But most of all, one may be quite sure, she likes to dance. The strains of a hardy-gurdy outside the window are enough to set her feet tapping and her body swaying.

She likes Paris and London, where she often goes, but where she has never appeared professionally, since, at the age of fifteen, she was the sensation of the Embassy Club in London. But she is a very staunch American. Not long ago a motion picture critic in New York asked her if she didn't prefer the European cities to those of her native land.

Marilyn replied emphatically in the negative. "Of course, they're wonderful and I love to go there, but this is America and with one sweep of the arm she seemed to indicate the whole of the U. S. A.—"this is my own!"

She likes beautiful clothes and knows how to select them. If the half-dozen best dressed women in America could be authoritatively chosen, Marilyn Miller would certainly be one of them.

She practices dancing every day. She is fond of outdoor sports, but not of walking for its own sake. If it is necessary to go two blocks, she will make the journey in her town-car.

Her choice of words in conversation is excellent. So, be it recorded, is her choice of subjects. She has never smoked and she drinks only wine, and very little of that. She is a daughter of Dixie, and extremely proud of it.

Loyal to her friends, she is also likely to be devastatingly frank with them. Recently a musical comedy actress who had played with her in one of her greatest stage successes was starred in a show which came as near to Broadway as a try-out theater in Brooklyn, and there died dismal bitterly. Before the demise of this ill-fated entertainment, Marilyn went over to Brooklyn in a driving rainstorm to see her girl friend perform. After the show she went behind the scenes and was asked by the heroine: "Well, how did I do?"

The reply was characteristically honest: "Mary, you were terrible!"

They are still friends.

Whenever a new show or picture of hers appears, Marilyn has a fit of blue devils and steels herself against certain failure. But there hasn't been a failure yet.

She is a girl of sharply alternating moods. When she is sad she is very, very sad; and when she is gay she giggles—there's no other word for it.

So often people of the theater and the screen are disappointing when one meets them in the flesh. But if you have liked "Sally" on stage and screen, and "Sunny" and "Rosalie" on the stage, you are certain to like Marilyn Miller if you are ever fortunate enough to make her acquaintance.

For she is "Sally," "Sunny" and "Rosalie;" and they are Marilyn Miller!
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WHY I DON'T LIKE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 119

say, in parenthesis, that I have never heard any one in Hollywood say, "Well, I'm going to New York tonight!" that almost every person within hearing didn't say, "Wish I were going with you!"

Well, my intentions were, as usual, right. I didn't like Hollywood before I saw it; I liked it less after living and prospering there, and I think it less and less the more I think about it.

Why? Why didn't I like Hollywood?

Because the whole town is underdone, half-baked and over-done. There is nothing normal in the place—not even the weather. In fact, there is no weather in Hollywood—there is only sunshine.

This sunshine so permeates and soaks everything and everybody until solid, acrid, rough-hewn, multi-nodular human nature has quite disappeared. Everybody's face, I thought immediately after my arrival, was constantly in sunshine.

Take any person of character—male or female—who has lived in one of the big four-seam towns over a year's residence in Hollywood he or she will look like a piece of angel-cake.

This change is brought about by the lack of yard, in try life of the place, the laziness superinduced by the limo, breezeless air; the total absence of all signs of struggle and battle, and the gradual mummification of the mind, grooved into four subjects—motion picture, talking motion pictures, singing motion pictures, motion pictures.

In this Arcadian variant all creative work is impossible. Los Angeles (and Hollywood is only a post-office station in Los Angeles) is the cheapest city in America that has never to my knowledge contributed a single writer, painter, poet, sculptor or musician to the country. What mental activity there is in this city is in the post-office station, Hollywood—and this mental activity is purely imaginative and aesthetic.

I disliked Hollywood because it is a purely manufactured, over-night city where I, like all the rest of the workers out there, work only to get fat pickings.

There is no song, Take Me Back to Dear Old Hollywood! Merely to write it would cause a colossal guffaw from coast to coast. Why? I leave it to the secret session of each Hollywodder with himself why Take Me Back to Dear Old Hollywood will never be written except as a satire.

And I say this more in sorrow than in anger, for I love, and have always boasted and always will boast the motion picture when it is good—that is, artistic, uncompromising with life as it is, or when it presents some true piece of sophistication or ideal beauty.

The 'trouble' with the motion picture is Hollywood. I felt like a barely galvanized corpse when I was there, for it is a place where they dull diamonds and polish pebbles, to borrow a phrase from Fitzgerald's novel.

The minute I returned to New York I began to create. Ideas began to pullulate in my brain. It was springtime again in New York, which is always as dry and sterile as the San Gabriel River, in whose basin the boys play baseball and little girls gather daisies. Hollywood it was, and it was not, and will always be.

But would I return to Hollywood? Sure. But I will dictate the contract, the conditions and the length of time. It's a great town out of which to carry fat drags on New York.

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THE STAGE IN REVIEW—Continued from page 93

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window on House when he was going to sing. And so they started.

The same law applies to the talkies. Announce John Barrymore or George Arliss or a genuine stage play and he is a sell out for months.

Therefore, I thank the talkies; they are going eventually to leave us the Stage as it was and as it ought to be art with its own laws and its own destiny.

I lately took my test try-out (as auditor-spectator) on some talkies. I was both opposed to them at first. A moving picture should be, I believed, just what it is called— a moving picture; in a word, a picture that moves, that is seen and not heard. But I stood on the track shouting in vain—for the big bulge of Progress ran over me and blew me a whistling hush as it screeched on.

Picking up my scattered members, I selected three talkies to see whether I would remain an old fogey or not.

Well, chilin', I kind o' went talkie!

I'm sort of afraid to go see any more talkies, like the teetotaler and the bottle. I might get to like the stuff if I didn't keep from smelin' 'round it!

"Journey's End" was my first try-out. I expected it to be a play, in every sense. Of course, it isn't a moving picture at all. It is a sheer, ninety per cent talkie. I liked it.

This talkie is a revelation—was to me—of the possibility of how vividly emotions (Continued on page 120)
MAUREN FROM DUBLIN — Continued from page 66

Ireland," said I. "Is it so different from Hollywood?"

"Not really different," said Maureen, thoughtfully. "The boys act differently. They are more noisy over here. And very casual. They think nothing of calling up at the last moment when they want you to go some place. Over there life is more formal. But relations with the news is just as bad as back home. Just a smaller New York, really."

And she found no orgies and all that here.

But Maureen just scoffed. A pooh and tush for orgies! I fished around for more bright questions. "What do you like to do most?" and "where do you like to do it?"

I considered a near pair.

"I really don't care," said Maureen. "If I like some one it doesn't matter where we go. I'm happy anywhere as long as I like the person I am with."

"Ah, and whom do you like?" said I, the old busybody pouncing on a clue.

"I can't answer that," she shot back, "for I would be un-fanny Maureen, as indeed it would. "I have just lots of boy friends. I like them all. You know, the idea of marrying and having children isn't at all, so I have Garrick! And Frank Borzage is wonderful. And Will Rogers is a 'dear.' And if they all like me they like me too."

"I'd like to know whose feelings are hurt!"

Then we got around to the climate. Everybody does sooner or later.

"I believe there are 26 different climates where I live," Maureen pronounced. "For we have the charming Black Sea climate, the majestic Alps, the mild Praga, the cool Autumn, the mild Spring, the pleasant Winter, the lovely Summer, and the great War Heat."

"I'm out to be a costume designer," she intimated. "In Ireland it is grey and foggy, but here with the beautiful palm trees, oranges growing, lovely flowers, it is divine! Of course, I do miss the green countryside. Nowhere in the world is the grass as green as in Ireland. If they could only move some of the green seaweed of Ireland to Hollywood, it would be perfect. (Boosters, please note.)"

"I like the outdoor life here, and hope that my whole family will come over here to live. My father came over with me and was here three months but has gone back now. It was such a joke on us, but when we came over we brought our heavy underwear because we didn't know what kind of climate they had here."

"I get a little homesick sometimes, of course, but I'm planning to visit me this summer and hope I shall be able to persuade him to buy a home and stay here. For I like my work and hope to go on and on."

"I can understand how an actress who has outlived her time should still continue to be the delight of every romantic girl."

Maureen will tell you promptly that she admires Janet Gaynor more than any actress and always has. Is this prophetic? And next Greta Garbo, of course. She used to崇拜 Rudolph Valentino. And she used to be a very great admirer of Madeleine Carroll and her sister, and to wish she had a son."

"Of course, we all wish we could have a son."

"I'll never forget the una-"

"I'm writing the story of Ella girl."

"I was the last of my friends' who was one of the red-haired fair girls."

"I must go. I am certain that my friends were right. I am almost every day."

"I put on just bursts at the news."

"Then I would do it."

"I would do it."

"I have kept it since life."

FASHION NEWS—Continued from page 120

Again we must remember: it is smart to be thrifty. It is not necessary for you to spend huge sums of money on tennis clothes, golf jerseys, and morning dresses for home and garden. American manufacturers have solved a great merchandising problem. By buying hundreds and hundreds of bales of silk in China, by cutting thousands and thousands of dresses all in one model, they have worked out a number of dresses which may be procured for from fifteen to twenty dollars, in nearly every city and town.

Many women on Park Avenue go in for such clothes at times when it is unnecessary for the more distinguished models, that is, as I have said before, for sports or morning wear.

"It is an interesting anomaly which I have discovered since I have been dressing women: it is not the rich woman who wears the latest, it is rather the woman who must buy her clothes on a limited budget. Instead of planning far ahead and getting a few good clothes which she can wear over and over again, she goes through her wardrobe."

"The man who is interested in what he wears will find it impossible for the wholesalers to imitate them. For your simple frocks, it is safe to trust to the fifteen dollar dress. But for a smart afternoon ensemble, for dinner dresses, evening gowns, and evening coats—costumes that will give you your rightful place among the smartly gowned and individual designing seems to be the only possibility."

"And it is every woman's duty to be as beautiful as possible. Today, more than at any other age. For mechanical America today, reminds me very much of Ravel's La Valse, where the beautifully bejeweled beauty strives with hellish uproot. It is only to women that men can look for sucre from this up-"

"And it is every woman's duty to be as beautiful as possible. Today, more than at any other age. For mechanical America today, reminds me very much of Ravel's La Valse, where the beautifully bejeweled beauty strives with hellish uproot. It is only to women that men can look for sucre from this up-"
HOLLYWOOD GOES GOLF-CRAZY
Continued from page 55

and play sometimes until after one in the cool fresh air. It's great fun.

On the other hand, some players, not yet caught in the meshes of its fascination, are against it. "It's a menace to the picture business and the theater, and anything that is a menace to the theater is taboo with me," declared Hedda Hopper, stoutly.

There have been all sorts of rumors about an effort to stop them for that reason. It was said that those powerful enough were trying to stop them through an ordinance on the ground that they used too much light and made too much noise. But it didn't seem to work. In the first instance it is wiped out, as they have done before when an epidemic is on. Then the sudden and intense heat and bad ventilation which is to be found in so many theaters, and then the run of poor program pictures we have had. The novelty of talking pictures has about worn off and the public may find it uninspiring to sit through five or six poor pictures night after night in the hope of finding a good one. Yet the producers can't be blamed too much. It is pretty hard to know just what will please several millions of people. Any woman who has tried to cater to the tastes of her family in the culinary line will bear me out on that. If they are

More proof of the golf craze! Robert Montgomery, Dorothy Jordan and Dorothy McNulty practicing with the mechanical golfer while on location for "Love in the Rut."
course! And there ladies and gentlemen in their soap and fish and chins pranced about the putting green laid out in the hotel grounds.

On Roland Square, Ruth Roland’s real estate headquarters at Fairlax and Wilshire Boulevard, there is a course right next her office where Ruth may often be seen playing.

“The game gives you a chance to think. Just as a game of tennis or real golf is often indulged in to clear one’s brain and relax one’s nerves. These are more easily reached and don’t take so much time to play, and one does get a certain stimulation out of them.”

Not that a real golf player would deem himself, or rather some real golf players, for as we said, Harold Lloyd is crazy about the game, but Dick Barthel- ness declared he had never played and so help him he never would. Just the same he was heard discussing the subject on the set the other day with Frank Lloyd and a few others with greater enthusiasm than bespeaks a negative mind.

The courses are good places to catch the latest romances, too, Betty Cores and Hugh Trevor go playing a lot, and Dorothy Lee and Jimmy Fidler, to whom she is engaged.

It seems to be quite the thing to wind up a bridge party with a putt-putt game or even a dance or visit to one of the night clubs. Even the colored districts have them and are patronized by such celebrities as Stepin Fetchit and Nina Mae McKinney.

Ralph Graves and James Warner Bellah are trying to talk themselves into investing in one. “A fifteen hundred a week profit isn’t bad on a seven thousand dollar investment,” declared Jay. “There ought to be one on top of every office building in the country,” said Ralph, pouting the table. “Think what half an hour would mean to people sitting at desks all day cramped and without sufficient exercise. There wouldn’t be half as much digestion and undernourished nerves.”

How did it all start? Well, there have been plenty of editorials written on that. In that part of New York City called Tudor City on Forty-second Street and the east river, a miniature regulation golf course was laid out for the amusement of the tenants. That was three years ago. Bert Wheeler played a game on top of a Chicago store that memory tells him was six years ago. But the idea of miniature golf, as such, seems to have originated in the mind of Garnet Carter of Tennessee, about two years ago. He called his brain child the Tom Thumb golf course and was put on for the amusement of the tenants. That was three years ago. Bert Wheeler played a game on top of a Chicago store that memory tells him was six years ago. But the idea of miniature golf, as such, seems to have originated in the mind of Garnet Carter of Tennessee, about two years ago. He called his brain child the Tom Thumb golf course and found it grew to be more popular than his regulation golf course. He decided to build more and got a patent out on all a Tom Thumb hazards from which he is reaping an enormous royalty now that the thing has skyrocketed. There are Tom Thumb courses all over the country.

It is no wonder they have caught everyone’s fancy. Even if one doesn’t play the game it is fun to sit and watch. The better courses have comfortable chairs on the side lines and there seem to be plenty of onlookers, or people waiting for a turn. They sing out cheers for the winners and advice to the less fortunate ones.

They remind me of Japanese gardens, they are so tiny and so orderly. Some have rocky caves, streams of water, mill wheels, hills of sod all mixed up in the most delightful playground imaginable.

Maybe it won’t last, though many think it will. Time will prove that point. In the meantime, we are all having a swell time, so, yours for more and better junior courses!
FAMOUS FIGURES — Continued from page 54

Instead of the iron but just as constriciting. Not satisfied with this, a busk is usually inserted in front of the bodice from neck to stomach. These busks were no doubt uncomfortable, but in those days might be eased by the tender sentiments carved on them. Busks, buckles and girdles, and close-up of whalebone or wood were carved by the ladies’ admirers and covered with hearts and flowers and the like. Sometimes the donor. The busk down the front of the dress assured a rigid and perpen-
dicular expression to the body if not the face.

The French Revolution is another period much dramatized in books, theater and film. In 1793 the feminine world discarded underwear. This does not sound exactly new to us, considering our own sheer ten-
dencies. The French, however, do things more thoroughly and, at this time, a chemise seems to be the chief garment of the royal wardrobes. Public appearance by many genteel women so clad in much less than the members of the Polux Berge-ger now wear, caused a riot. Eight ounces of clothing was considered a modest maximum.

Cold cream, powder and rouge weigh that much these days, not to mention our scanties.

Think of the 13 inch waist line, the large panniers which emphasized hip lines, the full bosoms of the Victorian era, and compare these lines with the standard of com-
mercial measurement that is registered in Washing- ton, D.C., as the proportions of the average figure.

Size 14 has a bust of 32, waist of 27, hips of 35 inches; size 16 has a bust of 34, waist of 28, hips of 37 inches; size 18 has a bust of 36, waist of 30, and hip measurement of 39! Not so long ago “a perfect 36” was considered the height of fashion, but size 14 is now fast supplanting it in popular opinion.

There are a few stars who have faced the costume question and solved it to their own historical advantage. Corinne Griffith, the famous picture of Lady Hamilton in “The Divine Lady.” Had she been ab-

sequently authentically dressed she would have worn a corset which dates from Elizabethan times and is high of twenty whalebones similar to the one Lady Hamilton ordered from Paris from the famous Lacroix, the corsetiere, who charged her the exorbitant price of 20 louis d’or for his masterpiece.

Norma Talmadge as Du Barry reveals shoulders and low neck in the style of Louis XV. Had she been authen-
tically dressed she would have worn a very tightly laced corset which comes to a point over the stomach. The slim waistline pushed flesh upward toward her bosom and downward to the hips. The pannier skirt made the hips larger and the open neck was made to expose so much of the bosom as possible or practical.

Joan Bennett felt the delights of wearing the bustle styles in “Disraeli.” Her cos-
tumes were authentically correct and very charming. In this period so much more depended upon authenticity. It is hard to believe that the modern figure could be well shaped into the silhouette if padded and bustled. It is an interesting fact that the pictures show how styles have changed, from head-to-toe, even to the slightest details of fastening.

there has always been a great hubbub about waists and corsets. In the nin-
eties, doctors got their greybeards together and wrote treatises on the evils of tight lacing and its injury to the liver. Societies were formed to do away with the wasp waist. Corsets, according to an Illinois law promulgated, but never passed, “could be had only on a medical certificate. Boot-
legging one’s figure seemed to be in the near-
future for that state.

A great deal has been said of the gay nineties and the hour glass figure. Corsets were camouflaged by ‘false fronts’ and the straight line corset. Figures are easily curved and curved, providing the proper materials are used, the modern corset figure, fashionable through many decades, was the beautiful Lily Langtry, the Jersey Lily. For her the Elizabethan style was used, she lived to straighten them to the long lines of the Gibson Girl and then to flatten her chest and adapt her waist to the boyish figure. A photograph taken shortly before her death shows the beautiful Lily Langtry just as smartly dressed in the clothes of the time. The skirt was short and the waist much lower. The change in silhouette is not, however, brought about in a minute. What one does with whalebone cannot be done with elastic and vice versa. Figures today have a softness that is persuast by the softest, firmest of materials. Rubber corsets, bones that are resilient, nets, satins, and firm materials are used to give 1930 proportions. These garments in the years to come will join the other figure molding devices and become museum pieces.

After the Gibson Girl came the boyish form, and now what? Today, the making of styles rests not with royal queens but with the women who have the world at their feet. Every century will have its famous figures. But for the sake of the future films it is to be hoped that Hollywood will not devise a Medici corset, an Elizabethan ruff, or a whalebone monstrosity. If history must repeat itself it should be done in good form

ART CORNER Pictures—Albergo

Travels in Spain and Mexico

ONIC

ELD

DISTINCTIVE

PHOTOGRAPHY

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on East 50th Street one evening to see Maurice Chevalier in “Innocents of Paris.” This is a palace that selects its 
talkies for a discriminating set of patrons. I can see very well why all the women have gone talkie after talking and, Dad, not see many of them, but she could not for a moment wear me from the legitimate stage.

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MISS MIDGET
Continued from page 83

the grace and charm that a less tomboyish youngster would occupy the chair in the accepted fashion. She never wears stockings. She prefers short socks and low heeled shoes. Her taste in clothes is good but moderate. Sport things please her more than suits and fluffy garments.

Dorothy has played several ‘dumb girl’ roles in the screen but she is in reality a fast thinker. She is extremely fair. Her friends, for the most part, are former school chums. The sudden appearance of a big weekly pay check has not turned her head. Among her closest pals are a young married couple who are saving their money, a girl who once was very wealthy but whose family fortune was lost, and several young girls and boys who are working in prologues or stage choruses. Dorothy prefers these, who were friends in times of adversity, to those she might have for companions now that she is a popular young screen actress earning thirty thousand dollars a year.

She is economical by nature. Half of her weekly pay check goes into a savings account. It is never touched. If her expenses for the week are such that nothing is left of her spending money, she still refuses to touch that savings account—she goes without money that week.

I have seen Miss Lee go several days with no more than fifteen cents in her pocket-book. Not a rarity for me or perhaps for you, but how many persons earning thirty thousand a year would do so themselves?

She has several hobbies. For a time she collected dogs—stuffed dogs. In her home she had more than two hundred canines of one sort or another. Big woolly ones; little glass ones; funny dogs with long legs that walked when pulled by a string; odd little terriers that growled and barked when wound up. Friends and admirers, aware of her craze, swelled her kennels with contributions. She has dogs from nearly every big city in the United States.

Now she is collecting elephants. Her mother expressed the fond hope that Dorothy won’t suddenly decide upon a live one. No one would be less surprised than her mother, though, if that should happen. At any rate, the elephant collection is just beginning. The craze for these animals will continue several weeks. Then it will be something else.

One reason she will be successful is that so many people are anxious to help her. Because of her sweetness, and her unaffected charm, she has friends in every department of the studio. The wardrobe department bends double efforts to please her with every dress. The cameramen like her and study her lighting with extreme care. The publicity department welcomes her with open arms and at every opportunity, members of the staff do things to bring Dorothy to the attention of the public. The recording department workers do every thing possible to perfect her recordings of songs and lines. The players with whom she appears (principally Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsley) like her and insert little scenes and bits destined to win her laughs or applause when the picture is completed.

And take my word for it—if any of you big, husky men who think you are all-around athletes visit Hollywood and feel exceptionally active, call on me. I’ll see if I can arrange for a day with Miss Lee. I’ll promise you that when the sun goes down, you’ll be wondering why you ever felt so ambitious. And while you are wondering, Dorothy will probably be pleading: “Come on! Let’s go out to the putting course and play a few rounds of indoor golf!”

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JUST AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM IN HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 91

were long as we left for home.

"As a Scotchman," remarked Patsy, "Frank Lloyd is a very good Spaniard!"

"Oh, the picture stars have found a new playground!" exclaimed Patsy. "It's just like magic. The buildings are a bit out of the old Spanish days in Los Angeles—Olvera Street, just off the Plaza. James Warner Bellah, who writes for the movies and is a name in the business, has given a big party down there in honor of his wife, the former Bernice Vert, actress and dancer, who has arrived from the east; and we're invited."

We went down there with Richard Chisholm, star of "Sweet Adeline" in New York, and now in Hollywood playing in pictures. "Everybody is giving parties down here these days," Patsy remarked.

Just then we caught sight of Olvera Street, and stopped to gape!

The street was bright with lights, and in their flare we gazed at a scene that was like a tiny piece of Mexico.

There were gay little bazaars on either side of the brick-paved street—outdoor bazaars covered with bright awnings, and showing for sale small trinkets, dolls, sweets, and all presided over by picturesque figures, the Mexican men in sombreros and zarapes, and the women with shawls over their heads.

This street isn't built up by automo- biles. A fountain at its entrance skillfully turns traffic aside, and the other end of the little street is walled in. If you ride in, you ride on board in a small carriage.

On one side of the street is the ancient Olvera home, a picturesque old adobe, full of memories and quaint reputations of old photographs, and the cooking utensils and apparatus of another day. In the back yard is an old garden with a well.

Mr. Bellah had taken down the whole street for the evening, so that it was doubly like going into another world, and we enjoyed in peace our visit to the Olvera home, the quaint, perfectly appointed tiny puppet theater with its ancient dolls, the bazaars and the cafe.

Casa de Colondrinas is the picturesque title of the cafe where the supper was to be enjoyed.

Our host, who has sought his material all over the world, was cognizant of the possibilities in the ancient adobe wine cellar that Señora Consuelo Bonzo has so cleverly made over into a cafe.

We had arrived early, but very soon the guests began to arrive.

Monte Blue and his wife were among the first to arrive, and we sat down with our host and hostess, at a little table on the verandah, where you eat if you like, to await other guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Bellah soon found it necessary to leave us in order to take their places at the entrance, in order to greet new comers.

Harry Langdon and Mrs. Langdon, who had been talking about the street, so interesting, they said, that they nearly forgot the party, put in an appearance, whereupon we went inside down at the long table to await the others.

Glen Tryon and his beautiful wife came soon after and there were Belle Bennett and Fred C. Maltese, Tom Moanda, the scenario writer, and his wife; the noted violinist, Duce de Kurejerto, June Collyer, Allison Skipworth, Mr. and Mrs. Finis F. H. Wilkins, Mrs. Maltese, their mother, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, Lionel Belmore, Philip Ryder and Aimée Torriana, Alene Carlyle, and just dozens of others.

Charming entertainers in Spanish costume sang, danced, and played the guitar for us, and there was, besides, a Spanish orchestra.

Elise Bartlett and Eric Snowden, of the Civic Repertory Theater, arrived late. Elise brought a batch of Mexican cookies which she had bought at the bazaar outside.

"We were so late that I thought we would never have to cook anything, but we explained, but we decided she just couldn't resist the quaint vendors outdoors, squatting over the little braziers where they were cooking their food.

Glen Tryon and Fred Windermere got as far away, in their conversation, as yachts.

"It's a dear," said Lillian Tryon to Belle Bennett, "it used to be bull fiddles and now it's yachts. I do wish Glenn would become interested in a Pekinese or something small that you could have around the house with comfort!"

Presently, Glenn, who speaks and understands Spanish, went over to the performer of the bull fiddles in the orchestra and coaxed the instrument away from him. Grabbing a sombrero, Glenn saw away for dear life, and really did a very good job of it.

Glenn was once a member of the band of Pancho Villa's band of marauders down in Mexico. He joined with a pearl-handled revolver! The truth of the matter is that he got fed up with civilization and the show business, and went down there to join the Mexican army, as he was "asked." He belonged to Villa's camp instead, and thought it wise to join. But he got away the first opportunity.

He had a great time at the party, however, with the other members and the pretty Spanish dancers.

June Collyer called over to Harry Langdon to inquire what he was eating, and Harry to the surprise of everyone, "neatly" answered,"perfectly good Spanish," "Tacoito de gallina con ahucata, tambien chile rellenos con queso y sal.

"Oh, you speak bill-of-fare Spanish?" June kidded him.

But he replied again in Spanish, words not on the bill-of-fare at all, and June had to acknowledge herself ignorant.

We caught Monte Blue vainly trying to eat his rolled toasted tortillas with his fork until the cute little waitress who had charge of his table showed him how to get them into his mouth, and eat them from his fingers.

After dinner we prevailed on Robert Chisholm to sing, which he did superbly, followed by Philip Ryder, singing the theme song from "Adios," the picture in which he is appearing. Allison Skipworth recited, and George Grandee played the piano.

Nearly all the picture stars have some side line, and we found that Belle Bennett is shortly to open a cafe. It is to be called Georgia's mother's Cafe, and many things in it will be objects which had belonged to her grandmother, including a spinning wheel, a collection of old dolls, and some quaint old pictures. All the appointments were to be of another day.

"Except, I hope," said Patsy, "that you'll have a modern cooking range and that they'll be electric lights left on!"

Some of the guests departed around two o'clock in the morning, after which the rest of us danced until daylight began to peer through the deep-pierced windows.

"That was surely a good-natured orchestra," remarked Patsy. "Oh, yes, not ever starting anything until morning, they are quite willing to keep on until another manana," observed Bob Chisholm.
DARE THE STARS TRY AGAIN FOR HAPPINESS?

Continued from page 114

assisting in lifting the moving picture industry from a cheap, tuppenny-va'penny trade to a profession to which the few artists in the world are proud to bring their talents. For a long time Mary and Doug lived with the utmost dignity and restraint. Only recently have they dared to be themselves, when Doug sailed abroad alone for the golf tournament and Mary remained at home to go on with life—as wives have a habit of doing. No matter what ultimately comes out of their relationship to each other, I think they should be entitled not only to our gratitude but to our special consideration, for they have contributed more to films than any other couple in screen history.

But while we are talking about second marriages, there is one important point we shouldn't overlook. It is my belief that every normal individual, no matter how often married, really at the bottom of his heart longs to be monogamous—that is, longs to find the one human, true mate to whom he can be faithful so long as he lives. Dr. H. S. Jennings, Professor of Zoology at Johns Hopkins University, in his recent book—"The Biological Basis of Human Nature," comes out flat-footedly for monogamy. He is convinced that it is the fulfillment of biological laws. He shows us that not only humans practice monogamy but that eagles and hawks, as well as certain animals, continue permanent monogamous matings for life.

I agree heartily with the doctor that monogamy is the ideal form of existence. But monogamy means living with one mate throughout life. And many of us are born, grow up, procreate and die, without ever finding that mate. In the old days before civilization, a man could trust his instincts in choosing his woman. But now our instincts have become blunted. Now we are civilized, bound around with clothes and conventions, and so generally enmeshed in culture and customs that many of us wouldn't know our true mates if we fell over them. Particularly this true of young people. What chance has a well-brought-up young girl or a callow-sheltered youth of finding out at twenty the person who will satisfy them and make life still worth living at forty? For this and other reasons marital mistakes are being made day after day, with resultant tragedy, heartache, and expense. Tolerance, tolerance, and still more tolerance is the only way for any of us to regard the attempts at repairing these mistakes that moving picture stars make, as well as the efforts of our own neighbors and friends. The lode-star of happiness attracts us all. And as long as we have breath left in our bodies, we will grope our way towards it. The desire for love is at least as strong as the desire for food. And it is useless to lay down any one law for millions of human beings to follow. Dr. Jennings says again that each individual is different. That fundamentally we are all the products of our genes—that is, the important part of the egg cell, and this determines whether we are to develop into human beings or just into ordinary human creatures. We will all react differently to the same given situation. Therefore, the best we can do is to build up our own code of doing as we would be done by, trusting to be guided to a road we may walk down peacefully, happily, honorably—and until the summary of another existence clears the mists of human uncertainties from our eyes.
The VITAGRAPH TANK,
VITAPHONE, THE OLD DAYS, and THE NEW

The old Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn has gone thoroughly Vitaphone under Warner Bros. ownership, and hums today with talkie activity. But a landmark of the past still stands, eloquent of the movie yesterday.

The landmark is the Vitagraph tank. It looks like a miniature swimming pool, perhaps four feet deep, some sixteen feet long and twelve feet wide. Water no longer laps its concrete sides. Yet years ago it served as the Red Sea for Vitagraph's production of "Moses." Its waters parted at the patriarch's command, and after Moses had led his followers across in safety, its waves engulfed the army of the Egyptians with finality, if with pre-De Mille finesse.

Elephants have wallowed in the tiny Vitagraph tank, camouflaged as a jungle river. It was the ocean for bathing beauties of the John Bunny-Flora Finch era. But its chief claim to movie immortality lies in its service as the Red Sea.

The Vitagraph tank deserves a place in a Movie Museum. It is as significant, in its way, as Lindy's "Spirit of St. Louis," now in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

And what a world of meaning was wrapped up in the change of one syllable when Vitagraph became Vitaphone! The linguistic ancestors of these two words are Latin and Greek. Taking photograph, father of the motion picture, we find it is derived from two Greek words—photos, meaning light, and grapho, meaning to write. When you take a picture, you write light on a plate or a strip of film.

Coming to the word phonograph, we find that it, too, is Greek in origin. The syllable graph, signifying to write, remains, but it is now hitched to phono, from another Greek forefather, phone, meaning sound. So phonograph, a common garden variety word, has beauty in its meaning—to write sound.

Now enters Vitagraph. The Brooklyn pioneers of this trade name stuck by the Greek, graph, but went to the Latin for vita. You're right—Vita means life. Really descriptive of a motion picture—Vitagraph—to write life.

And then sound came to the movies. Warner Brothers, pioneers in this new, articulate era, had appropriately taken over Vitagraph, pioneer of the silent long, long ago. What to call the new talkie child?

They named it Vitaphone. To speak life. Life in sound. Mr. Webster himself couldn't have done better.

Around the old Vitagraph tank in Brooklyn is this melting pot of languages and the arts, entertaining the Brooklynites, the Argentines, the Greeks, and others of us too numerable to mention.

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