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Told for the First Time
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Irene Bordoni in "PARIS" with Jack Buchanan


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Brief comments upon the leading motion pictures of the last six months

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GROUP A

Bulldog Drummond. A swell talkie melodrama that you can't afford to miss. With

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The New Movie Magazine

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Gallery of Famous Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine
PAULINE FREDERICK
GARY COOPER
MALIBU BEACH was once a waste stretch of sand. Today it is a row of beautiful beach houses and one of the most popular summer centers for Hollywood. All because Clara Bow and Richard Dix and one or two others started the fashion last year, by erecting summer cottages there.

At the end of this season the list of home owners include Herbert Bronson, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Franklin, Dolores Del Rio, Gladys Unger, Al Santell, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Anna Q. Nilsen, Ben Schnberg, Wesley Ruggles, Lois Moran, William Le Baron, Laura La Plante and her husband, Director William Seiter, and Dorothy Mackaill.

Among the regular week-end guests at one house or another, this summer, have been Elsie Janis, Ivan Lebedoff, Shayle Gardiner, Joan Bennett, Liyan Tashman, Edmond Lowe, Claude King and Harry Riehman.

During one of the house parties, a wild seerch interrupted the chatter. Everyone dashed to the beach. "What animal was that?" someone inquired.

Mrs. Bievhower, mother of Elsie Janis, answered. "I was just calling to Elsie. It is our regular call for another."

LILYAN TASHMAN has a new hair bob. She will launch it formally, in her role for "No, No, Nanette," although the Hollywood flappers are already copying it. And when Liyan starts anything, it's news! This time she has parted her hair in the middle from the front to the back, combed it sidewise to one inch above her ears, where the barber clipped it and then curled it in tiny, light loops from the back to the front. It sounds like a take-off on Topsy, but its really becoming — on Liyan.

* * *

AT the same time Gloria Swanson has been sporting a new mode for long hair. Two knots tied low on the neck in the rear; two deep waves on each side of the front. Now, we're waiting for some bright press agent to instigate a prize contest for which is the more popular.

WHEN reports of "Fast Life" began to sift back home to First National from the box offices, they just called Loretta Young in and tore up her contract, then wrote her another with several hundred advance in salary and assigned her as John Barrymore's next leading lady. Which means she is made—according to Hollywood's rating.

THESE stage actors are slowly but surely catching the Hollywood spirit. Bela Lugosi of stage "Dracula" fame, left for a week of personal appearances in San Francisco. Immediately before that he gave out an interview in which he stated that, because he believed in vampires, he would never marry. Then he came back with a wife! She was formerly Beatrice Woodruff Weeks, widow of a well-known California architect.

When he asked her what she would like best for a wedding present, she answered, "A life sized portrait of you in oils, darling." Proving that she, too, understood actors!

THE divorce of Dorothy Mackaill and Lothar Mendez became final last month. At this writing neither one has, however, applied for the papers. Does this indicate a possible reconciliation?

DORIS KEENE has succumbed to the lure of the movies along with the rest of Broadway. An energetic writer sought out her hobby the minute she heard the news and discovered that it was Dresden dogs. She has more than one thousand in her home, the former country estate of Sir James Barrie, in England. Now everyone in Hollywood is busy getting dogs for her. She has had ten presented in one week!

JULIETTE COMPTON and Katherine Dale Owen are running a sort of unintentional beauty contest. Half of Hollywood claims that Miss Owen is the most beautiful newcomer; the other half throws its support to Miss Compton. Miss Compton tells this story on herself to her supporters:

She wanted to get a break on the
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.: Did Doug Douglas, Senior, disown him for his marriage?

"For years and years, I'm such a dear friend that you don't need to worry."

"That's strange. I don't know how I could ever forget a face such as yours."

It was Ziegfeld himself—but she got her first engagement.

A WOMAN with a twenty-five-inch waist, well-rounded hips and large bust was the unique call sent out by First National for a rôle in Corinne Griffith's "Lilies of the Field."

Hundreds applied. But the straight flapper figure revealed no such dimensions. Finally, Cissy Fitzgerald came around and met the specifications. She was just about to be hired when executives hired her for a more important role in Billie Dove's picture. Broadway saved the day. Mae Boley, famous with Lillian Russell, has kept the figure which once set New York agog with fervor.

Since we have seen her in the rôle, we can understand the requirements. She wears eighteen old-fashioned brooches, including a diamond lizard, alligator, basket of flowers, cat's face with emerald eyes, sultan's head, daisy cluster, etc. They scour the jewelers of this country to get these antiques and they just have to have someone with figure enough to support them.

WE visited Ramon Novarro at the close of the first day of work on his latest picture, "Devil May Care." He was working on the rear lot at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which contains some fifty acres. His eyes were bloodshot, his face haggard.

"You will pardon me. This is my first talkie and it has been my worst day of all days in pictures. We would start to take a scene when an aeroplane would go overhead; we would start another when the ducks in the puddle nearby would quack; we would begin again when the carpenters started work on a set nearby. We have not taken one whole scene this whole day on the picture."

RUTH CHATTERTON and Ralph Forbes have moved into their new home in Beverly Hills. It's an interesting place even in a city of interesting homes. All antiques for furniture. Not one piece more modern than the eighteenth century.

"Now we will always be in style and never will have to decorate," Ruth tells us.

There's a writing room for Ruth and a library for Ralph.

"If Ralph picks up one thing in my room, I'm going to put a knocker on the door and he's got to use it."

"If Ruth throws anything around in my room, I'm going to put a knocker on my door," Ralph answered.

In other words, Ruth likes intimate disorder and Ralph the opposite. Since their near-divorce, they've figured out a way to indulge their own whims without protest from each other.

"Is it true that Doug Fairbanks, Sr., has disowned Doug, Jr., since his marriage to Joan Crawford?" is one of the burning questions in Hollywood today.

The low-down as we gather it is: Doug, Sr., didn't like the quiet wedding in New York City without the parental, "Bless you, my children," and said so.

Doug, Jr., maintained his right to marry as he pleased. Disagreements between father and son are not new in this family. Doug, Sr., wanted him to wait a few years.

HOWEVER, it is interesting to know the change in popular opinion of these two:

A few weeks ago we were in the Montmartre, when a visiting tourist exclaimed, "There's Douglas Fairbanks. He's the father of Doug, Jr., you know."

A year ago the son was known by his father!

BABY conferences are the latest! Started by Johnny Mack Brown and Raymond Hackett. Johnny's girl is five weeks old; Raymond's seven. They work on the same lot and don't let a day go by without discussing just when is the best time to start adding spinach to milk and giving a little orange juice in-between feedings. And they'll tell anyone who cares to listen all about the proper preparation for teething.

Which shows plainly the changing of Hollywood customs. A year ago Johnny Mack Brown was pleading with us all to keep it a secret that he was married. "It would spoil my chances as a leading man—"

The influx of married couples from Broadway has changed the rating of Hollywood wives and offspring.

CORINNE GRIFFITH has a new dog. It is a Doberman Pinschor.
valued at one thousand dollars. He is constantly beside her. Escorts her to the studio, waits patiently on the set for her to finish a scene, etc. This girl just has a way of inspiring devotion.

SPEAKING of Corinne, no one at the First National Studios really expected the Orchid Lady of the screen would consent to wear tights for her current production, "Lilies of the Field." They fully anticipated using a double. But she fooled them and has appeared in every scene, tights and all, in person.

In one sequence she is the radiator cap ornament of a huge automobile. The lights of this car are twenty feet high. It is necessary for her to hold the motionless position for many minutes.

The theme of the picture is, "They toil not; neither do they spin."

After retaking the radiator ornament scene some score of times, Corinne called a halt. "I may be a lily of the field who does not spin, but believe me, I toil. Let's have an intermission."

TANNEN HOLZ, a Jewish actor recently imported from the Jewish Art Theatre of New York City for the talkies, had rehearsed his big scene for this picture for days. His opening line was "Vel, vel, vel. Lilies of the field, they toil not—" Director Alexander Korda was certain there would be no slip up. "Lights; turn her over; camera—" he called confidently.

Holz walked on in all the dignity of his importance. "Vel, vel, vel—" he commenced brightly. "Lilies of the valley, they—"

The company went into hysterics.

LUPE VELEZ has purchased a new home in the fashionable section of Beverly Hills for which she paid $60,000. Lupe should worry now. She has yard enough now to prevent the city from forcing her to kill her pet eagles, do away with her eleven pet turtles, chain up her two pet dogs, dispose of her canaries, etc. While she lived on one lot in Hollywood she was in constant hot water because of her pets being described as a public nuisance.

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR, age 101 years, is playing a part for Famous Players in "The Vagabond King."

"To what do you attribute your long life?" someone asked him.

"If I had married I would have been dead long ago!" was the immediate answer.

WATER-TAXIS are the latest. They hover near the piers at San Pedro waiting to be chartered to dash motion picture people to yachts riding off Catalina. Jascha Heifitz, Florence Vidor (Mrs. Heifitz), Beatrice Lillic, Ronald Colman are among those who use them frequently on their way for a day's sailing with Dick Barthelmess on his new boat.

It was during the filming of "So This Is Heaven." Director Al Santell rushed up to Samuel Goldwyn with the announcement that he had perfected a device which would eliminate foreign accents from the microphone.

"Install von on my desk at home," ordered Mr. Goldwyn, getting greatly excited.

COLLEEN MOORE and John McCormack were house guests at Malibu for a week-end party. Saturday morning when Colleen came down, she said, "Congratulations, John!"

"Why?" the balance of the crowd inquired.

"It's his birthday."

Sunday morning when the couple came into breakfast they said "Congratulations" to each other.

"Why?" demanded the chorus.

"It's our anniversary."

Monday morning, it was John who said "Congratulations" to Colleen.

"What now?" cried the assemblage.

"It's Colleen's birthday."

"This is a gag," someone shouted.

But it wasn't.

WHO'S Anita Page running around with?" we inquired from one of her friends.

"Papa Pomeres."

Which was truth rather than fiction. There is no better chaperoned girl in the most select social circle than this starlet. She doesn't even go to parties without her daddy with her. People wonder why—then remember that Miss Page made her début
GOSSIP of the Motion Picture FAVORITES

Jack Oakie: Came to Hollywood to be near Joan Crawford, but she never knew it.

Nils was cutting out John? Then came the rumor that Nils was finding consolation in Renee Adorée. It would now appear that the two Swedes are finding consolation in each other.

"Who's Greta Garbo's boy friend?" is a persistent question since John Gilbert married Ina Claire.

"We'll tell you. She's been seen most frequently with Nils Asther. Horseback riding in the hills; dining at quiet, secluded places.

Remember the time when it was rumored that

If someone would run a contest to discover which girl in pictures has had the most proposals, we'd bank on Mary Brian to win. She just seems to be that type that men want to marry. Rudy Vallee is the latest to try and break down the portals to Mary's heart, gossip has it.

What was Mary's reaction?
First it was Charles Buddy Rogers, then—but why list them? Billy Blakewell seemed to be favored for a long time.

The prop boys do get breaks if they wait long enough. "Ernie" Johnson stopped pushing furniture long enough to play a part in "The Street of Sin" with Emil Jannings. He did so well that he even got press notices. But they put him back to his lifting. Then his voice chanced to break in on the microphone and register. They remembered his acting and now he's got a real part in "Darkened Rooms," with Hal Skelsey.

Sammy Bricker has worked side by side with "Ernie." He couldn't be left behind so he got himself a speaking part in "Darkened Rooms."

Reminds us of Eddie "Ningent." Two years ago he was part of the furniture at M-G-M. Today he is so popular as a leading man that the radio fans of Los Angeles demanded that he be allowed to talk to them via the air. He got his first break through wise-cracking and he never has lost the habit. He was recently loaned to First National where they sent out a regulation biography for him to fill out—as is the custom with even borrowed players. In all seriousness he sent back the form which contained, in part, the following answers:

Childhood ambitions: To make two plus two equal four.

Occupation before pictures: Stage and vaudeville and others too numerous to mention.

Date of starting in pictures: 1920. (No mention of how started.)

How did you get this start? I gave in.

Present ambition: To arrive late on the set and leave early.

Hobby: Taking up options.
Favorite animals: Boudoir mules.
Favorite books: Check and bank books.
Sports: Letting air out of friend's tires.
Special aversion: People who ask me to wise-crack.

Jack Oakey, the popular youngster who came to Hollywood because he wanted to see Joan Crawford just in time to get a big break in the talksies, is between two fires. And one of them is not Joan, since she's married. Gwen Lee and Helen Kane. Gwen, a blond home-towner; Helen, a brunette from Broadway. He takes one out one evening; the other the next. Just another sidelight on this New York-Hollywood competition.

Speaking of Jack. He's wearing a wedding ring and a diamond on his left hand.

"What's this, a gag?" we inquired. "Certainly not. I wear them in case I want to rent a bungalow."

Louise Fazend had finished a long and arduous day at the studio. She was in a red velvet gown.

"I won't stop to change," Louise decided. "I'll just drive home to Malibu in this."

Two miles from the house her automobile stalled. She got out in her gorgeous velvet, long earrings, heavy bracelets and tinkered with the engine. It wouldn't even sputter.

She walked the remaining two miles, the train of the gown dragging behind her.

Aileen Pringle is having the time of her life. She has dyed her hair blond. The long, dark, silky tresses which Elmer

Kay Francis: A social success in Hollywood, she says, because of her dog, Sniffer.
and What's Happening in the Screen Studios

Glyn made famous in pictures are gone forever. Franklin Pangborn, with whom Aileen played on the stage recently in Los Angeles, entered the Brown Derby and walked right by where she was sitting. She bowed; he smiled friendly. He hadn't recognized her. Warner Baxter and Dick Barthelmeiss, two of her best friends, repeated the performance.

Aileen is playing in Radio Pictures' "Night Parade," but she didn't make the change for that. She did it to change her luck. Just went into a beauty salon and ordered it done. The expert refused; Mademoiselle's locks were too lovely, he said.

"Then I'll do it myself!"

We can't blame her. Her face is softer, more appealing, and contrasted with her dark eyes and eyelashes is startlingly effective. And she's already been offered a choice part in a picture!

"YES, Lupe Velez is still in love with Gary Cooper. The romance goes on."

EDMUND LOWE, between scenes at First National, where he was playing in "Broadway Hostess," met an English actor whose acquaintance he had made two years ago in London.

"How are things, old man?" Lowe asked.

"Bally bad," returned the Englishman. "These talking pictures have squashed my career. I'm having an 'ell of a time with my IIs."

NOT until you know Helen Twelvetrees can you realize just how very modest she is. This very modesty might have cost Hollywood and the screen one of its most promising young players—namely, Miss Twelvetrees.

The Fox Company recently failed to take up its option on Helen, giving no reason for its action in the matter. She was very downcast, as was evidenced by her conversation with a friend the following day:

"I am going back to New York and the stage," Miss Twelvetrees said. "I've failed in motion pictures."

It took the friend the good part of an hour to point out to Helen that the Fox studio is enjoying "growing pains"; that it is moving ahead so rapidly that it may err in its judgment. This friend pointed out that most take a test for "The Great Parade" lead. The test was made—and now Helen is under long term contract to Pathé at a salary much better than the terms of her Fox agreement.

ELATRICE JOY is a busy and capable little manager. Imagine the fun she will have (and the money she will make) fulfilling the following contracts:

Six weeks on the stage in London, England, with the London two weeks in Nice, France, where she will make an all-talking motion picture for the Gaumont Company. Miss Joy speaks French beautifully. She will then return to Hollywood to make the same picture in English for Radio Pictures.

In addition, Miss Joy has just sung two songs for Brunswick Phonograph Company.

BETTY COMPSON has at last justified her home in Flintridge, located about fifteen miles from the studio. For years her friends have chided her about living so far from her work, necessitating a long trip to and from the studios every day.

Now Betty has the laugh on them all. En route to and from work, she sits in the back of her limousine and rehearses the lines of her new talking pictures. She finds it much easier to concentrate when she is all alone in the car, with no such things as telephone interruptions or visitors.

Miss Compson has almost persuaded several stars to move into her neighborhood, if for no other reason than to study lines for talking pictures while traveling to and from work.

EVERYTHING was quiet on the set where Arthur Lake was talking for the microphone for scenes in "Tanned Legs," a Radio picture. Suddenly there was a loud crash.

"What was that?" shouted the director angrily.

"It was me," meekly replied Arthur. "I dropped my voice."
THIS is the story of Greta Garbo's girlhood. It is a story that you have never read anywhere before. Greta herself has been too proud and too sensitive to tell it, because poverty leaves a lasting hurt and is more shameful to admit than dishonor. But when you read it, you'll like Greta Garbo better than you have ever liked her before.

To understand the story you must forget about the Greta that you know on the screen. You must forget all the stories you have read about her since she arrived in Hollywood. You must put aside the memory of her temperament, her love affair with John Gilbert, her cold indifference to the small glories that dazzle most stars. You must not see her as a gorgeous woman with unfathomable eyes and a worldly mouth.

You must see her as she was nine years ago. A pale, gawky school-girl, rather plain but with a strange fascination. And very, very poor.

The exact date of Greta's birth was September 18, 1905. Her real name is Greta Gustafsson. She was born in a remote part of Stockholm called Montmartre. It is not a fashionable section. Greta's first home was an ordinary lodging house at 32, Blidingsgatan. The Gustafsons were in what is known as humble circumstances. Which means that they were just plain poor. Greta was the youngest child. From her babyhood she had to learn that the world is a hard place, that one must accept responsibilities, that one must make the best of any chance, however meager and unpromising.

It wasn't exactly a happy childhood, not only because of the family poverty, but because Greta was not, by nature, a happy child. She

When Greta Garbo first landed in America, she wanted to begin a new life and to forget that she had once been Greta Gustafsson, millinery saleswoman in a Stockholm department store.

The True Story of Her Life in Stockholm Is Told Here For the First Time

By Siegred Nielson
What is the mystery of Greta Garbo's life? Here are the hidden facts of her career

This is the first portrait made of Greta Garbo in this country. It was widely published and it established her as an interesting photographic type even before she appeared on the screen.

was shy, remote and she disliked strangers. But she loved her family with a single, warm-hearted devotion. They were an affectionate family, these Gustafssons. They explain much about Greta; her homesickness, for instance. Only those who have been raised in a large family will understand Greta's persistent loneliness during her first months in Hollywood. And this devotion to her own clan also explains her economical manner of living. Back in Sweden there is a mother who must never know what again.

Greta went to public school in Stockholm. She was a diffident scholar. History she liked, but geography appalled her. She made few friends and cared for few sports, except skiing, skating and throwing snowballs. Like all children, she had her day dreams. In Greta's case, these dreams all centered about the theatre. This was odd, because there were no stage people in her family and no money to waste on amusements.

But near her home were two theatres. One was a cabaret and one a legitimate theatre. When she was seven years old, Greta used to stand in the stage entrance of the theatre and wait for the actors and actresses to come in for the evening performance. The theatre had a small back porch and a little backyard and the door was always open. By hiding on the porch, she could hear the performance going on inside; she could smell the fascinating scent of backstage; she could catch the voices of the performers as they went to and from their dressing-rooms.

And then she would go home and, with a little box of water colors, she would paint pictures on her face and pretend that she was an actress. Sometimes, but not often, she allowed her brothers and sisters to join in the game.

At fourteen, Greta's father died. It was a heart-breaking shock to her, because Greta loved him dearly. And it meant even less money in an already poor household. There was no way out of it; Greta had to do her share towards keeping the family afloat.

For all her diffidence and moodiness, Greta was a good child. Her mother thought that she was too young to leave school. In Scandinavian countries education is something that is highly prized. Going to school is not a lark, but a serious and earnest preparation for life. So, in spite of her father's death, the Gustafssons determined to keep Greta in school a little longer.

But in face of a real need for money, Greta couldn't remain idle. She took a part-time job. In a barber shop. Working every afternoon when the other girls were playing. Greta learned soaping. That is to say, she mixed the lather and looked after the utensils.

Probably she would like to forget about the barber shop because people have a strange way of wanting to run away from the memory of their bravest deeds. And when Greta came to this country, with its higher standards of living and its easy prosperity, the thought of her humble start as a wage-earner must have hurt her, must have seemed something to be tucked away and hidden. Foreigners are quick to sense the fact that poverty, in America, is somehow immoral.

But the few coins that Greta earned in the barber shop meant a lot to the Gustafsson family. And they gave Greta the great (Continued on page 126)
No silent screen star has won so many honors in the sound films as Richard Barthelmess. "Weary River," "Drag" and "Young Nowheres" have been superb performances, varied and technically excellent. Dick has just signed another two-year contract with First National Pictures. This calls for four productions, two each year.
By Fannie

The BATTLE of

One of your favorite authors writes amusingly and trenchantly of the great vocal revolution.

S

UPPOSE you were a successful piano teacher and suddenly along came a new six-fingered race which demanded a keyboard-technique different from anything in your experience.

Imagine your predicament!

Well, the dilemma of the motion picture world, the morning after the invasion of "sound" (and it seemed just that sudden), was about on that plane.

You talk about uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Savage headaches must have ravaged many of the imperial brows of Hollywood, and are still ravaging them for that matter, when the incredible threat of the talking-picture became incredible fact.

In no kingdom in the world is high office, at best, more precarious than it is in the magnificent principality of Hollywood. Pola Negri's head rears itself in unrivaled queenliness, and then one night, pop, off goes Negri's head! Charles Ray makes naive way into the hearts of millions and then one night, just as mysteriously, but oh so surely, vanishes the Charles Ray vogue.

Even the most secure of the thrones have tottered from time to time. America's beautiful sweetheart, who has weathered and held her own with greater hardihood than any one in the entire fluctuating history of motion pictures, has, nevertheless, had her moments of the threat of eclipse. Fortunately her stardom and her star seem to be the most fixed planet of them all, but the palm must go to Mary Pickford for her unquenchable quality, and not to the public, which, had they succeeded in dousing her splendor, would have cracked her fair bones and eaten her just as they have their Pearl Whites, their Theda Baras, their Nita Naldis and their Charles Rays.

And then, as if all of these handicaps of the precariousness of motion picture fame were not sufficient unto themselves, here comes a new, a difficult and an appallingly dangerous dimension to the entire business.

Speech!

Nor were the beautiful baby-dolls of the screen, the de luxe ladies, the big boys, the handsome boys, the million-dollar boys, the only members of the Hollywood principality who were hard hit. Directors, with power mightier than even the power of the more assertive of the czars, awoke to find the very warp and woof of the motion picture running into new pattern.

In fact, the entire motion picture colony awoke this fateful and figurative morning, to find that the good old familiar five-fingered motion picture had grown a new digit. Here was a six-fingered technique to be learned when, truth to tell, not a soul on the golden picture coast, except the cunning, the wary and the terrible machinicians behind the new dimension, knew what it was all about.

Uneasy lay the heads of Hollywood. Agonized lay the shellacked, the marcelled, the blond and the blondined heads of Hollywood. It was as if an earthquake had set tottering the crowns.

This was scarcely more than a baker's dozen of months ago that the possibility of talking pictures became reality and emerged from the controversial stage onto the sound stage.

It won't last.
It's a fad.
I give them six months.
I'll sit tight and wait until the craze dies out.

Pictures weren't meant to talk. Public won't stand for it.
They are not talkies, they're squawkyes.

All this became the patter of the hour.
SNAPPY COMEBACKS

By Walter Winchell

Broadway's Brilliant Raconteur Gives You Some Untold Stories of the Movies

ten thousand words!" And then came the dawn!
The Warner Brothers, among the most enterprising of the newcomers, who were plotting to revolutionize the industry without boasting of their plans, released Al Jolson's initial vitaphone episode, and thrones tottered, kingdoms fell, and the greatest cinemactors and cinemactresses aged overnight.

A few, perhaps, had vision, foresight, and whatever else it is called. They prepared themselves—in case.

Some devoted their spare hours to voice culture and elocution or polished up on their other attributes, but most of them ignored the warning and subsequently "went the way of all flesh."

It was all very sad. Wall Streeters, who bankrolled the synchronization idea, are an unsympathetic clan, and after attaining power they erased this idol or that one. Big business cannot be bothered with sentimentality, and unless you could qualify expertly as a singer, a dancer, an emotional player or a first rate entertainer, you were just so much excess baggage.

William Le Baron (left) joins in the "hold-up" of Bebe Daniels

“I really is too bad about the girl. She is too old for the talkies and too young for suicide!” The Hollywood wag who made this observation was speaking in jest. But his words could be interpreted with a tragic seriousness in scores of well-known cases.

Not all the heart thobs are revealed on the screens or stages of the Hollywood or Broadway amusement temples. The more compelling dramas, take it from one who knows, are those that concern the army of players who were swept from their pedestals and perches with the invasion of the talkies.

It came just like that—for many of the "Moom pitcher" favorites. Those powerful box-office attractions, who possessed long-time contracts at huge wages, were among the least concerned when it was punned around the west coast studios that "the voice was yet to come." The audible flicker plan seemed just so much small-talk, and even some of the mightier magnates dismissed the intentions of their competitors by purchasing full pages in the newspapers and theatrical journals to belittle their progressing contemporaries. "One picture," reminded one impresario, "is worth

And here is Mary Philbin, Universal beauty, who is now working with Jimmy Gleason

Jimmy Gleason never forgets the capables, the reliable, and the others who "know how"

Imogene Wilson became Mary Nolan and landed solidly as a screen siren

Bebe Daniels, perhaps, is a concrete example. Few other movie favorites enticed so many cash customers to the box offices throughout the country as Bebe. But when Paramount, that swiftly moving group of
Sound Pictures Have Been Hollywood Life-Savers

After a tremendous early success, Betty Compson had been fading from pictures. She was starring along Poverty Row when the sound films rescued her.

Moving picture manufacturers, found it necessary to make certain changes to meet the new conditions Bebe Daniels was among the first of the big stars to be released.

What to do?

Another girl might have given up at once. Gifted with intelligence, Bebe Daniels wasted no tears; she invested her savings in reconditioning herself to meet the new demands. Quietly and bravely Bebe frequented this skilled dancing tutor or that voice cultivator and studied night and day. Then when she believed she was ready to face the microphones that had wiped out so many famous personalities, she called on an executive and urged him to give her another opportunity, now better known in Hollywood as “a screen test.”

“I will be glad to arrange it,” she was told, “providing, of course, you submit to the usual extra-girl’s test.”

“I’ll do it!” was the answer. The tests were arranged the next afternoon, and she waited for days for the verdict. At last it came—a knock-out.

It was a glorious day for Bebe Daniels when the report of her test excited the potentates of the Radio Pictures group and William LeBaron, its mightiest power, for it was Mr. LeBaron, a writer of musical shows on Broadway and now a tremendous factor on the Hollywood scene, who gave Bebe her new start.

Her tests proved to be so much better than anticipated that after one of those long movie conferences it was unanimously decided to star Bebe Daniels in the screen version of Ziegfeld’s “Ziegfeld Follies.”

hit. Then after the “rushes” were shown, all were convinced that they had correctly guessed the result, for Bebe Daniels was “an amazing actress,” “a grand vocalist,” and “a great dancer.”

Bebe was immediately placed on the regular payroll at a huge salary and Mr. LeBaron proceeded to gather up all other “possibilities” who were dropped by careless rivals.

It was Mr. LeBaron’s belief, he told an interviewer, that it cost him little to sign up the “other fellow’s débris” and gamble on the outcome.

“If I ever get another Bebe Daniels out of the exiles and outcasts I will have profited greatly,” he added.

And so Bebe Daniels, who almost went into the discard, is again perched high on the list of box-office attractions, with offers pouring in on her from those who were too busy to see her when she sought “a screen test.”

After making “Rio Rita” Bebe was engaged to essay the leading assignment in “Carmen,” because not only is she an authentic Spanish type, but in all probability will show up the battalion of well-knowns who preceded her in the stage and other screen versions of the classic.

Hollywood is crowded with numerous unfortunates, many of whom are former beauties, who cannot click since the commotion pictures arrived.

Still, the invasion of the audibles served several others to come back with a vengeance. Take the case of the adorable Bessie Love, who was relegated to the Has-Been division almost five years ago. Bessie Love’s charm, manner, poise and exceptional ability before the lens were among the things the moviegoers used to talk about and flock to witness when there were no cinema “Cathedrals” or “Palaces” and the admission tariff wasn’t a dollar or two.

But the silent screen sages decided that Bessie Love was “through” and there were no bids.

It was, to hear her intimates tell it, a terrible five years for Bessie. She almost (Continued on page 124)
Otherwise Joan Crawford, the popular star, sketched by the famous artist, John La Gatta.
WHY You LIKE

Ann Pennington leading a colorful number in the talkie-and-song film, "The Gold Diggers of Broadway." This production not only supplies the sense of hearing but it offers scenes in full color to please the sense of sight.

"THANK goodness, the talkies are here at last!"
In this wise did a lady of my acquaintance unload a lot of deep-seated feeling. And, let me hasten to add, this woman "knows her onions" when it comes to entertainment. She has made a special study of it.
"Yes," she continued, "the movies have been wanting some kind of dynamite for a long time to blow them out of the rut and to boost them to the place where they belong.
"And the mere timing of the voice to the action did it. What a difference!"
I think you will agree that my friend is right. No matter what our misgivings may have been when we heard the first talkie or so—especially when the movements of the lips and the words they were supposed to utter did not seem to belong to the same person—imperfections such as this, of a purely mechanical nature, are being overcome with surprising rapidity, and as a consequence the talkies are "getting" us with the sureness of fate.
But why?
What do the talkies do to us that the silent pictures did not do?
What was missing? What has been added?
Well, let us turn to psychology for a moment. Let us see what the science of the mind has to offer by way of explanation.
For, after all, is it not the mind that appreciates or deprecates what is enacted on the silver screen? Is it not the brain that records everything that transpires about us and arouses us either to pleasure or displeasure, leaves us bored, indifferent, interested, amused, sad or animated as the case may be?
Yes, the motion picture must deal directly with the human mind.
Mind-response, the reactions of the mind, intellectually as well as emotionally, is first and last the problem that the picture magnates and the directors have to worry about. What the mind response to any picture that is released finally happens to be is soon reflected in the box office.
In order to make my point clear, let me ask you to suppose that you wanted to give somebody some variety of capacity enjoyment.
How could you figure out in advance the very best way of going about it?
In the first place, you would have to remember that we take in the world about us—soak it up into the very substance of our minds, as it were—through, or by means of, what amounts to our "feelers"; in other words, our senses.
And there are five such senses—sight, hearing, taste, touch and smell.
Therefore, were you to set out to give the greatest possible amount of pleasure of some special kind to any particular individual, you would have to try to stimulate or act upon all these five senses, setting these various nerve currents of sight, hearing, taste, touch and smell in motion, thereby exciting the mind in the

Says Dr. Bisch:

"The chief handicap of the silent film was its appeal to but one of the five senses: sight.
"The talkie includes the other of the two most used senses: hearing.
"The imaginations of many are most easily stirred by sound, especially by music. Musical sound affects the emotions almost wholly, while sight sets the intellectual processes at work.
"In the old days the screen had to overemphasize action, in order to overcome its handicaps."

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By Louis E. Bisch, M.D., Ph.D.

The Famous Psychologist Explains the Universal Appeal of Sound Pictures

The greatest possible number of ways.
With regard to the enjoyment of relaxation, a man lying in the grass, smoking his pipe and surrounded by a beautiful landscape, might be said to be using all of these senses. The trees and the flowers and the sky effects would gratify his sense of sight. The songs of the birds would gratify the ears. His favorite pipe and tobacco would soothe his taste sense. The restful feeling of the grass would take care of touch. The sense of smell might be the new-mown hay close by.

From what I have told you, you have probably guessed already what the trouble with the silent picture was, where the trouble with that form of enjoyment lay. Perhaps it would be better to say what its chief handicap was.

Obviously, the silent screen was handicapped because it appealed only to one of the senses—sight. And obviously, too, the chief reason why the talkies are putting the other medium out of the running is because they appeal to two of our senses, twice as many—the sense of hearing in addition to that of sight.

To be sure, you may well ask if the cinema would not be enhanced still further were it to employ the remaining three senses, taste, touch and smell?

It surely would, but how?
The possibilities of gratifying the sense of smell might be experimented with more than it already has. Such research is not without promise. But so far, at any rate, squirting perfume in the theatre has not helped much.

It is, however, necessary to emphasize another psychological fact here.

We must not forget that of all the five senses, sight and hearing are used more than any of the others and that, in consequence, the centers in the brain which have to deal with sight and hearing are more highly sensitized and therefore much more capable of enjoyment in relation to seeing and hearing than are any of the other centers.

The Mammy Song Is a Kind of Grown-Up Lullaby

Most of us are primarily visualizers—that is, our minds can fashion sight images most readily.

Nevertheless, there are many of us whose imaginations are most easily stirred by sound, especially by music.

But when all of us can be stimulated both by seeing people and hearing them—which, in the last analysis is the way we come in contact with others every day of our lives—then the whole show appears so natural, so true, so faithful, that its effect upon us is like magic.

Exactly why some persons are affected more acutely and deeply by sound rather than by sight science does not know.

But you have probably had the experience of noting that musical sound affects the emotions almost wholly, while sight sets the intellectual processes like reasoning and judgment a-going and only to a lesser degree arouses the emotions.

To see a child in distress may upset us a great deal, but certainly not to the same extent as when we hear its plaintive cry for help.

It is plain, of course, that the talkie is now (Continued on page 114)

The mammy song makes a direct appeal, as exemplified by Al Jolson’s success. It has a definite psychological effect.
HERE IS YOUR GUIDE TO

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS—Fox

MAYBE you're prejudiced in favor of this comedy because of its star. We always have loved Will Rogers in pictures. He plays a small-town Oklahoman who strikes it rich in oil and is dragged to Paris by his wife, who hopes to capture a title and culture. Pike Peters' misery in a hired castle is something to remember. Be sure to read the whole story of "They Had To See Paris!" elsewhere in this issue. Will is a joy and little Eliot Dorsay makes a gay and naughty Parisienne, while Irene Rich, Mar- guerite Churchill and Ivan Lebedeff are effective. This is an all-talkie of Homer Croy's story.

THE VIRGINIAN—Paramount

MAYBE you read Owen Wister's fine romance of the cowboy from Dixie who faced many adventures in the pioneer West. Dustin Farnum played him on the stage and in the films. Now Gary Cooper does him splendidly in this all-talkie version. You'll love Gary as the strong, silent Virginian who has to fight a duel with a tough, cattle-stealing hombre on his wedding day. You'll like Mary Brian as the pretty school teacher from Vermont and you will long remember Richard Aten as the happy-go-lucky, ill-starred Steve, who slips from the path of honesty and hangs for it. A fine panorama of the West that was.

THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS—First National

SOMEWHERE in mid-Atlantic, where the ocean currents meet, is a vast sea of lost ships, the battered hulks of centuries, held together by seaweed and wreckage. Anyway, that's the film story. The huge floating island is peopled by the half-savage survivors of countless maritime disasters, captained by a brute. Three young people, sole survivors of a wreck, are dropped into the midst of this blood and cruelty. One is a handsome young chap wanted for murder. Another is a pretty girl. And the third is a detective. A fantastic story without probability, but highly interesting as a genuine screen novelty.

THE HOLLYWOOD REVUE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ALL the makers of movies are turning out musical revues. This has a shade on all the pictures of this type to date. There are eighteen musical numbers and you will find most of the Metro-Goldwyn stars and players—including Bessie Love, Marion Davies, Jack Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel and Joan Crawford—participating, some a bit scared, it is true. Still, they give a pretty good show on the whole, with hits going to little Miss Love and robust Marie Dressler, the last imported from the legitimate stage. You'll be singing the musical hits, which are "Singin' in the Rain" and "Your Mother and Mine."

DYNAMITE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE old box-office wizard, Cecil De Mille, has turned out an emotional hodge-podge in "Dynamite." If you believe that a young society girl, left millions by her dad on condition that she marry at once, will wed a condemned murderer on the eve of his official demise, you may be able to believe the rest. De Mille has crowded everything into this, including an anti-Volstead orgy, a new 1929 model bathtub, a new type of leading woman in smart Kay Johnson, and a new he-man in another newcomer, Charles Bickford. This has every known emotional trap with which to sway your feelings. Besides everything else, there's a sensational coal mine cave-in.
THE TRESPASSER—United Artists

AFTER a long absence from the screen, Gloria Swanson makes a splendid come-back in the sort of screen story she does best, dressed-up emotionalism. Not only does she make a come-back, but she scores remarkably in an all-talkie. And she sings, too. You'll be surprised—and no mistake—at her voice and her poise in this new chatter field of screen drama. The story of a pretty stenographer who wrecks her life by marrying a millionaire's son. When the marriage is annulled, she takes the easiest way of maintaining a lavish home for her baby boy. A sensational picture drama—and a new Gloria.

GOLD Diggers OF BROADWAY

Warner Brothers

SOME years ago David Belasco produced "The Gold Diggers." It then was a straight farce, sans music, of chorus girls and their taking ways. Ina Claire played the chief digger. The Warners have made the farce into a musical show—and a lively, jazzy one. You would hardly recognize the new piece as related to the old. Winnie Lightner contributes a lot of noisy comedy and Nick Lucas sings a great deal. Little Ann Pennington is wasted on a tiny bit. The color photography is well above the average in this film. Everybody works hard to put this across and very probably you will like it.

YOUNG NOWHERES—First National

The simple and sincere little story of an elevator boy and the slavvy who cleans up in the ornate apartment house in which the two work. Of their efforts to find a few moments of seclusion in a world jammed with millions of other young folk equally without home or money. Of their theft of an empty apartment for just one night of happiness. Tenderly told and beautifully acted. A picture you can take the whole family to see. Richard Barthelmess has been making tremendous strides in the talkies and here he gives another superb performance, possibly his best. Marion Nixon is excellent as the girl, too.

THE LADY LIES—Paramount

Your local censors may not let you see this. Based upon a daring Broadway play (that failed) by John Meehan, this turns out to be mature and sophisticated screen farce. What happens when a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Where will the carpet slippers reside? Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer who makes the wealthy corporation lawyer (Walter Huston) happy. A polite and genial inebriate, done by Charles Ruggles, is priceless. This film is only for those who can take their sophistication or let it alone. Not for the family.

THE AWFUL TRUTH—Pathé

Now that Ina Claire is Mrs. Jack Gilbert, this picture has doubled in stellar interest. It marks her talkie debut. True, Miss Claire has been in pictures before (silent ones) without attracting undue attention. It really requires a talking film to bring out the sparkling quality of her high comedy. Here is the story of two young people on the verge of divorce—and how they changed their minds. The scene in which the mind changing takes place is sprightly and piquant, to say the least. An intelligently acted comedy for grown-ups. Miss Claire is delightful.
ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW

DISRAELI—Warner Brothers

GEORGE ARLISS has been persuaded to jell into celluloid his famous characterization of Disraeli. This Vitaphone all-talkie adaptation is a literal transcription of Louis N. Parker’s play—and it is just a trifle old-fashioned. But Arliss gives his superb performance of the Jewish premier of England, who fought down prejudice at home and outwitted national enemies abroad. The film shows how he outmaneuvered Russia in getting possession of the Suez Canal and how he made Queen Victoria Empress of India. History is related pleasantly enough and the acting is good. “Disraeli” is an intelligent drama, tastefully done.

FROZEN JUSTICE—Fox

THIS is a novelty, since a lot of its action takes place in an Esquimaul chieftain’s icy retreat in the Arctic. Lenore Ulric returns to films to play the chief’s pampered pet, half white, half native. Later Lenore runs away and becomes the night club darling of Nome, during the gold rush. Here she sings the theme song, “Right Sort of Man.” This film has some fine Hollywood studio faking of the Arctic, for the company never left the Fox Ranch. All of which was hard on the fur-coated extras playing merry Esquimaux with the mercury at 110 degrees.

PAST LIFE—First National

WHILE this is another exposé of the so-called thoughtless jazz-mad young generation, it is far above its lurid title in melodramatic effectiveness. Moreover, it is splendidly acted by Loretta Young and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Doug, Jr., plays a young chap who is convicted of murder and who is sentenced to the chair. A whale of a lot of suspense is jammed into those last hours before the order of the court is to be carried out. Here Miss Young contributes some of the sincerest emotional work of the film year. She’ll move you to tears. Young Fairbanks does able work, too. This melodrama has quite a kick.

OUR MODERN MAIDENS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

LAST year “Our Dancing Daughters” was one of the film year’s riots. So the producers regathered the cast and did another epic of jazz and youth. The first made Joan Crawford a star. This continues her adventures as another daughter of wealth seeking romance and a new thrill. She marries the wrong man and nearly ruins her life. You will like Miss Crawford as the girl who has the gossips agog and young Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as the wrong chap. But you will find Rod La Rocque pretty wooden as the diplomat really loved by our super-modern maiden. Giddy, a little indiscreet, but not a talkie. All silent.

SUNNY SIDE UP—Fox

THE shy little Janet Gaynor sings and dances in this special musical production. Charles Farrell sings, too. But funny El Brendel runs away with the film as a dialect grocery store keeper on the East Side. Janet is a tenement girl who works in a department store. Farrell is the scion of a very wealthy family. Hurt in an automobile accident, Farrell falls in love with Janet without knowing it. He brings her to Southampton to do the song-and-dance specialty he saw her do during a block party. You must see the charity show done at Southampton. Boy! This production is excellent.
ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

HER PRIVATE AFFAIR—Pathé

A N N H AR D I N G ' S second talkie. This star from the stage made a highly effective début in "Paris Bound," but her follow-up film, an emotional story of Vienna, is not nearly as good. The star plays a neglected young matron who becomes involved in an affair with a rotter. She shoots him when he tries to blackmail her and ruin her husband. How she faces the consequences of her deed is the story. Miss Harding is beautiful and sympathetic, but the story doesn't hold. Harry Bannister, Miss Harding's husband in real life, is her husband in the film. Probably you will find this dull and not a little hectic.

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—United Artists

T H R E E British soldiers return to London to find that they have been officially declared dead. A stranger trio never assembled. One is a young fellow really belonging to the Peerage but shell-shocked out of his senses. The second is an American dodging the law at home. The third is a limey out of the Whitechapel alleys. The adventures of these three develop into a swell comedy. The three are well done by Claud Allister, Robert Montgomery and Charles McNaughton, while Beryl Mercer is matchless as the limey's mother. And Joan Bennett lends the right amount of romance. This story was done some years ago as a silent film.

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox

T H E first operetta to emerge from the talkie studios. Credited to Oscar Strauss, who did "The Chocolate Soldier," but mostly a Hollywood product. The romance of a Balkan prince and an American musical comedy actress playing in Vienna. They both end up in a California movie set, one a star and the other an out-of-a-job prince working as an extra. The story is thin and padded. J. Harold Murray and Norma Terris are the leading players, but the film is stolen by Walter Catlett. Hollywood has not yet learned how to do this sort of thing well.

THE UNHOLY NIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A BULLY mystery melodrama and the best of months. You never will guess the real murderer until the dénouement. The few surviving officers of a British regiment are being strangled, one by one, on the streets of London under cover of fog. Scotland Yard enters the case and stages a swell hunt. The Yard finally uses an Oriental seance and the murderer collapses. Here's where you will be surprised. A fine performance by Dorothy Sebastian and nice work by an excellent cast. Lionel Barrymore directed this all-talkie and all-screamee. The story is an original one by Ben Hecht. Chills for the whole family.

JEALOUSY—Paramount

A CHARMING young Parisienne decides to break off with her wealthy patron and to marry a poor artist. Here we see what comes of jealousy on the part of the penniless husband. Smartly directed (particularly the scenes in an elaborate Paris modiste shop), but the emotionalism never strikes fire. The ending is bad, too. This is a genuinely unsatisfactory picture—and not one for everyone. Although Jeanne Eagels plays the girl, Halliwell Hobbes is the best of the cast as the mellow old spider who gets what he wants. This is the last film made by Miss Eagels before her death.
By Homer Croy

Picture by Herb Roth

WE HAVE WITH US
Ladies and gentlemen, I have the pleasure of presenting to you this evening none other than Buddy Rogers. Buddy was born in Olathe, Kansas, August 16th, 1904. His father and mother both being at home at the time. He lived quietly at home the first few years of his life and then slipped and took up trombone playing. He played the trombone in Olathe for seven years, but still has many friends there and can go back home whenever he wishes. Outside of his trombone playing, he has lived an exemplary life and is highly esteemed by all. He entered the University of Kansas, but said nothing about being addicted to the trombone and the authorities let him stay three years without molesting him. Then after studying music for four years he took a carload of mules to Barcelona, Spain. One evening, during the trip over, he got out his trombone and started to play. Two able-bodied men were hurt trying to quiet the animals.

Buddy got his name from his baby sister who struggled with the word "brother" but was not quite able to make it. The only times the name Charles, really his first name, was ever used after his christening was on his high school diploma, and on his Paramount contract. One time his father got a telegram addressed to "Charles Rogers, Olathe, Kansas" and sent it to a cousin in the country by that name.

In Hollywood, Buddy boards with Dean Boggs, an old college friend of his. He pays $16 a week and for this he gets his board, his room, garage space and a kennel for his police dog. Dean had 6,666 requests to take in other boarders.

Buddy is a member of the Psi Psi fraternity, although in other ways he has lived a model life. 200 fan letters a month. How much longer Buddy will be unmarried, no one knows.

RUDY VALLEE. Sitting down here at this end of the table I see none other than Rudy Vallee, and so I'll tell you a little about him.

Rudy is the only one we have with us tonight who came into the world without costing his parents anything. All it cost his father was setting up the cigars to the boys down at the Owl Drug Store, for Rudy's pa is a doctor. The town was Westbrook, Maine, and the time, girls, was twenty-six years ago.

The name they gave him was not Rudy, but Hubert Prior Vallee, honestly.

Hubert Prior's first job, away from home, was as chief electrician in the Strand Theatre in Portland, Maine. And a fine earnest electrician he was, too, and everybody prophesied a brilliant career for him and then he slipped. In the theatre was an orchestra, and in the orchestra was a saxophonist and one day this man, who shall be nameless, loaned Hubert Prior a C melody saxophone. The man is now at large, no doubt tempting other promising young

(Continued on page 120)
Alice White, who is in her middle twenties, was born in Paterson, N. J. Her mother was a chorus girl. Alice was raised by her grandparents. She attended school in East Orange and Paterson, and later in New Haven, Conn. Then she moved to California with her grandparents. She took a secretarial course at the Hollywood High School and next invaded the studios via stenography. Across the page you can read how she fought her way to stardom.
NOT more than a year ago Alice White was one of the most thoroughly hated young things in Hollywood.

Today she is its greatest potential star, its favorite jazz baby. They call her "The Huntress of Hollywood" and since "Show Girl" she is the girl they are placing their bets on.

Between those two times there lies a long, strange interlude and the story of a girl who, by daring to be herself, beat the hardest game in the world.

Even a year ago First National Pictures had a long list of stars on its roster. Milton Sills, Harry Langdon, Doris Kenyon, Colleen Moore, Richard Barthelmess, Corinne Griffith were among them.

This year First National has only four stars, Miss Griffith, Billie Dove, Mr. Barthelmess, and Alice White. And if a struggle were to come between the long-established, poised and beautiful Corinne Griffith and the new, raw, yellow-haired White girl, I'd wager on Alice.

Now when an unknown girl goes to Hollywood and tries breaking into the movies, the chances are, literally, one to eight thousand that she won't land as much as a single day's extra work.

But if she does, and if her luck holds, and she gets parts and is good in them, and doesn't siss directors, and keeps on the right side of the right people, and knows how to behave, and has a good manager to mind her own business for her—if she does all these things and a lot more, then her chances are one in 5,000 of becoming a star.

The point about Alice White is that she never was an extra girl. That she has sassed every director she ever worked for. That she has consistently and with a kind of genius managed to get on the wrong side of both the wrong and the right people. That she has broken into the newspapers several times, with romantic elopements that came to naught.

BUT—the kid is a star. Nobody meant her to be a star. Nobody—that is, nobody in Hollywood—wanted her to be a star. But star she is. And why?

The answer lies in the box-office. Alice is a star because the public wants her. For myself, I believe the public wants Alice because it sees in her what the camera sees, something untamed but very real, something that is all hungry fire and flame, simplicity and yearning rolled together in a provocative little face and a body as seductive as summer twilight.

Her rise is Cinderella stuff.

She had, very casually, a mother and father. Her mother was a chorus girl, but Alice doesn't remember her particularly. Her grandparents brought her up. They felt the call of the West and, parking Alice in school, trekked to Hollywood. Alice, not having much of a yen for school at any time, tagged them out. She took a secretarial course at the Hollywood High School and then started working.

If any girl has had more jobs than Alice did before she found herself, I don't want to hear about her. It would make me weep. You can read the list of Alice's jobs and weep. Or you can read them and read something more—a story of grit, determination, and too much sex appeal.

Her first position was with a realtor. But he had a wife. The wife didn't like the way Alice used her eyes. So Alice found a place with Billy Joy, Leatrice's brother. That didn't last. Alice—she was called Alva then—became switchboard operator at the Hollywood Writers' Club. She left because a couple of members' wives thought she was after their husbands. "You should
The Road from Switchboard Operator to Stardom

Within a short time Alice White was script girl, stenographer and correspondence school clerk. Then she tried acting. When Alice got the breaks, she didn't keep them. Now she's a star—and Hollywood's hardest working one.

have seen those husbands,” says Alice with a smile.

She entered the publicity department of United Artists and shortly thereafter they discovered, oh, horrors, that she lacked dignity. So she entered another studio as a script girl. But while at that somebody thought she would make a swell South Sea maiden in a new film. Alice dropped her script for a grass skirt and screened with the glory of a canceled stamp. So she was out of both jobs. She went clerk at Universal, addressed envelopes for a Hollywood correspondence school, landed back in the movie world at Chaplin's, holding script again.

Some girls—most girls—would have been subdued by then. But Alice wasn't. She was a good script girl and the Chaplin studio, being a somewhat mad place, anyhow, kept her on till a camera man made a test of her. It was a terrible test, but Alice took it to Universal when she heard they were casting "The Collegians" and needed a flaming flapper. She didn't get the part and worry reduced her twenty pounds. Then Paramount sent for her. They were having a lot of trouble with Clara Bow and they told Alice that they hoped to make a second Clara of her.

"Second nothing," said Alice, and hied her to First National. But she was wise enough to know that her merely being sent for meant the break was coming her way.

First National, in a rash moment, signed her to play opposite Milton Sills in "The Sea Tiger." Sills was a big star and Alice was a very inexperienced leading woman. So instead of being meek and polite, Alice fought with the star every foot of the film. By the time the picture was finished Sills wished Alice was just a face on the cutting room floor and Alice was calling him "the big brained boy."

In the interests of peace, First Na-

The chances in Hollywood are one to 8000 against an unknown breaking into the movies. Alice White is the lucky one.
One of the vagabond beauties of "The Vagabond King," being filmed by Paramount at a cost exceeding a million dollars. The gypsy girl is Kitty Menge. Dennis King stars as Francois Villon, poet and adventurer, and Jeanette MacDonald appears as Katherine. O. P. Heggie is King Louis XI. It is to Katherine that Villon sighs: "Love is eternal! You have given me a greater thing than life—and I am content to die."
LETTERS of a Property

By Herbert L. Stephen

What happened when the Universeart Film Company needed a baby in a hurry

Drawings by Herb Roth

Mortgage Manor, Wells, Maine, September 24, 1929.

Dear Bitter Half:

Geez what a wide spot in the macadam for a location. And what a bunch of pumpkin rollers live in this neck of the stern and rockbound coast. All of 'em, so they warble, are direct descendants of the originators of that gag "my family came over in the Mayflower." There wasn't no immigration laws then.

The only smile in this stone festered land is the grin on the map of the papoose I did a Paul Revere for. Say, thoughtless, that baby's smile is worth a million though its squeaker is blotto for the chattering tintypes. Every time the little devil springs one of those cloud chasers the whole gang of hard-boiled hams nearly smother it trying to crash the gate on a preview of his dental equipment.

The gloom chaser of that pride of some Maniac family reminds me of the time Joe Murray had to do a search and seizure on a squalling chedd for old man Farnham. It was back in the good old days before the would- bees of today could say "I knew him when" and then ramble all over the speakeasy telling how great they are. It was out where the sun shines except in unusual weather. Them was the days when silver dollars was the one thing that the studios did not have much of. They had lots of promises though. The Western Union declared an extra dividend on the nightly wails for succor from Hollywood to the boys with the big ideas and little cash in the city they've never completed. I was ruining, to hear the boss tell it, the Universeart Company. Generous? they was all them. I got twenty of those round babies ever Tuesday if I could ankle to the emporium of loans and deposits ahead of the rest of the mob with the checks they had so kindly passed out the Friday night before.

But I didn't set in on the baby story. The disturbance all got the gun when Blinnstein, the general manager, tied a guy by the monicker of Joe Murray to the feed and flop list. Joe was to do props for old Milt Farnham and when he was loafing was to be some sort of assistant director too. Joe had a rep that was hard to overtake let alone equal. We all tried it but so far as I know Joe got all the dressing and the turkey while we poor thinkwells got just the leavings and sometimes not that.

Joe ran all of his relations onto the payroll as hams and atmosphere. Methusaleh couldn't have had more en famille than that promoter. Why, he even claimed that one of the Hopi Indian boys was some distant kin, but that was so Poor Lo could get a drink at the bar near the Los Angeles police station.

At any rate old Blinnstein finally gets fed up on the racket and posts up a notice reading, no more family in pictures made on that lot. Everyone gives the notice the up and down and wept real tears, not nice glycerine ones like the leading ladies do. Another source of income shot. That family racket was good to Joe. It declared dividends at the rate of two bucks to Joe out of every finif any of them pried out of the till for a day's appearance. And those extras got their dough.

Finally, old Blinnstein gets fed up on the relative racket and posts up a notice reading, no more family in pictures made on this lot. Everyone gives the notice the up and down and wept real tears, not nice glycerine ones like the leading ladies do.
in real hard cash, while Joe used to get those put and take checks. They stayed put (in our pockets) oftener than they were on the take list of the village cash register ringers.

Well anyway. Farnham had to have a baby for just one short scene. Of course that would be Tuesday, the day the dinero for the checks arrived at the palace of frozen faced bankers. Joe used to beat it for the bank just at 11 A. M. so as to be the first in line when the telegraph company delivered the weekly message of good cheer. If you missed that line you were just out of spondoolix for the week, that was just too bad.

"Get me a baby for this scene and darn pronto" was the orders. Every day in the year, but that one, there would have been a whole nursery full of mothers at the gate all but knocking it down to get their future Wally Kerrigan or Mabel Normand into the sliding tintypes.

Joe gave the yard the searching look, not a baby in the lot except one that Joe had used once before as his sister's. That she was out, the orders were against it. So down the boulevard Joe rambles. He rattles his hocks up to the Famous lot, not a baby in sight. He pinches a trolley ride to Griffith's and still no crying hopeful. Back he goes to the corner of Cahuenga and Hollywood. The bank is on the corner, and the do re mi is due there in about half an hour. Joe's landlady had been accepting alibi number ten in place of cash for a month. She was getting up a head of steam for the old vacuum cleaner to work if Joe didn't produce this payday.

Joe trusted one eye for a look-see around the corner. Right in front of the green goods grocer was a baby in his carriage. Never mind how Joe knew it was a he, stupid. Joe asked Fritz the grocer who the proud mother was. Fritz didn't know. Joe tried the saw bones in the butcher shop, still he was in no answer land. He tried all the joints on the block without a tumble as to who claimed the parentage of the new necessary child.

Firmly grasping the parallel rod that governs the speed and direction of the baby carriage Joe made what is written in the scripts as a hasty exit down a nearby alley and then to the studio. He forgot to tell Farnham how he had lassoed the young maverick, all he said was "please hurry the scene." Farnham obliged in his usual manner. It took nearly an hour to get the youngster to squall. But Farnham liked the way the baby had acted for him so he pinned an envelope on its bib when he was through with it. That envelope was filled with five round iron men. And three smackers was a heap of dough for a baby in those days.

Again climbing into the driver's seat Joe gave the carriage the gun and chauffeured it up through the back streets and alleys until he was able to park it in a doorway a few feet from the food foundry where he had taken it from. Leaning over the defenseless infant Joe might have been planting a kiss on the boy's forehead. But he didn't—he opened that envelope and subtracted two of those nice round bits of metal. Wasn't three dollars the usual pay?—the company wasn't going to get gypped with Joe around.

Sauntering slowly across the street Joe found that he was as he had expected—too previous by a week. The money for the checks had come and went. His check was good if he could find some (Continued on page 115)
The New Movie Magazine’s selection for admiral of the Hollywood Navy: Sally Blane. Miss Blane, who was a Wampas Baby Star not so long ago, is with Radio Pictures.
A modern maiden and a dancing daughter: Anita Page. Miss Page next will be seen in the sequel of the two famous flapper epics and it will be called "Our Blushing Brides." Before that, however, you will see her in "Navy Blues," opposite William Haines. Miss Page, whose real name is Anita Pomeres, was born on Long Island.
HELEN KANE, a little New York girl in her first hair ribbons, sang “Boop boop de doop” to her first doll. * * * She became the terror of her neighborhood in the Bronx, and particularly to the wearers of plug hats. * * * Then came her first heart trouble, but both she and Jack Oakie recovered. They are still good pals and will be seen together in “Sweetie,” a college life musical comedy. * * * Helen reached the bright lights and stardom with its glad clothes in the Broadway show, “Good Boy.” * * * Mr. Victor had her make a lot of records. Almost every phonograph in the country has played “Boop boop de doop.” * * * Finally the movies got her. She first appeared in “Nothing but the Truth.” She is playing in “Sweetie” and “Pointed Heels” and there are a lot more to come.
The Missus: JOAN CRAWFORD
The Missus: INA CLAIRE
The Mister: JOHN GILBERT
The Mister: KING VIDOR
The Missus: ELEANOR BOARDMAN
A few months ago Clara Bow announced her engagement. Which wasn't exactly news. In fact, it was so little real news that the only angle of interest, as far as the press was concerned, was the man involved. The man of the engagement was Harry Richman, a curly-haired song and dance boy from Broadway, but recently arrived in Hollywood to make his first talkie.

It was summer in Hollywood and for a time the engagement looked as real as the ten-thousand-dollar people fall in love time after time, but Clara had slipped on Clark's perfect finger. For a time there were moonlight and roses, kisses and caresses, tête-à-têtes and love avowals, all conveniently within camera range.

It was all very wonderful, marvelous, and amorous. And it was all very swell publicity for its principals. Then one morning, not so long ago, newspapers throughout the country carried first-page yarns to the effect that Harry and Clara weren't engaged after all; that it had all been a publicity plant in the first place; and that Clara's heart interest was somewhere else again.

Now the men in Clara Bow's engagements are never very important—not any more of importance than the men in Peggy Hopkins Joyce's marriages, for instance. Clara has been engaged to Gilbert Roland, Victor Fleming, Robert Savage, Gary Cooper, and several others. Not to mention the more recent Harry Richman.

And each time it has seemed as though, just after the announcement of the engagement, Clara's heart interest has been somewhere else again.

Clara's beaux and Cupid's bow. Why can't Clara, the "IT" girl of the screen, the girl who most perfectly typifies flaming youth and fierce desire, why can't Clara Bow stay in love?

To any one who knows her—restless, discontented, lonely as only the empty in heart are lonely—there cannot be the faintest doubt that Clara wants to be in love; that, even, she wants to marry and have children.

Many men have loved her. Obviously she could have married any number of times. Girls as gifted with beauty, youth, and fortune as Clara are very rare, indeed, and such girls are born for romance.

Yet, seemingly, Clara, who wants love so much, is afraid of it. Plainly, she runs away from romance when she discovers it near her.

A learned psychologist would remark that many people fall in love time after time, but if the psychologist were true to his teachings, he would point out that such people always fall in love with the same type.

No group could be more varied than the group Clara has fallen for. Gilbert Roland is a Mexican, darkly romantic, fiercely jealous, eager and handsome. Victor Fleming is sandy-haired, plain, but most amusing, and many years Clara's senior. Robert Savage, who burned up a lot of Hollywood Boulevard with his father's money, is just the usual rich man's son. Gary Cooper was newly come down from the hills when Clara met him, a tall, rangy, laconic youth. Harry Richman is typically Broadway, dark, suave, a wise guy, flashy and smart.

Those five men of totally different temperament are
For All Her Reported Engagements, She Hasn’t Found the Right Man.

The Bows only had a little two-room flat. Clara’s father didn’t get the breaks. Her mother was in broken health and given to terrible fits of coughing. Money was very scarce.

It was probably during that time that Clara adopted the mask she still wears today. It was probably then that she first learned you can laugh and make the world laugh with you while fear and loneliness are gnawing at your heart.

Certainly the little red-head went through more emotions before the age of twelve than most of us experience in an entire existence.

As a child she discovered movies and through them, beauty. And it was the movies themselves, as you know, that gave her the daring idea of entering her photograph in a contest that a screen magazine was running.

Robert Bow was the spoiled younger son of an average American family. Born and brought up close to each other in the same farming district of New York State, the girl Robert Bow married was more taught to seek the finer things of life.

They had two babies, both girls, one who lived for an hour and one who lived for a day, before Clara, who was to bring them fame, came along.

The little family moved to Brooklyn and on the pavements of that city, Clara fought her way up. She was always a tomboy.

Life even then had made her too hard to leave her adaptable to the silly pretentions of most girls. She went with boys and tried to be one of them.

And while she tried to be the gayest of the gay, the cutest kid of the lot, her home life was as drab as anything in a Russian novel.

The pictures at the left and above show Clara Bow as she was when she first came to pictures, a life embittered little girl.

She won the magazine contest. The judges were famous artists, Howard Chandler Christie, Harrison Fisher, and Neysa McMein. It was probably those judges who saved her and gave her to the movie fans of today. For the artist sees deeper than the average eye and those three sane

(Continued on page 122)
Jeanette MacDonald interprets the Spirit of the Dance. Miss MacDonald played opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade" and more recently she has appeared as Dennis King's leading woman in the all-color song romance, "The Vagabond King."

Nancy Carroll has been winning new honors steadily in the talkies. In the new picture, "The Flesh of Eve," she gives another piquant performance. At the right, you see Nancy as the heroine, Alma.
Clara Bow wearing her new anklet of thirty-four blue-white diamonds set in platinum, also a close-up of the anklet itself. No, it was not a present from an admirer. The little star gave it to herself on her birthday.

Jean Arthur snaps her fingers at the new styles in longer frocks and new waist-lines. Here you find Jean's idea of an evening gown. She has our vote.

If you liked Beryl Mercer in "Three Live Ghosts," (and no doubt you did,) you will watch for her in the forthcoming film, "Medals." Gary Cooper is the cute Highlander in the film.
My, how they love voices in Hollywood these days! Jack Oakie, who now is approaching stardom with Paramount, is listening in on New York. You'll next see Oakie in the collegiate musical comedy, "Sweetie!"

At the right, Marion Schilling, of the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, presents the newest in sleeping garments. Yes, they're pajamas. Fashioned of Celenee silk in an over-blouse style with pajama trousers ending at the knees.

Greta Garbo and Conrad Nagel in a close-up scene of "The Kiss." The intent gentleman close by is Jacques Feyder, the French director, who is making the picture.
Kay Francis, who rapidly is acquiring the reputation of being the best dressed gal in Hollywood, presents the newest in beach attire. You will be able to glimpse this seaside suit in the coming Paramount film, “The Children.”

Yes, there still are cowboy stars! Hoot Gibson can now be heard and seen in his Western films. The first of these talkies of the plains is “The Long, Long Trail.”

John Boles, the new film idol, autographing a portrait for an admirer. You will next see Boles in a romantic song film of the French Revolution, which may or may not be called “La Marseillaise.”
“Hold everything! Lock those doors, Walter! Let no one off this set! I’ll take charge here!”

Instantly Kennedy was by the side of Velva Lavelle, the famous star of the musical movies, bending down where she had pitched forward over a café table in the set, a thin trickle of blood slowly spreading like spilled claret over the table from the head now motionless against the arm outstretched with fingers wildly apart as if grasping for safety in the thin air.

“She clean through the frontal bone—out at the base of the brain—death practically instantaneous,” he muttered. “Here, get back there, you people. Hold everything. I say! McCoy, take your still camera. Shoot a still from this angle—then another from that. They’ll be invaluable to the police. Let me have that script, the scene plot, everything—yes—where’s that musical score? Thanks, Fallon. From the door where you are, Walter, how about the angles for a shot? Was it possible to strike Miss Lavelle from outside? No? I thought not! Then the shot must have come from inside—and no one’s had a chance to get away—unless it was someone just entering. Inside the door. You’ve called the police and an ambulance over the studio telephone extension here. Walter, Victor, just drop that white drape over her body, now. There, now I’m ready to begin!”

Before the big double door of the sound-proof stage at this corner of the Liberty Pictures Studio a frightened little chorus girl stared wide-eyed at me.

“Wh-what’ll they do, Mr. Jameson—with the picture almost finished—and the star—dead!”

I did not answer. It was just one of those strange twists the mind takes in the tenseness of a big scene that has been overlaid with a real tragedy, too. It was not heartlessness. What could be done—about anything? Apparently only Kennedy knew and in the welter of consternation he dominated.

Velva Lavelle, the idol of the talking movie fans, who had made such a hit the previous season in “The Younger Generation,” had come back to the pictures and was in a musical movie, “Bits of Old Broadway.” It happened that this day they were taking scenes from “Floradora” in the life of Old Broadway. Craig and I were visiting the Liberty Sound Studio, he because they were trying out on the experimental stage an invention of his own which he called the Phonoptic System, synchronizing the movie film with the record on a teleregram, and I because I had sold the picture rights to a story, “Synchronized Murder,” which had just about been completed.

It may be unnecessary to remind the talkie fans, although I am going to do it, that Velva had married Frank Fallon, a dancing man of the legitimate stage, who also had some facility with the piano and jazz. Financial backers had set Velva up with a night club, the El Velva Club, which she now owned, but Frank ran. I do not think I shall be subject to an action for slander when I say that Fallon was really nothing more than a super-gigolo, a smooth racketeer. At any rate, it was not long before they separated. Frank was still running the Club, but Velva really owned it. It was a valuable venture, especially so at this time because of a contract that had just been made with a little dancer and entertainer, Fay Warren, who was beginning to get over with the public and was clearly on the up and up.
New Craig Kennedy story of a weird murder plot in a motion picture studio

What had attracted both Kennedy and me as much as anything else was that there were two big sets being worked on in the picture, although of course there were other sets in the studio at the time. One of these sets was of the old Casino Theatre stage and an angle of the theatre for the Floradora sextette scenes and other action. The other big set was of the old café, Martin's.

At the risk of having it set down as an author's pride or even self-advertisement I may say again that among the other sound pictures in the big studio was mine, just about finished, "The Synchronized Murder." This, briefly, was a story with a robot in it. All the principal scenes had been shot and recorded and the robot, something like the Televox that had attracted a great deal of attention the year before, was standing on the studio floor to one side of the Café Martin set, waiting for possible re-takes before "he" was carted away by the owners, the Eastinghouse Company.

Now that I have that out of my system, I must come back to the Café Martin scene which had attracted Craig and me.

"We've carefully edited this script to conform with censorship," Van Hise, the scenarist, had told us while the action was being rehearsed and the lines of the dialogue polished a bit, the music toned up, the cameras set and the microphones tested out by the "monitor," a new official whom sound had introduced along with many others into the taking of pictures.

"We have Velva playing 'Barbara Brooks,' who, you recall, was one of the original sextette. You know there was murder and sex tragedy that followed pretty nearly all of them, like a jinx, Nan Patterson and Caesar Young, Evelyn Nesbit, and the rest. That's our theme. And Grant Asche, whom the director of this motion picture movie of ours, is playing 'Douglas Gerard,' the famous architect who was so scandalously enamored of Barbara."

The action of the scene as Kennedy and I had been admitted to the sound-proof stage had been luridly reminiscent. "Barbara" and "Gerard" were together at a table at old Martin's and I marvelled at the fidelity of the reproduction down to the almost Parisian invasion of the sidewalk of Fifth Avenue. "Tony Dunn," the jealous, wealthy stage-door Johnny who had married Barbara, enters and, finding the two, pulls a gun, convinced that the old intimacy of the architect and his model has been revived.

For censorship purposes, a moment of darkness had been written into the script and accounted for cleverly in order to cover the firing of the fatal shot—then lights up and "Douglas Gerard" is to be discovered dead over the table with "Barbara" screaming hysterically as "Tony" is seized. That was the action of the script. For the sound accompaniment music, with "Floradora" as the theme had been arranged. This music was to continue during the moment of darkness, also, punctuated by a scream and an oath, with the sounds of a scuffle.

It all always interests me, for in the making of a talking picture there is not only the skill of the author, the adapter and scenarist, but also of the designer of sets, of costumes, the research director as well as the art director and "tech," the camera man, the lighting expert, and the final contributions of the cast.

So, too, once one passes into the studio and the door closes one is assailed as it were by the sensation of being cut off from the outside world. Emotionally the great sign over the door, "Silence," fairly screams at you.

The door is closed after you and you find yourself in a room where height seems limitless. People are bustling about and talking, but there

"Hold everything! Lock those doors! Let no one off the set!" Velva Lovelle, the beautiful sound film star, had been murdered.
is a strangeness about it all. Noises reach you that are sharp and clear, but they seem to die away instantly. There is no reverberation, no echo. When you speak you feel a strange sensation of loneliness because your words vanish so quickly. Your syllables seem to decay, It is nothing like the old silent movie studio. The reason is obvious. Your voice is yours only when you are speaking. When you finish, your sound waves must not conflict with those of the next speaker. The science of acoustics has married the science of light. The offspring is a new art.

There was something fascinating to me about this scene as I had seen it played, as about every scene. It is silent drama. It is dialogue drama. And it is something indefinably more, something new that we don't thoroughly understand yet.

All was life and gaiety, as of twenty-five years ago in old Martin's with the night life of those who still knew how to drain life's cup deeply without the illusion that living fast is living much. "Tony" made his entrance. The music was jazzed to comport with the third rather than the first decade of the century. Consternation was depicted by the revelers who saw impending tragedy in the almost paranoic face of young "Tony." Then followed the moment of darkness conceded now to sophisticated reform. The note of menace in the lihting lines that once had been Sullivan's, the variations of the "Tell, me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you," had interpolated a series of notes—de-dum-de-da—which I cannot reproduce in words other than those symbols. The music was to be punctuated in the darkness by a shot, as per the script.

A scream from Velva was to follow the shot.

It did.

Sharp, staccato, terror-stricken Velva's scream—cut short, and not by any acoustic decay. This was something—real!

There was an oath from Asche, who should have been silent.

"Lights!" yelled someone, regardless of microphones.

Kliegs and arcs and spots flashed up. I blinked and gasped. There was Velva Lavelle, dead in her chair, lying over the table, dead in fact, where Asche should have been dead in the story.

"Get a doctor—quick!" Grant Asche was trembling like a leaf, with a pallor that seemed to show through even his yellow make-up and a stare in his mascara-ed eyes that would have done credit to Lon Chaney. "My God—she's dead!"

My own newspaper instinct prompted me to grab the telephone extension to the set. I was giving the number of the "star" when Kennedy changed my call to one for an ambulance and the police. The next I knew I was over at the door, guardian of a murder mystery in our midst, yet as baffling as if we had been a thousand miles away when it happened.

Craig, with Victor, one of the studio hands, was draw-
ing the white drape over the body when his eye caught a corner of paper shoved in the bodice of Velva's dress. He drew forth a crumpled note that had been hastily stuffed there. He looked at it, and read:

"Velva, dear,—Thanks for being a real sport! When you finish here at the studio I will meet you at the Club. I'm planning one of our old-time love parties tonight to celebrate our reconciliation. xxoxo (Kisses) Frank."

"How about this, Fallon?" Craig still holding the note turned to the dancing man who had been at the piano with the fiddles and the drum engaged in rendering the sound accompaniment.

"It's true, Mr. Kennedy," nodded Fallon with a Started smile, "I'd just been playing the drums. We were going to announce it tonight—and now—" He seemed to choke off the rest, with suppressed emotion, an ominous scowl on his face.

Craig turned just in time to catch an interchange of hatred in a flash of looks between Fallon and Asche, who now was getting a grip on his nerves again.

Kennedy said nothing for a moment as he watched the two faces narrowly. This was noteworthy and I knew it. We had been attracted to watching the taking of this scene particularly by reason of the gossip of the studio.

"All through this picture," whispered Van Hise to me, "Asche has been overplaying his love scenes with Velva. You know I told Kennedy about that, and how she wasn't checking him, either!"

"I thought Fallon was putting his whole ability, everything he had, into the drums. We were going to announce it tonight—and now—!" He seemed to choke off the rest, with suppressed emotion, an ominous scowl on his face.

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let a half-styled whirl of surprise escape his lips. "On the Portland Theatre stationery were the words: 'We have the best. '/

"And Bugs, in this vaudeville engagement in a movie-plex pit into which my husband has shipped me to get me out of the way of his love-making with the star of his musical movie. Keep me posted. I might run in some time unexpectedly between shows . . . By God, Barnes, I'm going to turn off the lights and see what that fan Bugs's feelings to a white heat. He was just an electrician, but how proud he was of his sister and her stage ability!"

"Is that so?" considered Kennedy, his eye mechanically traveling back to the as yet unexplained seventh page. "Now, perhaps there is no possibility unconsidered. Let's suppose someone entered the double doors, fired the shot and disappeared immediately. Where could that person have disappeared? Walter, is there any other exit out there besides the main studio floor? Walter, was there a call waiting to be answered because I had been studying a rapid-fire change on Bugs Gillen's face as Craig was speaking. First, I should have said, of relief that Kennedy's attention was directed elsewhere, then suddenly of renewed concern by reason of an unexpected new direction. I caught myself, looked up and down the other side of the door.

"Yes, Craig. There seems to be a big double door leading outside, I imagine to the street."

"It's how we deliver large props and such things to the studio from trucks at this end," explained Van Hise. Without a word the Kennedy passed out and down toward the two huge fire-proof doors. He swung the open doors closed behind him, took a slow, deep breath, turned and started to walk back.

My curiosity was too great for me. I closed the doors I was guarding, confident that nothing would go on inside that would not be duly reported by others while Kennedy's back was turned. There was a perhaps four-foot straight drop to the sidewalk so that trucks might be driven up and unloaded. By the time I came to the edge Kennedy had vaulted down there, bringing herself by the wall, in intense pain, was Dell Gillen, in costume and make-up!

"I'm afraid you've broken a bone in your ankle, Mrs. Asche," Kennedy was saying. "Here, Walter, let me help her up there to you. We'll carry her to a chair and have a doctor make sure."

Craig had picked the little woman up and lifted her to me. Then together we made a basket seat with our hands and carried her down the corridor, in spite of her protests that she was all right.

"Oh, she was merely the right size," Kennedy said. "Her leg was 'dum-de-da-do.' "

"That's right," I answered. "She was in my right spot, I was in hers, and she was in my right spot. Not at that time! I could not run out on the double doors. I saw these. I thought of the street and the taxi waiting for me around the corner. I didn't know the doors were not on the sidewalk level. I fell and the doors closed automatically. I was afraid to scream for help and I walked away. Oh, Mr. Kennedy, you know I want to tell you the truth! Just put yourself in my place. Wouldn't any girl do the same?"

"It sounds logical," was the only comment Craig would make. "By the way, Walter, while you deserted your post I see an ambulance surgeon and a policeman have arrived. Have the surgeon look at Mrs. Asche's foot. I know it will be first and I had her come up and frisk them. The weapon must be in this room!"

Roundsmen Reilly was lining them up as Kennedy singled out Ben Barnes who was playing "Tony Dunn."

"Of course, he had a gat," he said. "It was part of the act!"

Reilly patted him all over. "He ain't got none now."

"Where is it, Barnes?"

"Over in that pile of curtains. I flung it there. I didn't get a chance to shoot in the play. Mr. Kennedy, so help me!"

Kennedy turned over the pile of cloth gingerly, saw the gun, and held it up gingerly between two of the curtains, careful as he could be to leave intact any finger-prints.

"I'll hand it over in a moment, Officer, if you'll take as good care of it as I tell you. Just a second until I see if I can break it and get a squint down the barrel . . . Dirty with powder grains, Barnes. You didn't have a chance to clean it, did you?"

"Certainly not. I used it twice in rehearsal. But not in the real scene, yet. I was going to clean it after we finished."

"I see."

There was a hike in the tenseness of the studio, an intensity that caused me to follow the direction of the eyes of the cast and the spectators.

"What about him?" Officer Reilly's face was a puzzle. "That tin man, over there? Shall I frisk him?"

I followed the direction of Reilly's thumb-wag. It was directed at my robot, the most helpless villain I think I had ever written into a picture. A child with his little finger might have toppled the "tin man," as Reilly named him, over.

"I'm coming to him, next," smiled Kennedy. "Mr. Asche!"

"Yes, Mr. Kennedy."

"Alibi your tin man before Officer Reilly snaps the bracelets on him and sends him to the Tombs, or the Eastinghousel Company may have to get habeas corpus writ for Walter's villain!"

"I'll explain it, the best I can, although I am no electrician," replied Asche as together they walked across the Café Martin set to the robot that was standing in off a corner. Asche opened up a part of the mechanical man, displaying a complicated set of coils and levers. "Practically I can't say that I understand it," he said. "Theoretically, however, I do. Of course you know as well as I do—perhaps better than I do—that these robots are nothing but electrical machines that are set in motion, actuated, as a result of various electrical contacts that are made because of sound relays. That is to say, certain sounds acting on a diaphragm cause certain electrical connections to be made. Then certain acts for which the robot is tuned up are performed. It's a new idea, in a way. It's as old as the Arabian Nights and 'Open Sesame.'"

"Yes," agreed Kennedy, "I understand. Now, for instance, just what were the mechanical actions which this robot was tuned up to do electrically, and what are the series of notes which must be sounded to start it?"

"This is tremendously interesting to me," replied Kennedy. "I have a good idea in putting it in his story. Tell us how it works."

"Well, I'm not so sure that I can, without an expert electrician on the job. Now, for instance, as you ask, think I had even written into a picture that was written into 'The Synchronized Murder' picture that has just been taken. Briefly, this action involved the shooting of a gun at the notes 'dum-de-da-do.' Those notes in that series affected the electric sound relay and caused this robot to raise his arm just so far by means of a motor mechanism then set in motion and to discharge his gun, pointing it at a fixed point. That was the nub of the story. Other sequences of notes, three of them, caused three other simple actions. Any different notes would leave the robot utterly unaffected. Nothing would happen."

"Asche was looking about carefully. "What's the matter?" asked Kennedy. "Is anything wrong?"

He shrugged. "I moved this robot over here myself after we were through with it. It was my impression it was facing to the left of the set as I left it, not directly at it, as it is now. I think someone has been monkeying with the robot, has turned it slightly. I report it."

"Let's see it work, then."

"They find they work best with notes on a pitch pipe or a piano rather than the human voice. The quality of voices is so different. He walked across the set to the piano which had been in use for the Floradoa accompaniment. "In the picture we just shot we used
While the microscope was being brought down, Kenneoy found a cartridge, inserted it in the gun and fired it into a huge bag of cotton waste that he prepared

these notes on the piano."

Asche struck the notes—"dum-de-da-da"—on the piano. The attention of everyone now was tense. Nothing happened. "Well, anyhow, that is how it ought to work. But it's out of order, I guess."

"Is there anybody here can fix it?" interrupted Reilly.

"Mr. Kenney!" It was Bugs Gillen, with Van Hise.

"Everybody here seems to be helping you," remarked Gillen. "Of course that 'Tony Dunn' gat should have been loaded with blanks. But maybe it was loaded with just one shell with a bullet."

"Yes," completed Van Hise. "Here's an exploded and ejected shell that we just picked up on the floor. I don't know whether it may suggest something to you."

Kennedy took it, held it in his hand a moment, considering, as his eye rested thoughtfully on the 'Tony Dunn' gun where it was placed by Reilly for safe-keeping.

He turned to the ambulance surgeon. "Doctor, you see how the bullet traveled. Let us see if we can locate it."

In the white pine of a flat that composed part of the wall of the set they at last found it and carefully dug it out.

He held the fatal bullet in his hand a moment. "Walter," he said quickly, "you borrowed from m' laboratory that double-field microscope of mine for use in close foregrounds in 'Synchronized Murder.' Is it here in the studio yet?"

I turned to Van Hise. "Yes," he nodded. "I've taken very good care of it. It's in my own office."

"All right. Have it brought down. I want to use it in a real case."

While the microscope was being brought down, Kennedy found a cartridge with a real bullet of the calibre of the "Tony Dunn" automatic, inserted it in the gun, and fired it into a huge bag of cotton waste that he prepared. Then he recovered the bullet practically unharmed. He stood for a moment with the fatal bullet in his right hand and the test bullet in his left.

"Set the microscope over here under this sunlight arc," he directed, then fell immediately to adjusting the thing.

It was a peculiar microscope, double-barreled, with two fields, but with one eye-piece.

"Here is the fatal bullet." he remarked in a most matter-of-fact tone. "I am going to place it in this field on the right of the microscope. Perhaps you don't know it. but every gun leaves its own indelible 'fingerprints' on every bullet fired through it, by reason of the rifling and so on. It is possible to determine just what make of gun a given fatal bullet was fired from, for no two guns leave the same markings on a bullet. It is possible to go further and tell what individual gun of that make fired the bullet. For it is written in the little microscopic striations on (Continued on page 115)
If Mary Brian's family hadn't moved from Dallas, Texas, to Los Angeles, the screen probably would have lost a charming little actress. Miss Brian was born in Dallas and lived the first seventeen years of her life there.

In California, Miss Brian entered and won a personality contest conducted by a Los Angeles theater. She was appearing in the theater's prologue, when she caught the eye of Herbert Brenon, seeking a Wendy to Betty Compson's Peter Pan.

Now Miss Brian is one of Paramount's favorite daughters.
A N event of keen interest to motion picture fans is Gloria Swanson's debut as a record artist with Victor. Miss Swanson sings in her new United Artists' film, "The Trespasser"—and sings so well that she is going to surprise her admirers. Those who like her rendition of the theme song of "The Trespasser," called "Love, Your Spell Is Everywhere," will want to secure her Victor record interpretation. This initial Swanson record also carries the star's rendition of the Seldvestri-Toselli Serenade, a new Continental song hit.

Screen followers will be interested to know that "Am I Blue!" the song hit of the Warner-Vitaphone production, "On With the Show," has been the most popular record with Columbia for some months. Columbia has two interpretations of "Am I Blue!" One is by Ethel Waters, who sings the number in the Warners' sound picture. This Columbia record also carries Miss Waters' version of "Birmingham Bertha," also from "On With the Show." The other Columbia version of "Am I Blue!" is presented by Ben Selvin and his orchestra. This record also carries the Selvin orchestra presentation of "My Song of the Nile," the theme song of Richard Barthelmess' "Dragon." Both of these Columbia records are excellent.

Libby Holman sings "Am I Blue" for Brunswick, too. This is a record worth owning.

"WAITING at the End of the Road," the chief melody of King Vidor's study of negro life, "Hallelujah," is highly popular right now. Irving Berlin wrote the music of this number. Victor has a rousing version of "Waiting at the End of the Road" by the Dixie Jubilee Singers. The companion song on this record is the spiritual, "Old Time Religion."

Columbia has two versions of "Waiting at the End of the Road." Ethel Waters sings the number. Paul Whiteman has prepared a fox trot version for dancing. You will like either version.

Another popular number from the realm of movie music is "Little by Little," from the Pathé picture, "The Sonomone." Bernie Cummins and his Baltimore Orchestra have made a lively fox trot version for Victor. This record also carried the Cummins idea of "Every Day Away From You." Eddie Walters sings "Little by Little" for Columbia. "Collegiate Sam" appears on the same record.

"Rio Rita," the Radio Pictures' hit, has produced another musical success, "You're Always in My Arms." Ben Pollock and his Park Central Orchestra have made an attractive waltz arrangement for Victor. This record also has a fox trot arrangement of "Sweetheart, We Need Each Other."

THERE'S a great Columbia record bearing the Ben Selvin Orchestra fox trot selections from "The Broadway Melody" and "The Hollywood Revue of 1929." It isn't too late to tell you that Ukulele Ike (Cliff Edwards) does "Singin' in the Rain" for Columbia, and that Paul Whiteman has prepared a swell fox trot version of "Your Mother and Mine." also for Columbia. This last number is from "The Hollywood Revue" likewise.

A Victor record you are sure to want is the Ben Pollock Orchestra's version of "True Blue Lou" from "The Dance of Life." Added interest is given this Victor record by the Coon-Sanders Orchestra's adaptation of "The Flippity Flop," from the same Paramount film.

THE Buddy Rogers-Nancy Carroll film, "Illusion," has two interesting numbers, "Revolutionary Rhythm" and "When the Real Thing Comes Your Way," Columbia has a cracking dance record of these two numbers by Fred Rich and his orchestra.

There are any number of other records possessing real appeal. For instance, let us mention:

- Oscar Grogan's vocal number, "Tip-Toe Thru the Tulips With You," from Warners' "The Gold Diggers of Broadway." (Columbia.)
- The Ben Selvin orchestra handling of "How Am I to Know," from Metro-Goldwyn's "Dynamite." (Columbia.)
- Paul Oliver's Victor song record, "One Sweet Kiss," from "Say It With Songs." His "When You Come to the End of the Day," done to a waltz accompaniment, is on the same disc.

COLUMBIA has three records from Marion Davies' Metro-Goldwyn production, "Marianne." Ukulele Ike (Cliff Edwards) does "Hang On To Me" and "Just You, Just Me." The Ipana Troubadours present dance versions of the same two numbers. And the Clouet Club Eskimos play a fox trot (Continued on page 115)
Famous HOMES

Above, the Beverly Hills estate of John Gilbert. Visitors approach the house through a garden where rare and beautiful flowers and plants are grown by the popular star.

Above: Old rose and ivory is the color scheme of Clara Bow's boudoir. The bed is raised on a dais and draped with antique brocaded rose satin. The canopy and window drapes are of the same material. The portrait? Of Rudy Valentino, if you must know.

Above, Kay Francis standing in front of her Hollywood bungalow.

Left, John Mack Brown at the entrance of his new English home in Beverly Hills.
Where the Notable Folk of Hollywood Live

Below, Nils Asther in a corner of his Hollywood home

Above, the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. Joan Crawford bought it before her marriage. The house is of Spanish design, with a patio and a large lawn

Right, William Haines built his Beverly Hills home with rooms on different levels. Just a quaint old Dixie custom!

Gary Cooper, with his mother as guest, on his own front porch. Just a comfortable little home for a young actor of great promise
Lon CHANEY Goes TALKIE

He is not going to retire from the screen, and he is going to use his voice in pictures, when the right time comes

By Ruth Biery

Lon Chaney in three of his popular silent film roles: "London After Midnight," "The Monster" and "Tell It to the Marines." His varied and sensational characterizations have made him one of the big favorites of films.

H

AS Lon Chaney retired from the screen? Is he dangerously ill? Is he definitely refusing to make talkies? What is the real secret of his long absence from the studio? These and many more questions of the same nature have been flying around Hollywood for the past three months.

I decided to get the answer. And where better than from Lon Chaney in person?

It was not easy to find him. He was at Soboba Hot Springs; he was in Mexico; he studio didn't know where he was; the Chaney house would give out no information.

I found him finally, in bed in a Hollywood hospital. He had just had his tonsils removed. The climax of his first illness in fourteen years.

He wasn't a good patient. He didn't see any sense to this being-laid-up business. If his nurse were a writer, she could give the world a picture of a new face to add to his present one-thousand.

I asked him the screen question first.

"Going off the screen?" He retorted: "Humph! Not by a jugful! I'll be out of this place in a week, and the doc says that after a rest to get back my weight I'll be a new man. And believe me they've got a strenuous program laid out then, for I have to catch up for the time I've lost being sick. You know, under my contract if I'm sick I have to make up the time and deliver productions by intensive work.

"Say, what are they trying to do to me? First they report me laid up, even say I have T. B., and now they rumor me out of pictures! I wish you'd tell 'em for me that any guy's got a right to be sick once in his life, and I'd appreciate it if they'd let me do it in comfort. Not that comfort's the right word for this kind of thing. Do you know they had to fatten me just like a pig gettin' ready to be butchered? They sent me off to the Hot Springs to eat and lie in the sun so I could get ready for the butcher. But I put one over on 'em. I sneaked across the border for some hunting.

He started to grin, and then remembered hospital orders.

"Put one over on 'em here, too. Nobody knew I was coming. Had 'em out and didn't tell a person. I don't remember the first night. Good thing, I guess. When a fellow gets to be in his forties, the knife is sort of unnatural to him. And ether!

"How did I get sick? I had pneumonia. Went over to Wisconsin and played around in the snow for my last picture. "Thunder," they called it. "Snow" would have been better. I wasn't used to it or the cold, either. Living in California sort of makes you forget that you come from Denver. Pneumonia! I guess that's sort of likely to be serious. People tried to tell me to stay in bed, but I'm not much of a sick person. The nurse, there, will verify that statement. I went back to finish the picture and then it sort of started all over again."

He didn't tell me why it started all over again. He wouldn't. But others had already told me. In all of his years on the screen, when he has consistently been one of the best box-office attractions and could have afforded
"I want to be a mystery," protested Lon Chaney when THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE's representative pursued him to his hospital room. Chaney doesn't think the public wants to feel sympathy for a star. "I didn't want flowers and telephone calls and letters."

to be temperament al, he has never been ill a day, never missed a call, and never been late on a set. His enforced absence worried him so that he sent for Mr. Greenwood, Metro's studio manager, to discuss the expense he was causing the company. The minute he felt better, two weeks before he should have stepped foot out of bed, he was on the set to finish the picture.

A relapse? What else could be expected? Everyone but Chaney anticipated it long before it happened. He waited, through persistency of will and a not-to-be-thwarted desire not to spoil his workingman record, until the last scene was taken. He even rushed the scenes so Phyllis Haver could get to her own wedding. Then he went to bed to pay the penalty of his devotion.

He refused to allow the publicity department to send out any stories upon his condition. He didn't care what people might think; he didn't want sympathy from anybody.

"Nobody is ever sorry for a man who is sorry for himself. If I'm playing a pathetic part on the screen, I never get to feelin' it so hard that I'm sorry for myself even in character. I always tell the director, 'If I start lookin' as though I'm feelin' sorry for myself, stop me.' That's no way to get sympathy from people, even in pictures.

"I squawked my head off about this operation. I didn't want flowers and telephone calls and letters."

He just wanted his wife, and she was beside him every moment.

"Say, I told you once before that if I had my way I'd never have an interview. I want to be a mystery. Don't you remember. And here, I can't even be sick—"

His throat needed attention. When he turned back on the bed, I ignored his last statement.

"So you're going to make another picture?"

"Never even thought of leaving pictures. Illness is all that prevented me being at the studio right now. I ought to be there. The last picture I made is already being released, and I'll have to hustle like the dickens to keep 'em up to schedule."

"What about talkies?"

He scowled, and then smiled—weakly. "I've said my say about them pretty often, but perhaps they misunderstood my meaning. They seem to take it for granted I (Continued on page 117)"
The pretty young actress above recently played opposite Dick Barthelmess and John Barrymore. The shy little star at the right won great honor in "Seventh Heaven" and now she is singing and dancing in films.

Right, the eyes of a virile young man who recently changed producing companies. He played the role of a dashing redskin in "The Vanishing American."

Left, she used to star in ornate and elaborate historical dramas. Then someone discovered that she had abilities as a comedienne. Famous for her imitations, too.
Have IT

Above, the eyes of a celebrated bandmaster who recently went to Hollywood to make a picture. But the film was postponed.

The eyes at the left are those of a blonde beauty appearing with Pathé. She is one of the loveliest of the Hollywood charmers.

The boy at the left toots a mean saxophone. He recently made a picture in Hollywood but he's back in New York now singing his love ballads over the radio to listening millions.

The eyes of the actress at the right recently came to the screen from the legitimate stage. She is famous for her hair and her debut film was "Paris Bound."

Guess the identities of these eight stars and then turn to Page 125, where the correct names are given.
REMINISCENCES

Bessie Love tells of the pioneer days of films and how D. W. Griffith discovered her

difference. Each person's approach to success is unlike that of his neighbor. The breaks which come to the one do not come to another. The characteristics which adversity develops in the one it may bury in another. What means happiness to me may spell regret for my professional sister. That constant fight which we all make for our livelihood is a common bond between us, but a bond which is the axle of the wheel of life. We all snatch at a spoke which is different.

But my early history—I cannot see that it differs materially from thousands of others. We lived like countless middle-class families. We moved restlessly from one place to another. Albuquerque, Williams; Texas, Arizona, New Mexico. Finally, like so many others, we gravitated to southern California. Just one of those seeking-for-a-permanent-place families.

Dates? Places? Early experiences? There are so few that I can remember. I could seek help from my mother, but if I did, would they be my reminiscences? If these early days were so indefinite that they made no impression upon me, have they a place in my history? To me, a life-story is not a matter of dates and locations; it is a record of hopes and heartaches—of internal heart and soul feelings. If childhood brought happiness or taught a specific lesson, what matter whether it was in New York or Winnetka, Illinois?

The West! The desert! They did mean something. To me, California is not the West.

Mountains, green grass, the sea—they mean California.

Cactus, endless miles of sand, blank heat—they mean the West.

How I loved the latter. The towns didn't matter. It was the spirit of the infinite expanses which dug a furrow in my soul which can never be ploughed over. For an entire year after we definitely settled in California (I was in first grade) I cried for that great vastness which was no longer about me.

I did not cry because I thought tears would bring it back to me. I did not cry because I longed to return to it. I simply cried because it was not there—beyond me.

I had learned, even at that age, to be contented with what life was at the moment holding forth to me. The greatest single gift of that childhood of which so much is forgotten.

A gift which I owe to the training of my mother. My training for this feeling of contentment began very early. My first memory is of wet rags, rags which I moulded and remoulded into dolls designed in my own baby imagination. All of my toys were simple home-made propositions. Cactus which I had picked; rocks which I had found; leaves which I had gathered. All dearer to me than woolly dogs or enamelled rockin-

Note: There is probably no one in motion pictures more qualified to show the heartaches and joys, the temptations and sacrifices of the profession than Bessie Love. She entered it under the tutelage of D. W. Griffith when he was making "Intolerance." She went to the top; she suffered a period of poverty and inaction. "The Broadway Melody" has placed her definitely as a find in talking pictures long after she was first discovered. It is with great pleasure that THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE gives you her story as the first of their autobiographies of picture people.

My reminiscences? I smile as I sit down to write them. I shall probably weep before I have finished. I believe that deep in the soul of all humans is the hope that some day they will be well enough known to pen their autobiographies. Yet, when that day comes, each one must wonder, "Just what have I done to deserve a life-story?"

It is my turn to wonder. I've been trying to remember my life since the request reached me. What incidents were there in my childhood, my girlhood, my adolescence which varied enough from the milestones which mark the growth of all of us—to be written?

My career? Yes, here, we must all find items of
horses. So dear that each one, even to the last autumn leaf, must be moved every time we went from one town to another. Little boxes especially allotted to them. I have many yet. Mother appreciated my devotion for that which I had myself discovered or created and never destroyed one until she was certain it was forgotten to the point where it could never be remembered.

Just once, I stood before a toy window and cried. Again, it wasn't because I thought tears would bring those wonders to me; it wasn't because I longed for them. It was because they were so beautiful that I must cry when I looked upon them.

I have often wondered why people create so many wrong ideas in their children. Why they teach them to be discontented when they might, just as well, instill them with the thought of contentment. It isn't so much what you are allowed to say or to do as a child: it is what you are allowed to think! A child's mind is continually working and what it works at builds the foundation for what it will do many years later.

I have a friend who was reared by her grandmother. When she was six or seven, she developed a keen aversion for old people.

"I don't like your wrinkles," she would tell her grandmother.

Instead of spanking her, the grandmother allowed her to repeat and repeat it.

Years later, this girl and I were in a group of young women. She disliked one among us and told her so in no uncertain language. The rest of us tried to stop her, but she persisted until the accused girl left the room, expelled by my friend's unpleasantness.

I did not blame the girl: I blamed the grandmother. The child had been trained to nourish her dislike for others.

My mother would have corrected me at the first sign of such impoliteness. Just as she punished me if I loitered on my way home from school or ran out to play in the streets with the boys when she told me I couldn't.

I remember when I was to speak my first piece. I believe it was at a church entertainment. "Johnny's First Pipe." I still have that pipe. I knew the lines, but when it was time to make my entrance I decided I wouldn't do it. Perhaps it was fright; perhaps an instinc-
Bessie Love Talks of her Remarkable Career

...anxious as I was about my schooling, agreed it would do no harm for one season. But we were afraid to tell father.

He left for work early in the morning; I left immediately after him. His street car circled and passed the point where I caught mine. I hid behind a telephone post while his car was passing. Then, two weeks later, he suddenly asked mother if she thought it would hurt me to get summer work in pictures. He had figured out the same solution for my problem, but had been afraid mother wouldn't approve it!

With the sublime faith of ignorance, I sought D. W. Griffith in person. As I was standing in the reception room of the old Triangle studio asking to see him, he passed through and heard me. He looked to see who it was. Then went to his office. Just why they let me through, I don't know. Perhaps he had nodded; possibly they mistook me for someone else. But they pointed out his door to me.

I knocked. Frank Woods, then head of the scenario department, was talking to Mr. Griffith.

"Mr. Griffith is busy," he told me.

"Let her in; I want to see her."

D. W. was curious to know who I was; why I had been asking for him in the lobby. His curiosity gave me my opportunity.

He gave me a test in a rehearsal of a scene for "Intolerance."

It was the strangest test! He had me do everything he could think of while I was before him. I was a slave girl, at the King's feet; I was supposed to have a beetle.

"Play with it; be afraid of it; you love it—show affection." All of the human emotions turned onto a beetle!

I jumped through hoops, talked on telephones—Oh. I had the grandest time. I didn't know what it was all about. I didn't care. I wasn't worried by ambitions of becoming a star. I was after a job and I was having more sport than at any time in my life getting it. Fame wasn't even in my vocabulary.

A few days later (I was working) he sent for me. He wanted to know whether I was stage struck, a rich girl with stage ambitions or just a poor kid who needed to make a living. I told him the exact truth. Two weeks later he offered me a contract.

"I don't know about that, Mr. (Continued on page 118)
Joan Bennett, Hollywood's favorite leading woman right now. Miss Bennett is the youngest daughter of Richard Bennett, the actor, her sisters being Constance and Barbara, both well known to films. Although married, the mother of a baby daughter, and divorced, Joan is but twenty. She made her screen start in "Bulldog Drummond" and next will be seen opposite Harry Richman.
GLORIA SWANSON

A new camera study, by Edwin Bower Hesser, of the star who finds her voice so successfully in "The Trespasser"
Richard Dix is not what Joe Zilch of the three-a-day, excluding supper shows, might call an "apsay." No indeed. A star who has made three million dollars, ten times as many fan friends and has, through the years, successfully tilted with producers' varying tastes, has a pretty fair idea of what it's all about. Yet this same Mr. Dix possesses a faith as beautiful as a California sunset and a trustfulness second only to that which Davey Lee holds for his parents' judgment. These noble qualities invariably evince themselves in the actor's dealings with personal acquaintances.

During his school days, Richard learned with most of us that a friend in need is a friend indeed. The truth of the adage, after giving it a very free translation, puzzled him until Fame and Fortune put an end to his perplexities. He discovered with their arrival that most of his friends were in need, so, by simple deduction, he was the friend indeed. To a doubting soul such as mine, this sounds like the corollary to a bad proposition, but nevertheless our hero continues to keep faith with a Memory Gem and—several beneficiaries.

When Richard Dix recently pledged his celluloid self, with sound effects, to Radio Pictures, the powers that be of that organization and their newly acquired thespian went into the customary huddle. Among the items taken up at this conference was the star's—shall we say—generosities to his friends. It was tactfully suggested that these worthies might be that which is ineluctably known as working their benefactor. This bit of information was received as front-page news to the dazed Mr. Dix. His replies were ready, if slightly incoherent:

"Gosh, his little favors were just what one pal would do for another. Why shouldn't he let his friends out-fumble him for the check when he was making more than they? He knew that if their positions were reversed, the gang would do right by him. And who the heck did all the shouting, anyway? No one had ever heard him crack wise about being a good guy, with appended reasons for admitting same.

"Oh, they did, did they? Well, doesn't that prove that they're real pals? Gosh, when your friends tell you how you've helped 'em out, what more proof of appreciation do you want?"

The powers that be took the outburst big and requested a chance at the floor. It was grudgingly granted. Then the wise ones gently but firmly reminded their contract player that money doesn't last forever. You couldn't let it slip through your fingers and hold it at the same time. There was, for instance, that story of Dix's taking out the million dollars worth of insurance. A bit of over-doing, 'twas thought.

It seems that a mutual friend introduced "Rich" to a lad whose dull job it was to peddle policies. It was a tough grind at a low salary occasionally punctuated with small commissions. Although the boy was a live wire, to make a real cash killing proved difficult. The star and the agent soon became friends. One talked pictures: the other, insurance. Finally, the former said grandiloquently, "Give me a million dollars worth." The latter hauled out his fountain pen, and the moral to this one, boys and girls, is that the actor has been paying plenty big premiums ever since while the agent counts his coin.

Malibu Beach is a sunny strip of sand north of Santa Monica. The waves of the Pacific break gently upon it, making this an ideal spot, for those who can afford the best, to lounge. Movie stars' gayly-colored cottages dot the (Continued on page 121)
Heigh-ho, everybody, heigh-ho! Rudy Vallée, the Yale boy who made good with saxophone and lullaby, is in singing pictures. His screen début is in "The Vagabond Lover." The crooning balladier spends all his spare time in Hollywood going places with Mary Brian.
Oklahoma and the people there seem like upstarts.

As they talked Mrs. Peters came in with the best that the couturiers of Paris could do for her, and she did look very striking indeed, and Pike said so. But Mrs. Peters, now fully determined upon her course of finding a worthy husband for her daughter and of making Pike cultured, returned his words coldly.

Pike drew nearer in his simple admiration. "I believe I'm going to kiss you, Idy."

"Behave yourself, Pike," she answered.

"Yes, I am, honey," declared Pike, drawn toward her in his awkward, embarrassed way. "I sort of feel like infidelity."

But as they stood there the bell rang. Who could it be? And then as they waited, Mrs. Peters made the announcement that she had been carefully preparing for some time.

"Pike, we're going to rent a château."

What in the world do you want with a château, Idy?"

"We need it for Opal, and to entertain the right kind of people in."

Before Pike could remonstrate further, the immaculate Marquis entered, and entered with a compliment—"You look charming."

"Thank you," returned Opal, a bit flustered. "Won't you sit down? Daddy is just leaving," and with that Opal directed a broadside glance at her father, and Pike, picking up his hat, left the room. The Marquis, when Mrs. Peters entered, was all attention to her. Oh, she was now very Parisienne, very charmante, indeed. And so we will leave them, as they talk, the Marquis now and then directing his calmly estimating glances upon Opal.

Pike walked down the street and as he walked he felt more lonely than ever—the strange confusion of French voices, the wildly honking horns on the street, never a face that he knew. At last he came to a sidewalk café and sat down and then suddenly his heart gave a leap—Claudine. She looked even more charming than she had that night in Montmartre. How delightfully and typically French she was, and about her was a faint, haunting stimulation of perfume.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and in her was the unfeigned delight of a child, "ze Américain, Monsieur Petit, how nice eet ees we find oursefz to meet again." And she looked up at him with a smile that warmed his heart.

"Br' golly! it is! Where did you blow in from?"

"Ah, I see. Like ze vind, I blow," and she wafted a hand in delightful imitation of that great unseen force. "How you, ze Américains, say eet so much wis' ze slang."

"Will Mademoiselle join me in a Coco Cola?" asked Pike.

But the French girl knew nothing about this, and then Pike had to explain to her what it was.

While they sat there the French girl asked Pike to tell her the time, and she was surprised when Pike hailed out two watches. What did this mean? Never had she seen anybody with two watches. And then Pike explained why he had two watches—one was to tell the time in God's country—Oklahoma, of course—and the other was Paris time.

"That's the time in the best little town in Oklahoma," said the loyal Pike. "Did you ever hear of Claremore, Oklahoma?"

Claudine had to admit that she never had, and immediately Pike was a salesman.

"Say, do you know how many miles of paved streets we've got?" he enthused.

"No, but I would like to hear eet."

"Well, we've got more paved streets than any town in our end of the country. Did you ever hear of our radium water?"
Clandine had to admit that that information had been denied her.

"Do you know what it's for? They put the dogs in it and it kills the fleas. It's death on fleas. Say, you've got to come to Claremore."

Very pleasant, indeed, to sit there and talk to her. Paris wasn't so lonely now.

A FEW days later the world suddenly began to tremble in its course, strange and unknown lights glided by, strange and unknown men rushed by, arms waved, steam hissed, a horn squawked, and Paris was no more. The train was pulling out for the chateau.

On board were Pike Peters and Idy.

An hour later the train stopped at a small little whitewashed station and the Peters family piled off. The station agent, in a black apron, was running up and down the platform.

"Gus," protested Pike, "have you anything you'd trade me for that suit—an old pocket knife or somethin'?"

with Responsibility on his shoulders; his wife, in another black apron, stood by the gate leading out of the station, while two dirty children, also in black aprons, stood backed up against the station, watching these strange people who had come from the end of the world and who were going on into another nameless void.

Pike stopped to stare at the wheezy little train and at the little engine with its bright brass girdles.

"Hell's huckleberry!" he said in disgust, for he had no respect for the tiny French trains, "these French trains don't ever seem to haul anything except Chevaux 8, Hommes 40, and wine," and he pronounced the words after a fashion of his own. "If they took their wine tanks off, the railroads would have to go out of business. As near as I can figure out, these here French people make most of their living selling wine to one another. And say! I'm never again going to whine about American trains being slow. In America we belly-ache around like green apples if a train is twenty minutes late and say it ought to be investigated or something. By golly! over here if a train is only twenty minutes late they chalk it up as being on time. I don't believe a train in France has been on time since Napoleon told his army good-by. And I'll bet a plugged quarter if he had come on the train to tell 'em good-by, the army'd been disbanded and back home again before he got there." Pike was sick of France and Frenchmen.

"But the trains are so picturesque," said Mrs. Peters. "That's it," said Pike. "When anything over here won't run, or won't work, or is broken down, or decayed, or is a thousand years behind the times, it gets lumped into the Picturesque box. Then that is supposed to settle it. It don't make any difference how old-fash-
Pike lifted a glass of champagne. "Y'know I'm beginning to like this stuff. I used to couldn't tell it from cider, but I can now—it gets into your nose more."

ioned, wheezy, and out-of-date it is, if it can be called Picturesque, then nothing more can be said about it. I'd sure hate to try to run a garage on that Picturesque 'line of talk."

A chauffeur in an old dilapidated car belonging to the château came to meet them. Down the road they went, and then suddenly Mrs. Peters' heart beat more rapidly, for before them, perched on a hill—as an eagle might sit, watchful and alert, on some inaccessible crag—was the towered and embattlemented château. It seemed to cover about half an acre, and at the bottom of the hill a village slept, like a watch-dog at its master's feet. Turrets and towers on the château reached up into the blue, and on the highest peak of the donjon the château flag floated and flapped in the breeze. As they drew nearer, narrow slits in the walls came to view. From these, arrows had been fired in olden days. Here and there, peeking through holes in the wall, like the brown heads of questioning dogs, were the bronze cannon of a later period. There was a mighty gate, and in front of the gate and spanning the moat was a drawbridge. The moat was now dry, and peaceful grass reposed where once black and uninviting water had made its little island. A tower stood high above the massive gates and in it were slots of its own. From here hot molten lead had been poured on the unwelcome.

But did Pike, as they bumped along in the car, show any such reverence for it? His eye rested on the pointed towers.

"It's got a couple of silos on it, ain't it?"

"What do you think the folks back in Claremore would say to that?" asked Mrs. Peters, indicating the château.

"Well, I don't know," said Pike. "We can keep it dark if we want to."

As they entered the court Opal and the Marquis, who had come in advance, were just making ready to fence. A place had been arranged in the court, and now the two picked up their wire masks with the curious shoulder pads and then with their backs to Pike and Mrs. Peters were ready to indulge in riposte. Pike's astonished eyes saw them.

"Guess who it ish," said Pike, removing the helmet of his armor. "I'm a booster for Oklahoma."

"Why, the Klu Klux Klan is away over here," he declared.

While Opal and the Marquis continued to fence, Pike and Mrs. Peters went into the château. Everywhere were thick, barricaded iron doors, massive stone walls, spikes and iron bars, and a flower-bed was lined by heavy round stones once used as cannon balls.

"This well in the center of the court was so that the inhabitants could stand a long siege," explained Mrs. Peters. "I expect there is a secret tunnel leading from some place down in the village into the château."

"That's one way out, anyway," said Pike. "I wonder how long a siege we can stand."

They wandered among big rooms with tiny windows, and everywhere the place seemed old and dank and dismal, and the ghosts of former glories moved morn-
fully ahead of them. They came to a large square room with a heavy beamed ceiling. Beauvais tapestries hung on the walls, but the tapestries were so frayed and worn that what had once been noble stags drinking at a limpid stream were now palstid creatures, paralyzed in moth-eaten tracks, with their heads extended into a cowpath. Flat slabs of stone made the floor of the room, and the slabs were set none too evenly. In the center was a dark and massive table, while in the corner of the room stood a suit of armor, patiently on guard, staring with eyes that never were.

"What's this?" asked Pike. "—the armor room?"

"It's the dining-room," replied Mrs. Peters. "Isn't it wonderful—so old and full of atmosphere."

"Full of rheumatism, is more like it," said Pike.

"Give me the Cherokee Café every time.

But Mrs. Peters saw it in no such way. It was splendid, the background she wished, but her woman's instinct was busy. Already she was planning changes.

"What's that?" asked Pike, pointing to a pile of bricks placed neatly in a basket.

In the winter, the servant explained, the bricks were warmed and placed under the feet of the people at the table.

"Think of settin' around with your teeth chattering and trying to keep warm with a red brick under your feet! I'll bet there's never been a baron in this place who ever lived to see his grandchildren. If this is a sample of the way the big bugs of France live, why, they don't know what living is! In comparison to a rich man's home in Oklahoma, one of these châteaux is about as comfortable as a union depot. Danged if I don't believe I'd take a good steam-heated, electrically-lighted union depot before I would one of these round-houses."

The big moment came when Pike and Mrs. Peters walked across the great high-domed interior of the château. This was too much for Pike and pausing he began to sing out as if it were indeed a union station—"All aboard the Missouri Pacific for Claremore and——"

"There you go again," exclaimed Mrs. Peters, "they'll think we're crazy."

Pike was to have a bigger surprise when the two went up to their bedroom, for it was the largest bedroom Pike had ever seen. He stood regarding its great size, and then commented:

"I'll bet you it's a drive and two niblick shots from that door to this bed."

As they advanced across the floor Pike gave a start, for in the dim light a man seemed to be lying across the foot of his bed. Even after the noise of their entrance it continued to lie there supinely with its thin ghostly legs falling sharply over the edge of the bed. And yet it was not a man, for no human being, alive or dead, could take that impossible position.

"What's that?" demanded Pike.

"That's your new evening suit."

And then as Pike came closer he saw that it was so. Mrs. Peters had sent a suit to the tailor and had had this black, depressing object made, as she said she would. "Honest, honey," said Pike, as he stood regarding the depressing sight, "I don't want a dress suit."

"Yes you do, Pike."

"You ain't goin' to make a monkey out of me for the sake of a lot of people I never saw before, are you?"

Mrs. Peters was adamant. "You've got to put it on every night, and especially when the Marquis is here. You know, it's a real treat to meet him."

"Say, it's a circus," returned the irrepressible Pike. There was a slight movement in the door and a noiseless figure was standing in it. The man appeared to be about forty years old and was dressed in solemn black, with a small black tie, and now he stood with his hands at his side as if in some stiff military pose. His eyes were set straight ahead of him and he neither spoke nor moved, but continued to stand as solemn and as silent as a shadow.

"Who's that?" asked Pike.

"Francois," answered Mrs. Peters calmly.

"Who's Francois?"

"Your valet," she replied. "He has just laid out your dinner clothes."

"What in the world do I want with a valet?" demanded the astonished Pike as he surveyed the ominous shadow.

"To help you do things," said Mrs. Peters.

"Hell's huckleberry! I ain't got a thing in the world to do, and now you go and hire an able-bodied man to help me do it. What's his name, again?"

"Francois."

Pike wrapped his tongue around it.

"I'm going to call him Gus," he said. "I won't have him long," he added privately.

Pike's eyes leaped over him uneasily. He could have walked up to the Premier of France, or to the president
of the Chamber of Deputies, and talked to him without a quiver—and it is conceivable that in a moment of exuberance he might have given the great man a clap on the back.

But it was an entirely different matter with a servant in uniform.

"Don't argue any more," his stern wife commanded him. "You let François help you into those things and then come straight down to dinner."

Pike stood regarding the imperturbable François in something akin to awe and bewilderment. After Mrs. Peters had left, for it was a big jump from runnin' the best garage in Claremore, Oklahoma, to having a château in France with a French valet. Pike's hands moved uneasily over his suit.

"Gus, have you got anything you'd trade me for these—an old pocket knife, or an automobile horn, or something that way?"

The valet had no more expression on his face than a doorknob.

"Could you use this suit?" Pike repeated.

"Does Monsieur want me to wear it as the uniform de ménage?"

"Uh-huh. What's that?"

"A house uniform."

"Uniform?" repeated Pike, now dimly comprehending. "Say, listen, Gus, you can paint it red and wear it as underwear."

The round of life in the château began. At first, although she would not admit it, Mrs. Peters was disappointed. It had been so much more wonderful in her dreams than now in actuality. For one thing, the rugs were poor; contact with the hard stones had long ago demanded their first youth, and now, rent and torn and macerated by time, they spread their thin, proud folds over Matterhorns and Dead Seas and sunken gardens where one would not expect to find them on a short and unguarded walk. Also the chairs had such spindly legs, and the sunshine could hardly penetrate the mighty fortress walls, but soon Disappointment spread its gloomy wings and flapped away and Anticipation whirred brightly in and perched itself above the door.

Opal liked her new home. One reason that she liked it was that the Marquis came there to see her. But the château alone was enough to make it romantic; it was a dream come true.

Opal's interest was in the Marquis, but he was a slippery fish. Upstart Americans! He hadn't any use for them. And when he was hardest to catch and hardest to get to the château, his name was constantly in the society columns; he had been seen, as the society reporter put it, dining with the American ambassador, or with—and then would appear a long and formidable list of names.

Opal and Mrs. Peters talked to everybody about him 'they could, picking up here and there precious scraps of information. They began to hear about members of his family; at first, he had seemed a lone human individual and they had thought of him as remote from relatives, but now a large and intricate family appeared. He had a brother and there was a sister and there were aunts and uncles and cousins, and all seemed constantly to weave in and out of his life.

"It shows the solidity of the French family," said Mrs. Peters.

"It shows he's got his troubles," said Pike. "If they're like most family connections, I pity the poor feller."

The harder the marquis was to bring to their feet, the more determined they were to fetch him.

"If we could only do something—well, something rather dazzling," sighed Mrs. Peters.

Other American families did this: the ladies had founded missions and circles and reliefs and lighthouses for the blind and homes for the deserving, and in turn had been honored by society or the French government. But all these ways seemed used up. There were so many wealthy Americans in France, so many with more
money than the Peterses had. They must look about for something else if they wished to draw social attention to themselves.

The splendid prize was slipping away from them.

Two weeks more went by without contact with the Marquis.

"I’m going to see Miss Mason," said Mrs. Peters one day. "Maybe she can suggest something.

And Miss Mason did—nothing less than a soirée at the château. "It must be brilliant," she concluded.

"How brilliant?"

"The most brilliant of the season," Mrs. Peters trembled.

"You must have the haut monde there. Of course," Miss Mason lowered her voice, "you understand there are people today who are in, alas! reduced circumstances. They go out where they would never have been before. In my day it would not have been tolerated, but now..." Miss Mason’s high shoulders shrugged. "It will cost something—naturally; they will have to be recompensed."

Mrs. Peters stared.

"Recompensed?" she echoed. "You don’t mean paid?"

"Yes. There are some very fine people in Paris who allow themselves to be entertained for—well, if you must say it, for money. In my day it would have been unthinkable. There is, I believe, an agency with a telephone and card indexes for supplying... It makes me shudder to think of it."

Mrs. Peters was amazed—an agency to supply guests of title and distinction, as servants are supplied.

"But, of course, you should not have the people who respond to an agency. You should have between thirty and fifty... I will, first, ask a few in to tea to meet you and your daughter. The others it will not be necessary to meet in advance; the evening of the soirée they can go to the château direct. Let me see whom we shall have."

Miss Mason’s fingers began going down on her silk knee. "I think Comte and Comtesse—" and she gave their names. "And I think I can get Baron and Baroness—" and she added their impressive names. "And, oh! I believe I may possibly be able to get the Grand Duke Mikkail."

Mrs. Peters’s heart leaped—a grand duke.

"Oh, can you?" she cried. "That would be splendid, Miss Mason! I am so glad that I came to you!"

"Of course it will be a bit expensive." She lowered her voice. "It will be most impressive to the Marquis. You understand, even he looks up to a grand duke."

"Does he speak English?"

"Perfectly. Practically all European society does, and especially the Russian nobility. Haven’t you read your Tolstoy? Grand Duke Mikkail has composed poetry in English."

"But won’t the Marquis know that these people have been paid to come?"

"Naturally, but you will be to a certain extent—established—you will have made la grande entrée. What happens after that will be entirely dependent upon yourself. It will show that you can meet the right people. The guests know it and the Marquis knows it, but it is—alas! understood."

"But won’t there be a—a, commercial atmosphere to it?" asked Mrs. Peters.

"Not in the least. You will find the people most charming—all real people are. Of course," Miss Mason added, "if some of them saw you the next day they might not know you. I shall arrange it to be written up in the American, English, and French papers in Paris—especially the French papers. And it will be telegraphed to America—’Mrs. Peters of Arkansas Opens Her Château to Society.’"

"Of Oklahoma," corrected Mrs. Peters.

A FEW days later Mrs. Peters broke the news to Pike. "Broke" is the right word. In fact, the news not only broke but scattered over that amazed man.

"Do you mean to tell me, after we ask all them people out here and feed them and give them a good time, that we’ve got to pay ‘em for coming?"

"Not everybody, Pike—not the Americans we met at their dinner—just the French people with titles."

"How much?"

Mrs. Peters moved uneasily. This was the hard part.

"Well, that depends. Some of them we have to pay fifty dollars, some of them a hundred dollars, but we’re going to have a grand duke and we’ve got to pay him five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred?" echoed Pike. "What for?"

"For coming out here and lending—well, prestige to the affair. It will be something we can talk about the rest of our lives."

"I won’t. If it ever got back to Oklahoma, I’d be ruined. Pretty soon they’d have a man following me around with ’Keeper’ on his cap. Hell’s huckleberry!" exclaimed Pike, "that’s one on me! Here I used to look down on dukes as livin’ high and throwin’ their money away—and instead of that they can go out and eat up people’s vittles and get paid for it. It’s better’n strickin’ oil."

At last the big night came and the château, which had withstood several sieges, trembled as never before in its long and honorable history. As evening drew on the château was filled with men carrying flowers and
with purveyors bringing wines, champagnes, bottles of whiskey, and liqueurs.

"We can't afford to be economical tonight," said Mrs. Peters. She had omitted no detail. In the kitchen strange white-coated men were making sandwiches and putting the final touches to an elaborate buffet supper to be served at eleven.

"I do hope the Russian caviar sandwiches come out right," said Mrs. Peters. "It is just such little touches that make or break a party."

"Break is the word," said Pike. "And I'm the party."

Before the guests arrived a little scene took place in the Peters' bedroom which is well worth recording. It had to do with that danged old dress suit, for Pike had given it to Gus, erstwhile François.

"Now put on your dress suit," said Mrs. Peters as they were dressing for the soirée. And then it was that the shock came.

"I gave it to Gus," explained Pike, "and he gave it to his brother who is a waiter in Paris—and now it's got soup all over it, I reckon."

"Oh, Pike," she cried, "you've spoiled everything. This was to be Opal's big chance and now look what you've done!"

Immediately Pike was contrite. "Idy, I—I had no idea you was goin' to take it hard like that. I wouldn't of done it if I had thought—"

"That won't help," she cut him off.

But Pike had a way out. "I won't come down and upset things for you tonight. You can tell 'em I'm sick—tell 'em I've got the heaves, if you want to."

At last, Mrs. Peters left him upstairs and went down, for the guests were beginning to arrive.

For a few moments an unofficial observer might have detected nervousness on the part of Mrs. Peters, but soon no matter how acute or official he might be, he would have seen nothing. Pike made him suspect that this was not merely an incident in a long and brilliant social career. Miss Mason had done her work well. Strange faces appeared in the doorway of the salle des fêtes; the butler sang out the names clearly, Miss Mason repeated them even more clearly, and Mrs. Peters gave their hands just as much of welcome that was necessary and passed their owners on to Opal.

More guests appeared; the orchestra took its place in the bower and the buzz and hum of the reception grew louder. An air of triumph began to reign.

The Marquis entered, more exquisite than he had ever appeared before, and, bending practically double, saluted Mrs. Peters's outstretched hand. He knew most of the French guests and was pleased to find himself in their company, and he knew the Americans to be people of prominence in the social world of Paris. He was, in fact, impressed by the guests and by the size and success of the reception. Evidently, his manner said, he must have misjudged the consequence of this family from some unknown part of America. His eyes turned upon Opal with black, darting approval, and well he might, for Opal had never appeared so charming.

Opal realized from the first that the Marquis had always had a mild interest in her, but now, in the midst of the brilliant setting, Opal knew that it had suddenly become heightened. He lingered near her, his superior, aloof manner was gone, and his eyes moved over her constantly. Opal was delighted. It was a thrilling feeling to have a person so prominent succumbing to her charms. And Mrs. Peters, moving from oneattering group to another with a gay, welcoming abandon, kept her eyes about her and saw sights that made her heart sing.

"I think he's going to—to say something tonight," Opal whispered to her mother.

The Grand Duke Mikkail was now surrounded by a swarm of admirers, all talking at once, but he was not inclined to be too friendly. Russia had fallen, but his opinion of himself had stayed up. About him was an air of pomposity, as if he knew that he was the most distinguished guest and that he expected to be honored correspondingly. There was nothing aloof and envious about him, as there was about the Marquis. He proved straight through, ruling as absolutely here as he would have in his native land.

But the Grand Duke was bored, and with him that was very serious thing indeed. He wanted to escape, and upstairs Pike also was beginning to feel restless. He came to the top of the great stairs and looked down, and there below he saw the guests going through the function of the soirée. And also Pike's appetite had begun to sit up and demand attention. Wanted sandwiches, he did— them Rooshian kind—and also he wanted to see the Grand Duke who
was getting five hundred dollars for coming out and eating up people's food.

The Grand Duke had become more and more restless, and in escaping he met Pike.

"How do you like our igloo?" asked Pike. "Y'know, we've got thirty-six clocks in this here place and no two of 'em's alike."

"So you are the host?"

"And you're the Grand Duke. Say, Duke, you're working too cheap."

Never had the Grand Duke heard such words, but as he talked to Pike he began to like him, and soon the two were sitting at a table, drinking and eating.

Pike lifted aloft a glass of champagne. "Y'know, I'm beginning to like this stuff. I used to couldn't tell it from cider, but I can now—it gets into yer nose more. Say, I ain't goin' to call you Duke any more," declared Pike, who was now beginning to think the world was a great success, "I'm going to call you Mike—and you can call me Pike. Mike and Pike—they look alike.

"This here is a great thing for me. When you was a boy in your palace in Rooshtia, bein' waited on by flunkies and tutors, I was out in Oklahoma just beginning to tell the age of a horse by looking at its teeth."

Gus appeared.

"Your Imperial Highness," he said, addressing the Grand Duke, "Madame Peters is waiting for you in the salon."

"I am here and here I am going to stay," the Grand Duke answered in French. "You can tell her anything you want."

"You'd better go, Mike—you don't know my wife. So far the worst thing that has ever happened to you was the Revolution."

After a few more drinks Pike's eyes fastened upon the suit of armor in the corner. From time to time he had looked at it and had wished to see what it would feel like to be inside—and now with the drinks sizzling around inside him all inhibitions were off. He'd put it on, he would; and soon it was on; well, he'd just walk around in it... In a moment he was clanking down the great stairway.

Suddenly Mrs. Peters paused, for an astounding and unbelievable sight met her eyes. The guests saw it at the same time and a gasp of astonishment ran over them, and well it might, for a suit of mailed armor was coming toward them with a weird, weaving effect. It was as if the ancient suit of mail had come to life and was slowly coming down the stairs—all except that a pair of eyes shone from beneath the visor.

"Guess who it is!" a muffled voice said. Mrs. Peters was in breathless agony. How should she act? Should she treat this as a great joke and a pleasant interruption, or should she rush him away?
Pike saw Mrs. Peters's startled face as he appeared in the door of the salon, but the overwhelming desire to talk drove him on. It was pleasant, after being ignored so long, suddenly to find himself the center of attention. The lights seemed to grow brighter and the music louder and the people harder to make hear. Now and

then a word bothered him, but he gave it no thought. All he wanted to do was to talk.

"You can see I’m a booster for Oklahoma, Yer Higness. I’ve seen it grow up from nushing, because I’m one of the old settlers there. I sure was. I was danged near a ‘Sooner,’" Pike laughed in pleasant recollection of those early rouges. "I was born on the poorest farm I bet you ever laid eyes on—hardpan and alkali and rattlesnakes, that’s all it was. That’s what I started life on," he boasted; "and now, by golly!—I’ve got this.”

He waved his hand over the chateau. "And I made every cent of it with these here two hands."

He turned over the two members proudly.

"All I inherited was a horse blanket."

He was soon back to Claremore.

"I’ve got the Ford agency in Claremore—and it’s a danged good agency, too. What do you shink my turnover was lath year?"

Pike told about his turnover, while the guests glanced from one to another; then they began to glance toward Mrs. Peters.

Mrs. Peters had been trying to catch Pike’s glasses, but without success. Now she pushed forward.

"I’m afraid you are annoying His Higness. It’s just one of Mr. Peters’s jokes," she explained. "He’s a great tease."

"It’s the God’s truth," declared Pike, his mind still on turnover, "and I’ve got the books to prove it."

The soirée was over—ruined. Mrs. Peters thought that the Grand Duke would never have anything more to do with Pike, but strangely enough the Grand Duke liked this rugged son of Oklahoma and next morning when the soft matutinal light came stealing in it found Mike and Pike in the same bed together!

"Oh, Lord, this is terrible," said Pike, rubbing his head. "But there’s one consolation about going on a spree over here on this Paris stuff—you do wake up."

And Mrs. Peters was to have another surprise. Later that morning she saw a sight in the courtyard that her eyes would hardly believe. It was the Grand Duke getting into a car to leave, and indeed he was most friendly toward Pike. Listening, Mrs. Peters could hear the conversation.

"Good-bye, Mike," said Pike as the Grand Duke climbed in.

"Good-bye, Pike."

"If you ever get to Claremore drop in and see me. And remember, you’re booked for a speech at the Rotary Club."

"I wish I could invite you to my country," returned the Grand Duke, a note of pathos in his voice, "but I have none," and stirred by his emotion he kissed Pike.

PIKE soon was to have a surprise, for that day a man dressed in a long black professional coat and striped trousers made his appearance, and even in a hurried glance Pike saw that he had a black portfolio at his side. The man extended a hand covered with rings.

"I hope I have not disturbed you," he said, in a manner that was neither friendly nor inimical. "This is my card," and he handed Pike a card with his name in script. The name meant nothing to Pike.

The man spoke with the careful correctness of one who has learned English from a book, and as he talked his sharp eyes did not leave Pike’s face.

"You have a beautiful place here," he said with the manner of one who wishes to establish himself agreeably. "As you may see by my card, I am a solicitor and I find myself here," and he coughed slightly, "on a delicate mission." Pike moved uneasily. After all, Claudine . . . "I find it rather awkward to speak of the subject I have in mind, but as it must be done I shall go forward. You are, no doubt, conversant with the French custom—in fact, it is almost a law—in regard to
such matters and that will make the understanding that we must reach easier for both of us," he turned one of the rings nervously. "I speak of the engagement between your daughter and the Marquis de Brissac de Coudray, whom I have the honor to represent. As you know, they are engaged. I have come to arrange about the dot."

"The what?" said Pike.

"The dot—the sum you will be willing to settle upon the Marquis."

"You mean you want me to pay him for marrying my daughter?"

The little lawyer was quite disturbed and turned his rings faster than ever.

"It is always so in France," he explained, "the young lady must always have the dot—otherwise the marriage is not acceptable. When the husband is of the nobility, it is very necessary."

The little man, now sure of himself, told more of the custom of the country. It was different in America, he had understood, but it was done in France, and then, smiling, he added: "This, of course, is France."

"This may be France, but this," and Pike slapped his chest, "is Oklahoma."

The lawyer was polite, very polite—Mr. Peters didn't understand—and then explained in detail the matter of the dot, but it went against Pike's grain. He could hardly wait until the lawyer finished.

"Do you know what'd happen," he said, looking over the little figure, "if a feller in America came to a girl's old man and asked him how much he was goin' to come across with? The next thing the feller knew he'd have a cold cloth on his forehead and a ringing in his ears. You've sure picked the wrong customer if you expect me to fall for any such talk as you're handing out. If your marquis wants to marry my daughter and if she'll have him, all right, but none of this bargain-basement stuff."

Never had the lawyer heard such language, but he must make the best of it. He continued to explain the position.

"Well, how much do you want?" asked Pike at last.

"In your money it will correspond to two hundred thousand dollars. It is very little."

Pike could no longer contain himself.

"Me pay two hundred thousand for that," he said, waving his hand to the window where the marquis could be seen walking in the garden. (Continued on page 165)
The Ideal Wife of the Screen

The Famous Painter Discusses how he would Select her from Filmland

By Penrhyn Stanlaws

Not only is Penrhyn Stanlaws famous as a painter of beautiful women but he has achieved success as an architect, playwright and motion picture director.

I

N all my experience as a painter of beautiful women, I have never come across a group of women who rate so high from an artist's point of view as do the beauties of the other place in the world where beautiful women are so plentiful as they are in Hollywood.

Measured purely by the artist's standards of physical beauty, there are so many perfect types among the screen stars, that it would be next to impossible for me to name the most beautiful one. Regularly of features, vivacity, poise, grace of carriage, are some of the things I look for when I want to paint a beautiful woman.

While it may be the inner spirit which manifests itself in the outward graces, for his purposes the artist is interested only in physical perfection. In picking the most beautiful woman in a beauty contest, for instance, he is limited by the qualifications which are visible to the naked eye.

When it comes to picking the ideal wife of the screen, however, other factors must enter into it. Beauty alone, though it may be the acme of perfection, is not enough for the ideal wife. For such a choice, the psychologist must be called in.

The motion picture stars have affected the standards of millions of girls who are among their followers. They have set the style for clothes, manners, even cut of hair. Which of these reigning beauties would make the ideal wife?

The psychologist would probably consider secondary those very qualities which have brought them success as screen stars. For the psychologist will naturally list first those mental and emotional reactions which are hidden from the layman's eyes and which go to make up an ideal wife. He would consider character, disposition, temperament, sympathy, understanding, fitness for motherhood, amiability, domesticity, before beauty.

Among that galaxy of reigning beauties in Hollywood, who would make the ideal wife? Will it be Nancy Carroll, whose picture is on this month's cover of The New Movie Magazine? Nancy is not only attractive—she is amiable and generous and impulsive, witty and lovable. How do these qualities rate with the psychologist?

Could Greta Garbo—the "lone wolf" of the movie stars—be considered as the ideal wife? Greta is independent and individualistic, and does exactly as she pleases, and is not in the least swayed by the opinions of the others in Hollywood.

What about dashing, adorable Clara Bow? Or the lovely fragile Do- lorese Costello? Has any one of these the qualities which go to make up the ideal wife?

Speaking as an artist, I can say that each is herself an ideal beauty of her type. But when it comes to picking the "ideal wife of the screen," a mere artist will have to retire to make room for the psychologist.
Above, Molly O'Day and Sally O'Neil, real sisters away from the studio, pose as Irish colleens in the new Warner Revue "The Show of Shows."

Upper right, Ada Mae and Alberta Vaughn, also real sisters away from the cameras and microphones, do a snappy boulevard number.

Right, Dolores and Helene Castello, leading a chorus number in "The Show of Shows." This will be Dolores Castello's last appearance in films for some months.
Real Movie Sister Teams Featured in New Revue

Top, Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters, as everybody knows. Viola was the first to achieve cinema success at old Edison and Shirley followed quickly to fame.

Upper left, Sally Blane and Loretta Young, another family duo away from the studios. Of late, Loretta Young has been topping the family success.

Left, Alice and Marceline Day as a cute pair of Holland belles. They're sisters, of course, and it's rare to see Alice in anything but a deeply dramatic role.
Back in 1917, J. Stuart Blackton, then prominent as a producer, made "The Judgment House" for Paramount. Violet Heming played the leading role and you may observe her above in the garb of the Red Cross. If memory serves us right, this was a story of the Boer War.

At the upper center of this page is a glimpse of Mae Marsh in Edward Childs Carpenter's drama, "The Cinderella Man," made for the old Goldwyn Company. Tom Moore had the title role but Miss Marsh, then at the height of her film career, was the star. Vintage 1917.

Who doesn't remember Edith Storey, who was such a popular star with the old Vitagraph Company. Here, at the right, you get a shot of Miss Storey in a hot story of Russian intrigue and revolution, "The Legion of Death." The film was made in 1918. Miss Storey now lives in retirement on Long Island.
Glancing backward at some of the famous stars of yesterday

Back in 1916, Mary Pickford wasn't thinking of co-starring with Douglas Fairbanks. At the right, she appears in a Madonna pose (with a real tear) in Famous Players' "The Foundling."

"The Gold Diggers of Broadway" does not represent Ann Pennington's movie début. My, no! She starred for Paramount Pictures back in 1917—and quite successfully, too. At the left you see Miss Pennington as a little college madcap in "The Antics of Ann." Ann was always a sore trial to the university authorities with her jazzy ways.
No more chasing around gardens! No more fondling canaries! No more coy ingenue stuff! Lillian Gish has gone on record firmly and definitely against all the old stuff. In future she will be different. And the first picture marking this departure will be Franz Molnar's "The Swan," which was a successful stage play, as well as a brilliant and sophisticated one.
They Had to See Paris

(Continued from page 98)

"Never in this world. I had made up my mind that if my daughter ever wanted me to supply her with anything, I'd supply her with a Sunday suit, and I went in debt for that. And now by gracious! I'm supposed to come across with two hundred thousand dollars for a clothes dummy."

The lawyer was shocked, but he managed to contain himself and to tell what a great family the Marquis belonged to. Pike was not impressed.

"I don't care if he goes back to Noah on both sides of the house, I won't give him a penny, and if you want to bring him in here I'll tell him so myself."

The lawyer grew indignant. He would not have so distinguished and so honored a person as the Marquis insulted.

"This is always done," he said, and gave the names of American girls who had married titles and the amount of dots settled on the husbands.

"I don't doubt it a bit. The supply of fools in America is remarkably high—it's the one crop that never fails. We're always havin' trouble with our wheat crop and our corn crop and our cotton crop—chinch bugs and cutworms and the boll weevil are always gettin' 'em—but nothing ever happens to our fool supply. We get a bumper crop every year. Once in a while a good man with a title comes along, but mostly they grade pretty poor. If they had to get out and earn a living in America, they'd have to go to jerking soda in a chain drug-store."

Pike continued to pour out his feelings. The little gp-between grew more and more indignant until, snatching up his black bag, he hurried away.

After he had gone Pike had to face his wife and daughter—no easy matter, for he had spoiled Opal's chances to acquire the Mrs. Peters, stirred up after the visit of the French avocat, approached Pike indigently.

"You're trying to ruin your daughter's future—trying to tear her away from the man she loves."

"That's not love," Pike declared. "At least, it ain't what I'd call love. Why, I wouldn't give him the allowance on a turned in car!"

"But it would have been such a brilliant marriage," Mrs. Peters insisted. "Brilliant! So is a skyrocket—as long as it lasts."

"You said when we got all our money," continued Mrs. Peters, "that it was like a dream come true. What does it mean to me if I can't have this dream for my daughter come true? I'm going to tell the French lawyer that you'll pay him."

This was more than Pike could stand. The friction between him and Mrs. Peters had been growing, and now it had come to the breaking point.

"Listen," he insisted, "I want you to understand that I've got something to say about this."

"You've ruined everything—all our chances. I wish you'd stayed in Oklahoma. You've been nothing but a drag and a handicap on us. We're ashamed of you—both of us!"

A cruel blow to Pike. Ashamed of him! A drag and a handicap to them! Pike stood suffering in silence a moment and then managed to stammer out:

"You've said things to me before, but I didn't think you meant—and I mean them now. I wish I never had to see your face again."

Pike stood crushed by the cruelty of it—she never wanted to see his face again. And then he said slowly, "I'm going," and turning without another word he walked out of the room.

Leaving his wife and daughter in the chateau, Pike went to Paris. Alone in Paris and unable to speak the language! It is not pleasant. He wandered d'asonumately about the streets, watching the faces of the people, hoping to see somebody he knew. But there was no one. He began going to the tourist agencies. He would go in with a quick, business-like step, and, approaching a clerk at a counter, would ask a manufactured question or get a piece of advertising literature and then, standing in the bustling office, pretend to read it; or sometimes he stood about with the anxious air of one keeping an appointment. Now and then he would bring to mind the clock on the wall... after a time he would go slowly out and stand in front of the door, trying to decide which way to go.

He walked the Boulevards until his feet hurt and then dropped thankfully into the little sidewalk cafes. At one of them he found a waiter who had been to America and could talk comprehensible English, and Pike began going mornings and during slack hours just to talk to him. The waiter had worked in Buffalo.

"Buffalo is all right," said Pike, "but you ought to have gone out to God's country—Oklahoma. That's the real article."

One day, when Pike went to the American Express Company for his mail, he received a surprise, for there in line, also getting his mail, was Ross, his son. He had not seen him for some time, and now suddenly Ross had bobbed up.

"Why, hello, son, when did you get back?" (Continued on page 107)

Last Minute Review

RIO RITA—Radio Pictures

A GORGEOUS and highly expensive production of the Flo Ziegfeld musical show. This has sensational qualities due to the remarkable singing debut of Bebe Daniels, erstwhile star of silent comedies. Ever since she was leading woman for Harold Lloyd years ago in short reel comedies, Miss Daniels has been one of the most popular of the silent luminaries. With the coming of sound pictures, Paramount permitted her to leave that organization. Undaunted she went over to Radio Pictures and, in "Rio Rita," she flashes a natural voice of great beauty. It is a voice that would have made grand opera had Bebe started training it soon enough. See "Rio Rita" if only for Miss Daniels.
"For God and Emperor!" declares Ramon Novarro in his newest talkie-singie "Devil May Care," which was originally titled, "Battle of the Ladies." Novarro plays a dashing lieutenant of Napoleon, who makes love—in words and song—to the beautiful Dorothy Jordan. This will be Novarro's first film since "The Pagan."
ideas, and I was a young man startin' out I'd try to line up with the fine ideas instead of with—well, this,' and he waved his hand over the littered room.

"I think the world of her and I'm going to marry her," declared Ross.

"If you really love her and if you are sincere, go back to Claremore and be proud of her and all that, I ain't a word to say. . . only, it'd 'a' been a finer thing to do to have brought her around and showed her to your mother and Opal before slipping off like this. I've got to be shoving along pretty soon now. I won't breathe a word to your mother. I want her to think as much of you as ever she did." His voice broke. "People in Claremore certainly wouldn't envyal so, now, if they knew what this money has done. This Peters family is pretty well shot to pieces."

And then slowly he left, an ache in his heart was prepared for the trip. As Pike came out of the apart ment and started down the stairway, he himself had a surprise, for Pike kept on the stairway with his charming Claudine. Immediately she was all smiles—Oh, zis was ze nice man wiz ze two watches. "Won't you come into my apartment and make you ze nice cup of tea?"

Pike didn't think he could; terrible hurry. But now as he looked into Claudine's bright face Paris didn't seem so lonesome.

"I weel sing for you," pleaded Claudine.

Still hesitating, Pike allowed himself to be coaxed into Claudine's apartment. It was the first private apartment Pike had seen in Paris and he was charmed by it; how few and little things it was, so much furniture, so many stools and chairs and couches.

A curtain moved.

"Zat ees Minou," said Claudine as a sleek cat came stretching toward them. "Yesterday she was a very bad Minou. When I go out to practice my singing she sleep along ze way and go into ze next apartment, and when I come back and look into her eyes I know somethin' ees wrong. Now zey have no golden fresh."

She continued to tell about Minou and the "golden fresh."

Soon Minou was on Pike's lap. "Oh," said Claudine, "she loves you. I will tell you eet ees ze bou complime."

"She's a nice cat," said Pike and stroked Minou. "Nice kitty, nice kitty," he repeated while his eyes searched the room.

Two was prepared and Claudine came in with a little table and placed it in front of him. She fluttered charmingly around the room, singing snatches of songs of love, and Pike was seated beside her assisting with his Oklahoma tenor.

Claudine felt sure of herself now, and a free action of her charms on him began to talk about Deauville, the fashionable seaside resort in the north of France. Oh, it was tres charmant. Claudine declared—it would be a lovely place to go. She drew a picture for him of the gay place, of the people from all over the world who came for the short, brilliant season of six weeks: of the splendid bathhouses, the gowns that set fashion over the whole world, of the luxurious hotels and of the casino with ladies and gentlemen in evening clothes playing baccarat and chevaun de fer. Pike was stirred; never had he seen anything so brilliant.

"I love eet—ze gorgeous and ze laughter. I have not seen eet zis season."

But plain, simple, honest Pike was to person to go on a "scouting expedition" and now began to edge toward the door, letting Claudine assume that he wished to go to the city by the sea. He had never lowered his ideals and be never would.

As he was standing in the doorway with Claudine he was surprised to see a pair of ladies in the stairway and Pike was startled strangely familiar they were, and a bit behind them pattered a smaller pair.


"What ees eet?" she asked.

"Say, we're going to Deauville, ain't we?"

"Oue, ouet!"

And now pretending not to see Ros s he took Claudine into his arms with a brave show of love-making.

Abruptly the descending feet pause. Why is this girl in astonishment. The shoe was now on another foot. His father! The father he had always looked up to—about to elope to Deauville with a French charming! "Father!" exclaimed Ross.

"Oh, hello, kid," replied Pike nonchalantly.

"Father, what are you doing here?"

"I'm gettin' background."

"Come away."

"Not much, son, not much. Why shouldn't I live the way everybody else is living? Say, this is no place for a Puritan."

"But Mother and Opal—think about their feelings."

"Oh, they both told me they were ashamed of me."

"But, father, you were always such a good man."

"That's a lot of sentiment, son. If I'm making a mistake, I'm the one that's got to pay for it."

"I'm not going to let you do it," declared Ross, now thoroughly stirred. "Won't you let me alone, Ross? My mind is made up. I'm going to live my life the way I want to."

"I'm going to see mother about this," said Ross as he left, crushed by this new side of his father that he had seen.

"Gee, that was fine," Pike said turning to Claudine. "You helped me put it over great. You're a great kid and I want to think you and old Minou here, but we're not going to Deauville."

Claudine was stunned—she had so nearly landed her fish, she thought, and now he was slipping off the hook. "Minou and I are so disappointed. Pike could not hurt her feelings, and his heart went into his pocket. "Here, take this."

But Claudine wanted something else. Pike himself, and protested, but Pike was edging away.

"You take that and get the cat a couple of rats," Pike told her, as inch by inch he slipped away. "See if you'll come back to us."

"No."

"Minou and I'll be waiting," she apologized. "Maybe you'll change your mind."

But Pike was now part way down the stairway, and up the stairway came his unmistakable voice.

"Looks awfully doubtful." Pike was gone.

In the meantime Pike had been executing some quiet maneuvers of his own. Without appearing to do so, he had arranged for Opal and Clark to meet, and what he said for Clark was by the powerful stimulant of in- direction. He managed to impart to the family an idea of how well Clark (Continued on page 111)
It was only a few years ago that Jeanette Loff, the super-blonde of Pathe, was playing an organ in a movie theater in Portland, Oregon. One visit to Hollywood—and the movies seized Miss Loff.
was doing in his business. He quoted him on different subjects without seeming to do so, until bit by bit he was able to bring Clark and Opal together, and, now that the glamour shed by the marquis was not so strong, Opal began to interest herself in Clark. He was her own kind; he was breezy, but he was genial and throbbed with life and things that he was going to do. But he did not pay her the ardent attention that the marquis had paid her. He did not assume the position of a big man looking down on a lovely girl and protecting her from a troubled world. Instead, he was an equal and a jolly companion.

It was dreary without Pike, but the ambition for her daughter burned in Mrs. Peters as brightly as ever. A title for Opal! It still seemed to her the most wonderful thing in the world that could happen. But this feeling was tempered by the feeling which never left her of wanting Pike, but she would not say so. Pike had made his bed, let him lie in it.

On the day of the episode of Pike and Claudine, Mrs. Peters and Opal were in their sitting room in Paris, when the maid brought word that the Marquis was downstairs. Now what did that mean? Immediately at the prospect of the Marquis calling on her, Opal’s head began to swim, and for a moment she thought that he really meant something to her. It would be very nice indeed to go back to Claremore as the Marquis.

“Why, Mother, he’s come back,” said Opal. “He isn’t as bad as Daddy thought.”

“Oh, course, he isn’t,” declared Mrs. Peters, stirred at the prospect of their titled visitor. “I’ve always told you that.”

“He’s different from the other titles we’ve met over here,” said Opal. “I guess he really meant what he said about wanting me.”

“Oh, of course he did, my dear,” her mother assured her.

“Oh,” said Opal romantically. Her mother stood a moment looking at her, but she could not deceive her daughter.

“Opal, you might as well know the truth—I sent for him. I wrote him that I would pay the dot—the dowry—myself.”

This put a different aspect on the case. After all, money was the motivating principle, not love.

“Oh,” cried Opal, “so that’s why he came back!”

Mrs. Peters was not going to let the precious title slip through her fingers so easily.

“Stop looking like your father,” she chided. “I’m not going to let you spoil all my plans. Remember, I’m your mother.”

Something in this speech touched Opal; ever since the family had struck oil she had been under the dominance of her mother, but now she would think for herself. France was a very appealing country, but it was not her country; it would never be.

“I’m your daughter all right,” responded Opal with more spirit than she had before shown “—but also I’m Pike Peters’s daughter. Let me tell you something, Mother. Ever since I’ve known that it was money he was after he’s made me just a little bit sick. I’m going down and tell him where he gets off. Instantly Mrs. Peters was aroused. Her daughter tell him that! No, it could not be!

“No, you’re not, Opal. Now listen to me—”

Before Mrs. Peters could complete her sentence the door was opened and Ross entered.

“What a surprise!” exclaimed his mother. And then her mother’s heart told her that something was wrong.

“What is it, darling?”

(Continued on page 113)
A few years ago Fay Wray was a bathing girl in short reel comedies. Now she is one of the most popular of the Paramount leading women. Here is Miss Wray in "Pointed Heels."
In less than eight months, over a MILLION Six-Cylinder Chevrolets on the road!

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They Had to See Paris

(Continued from page 111)

"It's Father!"

His mother gazed at him in astonishment.

"That Pike was a good fellow, that Pike had been run over or hurt. No, Pike's continued absence meant something.

"What's he been up to?" she asked.

"I—can't tell you," said Ross, stirred with emotion.

"What do you mean? What is it?" his mother demanded.

"Whatever it is—it is all your fault."

"Your fault!" The words struck home to his mother. "What's the matter, Ross?"

"What's the matter, Ross?" asked his sister tensely, moved by Ross's distress.

"We drove him to it," said Ross.

Mrs. Peters and Opal could not understand—"drove him to it." What did Ross mean?

"Do you know what I heard him say?" asked Ross, now prepared to tell. "He said the Peters family was pretty well broken up! He was right. I don't know who was. Tell me, Ross, that it is not true. Ross, isn't it?"

At this moment the door opened and Pike himself entered, but not the husky blue Pike that his wife expected. Instead, it was a very jaunty, an almost debonair Pike.

"Hello, Idy," he called as if he had been no farther than across the street.

Mrs. Peters turned upon him solemnly. "Where is that woman?" she asked sharply.

"Which one?" asked Pike.

"I can hardly believe it," said Mrs. Peters, suddenly filled with emotion. "His husband! The father of her children!"

"Daddy, we want to go home," said Opal with a burst of feeling.

France was a splendid place, it had culture and refinement, it could tell America many things, but still it was not her native land.

Pike turned to her in pretended astonishment.

"Home!" he echoed. "To that provincial little old town! Why, say, I haven't seen half of Paris yet! I tell you what we'll do—you folks go home and I'll stay over here!"

A shock instead to Mrs. Peters. If Pike was beginning to see the fast side of Paris, what would it be after she had gone? While these thoughts were darting through her mind, Opal spoke:

"We'll do nothing of the sort."

"I certainly can't go back home now," declared Pike, "—why, I've got no background! I have no broad outlook. I haven't even got a different point of view yet!"

"You'll not have a new experience as long as I can prevent it," said Mrs. Peters grimly.

Mrs. Peters now began to understand how nearly the family had come to going to pieces in Paris. They had spent a great deal of money, they had sought strange gods, and now she began to re-

...pent of it. After all, the Marquis had been purely commercial—their money was all he wanted. Clark McCurdy was different. Home boys, yes, but he was steady, reliable, not so dashing as the Marquis, but—and then she remem-bered Pike's comparison of the sky-roket. A skyrocket wouldn't be a very valuable addition to the family.

And now, as these thoughts flashed through her mind, Mrs. Peters said a vey remarkable thing:

"I'm sorry. I guess I've been too ambitious for the children. I know it's all been my fault!" A tremendous admission for her.

"No, it ain't, Idy," declared Pike with sudden feeling. "It ain't your fault at all. It's just kinda the fault of human nature. It's the fault of parents. They just think they can kinda do better: pickin' out their sons and daughters-in-law than their own children can. It's just sort of nature that way.

"My goodness! the children do bad enough without any outside assistance. Y'know how marriage is—kind of like a poker game—and you've got to play your own hand. Take, y'know, your marriage. It wasn't universally referred to as a brilliant match. Even the society editor of The Clarinmore Progress said an aroma of horse liniment prevailed."

For a moment Mrs. Peters was shocked—yes, Pike was crude, but so is a diamond as it comes out of the ground. But even though he said shocking things, he got to the truth of the affair. He was indeed a good husband—anyway, until he had come to Paris. He belonged in a small town where everybody knew him, and where he was looked up to.

"Yeah," continued Pike, "it didn't look like I'd ever get to Paris then, did it?" I tell you, I've come to the conclusion that if parents can just keep their children out of jail, they have fulfilled their obligations to 'em. Yeah—we pick our kids up in the street. We think every succeeding generation is goin' to the devil—well, if they was—it if every generation was gettin' worse than the other generation—why, we'd all be in purgatory now!"

"We think if a girl goes down to the beach and don't go in swimmin', and just gets her back sunburned, that's terrible, but look at the old Romans! Did you ever see those pictures around those baths? Y'know—layin' down on those marble slabs—all draped up—did you? You never saw a Roman in a tub in your life, did you? Never was in them baths atall—no, they ain't in them baths—just layin' out there," and Pike gave a humorous imitation of a Roman lying on his bathing marble.

"Automobiles are criticized, too. Every time the young folks stop and spoon by the road, they think it's ter-

...rible, y'know. But a horse would stop—not only would but y'remember did," he said, giving a knowing look at Mrs. Peters. "Couldn't keep goin' all Sunday afternoon, could we? I tell you, youth has got to have its fling, and just because a lot of us are gettin' too old to fling we shouldn't critize them that's flinnin'!

True enough, but there was some-

thing else that must be settled, and Ross was the one who put it into words.

"What do you say, Dad, let's go back and start all over again?"

"Please, Daddy," urged Opal, "let's go back home."

Mrs. Peters was the last to speak—her ambition died hard—and then she said a very surprising thing:

"Yes, come on, let's go back home."

Pike turned to Opal.

"You want to see Clark McCurdy, don't you?"

"Yes," responded Opal, her eyes shining.

"All right," said Pike, pretending that he was doing them a great favor, "you all want to go home. I want you to know that I was just beginning to appreciate this man's town. If I'd stayed her another month I'd had some of the Foqwistes forgettin' Napoleon! Home! sweet, sweet home. Now they could go back—they had seen Paris."

THE END

Surrounded by huge studio lights and other impediments of a talkie stage, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan go over a couple of new songs for their first sound film, temporarily titled "Cotton and Silk." Scm Wood is directing.
most like a regular play, such as one sees enacted on a stage in actual flesh and blood characters.

And the talkie now has advantages which the ordinary drama does not possess.

Might well be that some day in the future the talkie will be the best dramatic form possible—whether it be tragedy or comedy—just because of these advantages.

The talkie now embodies all the opportunities of the silent screen, such as pictorial effects and greater range of action, and it has, in addition, a chance to employ music as never before attempted.

Have you ever observed how quickly you respond to music? And of a sudden at that?

Music can make you glad or sad or thoughtful. It can fire your thinking so that you build dream castles. When all is said and done, music is the most stimulating force there is.

What would an army do without its stirring marching tunes?

How different a church service would be without its organ appeal.

Would not life seem rather colorless if popular songs and tunes should cease to be?

Hospitals even are beginning to recognize the effort that music may have upon patients in hastening their recovery from operations and disease! Take the “Mammy” type of song.

How does it make you feel?

As I heard a man say after hearing Al Jolson sing in “Sonny Boy,” “It has paths in it as well as appeal. It suggests childhood. It is love, respect, sympathy and understanding all mixed in.”

The Mammy song really produces such a mind effect. It grips us because it recalls the days when we were tiny tots holding onto mother’s apron lest we fall, looking up to her for comfort as well as guidance, crying when she wept, laughing when she was glad.

The Mammy song is a kind of grown-up lullaby.

I mention this kind of song in particular because its appeal is so universal and because it does not appeal unless it is sung just the right way and with just the right kind of voice.

Only a consummate artist like Jolson can do it, but how many of you ever had the privilege of hearing him until now—now when the talkie is at your command, or soon will be, in every hamlet in the country?

What the talkie can also supply now is real drama that grips.

In the old days, I was almost tempted to say, the silent screen had to make up its lack of sound effects by over-emphasizing action.

That action holds the interest nobody can deny.

Yet action alone gets on one’s nerves, so to speak. It is tiring. You can’t sit on the edge of your seat for any length of time without getting your nerves frayed from exhaustion.

The silent movie lacked character portrayal and it lacked it simply because it could not possibly portray a character strong enough by means of action alone.

Yet we all know that the greater plays as well as novels have been those with life-like character portrayals. Shakespeare continues to be produced year in and year out, not because he was a great poet, but because his characters talk and act like real human beings.

On the silent screen characters often were compelled to act artificially, like “stuffed shirts.”

One had to guess more or less what the motives were in doing this and that.

And the captions! Surely they detracted from the story and interrupted it and often indeed, they became downright annoying.

When you can actually hear what characters say, you do not have to fill in and guess. You know why they feel the way they do, why they behave the way they do. They tell you enough to make their actions plausible and logical.

In short, in the modern talkie motivation of character is clear and convincing while the characters of the men and women become vital and authentic as well.

The principle of suspense has always been a most important mechanism in the building of a play as well as in entertainment in general.

If we suspect that something is going to happen but we cannot be certain how, when and where it will happen the suspense of it quickens the interest, rivets the attention and holds us spellbound.

Such suspense can be accomplished through action, of course. When we know that the half-sister in “The Green Murder Case” is maneuvering to push her older sister, whom she hates, off the roof and into the icy river below suspense can be built up without a word being said. On the other hand, how much more effective such a scene becomes when we hear the sweet but villainous voice of the half-sister trying with insinuating tones to persuade her victim to come to the roof’s edge and thus lure her to her death.

Do you recall the sound of the raindrops on the windowpane in that most successful talkie, “Bulldog Drummond”? Could the suspense, the atmosphere, or the stark realism of it have been more effectively registered in the mind through any other medium than a talkie? “Bulldog Drummond” was not nearly as effective when it was a stage play.

“Thank goodness, the talkies are here at last!”

It is going to mean real actors who know how to talk, how to interpret character, how to build up dramatic situations and climaxes—in a word, who know how to act.

It is going to mean real plays of real structural value so that the more subtle nuances of life—as well as the more obvious and often childish situations as used to be—may be portrayed for the intellectual and emotional enjoyment and instruction of all.

The possibilities of the talkies are limitless.

They mean a revolution in the drama, not only in this country, but in the entire world.

They may constitute the very excitement which all of American art so sorely needs.

“Thank goodness, the talkies are here at last!”
Music of the Sound Screen

(Continued from page 75)

version of the song, "Marianne." There are any number of record versions of "Little Pal" from Al Jolson's Warner Brothers film, "Say It With Songs," but the easiest to hear is the Paul Whiteman fox trot handling. This Whiteman-Columbia record also carries "I'm in the Seventh Heaven," from the same production. And, if you must hear "Little Pal" sung, Columbia has a vocal version by James Melton.

Possibly you saw "The Rainbow Man." If so, you will want the Cavaliers' waltz handling of "Sleepy Valley." The two songs hits of "Sunny Side Up" have been recorded for Columbia as vocal numbers by Ed Lovry on a record, which will be of much interest to film fans. Irene Bordoni does her two best numbers from "Paris," ("My Lover" and "I Wonder What is Really on His Mind") for Columbia.

The Robot Mystery

(Continued from page 73)

the bullet that can never be erased without tampering with the bullet. Having adjusted the fatal slug on the right, he next took the test slug just fired and placed that in the left field, turning the two slowly as he glued his eye to the eyepiece.

"Here, Walter, take a look." I did so. It seemed that the fine lines like etchings on the one half of the bullet on the left were cut as if by a razor line in the single field I looked at—then began another series of fine striations on the right field.

"Rotate them. Take your time. See if you can match them up.

I did so. I could not match them. Kennedy shook his head. "The fatal bullet could not have been fired from that gun. It is as I thought. No one suspected Barnes, anyhow. That removes the only remaining doubt in my mind. We'll have this all cleared up in a minute, now, Reilly, and you shall have the credit of making the arrest!"

Like the others in the studio I was fairly agast. Who, then, was it that killed Velva Lavelle? Hastily I ran things over in my mind. Frank Fallon's alibi in his note of reconciliation, Grant Asche's motivation in balderdash talk, Dell Gillen, actuated by bitter jealousy of the "other woman," Bugs Gillen, stage electrician, and his crude resentment against the girl who had wrecked his sister's happiness.

It was a tangle of facts and motives to me. Yet Kennedy was going to put his finger on the guilty person.

Who killed Velva Lavelle? There were only one way it could have been done. Kennedy had deduced the guilt already. In a minute he is going to hang it on the murderer. Who, do you say, did it—why—how? Turn to page 117 for the solution.

Letters of a Property Man

(Continued from page 43)

one to cash it for him. But not in Hollywood—they were using them for wall-paper there.

Joe again plodded into the home of sausages and asked if the butcher had seen a wailing mother, was told "no," and tried the same Believe It or Not on the grocer. No mother, no protection, and that baby had three dollars fastened to its bib, well, that was just too pitiful. So Joe, with his landlady's threat in mind calmly and collectively wandered out to the doorway where the baby carriage was hanged. Unpinning the note, with speed to burn, he slivced it into a vest pocket. Slowly, but surely, he engineered that baby carriage back to its original place.

In the meantime Farnham had run into Blinnstein, told him of the new find, and they got an O. K. on the extra money he had pinned on its chest as a medal for good behavior and the promise from Blinnstein that his next story would have a written in it for that baby, when Joe whistled for the home station.

That night Blinnstein showed up early and excited. His nurse, a new one that day, had failed to show up.

But worse yet they couldn't find the pride of the family.

A telephone call to the police had found the baby asleep in its carriage on Calhouna Avenue. Joe was in the laboratory when all this was going on. But he was in the darkened projection room when the scenes were flashed on the screen and he heard Farnham's voice boom out to Blinnstein hidden in the dark up front. "Wait, just wait, until you see that scene with the five dollar baby in it. If you don't say I'm right about the next story I'll write one for nothing!"

Then came the scene with the baby facing the camera. Blinnstein stood up, he danced, he madly wept. The baby was his precious son. Joe sensing that something was wrong slowly sneaked toward the door. Blinnstein shouted back to the operator: "Stop! That's my baby!" a few more yowls and he stopped long enough to scream "And for that you paid five dollars after my orders." Joe beat it out into the stiffly night. Tomorrow he would be looking for another job.

As ever your only critic.

Jack

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CRINKLE CUPS save greasing and washing tins—lessen the tendency to burn on the bottom and eliminate waste by retaining moisture and keeping cakes fresh.

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When Carmel Myers' father, a rabbi, acted as historical advisor to D.W. Griffith during the making of "Intolerance," Miss Myers' beauty caught the eye of the famous director. He made her a member of his acting forces—and she's been in film since
won't talk, at all. I didn't ever say that, but I want to wait a while. I didn't think the thing was perfected so that a man could get a real human quality into it. They say that they've done wonderful things lately. I want to see, when I get back.

"I'm not afraid of the talker. Dean Immell of the University of Southern California, is an expert, and he listened in on my squeaking. He says my voice is okay. I was on the stage before I ever thought of pictures, and my voice seemed to get across there without any trouble. Taking these lamps out of my throat ought to help it. Sort of difficult to talk across a couple of baking-size potatoes.

"My leaving the screen is just about as silly as that rumor about my having tuberculosis, which I haven't. T. B. bugs like young and tender meat. I'm too old and tough for them to pay me any attention."

"Is it true that you are negotiating a new contract?" "Say, young woman, you ask too many questions. Don't you know I'm a sick person? My old one isn't up for a year—"

"Nevertheless, I know M. G. M. is talking a new one to you."

"Well, if you know so much why do you ask me about it?"

"To get your answer,"

"Well, you got it, didn't you?" He started to smile and then remembered the missing potatoes.

"Congratulations, Mr. Chaney, on your article in the Encyclopedia Britannica."

This time he did forget for a moment and grinned at me.

"Why didn't you show yourself being made-up instead of Johnny Mack Brown?"

"I wrote the piece, didn't I? Should an author show his own mug on what he has written? Do you print your own picture? Besides, I've told you before, M'am, that it's my business to keep being a mystery. I didn't care about having them see Lon Chaney go through all his secrets. They looked different on another fellow."

"Why did you show Emil Jannings and Conrad Veidt?"

"Because I admired their make-up and they made good illustrations. I don't see any sense in hogging the whole show—Say, young lady, you asked enough questions."

I agreed with him. His throat was getting hoarse; I meant hoarse. I lingered long enough to suggest that he have a microphone sent up to register his voice as it was three days after a tonsil operation! To make one of his thousand voice disguises.

The Solution to
THE ROBOT MYSTERY

Have you read Arthur B. Reeve's cracking Craig Kennedy yarn of a studio murder, as pages 63-72 of this issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE? If you haven't, turn back to it now—and read the solution last. If you have read it—you'll be surprised by the way Kennedy solves the murder of the beautiful talkie star.

KENNEDY was studying the script and the music score. Suddenly he turned and handed the score to Frank Fallon.

"Play it, Frank.
"I've got the score, carefully placed it on the piano. With a preliminary flourish to his fiddle and drum he played it, with meticulous care. I listened attentively. He had passed the "Pretty Maiden" song. Nothing unusual had happened.

"I'll turn it over to you," interrupted Kennedy in the midst of it, turning quickly to Van H. "How's the record that you took in that scene? Can we reproduce it?" He paused. "Just the sound."

"In a few minutes. We'll have the reproducer wheeled in."

Smoothly the record reeled it off, up to the very point in the Café Martin scene where the lights were dimmed. Bugs Gillen, the electrician, stood ready for his cue.

"Let's play!" shouted Craig suddenly.

"Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you—uh—uh?"

I detected four interpolated notes the moment they sounded—"dum-de-da-do.

"Look!"

The robot was starting to raise his arm. In it was a gun.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A bullet ricocheted right off the spot where the body of Velva had been before the ambulance doctor removed it and left his stethoscope.

A police officer shot her with four jazz notes? Kennedy wheeled suddenly. "Fallon, you interpolated them after you caused the robot to be turned to them and turned it so that his gun would strike the exact spot on the scene. The last-minute message you sent was a clumsy alibi which she did not see through when she crumpled it and shoved it in her dress, intending to take care of it after the scene was shot. You and your little friend, Fay Warren, won't get the Café Velva so easy. You are just as much a murderer as if fifty people here on the set had been eye-witnesses to your pulling that trigger yourself!"

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Sold in Bulk and in 2½-Pound Boxes at Woolworth Stores
Reminiscences

(Continued from page 84)

Griffith. Could I go to school and come to work in the afternoons when my classes are finished?"

No thrill; no excitement. Why should I get excited? I knew no screen people. I thought that they offered contracts to everybody.

He explained that it was a most unusual procedure.

"But I can't give up my education, Mr. Griffith,"

"You can go back to school later, in years to come, if you don't accept this opportunity, you may be sorry. You may look back and say, 'I had a chance once to go into the movies.' At the end of five years, if you don't like them, you will have saved enough money to properly finish your education."

He convinced me; he convinced my family. How many are there who owe their inspiration to D. W. Griffith?

My contract called for a salary of ten dollars a week for the first three months; fifteen for the second three and twenty dollars a week for the last half of the first year. At the end of five years I was to be making one hundred dollars a week. We all talk of the vision of what the first money meant to us. But one hundred dollars a week at the end of five years! It was a fortune. It is a laugh, perhaps, today but when you remember that Mary Pickford sold her first scenario for five dollars it isn't such a laugh, either.

How little I dreamed, then, that it would ever mean anything more thrilling than a college education!

As I look back today, I am amazed at my own calm acceptance of experiences which would have meant tremulous thrills to others.

My first newspaper interview came almost immediately after I was hired. Here, it is true, I was thoroughly frightened.

In those days, D. W. Griffith was a hero, a God of the Cinema. Anything he did was newspaper copy. He had discovered a new girl so she was copy.

Strange—I was not in the least frightened of D. W. It amazed others at the studio who walked on their knees to him. But to me he was just a fine friend, a great fellow.

But a newspaper reporter, a man who wrote every day for a paper!

I went to Mr. Griffith and asked him what I should tell this unknown quantity.

"The truth," was his answer. "Always the truth. You need not tell it all but make what you do say honest." A bit of advice I have never forgotten.

The questions were routine enough, had I but known. "Why did I go into pictures?"—"Why had D. W. Griffith chosen me from the hundreds?"

I didn't realize even yet that I had been chosen from among the many. I told him I didn't know—that I couldn't answer his questions. I told the truth and I will always wonder just how he wrote a story from it!

The interview had been an advent before it happened. When it was done, it was forgotten. I bought one copy of the newspaper for my mother. I suppose I read it but I cannot remember one word which was in it.

Douglas Fairbanks was a stage star. He had been imported to make pictures. One day he passed before a group of us.

"Sh! There goes Douglas Fairbanks!" Someone said in an awed whisper.

"Yes? Who's that?" I asked, not in a whisper.

They were ashamed of me. Today, I don't blame them. Then, I couldn't understand it.

My first picture was "The Flying Torpedo." I remember nothing about it, except that the director seemed very kind to me.

For my second, I was loaned to the Ince studio to play opposite William S. Hart. I did know who he was; I had seen some of his pictures.

The Griffith studio sent cars for its players; the Ince did not. Mr. Hart lived in Los Angeles; I lived in Hollywood; the studio was on the beach beyond Santa Monica.

(Continued on page 123)
First Aids to Beauty

true sable brown, for day wear, is perhaps her best color. Blues, except a yellow blue, are not for her. However, the Irish type of brunette, with extremely black hair and very blue eyes, may wear shades of blue.

All the reds and yellows are the brunette’s best colors. But red must be handled with care in clothes. A touch of it, in jewelry or accessories, gives just the right dash of color in costumes. The brunette, too, should beware of the reds that run into the pink shades. The oranges and yellows of roses, those away from the lemon tints—are usually safest, although the brunette with an extremely fair skin may dare the puler yellows. Green, with the brunette, is an experimental color. Jade green is generally becoming but the blue greens belong to the blonde or to the brown-haired girl.

In the small but important matter of perfumes, the brunette may plunge to her heart’s content in the exotic and the unstrung. The more sophisticated scents and colorated odors were created especially for her but she should be careful of the light, sweet flowery fragrances.

The brunette is usually the most prodigious with jewelry. Now that gold jewelry has returned to fashion, she will find that she looks best in gold chains and bracelets rather than in the colder platinum or silver. She is at her best in the darker, fiery stones and in the heavier designs of settings.

If the brunette feels any envy in her soul for her blond sister, she should remember that she is the sturdier and more enduring type. For one thing, fatigue is less ravaging on a dark girl than on a light one. After thirty, too, the brunette shows her age less than the blonde, unless the fair-haired girl has taken perfect care of her beauty. She may be more mature looking than the brown-haired girl, who has a way of staying the same age for twenty years. But her eyes remain fresh and unfaded, if they are given just a small amount of the right attention.

On the other hand, the blonde must be eternally on the watch. Her hair, which is her greatest glory, is also her severest trial. I know of few girls who are so completely and certainly golden haired that they can allow their hair to be itself. Whether the blonde admits it or not, her hair must be eternally “touched up.” If it is tampered with too much or if the girl uses heavy chemical coloring, all her good work is lost and her hair loses all its fine texture and looks artificial.

A lemon rinse—the juice of one lemon in two quarts of warmish water—keeps hair in good condition. There are other rinses on the market, too, which are quite harmless and add brightness to light hair. In using any sort of rinse, even lemon, be sure to follow directions accurately, because too much of the best bleach will streak the hair.

Blue eyes are quick to show fatigue or strain. For the true blonde an eyebrow pencil, in brown, not black, is almost essential. But even pale eyes should only be made up lightly in the day time. The rouge and lipstick should be selected in the strawberry and rose tints and the powder should be light in texture and applied guardedly.

In her make-up the blonde must try for daintiness and avoid the slightest tendency to exaggeration. Her hair in itself is striking and attractive enough to command attention. Many blondes make a mistake of using too heavy a lipstick or too much of one of the right color. If the lips are over made-up they distract the attention from the eyes. Dark eyes may hold their own against very red lips but blue eyes cannot fight against a too brilliant mouth.

The colors that the blonde may wear are the charming ones. She may wear all the more attractive shades of blue, but she should avoid that glaring hard blue that will only make her eyes look pale. But the midnight and sapphire blues, for day wear, look charming on her. Black, too, is good unless she is very young, very thin or very pale. But the pastel shades of pink, lavender and green—the blue green—are her best shades.

There are so many variations of blond coloring that the shades of costume may be matched to type. I have, for instance seen blondes who look their best in a lacquer red, which is supposed to be a brunette color.

Because the blonde must strive for delicacy doesn’t mean that she need be insipid. Tailored clothes are becoming to her and she wears them less austerely than does the brunette. In the evening she is at her best, not in the more obvious pinks or blues, but in a white that has a warm flesh tint. Nor need she cling entirely to light sweet perfumes—the gay spicy scents also go well with her type.

In arranging her hair and selecting her clothes, she should strive for cool simplicity and feminine dignity. It is easier for the blonde to overcurl her hair and to spoil her natural loveliness by fussy clothes. Pearls are her best ornaments and all her jewels should be simple.

Her skin, next to her hair, is her greatest trial because it must be always more than clean. It must be as flawless as she can make it. The blonde should make it her business to experiment in cold creams and lotions until she finds just the brands that will keep her skin the most good. And because she is eternally viewed with suspicion, because blondes are more admired than believed, she must in clothes, make-up and behavior, avoid the least touch of the artificial.

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A tensely dramatic moment in "The Vagabond King," when Francois Villon, about to be executed, says to Katherine: "Dear child, if he there had taken you at your word, do you think I would have out-lived you by the space of a second."

We Have With Us Tonight
(Continued from page 37)

electricians. Mind you, this was Maine, not Chicago. It just shows you that crime knows no boundaries.

That faithful night Rudy went to his rented room and played on that saxophone until a quarter of four in the morning. The next day there were six F for Rent signs on the block.

Hubert Prior saved up his money and went to the University of Maine. Here he talked so much about Rudy Weldeif the saxophonist, that his frat brothers began to call him "Dudy" and the name has stuck ever since.

Taking his saxophone he went to New Haven and snorted his way through Yale. To get rid of him the faculty gave him an A. B. degree and Rudy came to New York, starved a while and then finally broke into broadcasting.

He now has a secretary, a business manager and a press-agent, but no wife.

Don't crowd girls—the cheap rates over long distances don't go on until midnight.

MYRNA LOY. My friends (as toastmasters say), I hate to introduce the next speaker, as I know it will be a shock to you. There are probably 50,000,000 people in the United States who think that she is Chinese, because of her name and her eyes, when as a matter of fact the nearest she has ever been to China was when she danced at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood.

And now comes another shock—her name isn't Loy at all, but just plain every-day Williams. She would probably have been Williams all her life had not a Los Angeles poet looked at her solemnly—the way a Los Angeles poet would—and said, "Your name should be Loy." And Loy it has been ever since.

Myrna was born down the street a ways from Gary Cooper, in Helena, Montana, and has never been farther east than East Ninth Street, Helena, although she has an Aunt who once journeyed as far east as Chicago and sent her a post-card picture of State Street during the Shopping Hour. Outside of that, Myrna has not seen the eastern part of the United States. Oh, yes—the date that Myrna first opened those green eyes of hers! It was twenty-three years ago, when Gary had grown up to be quite a cowboy of five.

Equipped with her eyes and with feet that liked to dance, Myrna went west, Mr. Greely, and landed up in Los Angeles. She took dancing for a brief time from Ruth St. Denis and then went to call on Sid Grauman. A few days later those feet danced out onto the stage and those come-hither eyes looked at the men, and that evening when the theatre opened for the night performance two ticket sellers were so badly trampled that they had to be taken to the hospital on air mattresses.

No, Myrna is not married.

Boys, if you don't know what to do, then die in misery. It serves you right.

JOAN CRAWFORD. I think I'll stop right here and introduce Joan Crawford, not that she needs any introduction, but that is the way they always do things at a Function.

The first studio that Joan ever worked in was her mother's, and the town was San Antonio, Texas, and the date was May 23rd, 1906. Joan's roll was that of leading lady and her father was her support.

Joan is one of the few motion picture actresses who started out with a movie-sounding name as her own and who gave it up, for the Bureau of Vital Statistics in San Antonio says that it is Lucille Le Sear. She gave up this nice high-sounding name when she turned professional, and chose a name that doesn't sound like Hollywood at all.

She remained quietly at home, eating and sleeping and chewing her Pacifier until she was fifteen when she went away to—to become an actress. By all rights and according to tradition, she should have ended up in Trouble and by crying her eyes out, but instead of that she ended up in Hollywood with a salad name.

When she went away from home she first went to Chicago, where she did her first acting, and then she went to New York and was appearing in the Winter Garden as a dancer when a movie magnate saw her and shoved a contract in front of her.

She went to Los Angeles and met Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. When she found that Douglas Jr. wrote poetry she took it seriously and Douglas' eye filled with tears and her to marry him. Although they have been married only less than a year they already have a patio.

Besides Douglas she has a pug named Coquette and another named Four Spot. They are just one big Happy Family.

Her pet name for Douglas is "Dodo," but in spite of it the lad seems to be happy.

CLARA BOW. I, as toastmaster, have established the policy of telling the truth about the stars I introduce, and I am going to follow this out to the bitter end. Even now, with Clara Bow waiting to be introduced, I am not going to quail. Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn!

At times she denies this, but this is what her father says and he was in a position to know. The big event happened July 29th, and the year was 1905.

Clara lived in Brooklyn for some time, but after a while it began to tell on her, and one night she told her friends that she was going down to the drugstore to get some aspirin and quietly disappeared.

Her name, before we get into it too deeply, is pronounced like ribbon, and not bow-wow as in dog.

Clara lives in a rather small house in Beverly Hills and has more relatives and kin-folks than anybody in the world except Brigham Young. And they are always coming to see her. Sometimes, when you drive up before Clara's house and see the pigeons in the yard, you think it is the annual meeting of the Iowa Society. But when you get out and talk to them you find they are all from Brooklyn. And hungry.

If you ever go down from Brooklyn, who has been living at a cafeteria, get in front of a table where there is a home-cooked free meal? Well, then you haven't seen America first.

In her home Clara has a dog named "Bo" and an ash tray that cost $35.
Everybody's Santa Claus

(Continued from page 87)

shore. Players have named these bungalows after their greatest cinema successes. Hence, Lois Moran's is called Stella Dallas; Anna Q. Nilsson's, Winds of Chance; and Dolores Del Rio's is obviously titled Ramona.

Well, the pourquoi of this yarn is that the socially and financially ambitious wonders when he will be able to "make" Malibu. Yet Richard Dix gave his beach house to a cameraman friend who had photographed him especially well in several pictures.

At that, perhaps Mr. Dix considers Malibu the particular Christmas tree from which he distributes his gifts, for to come to think of it, the star presented one of his directors with two lots of this delightful Los Angeles resort. The deed to the property was probably marked, "In appreciation." Don't ask for what? Richard's fault is that he enjoys paying the piper while the other fellow does the fox trotting.

Tennis teas are a feature of Hollywood entertainments. At one given time a summer our hero put on an appearance. After several sets were played, the host's flippant flapper daughter approached the star. "I'll give you a show," she said. "Tell Betcha I win too. Betcha a dress at Magnin's to a package of cigarettes."

For your information, gentle reader, let it be recorded that lit-tul trocks may be had at Magnin's for $200—if you watch for the sales and get up early. However, Mr. Dix was ready to fall for this ingenious patter when a stranger intervened.

"You certainly look tired there, fellow," he remarked meaningly. "Why don't you sit down for a while."

Richard looked grateful, but the Sweet Young Thing looked sore.

Then there's the one about the man the star met for the first time at a party one evening. Things were breaking as badly for this gentleman as they usually are for most of us. He hadn't been home in years. As a matter of fact, he hadn't had the cash to get there. He lived in Kansas City. Why he didn't say Budapest is more than I can figure out. It would have been just as easy, for his money troubles were temporarily put at an end.

A former employee of his studio cornered Dix as he left the lot one day. He hadn't been able to land a job. Could Richard "lend" him a couple hundred? He could.

And so it goes. I could cite several similar stories or could suggest that, should the star decide to make a musical movie, he sing Rodgers and Hart's ever-popular number, "You Took Advantage of Me," as a theme song. His guilty friends would leave the theater before the lights went up.
people saw beyond the little Bow girl's shabby clothes into the beauty and the soul beneath them.

Here, then, entered destiny. If Clara hadn't won that contest, she would probably be married now and instead of the world's favorite flapper be a settled young matron. But the contest gave her ambition its first expression and subsequent events were to test the firmness of character her hard childhood had forced her to acquire.

Clara worked in the picture her prize-winning cast her for. She didn't know how to make-up. She lacked, completely, the right clothes. The one scene she had to play was one in which she was supposed to cry. That was easy for her. She merely thought of home.

She was through after that, except for waiting for a showing of her picture. When the film was finally released, Clara wasn't in it at all. She had brought all the kids in the neighborhood about her success, her future. Now she was subjected to their merciless sarcasm. Her whole little world seemed to be in ashes and it was a terrible blow to her. But a harder one was coming.

Clara haunted the movie studios. There were several of them in the East at that time. She didn't find anything. She was too young and too fat and too shabby. She soon found that being a contest winner gave her no more distinction than being feminine. There were almost as many beauty winners in the studios as there were girls. The hard part of it was that the youngster had to fight for not only her own discouragement but her mother's opposition.

The strain of poverty, of loneliness, of ill health had got in at Clara's mother. She turned all her feverish frustration on Clara. She resolved the girl wasn't going to get into trouble while she had a mother to guard her. And to her morbid imagination, the motion picture studios threatened her little daughter's very life. And she did her best to argue her little daughter out of her dreams.

Clara had just got her first break—the part of the little roughneck in "Down to the Sea in Ships." Fifty dollars a week, a trip to New Bedford for scenes, and a real opportunity. The girl was in the seventh heaven of delight.

Clara went away on location the next day. All the thirteen weeks, she was away, she was ill. She couldn't sleep because she would wake herself up, crying violently. Yet by day she played a nutty little kid and played it magnificently. Shortly thereafter Clara's mother died and the girl went to Hollywood. As soon as "Down to the Sea in Ships" was released, Clara's future was assured. She was too good to pass by. B. P. Schulberg, the motion picture executive, signed her for a very small company. For three years Clara worked constantly, learned constantly, tried to find herself. When Schulberg went to Paramount, he took Clara with him. It was her first chance with a big company. But more important, it gave her her first chance to take stock and for a little while to be herself.

It was about then that she fell in love—or thought she fell in love—with Gilbert Roland. I doubt very much that it was ever more than a case of youthful protraction. They were each of them mere children of Hollywood, romantic, over-emotional, heart-hungry. Yet something might have come of it if Gilbert hadn't been so jealous, if he hadn't lost his temper and used too many words at the sight of Clara even making love for screen purposes to another man. So that blew up.

Vic Fleming was Clara's director on "Wings." I know, myself, that Clara was bewildered, lonely, unsettled during that picture. Love was all around her. Richard Arlen was courting Jobyna Ralston. The handsome young "Buddy" Rogers was around. They were both on the desert location, under a desert moon. Clara just had to be in love with somebody, so she chose Fleming. After they returned to Hollywood, her heart returned to normal.

Robert Savage probably represented class to her. Clara is terribly conscious of her lack of education and swanky upbringing. She flapped around with young Savage, probably until she discovered, as most everybody else did, that he was more rhinestone than diamond.

Gary Cooper came along just as Clara had been experiencing the heady wine of Elmor Glyn's discovering her as the IT girl; just as several of her biggest pictures smashed box-office records throughout the country. She was fusing with her hair then, getting it every color in the rainbow; fusing with her personality, making it everything from Elsie Dinsmore to Cleopatra.

Gary was shy, quiet, reserved, and amusing. He is a darling and Clara sensed it. He taught her a lot and she taught him more. It was when they both got through going to school to one another, they found they didn't have so much to talk about which brought practically up to the present and Mr. Richman.

It is true that Clara did see a lot of Harry Richman the last time she was in New York. Everyone is amused when he is a clever boy who makes one laugh. And after a life like Clara's the wish to laugh, to be constantly amused, is the strongest urge.

Or, at least, it seems so. I believe Clara thinks that it is. I believe that is what made her agree to be engaged to Richman, his purposes. Clara wanted to laugh with Harry, play about with Harry. She was willing to give it a try. The only trouble was that Clara has climbed higher than she knows. The disturbing factor was her intuitive understanding of emotion, that subtle, lovely understanding that makes her the actress that she is.

Norma Shearer, at the Midtown Country Club, near Los Angeles, where the polo scenes of her picture, "Their Own Desire," were filmed.
The Girl Who Licked Hollywood

(Continued from page 48)

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Snappy Comebacks

(Continued from page 28)

starved at one time, they say, for the café, cabaret and small-time vaudeville jobs were widely scattered, Bessie could toy with a ukulele, and when the vogue for ukes swept the country, she managed to fill an engagement in a small-time theatre here and there. But not living on morale salary. And you cannot expect to be remembered by "your public" when you've faded out of the picture for so many seasons.

Then Jimmy Gleason, one of the better players, directors and authors went to work on "The Broadway Melody." He never forgets the capable, the reliable, and the others who "know how." He not only signed Bessie Love for that nudih which became a sensational money-maker after it struck Broadway but he engaged Charles King and several other so-called "has-beens," but that's another paragraph.

If you were to ask us, Bessie ran off with the blue ribbons in "The Broadway Melody." The critics throughout the country hurled superlative comments for her remarkable performance, particularly that scene before her dressing-room mirror when she contributed a grand interpretation of a lass who realized that the one man she loved cared for another. There hadn't been a more compelling outside on the screen and that goes for "Sonny Boy," "Singing Fools" or what have you? Few other Hollywood favorites could have planned that role and Bessie made the most of it. How she toyed and jugged with the teen-dubs!

Today Bessie Love is set again. She is single handed. And she is terrified by the alleged master minds who once snubbed her at the studio gates. It must be grand to come back like that. And Bessie hasn't changed at all, success or failure, her head never inflated or wilted which is another reason the mob Go for Her in a Big Way.

Then there's Charles King, of whom we were speaking a series of sentences ago. Charles starred in vaudeville with Elisabeth Brice for many seasons. He served the better musicals as juvenile lead and accounted creditably for himself in almost anything he attempted. Then something happened. Charles was aging. That is, the Broadway wisenheimers would have you believe that Charles lacked that wallop, or whatever managers call it when they aren't interested any longer.

So Charles migrated to the Gold Coast to try his luck. He was among the pioneers to rush out there, and Jimmy Gleason turned a deaf ear to the scoffers and hired King—for the male lead in "The Broadway Melody." If you witnessed that immensely entertaining talkie and single, who hasn't, then it is needless to toast King's performance here. Sufficient to report that Charles King elevated himself from the lowly ranks of Broadway stardom to the movie heights, and at one of those typical movie salaries that stars get when they knock 'em dead.

The movie fans who remember his singing the villainous Harry T. Morey in the good old fashioned days of 15 years ago will find something familiar in the criminal Moriarity who is baffling Sherlock Holmes in the Paramount picture "The Return of Sherlock Holmes."

None of the Hollywood magnates could be "sold" on the Harry T. Morey idea until somebody discovered that Morey registered AI before the camera "that talked like a man," and when Morey learned that he was really "good" he evaded matters by making the producers pay him a heavy fee for his services. But Morey will tell you that until he clicked again and won favor, the stealing was jerky and full of unhappy incidents.

And Betty Compson. After making a tremendous success in "The Miracle Man" she married James Cruze and seemed content to retire. Then when the urge asserted itself again, Betty could do nothing better than get work along "Poverty Row" until Rebecca of Sultin, the agents, who practically control the destinies of many stars in the movies, urged Betty to new ambition.

Under Rebecca's guidance, Betty went seriously to work—and Rebecca placed her in "The Barker" one of the first of the talkies. Betty Compson scored so well in that hit that has been in demand ever since and frequently has worked in three pictures simultaneously.

Similar tales concern Conrad Nagel, who was "just another leading man" until they discovered that he had a "splendid speaking voice." Warner Brothers exploited Nagel as the possessor of the "greatest of the movie speaking voices" and few will argue with them about it.

Gladys Brockwell, one of the veteran stars came back successfully after shooting the clutes until she could get nothing better than character roles in playlets in Hollywood clubs. At one of the clubs one evening during a performance, a producer was favorably impressed and got Gladys to call at his office the next morning.

Then after clicking in the big time manner she was besieged with offers from several talkie producers and accepted one of them to great advantage.

But just as they planned greater roles for her, Gladys was killed in a motor crash.

Mary Nolan redeemed herself after...
an advantage in New York under the name of Imogene Wilson. Whether or not numerology was an important deciding factor in her good fortune isn’t known. But when Imogene Wilson became Mary Nolan, Hollywood took a fancy to her delicate beauty and her landed solidly as a screen siren. In “Charming Sinners,” she revealed great ability, unfolding none of the flaws so common in chorus and show girls.

Ruth Chatterton’s remarkable comeback thrilled those of us who feared she was on the wane. Miss Chatterton was one of the better dramatic stars of the stage until she couldn’t arrest the attention of the better managers. So she married Ralph Forbes, and they struck out for California where Forbes garnered all honors. Some of us believed that Miss Chatterton didn’t care any more about success or a career because she was too much in love with her husband, but You Never Can Tell in Hollywood.

Today Ruth Chatterton tops Ralph Forbes as a cinema favorite and her adroit performance in “Madame X,” “Charming Sinners,” and other flickers has made her a great box office record smasher.

And what amuses those of us who are serving as mere spectators is that many of the stars mentioned here are described as “finds” by the wide-eyed movie monarchs.

“Finds,” indeed! Finding veterans would be more like it.

Look at Mary Philbin! The doll-like Universal beauty, who was taken down and dusted off a few months ago. After shaking the mists out of her curls, Universal gave her to Jimmy Gleason who is screening his stage success, “Shanons of Broadway,” and moviegoers are happy again. For it appeared at one time that Mary had permanently gone passé. When stars announce their intentions of marrying and retiring is another way of confessing that they know they are done, which is exactly what Mary intended to do, she said.

Now, however, she is facing the microphone and will re-appear as a sweet, young thing, with sound, if you please.

After nine long years away from the screen Crain Wilbur is due soon in a picture called “Cotton and Silk” which will feature the Duncan Sisters. You won’t be sorry if they’re in your stort trousers or braid when Crain Wilbur thrilled the flappers who wore peek-a-boo waists and skidoo hats. He went “legit” and after several yes-and-no attractions had claimed him, he wrote and produced some shows. One of the younger movie magnates caught his “act” in a big time theatre, however, and decided that Crain Wilbur still possessed enough “it” to remind the girls that Rudy Vallee and John Gilbert weren’t the only pebbles in their shoes.

Most interesting, we think, is that the James Cruze, Inc., that new independent cinema firm is showing signs of becoming a rescue mission for used-to-be’s or out-of-fuck film favorites. Cruze’s first release “The Great Gabbo” stars no other than the prodigal Baron Von Stroheim.

And so it goes—the romance and the revolution of the talkies which are making the fastest history of the movies. And it is a history that is only just beginning.

Guide to the Best Films
(Continued from page 2)


The Virginian. One of the greatest of all western stories makes a thrilling talkie. With Gary Cooper and Walter H. Huston. RKO Picture.


Evangeline. For those who like romance, especially when it is sad. With Dolores Del Rio. United Artists.


On With The Show. Song and dance revue, photographed in technicolor, Warner Brothers.


THE AYES HAVE IT

The stars whose eyes are presented are:

Top Page 80: Marion Nixon.
Center Page 80: Janet Gaynor (top). Richad Dix (second from bottom).
Bottom Page 80: Marion Davies.
Top Page 81: Paul Whiteman.
Center Page 81: Carol Lombard (top). Tudy Vallee (second from bottom).
ized version of school-days that must be causing more than one little red schoolhouse to turn in its last century grave, look in upon the spectacle of frightened Hollywood of these days.

Hollywood is going to elocution school. Yes, in case you have forgotten: "Elocution, the art of correct intonation and inflection in public speaking or reading." Webster.

Here is how Hollywood goes to school. Every morning before the studios begin work, if the pupil has failed to beei ng in the lack of care, or around eleven o'clock in general, Miss Hollywood, (although the same schedule applies to budding or blossoming Valentinos), pops open her beaded lashes with a click, slides into her swansdown slippers and is led by a maid into her black Pompebian bath. Massage. Perfumes. Ointments. Dolly Dozen. Facial. Water wave. Little silken underthings. A sheaf of unbelievably expensive rock. A bite of the eighteen-day diet breakfast, and Miss Hollywood, ready for her little red schoolhouse, throws on her sable scarf, descends the stairs of her imitation Italian villa, perilous on the side of a filled-in hill, into her Rolls-Royce, and off for as many hours of voice culture, placement, and diction as she can ram into what is left of her morning.

Hollywood Rolls-Roycing to school! Nor is all this as much a scene out of an opera bouffe as it would seem.

These de luxe school-girls of the beaded lash, the sophisticated eye, the sun-tanned legs and the superlatively chic silhouette are studying the three R's of the new technique with the intensity of an aspirant for Ph.D.

A long since arrived star of the brilliance of Miss Bebe Daniels goes to her various daily lessons with far more conscientiousness than your average university student. Certainly with far more intelligence. A young woman brimful of accomplishment and success, she has let no grass grow under her clever feet. Another example of success succeeding further.

It has never been an easy crown to wear, the gilt and rhinestone one of Hollywood. It is lined in tin thorns, it induces headache, it is as nervous and restless as a Mexican jumping bean and seems forever to hanker for newer, blonder and more personable resting places.

It is the most coveted of crowns. To wear it is to reap weekly checks of four and five figures, bushel baskets of fan-mail and celluloid fame by the footage.

At the present moment, hundreds of the members of this celluloid dynasty are fairly shivering on their thrones. Some must fall off by the wayside; some will survive.

Victory will go to the vocal!!

Greta Garbo’s Girlhood
(Continued from page 20)

satisfaction of feeling that she was helping mother.

In 1909, when Greta was fifteen, she definitely left school. She got a position in a department store, selling hats. By this time, her beauty had established itself. She had outgrown her gawkiness and her height made her seem older than her years. Her shyness had turned into a restraint that gave her an air of breeding. The serious, poised young girl—so pathetically eager to make something of herself—was obviously no ordinary salesgirl; she had pride and education.

As a business woman, Greta was a success, even though she was very young. The customers liked her. The other girls in the department liked her because she wasn’t pushing and because, in spite of her aloofness, she was pleasant. And the store manager quickly saw that she was a valuable asset to the millinery department.

Greta has clothes sense. Although Hollywood has been amused by the careless and simplicity of her wardrobe, Greta is wiser than most film stars in that she never is foolish enough to overdress. She wears her clothes with an air. Moreover, she has had an immense influence on the fashions of the world. It was Greta, for instance, who first introduced the long, shoulder-length bob. It was Greta who first wore hats that were turned back off the forehead and wide-brimmed at the back. It was Greta who made popular the stand-up collar.

If Greta had remained in the department store she would have become a fashion expert and a successful business woman. When, at fifteen, a girl can make her influence felt in a large shop, then she must have a very definite talent for her job.

The clash of Greta’s mind was still the longing for the theatre. Now, with money of her own, she could afford to go to the movies and she could treat herself to an occasional play. The theatre was the luxury of her life.

Very likely, with her good position and with money of her own, Greta gloried in her independence and thought herself fortunate. She was getting along in the world. She found that, in selling hats, she could make a quick sale by trying the hats on herself. Even in those days, women in Stockholm, wanted to look like the obscure little salesgirl who was some day to be Greta Garbo.

The chief of her department asked her to pose for photographs of hats that were to illustrate the Paul U. Bergstrom catalogue. And the sixteen-year-old Greta’s pictures were a feature of the catalogue in 1921. Other stars have had their first start as fashion models. Alice Joyce and Mabel Normand both posed for fashion photographers, and Frances Howard, who is now Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, was one of New York’s best models.

One of the customers of the store was Erik Petschler, a film manager. He noticed Greta’s unusual beauty and saw that she was decidedy the photographic type. He asked her if she could accept an occasional movie engagement. This was, of course, the chance of Greta’s life. At first she was afraid of giving up a good position for the precarious life in the studios, where in Sweden the wages are small, even for established stars.

Greta herself says that leaving the store was the most daring step in her life. Her family realized that, for the good of their talented girl, they must have...
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When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver. If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

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<th>At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.</th>
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<td>Renee Adoree</td>
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| Where to Write the Movie Stars                      |                           |

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Douglas Fairbanks
Mary Pickford
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Olive Borden
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston
RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Oliver Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

Gilbert Roland
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

Jacqueline Logan
Ben Lyon
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier
MILLIONS OF MEN know that these are good RAZOR BLADES

SPEEDWAY

Speedway Blades (a package of two double-edge Speedway safety razor blades is 10 cents) continue to be the choice of millions of men each year. Every Speedway blade is inspected... and guaranteed to hold up against the toughest beard.

TWO BLADES IN A PACKAGE FOR 10¢

SHA-VE-ZEE

Sha-Ve-Zee Blades (a package of three of the single-edge Sha-Ve-Zee safety razor blades is 10 cents) are favored by more and more men every day who know from personal experience the hard use they will stand. Every Sha-Ve-Zee blade is made from the same high-quality tempered steel... and every blade is guaranteed.

THREE BLADES IN A PACKAGE FOR 10¢

Speedway and Sha-ve-Zee packages are the handiest way to buy razor blades... and as serviceable blades as you can buy in any form or at any price. Many men buy half a dozen packages at a time.

Manufactured and guaranteed by the International Safety Razor Corporation, Bloomfield, New Jersey

INTERNATIONAL SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE
New Loveliness for Your Hair

New styles in hairdressing were never so numerous—never so delightfully flattering—as they are now! Decide which you like best—and then adopt it easily—with the aid of a Lorraine Hair Net.

No need for long hours of patient training! Lorraine Hair Nets—smartly fashioned—cleverly shaped—snugly-fitting—quickly induce the most unruly locks to follow new paths sleekly.

And Lorraine Hair Nets not only bring new loveliness to your hair—they bring longer life to your waves!

Wear Lorraine Hair Nets for smartness—for beauty—for economy!

For sale exclusively at F. W. WOOLWORTH CO Stores

Lorraine Water Wave Net
with chin elastic. Woven of fine silk in pastel and hair shades. 10¢

Lorraine Sports Net. With or without chin ribbon. Woven of soft, heavy silk in pastel shades. 10¢

Lorraine Bobbed Hair Net—Special size for the bob or growing in bob

Lorraine Silk Nets with elastic edge 5¢

Lorraine Hair Nets Double or Single Mesh
It costs surprisingly little to brighten up your table with these gay dishes in smartly colorful designs. You will find them on display at Woolworth Stores, offered at such low prices only because they are bought by Woolworth in great quantity from the Homer Laughlin potteries—the largest makers of dishes in the world. The quality is excellent and the patterns are open stock, so that you may add to your set as you wish. Ask to see the Homer Laughlin dishes at your Woolworth Store.

The favorite gold-band dishes (pattern W-426) shown here are found in many Woolworth Stores.

The pattern at the right is W-127

These lovely yellow pieces (pattern W-428) are typical of dishes which will be found in many Woolworth Stores, especially in the larger stores.

HOMER LAUGHLIN DISHES ARE SOLD AT F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORES
If you have cheers, prepare to give them now. For with George Arliss in "Disraeli" the art of Talking Pictures enters a new phase!

Experts have been predicting that it would take ten years to perfect the audible film. The experts were wrong! For here is that perfection, achieved by Vitaphone years ahead of time!

Not only has Vitaphone transplanted every atom of dramatic power, superb suspense, and rapier wit, that made George Arliss' "Disraeli" one of the historic stage successes of the century... It has done more than that... In a single stride it has not only attained but actually surpassed the stage's artistic standards, which thousands felt the screen could never even equal! The fascination of the footlights fades before the larger lure of mammoth settings—Vitaphone's crisp, telling dialogue—and a George Arliss of heightened stature and new intimacy, exceeding even the amazing brilliance of his classic stage performance.

Come! See for yourself! Let Vitaphone put you "on speaking terms" with Disraeli, amazing man of destiny who rose from obscurity to control a modern empire—all because he knew how to handle women—especially a Queen.

Look for the "Vitaphone" sign when you're looking for talking picture entertainment. You'll find it only on WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES
The New Movie Magazine

One of the Tower Group of Magazines
Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

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Cover painting of Greta Garbo by Penrhyn Stanlaws

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor
Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Group A.

The Taming of the Shrew. Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks’ first appearance in films together. A rough-house version of Shakespeare’s comedy with many a broad laugh. United Artists.

Rio Rita. A gorgeous and expensive production of the famous musical comedy of the South-West. Bebe Daniels’ voice (a glorious natural one) is the big surprise of 1929. John Boles sings superbly, too. United Artists.

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. United Artists.

The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. She’s in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. United Artists.

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It’s a wow! Fox production.

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. Paramount.


The Broadway Melody. Story of back-stage life.

Gloria Swanson does a remarkable comeback in “The Trespasser,” in which she sings with surprising success.
Robert Montgomery and Joan Bennett are charming sweethearts in the novel character comedy, "Three Live Ghosts."

Bulldog Drummond. A swell talkie melodrama that you can't afford to miss. With Ronald Colman. A Goldwyn-United Artists production.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. Your chance to see and hear the straightforward version of an engrossing play. With Norma Shearer. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Group B.
The Virginian. Gary Cooper giving a corking performance in an all-talkie revival of Owen Wister's novel of pioneer days. Mary Brian and Richard Arlen excellent. A fine panorama of the West that was. Paramount.
Gold Diggers of Broadway. A lively, jazzy musical show, in which Winnie Lightner runs away with a hit. Color photography above the average. You'll like this.
The Awful Truth. Ina Claire's talkie début in a piquant comedy of two young people who think they want a divorce. Miss Claire is delightful.
Disraeli. George Arliss and his famous character-


Mary Pickford will surprise her followers by her performance of the hot tempered Katharina in "The Taming of the Shrew," in which Doug Fairbanks plays Petruchio.
WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?

Thrilling—sensational—spectacular—great! All the adjectives, all the superlatives have already been used to describe pictures which are so far behind this one that there's no comparison! Besides, they wouldn't do justice to this truly magnificent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer masterpiece.

Ramon NOVARRO

with MARION HARRIS
and DOROTHY JORDAN
who help make this one of the screen's undying classics of romantic love and adventure.

in that gorgeous action operetta—the last word in musical romances, now playing to record audiences at the Astor Theatre, New York

"DEVIL MAY CARE"

Hear the Sensational Hit Songs
"Shepherd Serenade"
"Charming"
"If She Cared"
"March of the Old Guards"

See it at your favorite theatre, All-Talking or Silent

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
"MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"
THE Warner revue, "The Show of Shows," has one big song hit, "Singing in the Bathtub," inspired by "Singing in the Rain" but, of course, rougher and funnier. Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play a fine fox trot version of "Singing in the Bathtub" for Columbia. On the other side is the popular "Little by Little," from "The Sophomore." Another Columbia version offers Eddie Walters singing "Singing in the Bathtub." On the other side is "Hello Baby," from "The Forward Pass." Did you like Helen Kane in "Sweetie" or "Pointed Heels"? You will love her "Bathtub." For Victor, the Ipana Troubadours play a fine version of "Singing in the Bathtub," from "Sweetie." The music of "Sunny Side Up" is getting a great play from the record makers. The Charleston Troubadours have a swell version of "Turn on the Heat" (Columbia). On the other side is "What Wouldn't I Do For That Man," from "Applause" and "More Than You Know," from "The Great Day." Both are fox trot versions and "Turn on the Heat" is splendidly recorded.

From "Sunny Side Up" Johnny Marvin sings (for Victor) "I'm a Dreamer. Aren't We All?" and "If I Had a Talking Picture of You." For Victor, too, the High Hatters play "Aren't We All?" and "You've Got Me Pickin' Petals Off of Daisies." Both are splendidly orchestrated.

One of the best of the "Sunny Side Up" records is Paul Whiteman's Columbia number, presenting "Aren't We All?" and "If I Had a Talking Picture of You." You'll like this record.

Irene Bordoni sings her hits of "Paris" for Columbia — "My Lover" and "I Wonder What is Really on His Mind."
DO THEY MEAN ALL THEY SAY ABOUT WOMEN?

Other Interesting Features of the Home Magazine

An intimate picture of the Rockefeller family. Told by Emil Siebern, the sculptor, who helped make the Pocantico Hills estate one of the most beautiful in the country.

Chic Sale, the humorist, goes back to the days in his home town—when the lobby of the Commercial House was the “Centre of Sin.”

Rudy Vallee says: “If a woman really loves a man, she doesn’t want a career.”

Prince Matchabelli says: “Continental men understand women better than American men.”

Carl Van Doren says: “A woman who understands one man can keep any man.”

James Montgomery Flagg says: “American men are afraid of their wives.”

Everyone will enjoy the conversation which took place when these four celebrities met the Editor for tea. Read about it in The Home Magazine.

The HOME MAGAZINE

Now on sale at Woolworth Stores
Buy it while there’s a copy to be had

One of the four TOWER MAGAZINES
**WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS**

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver. If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

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Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

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At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

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<td>Louise Dresser</td>
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<td>Nancy Dressel</td>
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<td>Mary Duncan</td>
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<td>Charles Eaton</td>
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<td>Earle Foxe</td>
<td>Norma Terris</td>
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<td>Janet Gaynor</td>
<td>Don Terry</td>
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At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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<tr>
<td>John Barrymore</td>
<td>Davey Lee</td>
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<td>Monte Blue</td>
<td>Myrna Loy</td>
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<td>Betty Bronson</td>
<td>May McAvoy</td>
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<td>William Collier, Jr.</td>
<td>Edna Murphy</td>
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<td>Dolores Costello</td>
<td>Lois Wilson</td>
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<td>Louise Fazenda</td>
<td>Grant Withers</td>
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<td>Audrey Ferris</td>
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Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

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<td>Robert Armstrong</td>
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<td>William Boyd</td>
<td>Jeanette Loft</td>
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<td>Junior Coghlan</td>
<td>Carol Lombard</td>
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<td>Diane Ellis</td>
<td>Eddie Quillian</td>
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<td>Helen Twelvetrees.</td>
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First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

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<td>Richard Barthelness</td>
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<td>Billie Dove</td>
<td>Jack Mulhall</td>
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<td>Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.</td>
<td>Donald Reed</td>
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<td>Corinne Griffith</td>
<td>Milton Sills</td>
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<td>Lloyd Hughes</td>
<td>Thelma Todd</td>
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<td>Doris Kenyon</td>
<td>Alice White</td>
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<td>Dorothy Mackaill</td>
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United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

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<td>Don Alvarado</td>
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<td>Fannie Brice</td>
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<td>Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.</td>
<td>Constance Talmadge</td>
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<td>Mary Pickford</td>
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Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

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<td>William Collier, Jr.</td>
<td>Jacqueline Logan</td>
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<td>Ralph Graves</td>
<td>Ben Lyon</td>
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<td>Jack Holt</td>
<td>Shirley Mason</td>
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<td>Margaret Livingston</td>
<td>Dorothy Revier</td>
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RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

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<td>Buzz Barton</td>
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<td>Sally Blane</td>
<td>Richard Dix</td>
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<td>Olive Borden</td>
<td>Bob Steele</td>
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<td>Betty Compson</td>
<td>Tom Tyler</td>
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<td>Bebe Daniels</td>
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10
THELMA TODD

Gallery of Famous Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine
CONSTANCE BENNETT
An Original Movietone

Sunny Side Up

It was Jane's own fault, right from the start. If she hadn't quarreled with Jack Cromwell that Fourth of July morning, he would have stayed at Southampton with the "four hundred" instead of rushing off in a huff to New York to mix in with the "four million."

If he had stayed where he belonged, he probably would never have set eyes upon sweet Molly Carr. He'd never have been watching that block party up in Yorkville, or fallen under the spell of Molly's magic voice and twinkling feet during her song and dance number.

But that number started Jack thinking. Molly had looks, grace, manners, and remarkable versatility. What was the matter with inviting her down to Southampton as a special guest entertainer for his mother's Charity Bazaar?

Molly liked the idea, too, when Jack put it up to her. Like many another shop girl, she had had her day dreams of life among the idle rich. More than once she had envisioned herself the bride of a Park Avenue millionaire, with a summer home at Newport, and all the maids, butlers, Rolls-Royces and pleasure yachts in the world at her beck and call. It would be fun to play the part of a society bud, even for a little while. And then—she liked this particular young man. Even now, his picture, clipped from a Sunday paper, had the place of honor on her dressing table. All in all, it was too good to miss. Molly would go and she'd even do more....

In order to help Jack bring his light-hearted sweetheart to her senses, she would pretend there was an affair between them. She'd make Jane jealous, for Jack's sake.

The Charity Bazaar is on. Molly and her friends have been living in a rented home on the estate adjoining the Cromwell's and are all ready to take part in the entertainment. Between Jack and Molly, everything has been working out as they planned. Jane is a bit suspicious, and more than a little jealous of Molly. It seems to her that Jack pays more attention to this little outsider than her presence in his mother's Charity entertainment really necessitates. It is hardly likely that he would forget his social position and fall in love with a nobody—and yet, men do strange things. She'd better watch her man before he does something foolish! Perhaps a word to Jack's mother...?

It is Molly's turn to go on. The stage is set for her number. By now she is actually in love with Jack, and her emotions run riot as she hums to herself the duet which they are about to sing. She doesn't know that just a few moments before, Jane has managed to patch up her quarrel with Jack and that they are to be married soon.
Suddenly she is confronted by Jack's mother. What is there between her and Jack? Is it true that Jack is paying the rent for the home she and her friends are occupying? Does she not know that Jack is engaged to a young lady of his own set and that an affair with a girl of no social antecedents is unthinkable? She must leave at once, the moment her number is finished. That is the best thing for her own happiness and Jack's!

Of course Molly leaves. She has tasted life as Society lives it. She has had her day—and she has helped Jack recover his sweetheart. Molly leaves and Jack doesn't know why—until . . . . . . .

But we mustn't tell the whole story here, otherwise you would miss much of the enjoyment of the great surprise climax of "Sunny Side Up" when you see it at your favorite theater.

It's the first original all talking, singing, dancing musical comedy written especially for the screen. Words and music are by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, authors of such stage musical comedy successes as "Good News," "Manhattan Mary," "Three Cheers," "Hold Everything," and "Follow Through," so you know what kind of music to expect when you hear "Sunny Side Up"!

David Butler never directed a better picture. Leading the cast are Janet Gaynor, who plays the part of Molly Carr, and Charles Farrell as Jack Cromwell. Farrell has a splendid baritone voice which will certainly add thousands of new friends to his long list of enthusiastic admirers. And you simply must hear Janet Gaynor sing to appreciate the remarkable scope of this young artist's talents.

Then too, there are Sharon Lynn, Marjorie White, Frank Richardson and El Brendel, and about 100 of the loveliest girls you've ever seen in a musical comedy anywhere! The scenes are laid in upper New York City and at Southampton, society's fashionable Long Island summer resort.

All things considered, "Sunny Side Up" is far and away the most entertaining talking, singing, dancing picture yet produced. Six dollars and sixty cents would hardly buy a ticket for it on the New York stage—but you'll be able to hear and see this great William Fox Movietone soon, right in your own favorite local motion picture theatre, at a fraction of that price.

—Advt.
Gossip of the Studios

CUPID continues to be the most talked about Hollywood star.

Will Bessie Love marry Bill Hawks? They are continually being seen together.

Sally Eilers is devoted to Hoot Gibson.

The romance of Marceline Day and the Los Angeles battling District Attorney Buren Pitts is a subject of keen interest in the movie colony.

The romance of George O'Brien and Olive Borden is on again.

Loretta Young and Grant Withers continue that way. Only, they're very dignified about it.

The Romance of John Barrymore has been ill with the flu. And his great anxiety has been his failure to get to San Pedro daily to see how his new yacht, one of the finest and biggest in the country, is progressing. He is accustomed to going down daily to give the work personal inspection. As soon as the Barrymore heir has arrived and all is well in the family, John and Dolores plan another exploration trip in the South Seas.

CORINNE GRIFFITH waited until winter for her retreat to Malibu Beach. She wished to study French undisturbed in preparation for her trip to France in February, when she will complete her purchase of her half-the-year home, a château in Barbizon.

P.S.—Corinne also spent the six weeks between pictures taking tap dancing in honor of sound pictures.

STEPIN FETCHIT had a pet terrier. He was very fond of it. But Mrs. Stepin Fetchit didn't feel the same way about it.

"You all got to get rid of that dog. I can't spend all of my time taking that dog walking. And that's final!"

One morning the husband dutifully departed with his pet under his arm.

That evening when he returned he said, "Well, dear, I sure done get rid of the dog. I made a good trade on him."

Her eyes brightened. "What did you get for him?"

"Two puppies!" He pulled them out of his pocket.

STEPIN FETCHIT, by the way, modestly admits he is good.

If you read Herb Howe on another page of this issue, you will learn more about Stepin, but it is just as well to quote a letter from Fetchit to Louella Parsons, the famous Hearst movie writer. Said Stepin:

"Just a line to let you know I appreciate the nice opinion you seem to possess of myself, and assuring you that I will try to prove worthy of the nice things that's thought of me in the picture industry. Mr. Cummings, the director of the last picture I played in, 'Cameo Kirby,' didn't believe in someone yarning in a picture because it made people feel lazy. And he forgot to remember that the lazier I made people feel the more I was wearing perfection in my line. So the result was I had to sacrifice a little of my art on account of a pet idea of his and for peace sake."

Anyway, the Fox studios have renewed their option on Stepin's contract, which Mr. Howe tells you about elsewhere.

IT is hard to get a cheek upon La Garbo. She has moved again to keep herself thoroughly hidden. And she has announced that she will never give another interview—ever.

But once in a while she comes out of her retreat to attend a picture. The other evening...
it was to see "They Had to See Paris."

K EEP an eye on Lew Ayres, who scored in Greta Garbo's "The Kiss." He was the sensitive young chap who caused all the trouble in that film drama. Lew played a banjo in a hotel orchestra out in California until he got an opportunity in pictures. The role in "The Kiss" seems to have planted him definitely as a Hollywood personality.

Ayres is out on the Universal lot now, playing in "All Quiet on the Western Front," with William Jannay, Walter Rogers and Russell Gleason in the other important roles. These boys have been spending hours drilling under the warm California sun. What are blistered hands when one blisters them for Art?

Lew Milestone, the director, has a German "army" of 2,000 extras. They are all carefully chosen types, many of them war veterans.

O U T in Hollywood they're telling this one:
Secretary of War Davis, on a visit to Hollywood, was introduced to a well-known movie supervisor.
"And what war were you secretary of, Mr. Davis?" inquired the supervisor.

SOMETIMES Hollywood reporters point to Al Jolson as high hat. Don't believe it. Here's a real Jolson story that few know about.

Not so many Sundays ago, Jolson went to the Jewish Consumptive Relief Association Sanitarium at Duarte, Calif. There was no publicity stunt about the visit. Jolson sang all afternoon and, when he was leaving, he slipped a check for $10,000 into the superintendent's hand.

M A YBE you have wondered what has happened to the director, Josef von Sternberg, whose last productions in Hollywood were "The Case of Lena Smith" and "Thunderbolt." He is in Berlin, directing Emil Jannings. Jannings is making a production called "The Blue Angel" and Erich Pommer is directing. If you want to write to Emil, address your mail to him at the Ufa Studios, Neuberg, Germany. And be sure your letter carries enough postage.

R O D LA ROCQUE was telling about the mountain lion he shot in the Kaibab forest, Utah. "It was a blue lion," detailed Rod. "Very rare—eleven feet from tip to tip. Weighed 700 pounds."
"Ah-h-h," chuckled Hal Skelly, one of the luncheon party, "what a lion man you are!"

S P EAKING of La Rocque, reminds us that he was considered for the rôle of Abraham Lincoln in David Wark Griffith's forthcoming talkie based upon the life of the great President. Walter Huston, however, got the final vote. In fact, Griffith dickered for weeks to get Huston for the part.
Meanwhile Griffith made a trip to New York to sign Stephen Vincent Benet to write some of the dialogue. Griffith felt that only the man who penned the Pulitzer prize winner, "John Brown's Body," could catch the true spirit of those trying and bloody Civil War days.

J O A N C R A W F O R D and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are trying to sell their lovely Spanish home in Brentwood Heights. They want to save money. Joan says they can get an apartment for half the amount and put away the balance.
That's love!

H E R E S a joke that's going the Hollywood rounds.
A man visited his doctor and found that he had diabetes.
"It's dangerous for a man only 41 to have such a disease. Unless you do exactly as I tell you, I will not be responsible," the doctor told him.

The man left in a dazed condition, boarded the streetcar for home, put his head in his hands and muttered, "Diabetes at 41! Diabetes at 41!"

The fellow sitting next to him finally interrupted: "Well, what are you moaning about? I got Chrysler, and it's gone down to 123?"

H A R R Y L. R E I C H E N B A C K is responsible for another story current just after the big stock collapse. He declares that Bruce Gallup, the motion-picture publicity man, was showing a photograph to a few of his friends.
"That," said Bruce, "is my grandmother and she is eighty-two today."
"I'll bet," said a wag, "she closes under sixty."

S E R I E S S E N T T h e stock market col-
Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

lapse caused a lot of trouble in the world of pictures. At least two high movie powers were hard hit. One leading screen star lost his entire fortune, well over $200,000.

Just a few made money. Sue Carol and Alice White bought in on the low market and sold a few hours later. Alice cleaned up a thousand dollars, while Sue is reported to have made $6,000.

LOIS MORAN is going to Europe for a vacation. Lois attended the Hollywood opening of “Sunny Side Up” with Charlie Farrell, co-star of the picture. Janet Gaynor, the other half of the starring team, was with her husband, Lydell Peck. It is the first time that Janet and Charlie have not attended an opening of their pictures together.

SPEAKING of Janet and her new husband, he has secured a position at Paramount in the writing department. And the honeymooners have taken a home in Beverly Hills.

A NEW sprinkler system was installed recently at a certain West Coast studio, following what might have been a serious fire. The blaze, so the wags have it, was caused when all the “yes men” on the studio lot rushed up to light Cecil De Mille’s cigarette.

LILYAN TASHMAN startled Hollywood at the opening of “Sunny Side Up” by appearing in a formal black velvet suit, with a velvet hat to match. Two gorgeous silver-tipped foxes dropped from her shoulders. She wore black kid gloves. She was the only woman not in décolleté.

YOUR favorite, Lily Damita, is now playing on Broadway. She is co-starred with Jack Donahue at the Imperial Theatre in a musical comedy, “Sons o’ Guns” in which she plays a girl behind the lines in Flanders.

While “Sons o’ Guns” looks like a hit, we hope Lily comes back to the films soon.

THE railroads have added new salesmen, they tell us, to take care of the return-from-Hollywood-to-New York tickets.

When a song-writer or dialogue man or “famous comedian” from New York embarks in the East for the motion-picture city, the New York office wires the local one. They check up the date. Six months later, about a week before the first option is due, they send their new man out to sell the return ticket.

Nine cases out of ten the deal is completed.

It’s not easy to achieve success in Hollywood. And it gets harder day by day.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., had his first book off the press at Christmas time. It is a group of original poems. And maybe you don’t think Joan is proud of him! She can recite most of the poems from memory. Incidentally, the book is beautifully illustrated by original sketches — also by Doug, Jr.

BILL BOYD has a pet gagman. Hugh Cumnings. Bill often manages to let his friend play bits in his pictures.

In “Officer O’Brien” Hugh devised a gag whereby a player was to eat a quarter of a pie at one time. Then he got the role himself.

Hugh gulped down the first quarter when the sound man called “X.G.” He ate the second. The same report was given. When he had finished the second whole pie, the joke dawned on him. The star and the director had framed him. They were making him eat his own gag.

MUCH agitation among the many Russian extras playing in “The Song of Flame” at First National! Loud talk; seemingly angry jesticulations. Director Alan Crosland felt certain the troupe was facing a small Bolshevik revolution. He sent assistants over to quell the riot. “Don’t use force unless necessary,” was his order.

The corps of assistants returned to report that the trouble was over the question: “Will Southern California defeat Notre Dame?” All in Russian, of course.

WILSON MIZNER international wit and playwright, went into the restaurant business in Hollywood after trying to sell a number of stories to the motion-picture producers.

Someone asked Mizner why he could score a hit as a restaurateur and flop as a playwright after all his success on Broadway.

“I’m a success running a hash joint,” responded Mizner, “because it is easier to stick a chop into their heads than an idea.”

LUPE VELEZ is becoming really famous locally for her impersonations. Every party she attends, she is asked to give her imitation of
The Who's Who of Hollywood—and what the

Dolores Del Rio. That is, every one where Dolores is not present.

ARTHUR CESAR, the Broadway wit, has been in Hollywood for some time, long enough anyway to be feared by a lot of the Hollywooden for his scouring wit.

However, they have retaliated. They call Cesar "the great Gabbo."

HERE is one of Hollywood's favorites:

Two producers boarded the same train for New York. We will call them Sam and Ike for the sake of the story.

Says Sam: "Ike, I think that these talkies are a great innovation. I think they will make many changes. They will bring art, Ike, and they will bring music. We will have many opportunities for uplifting. We should take them seriously and give them our attention. We should get song-writers and then dialogue-writers. And playwrights, Ike—"

"Yeah, Sam. I agree with you. We should think of all the great stage—Say, Sam," he leaned over, grabbed the coat lapel of the other, "who made those buttonholes for you?"

JEANETTE LOFF, who recently obtained a divorce, is going places with Walter O'Keefe, who came out to Pathé as song-writer and has remained with a contract for both song-writing and acting.

O'Keefe wrote "Little by Little" for "The Sophomore," and it is among the best sellers. He also played a small part in the picture. He clicked so well that he played second lead with Allan Hale in "Red-Hot Symphony" and began drawing a salary both ways.

THEY tried a new one in "Three Live Ghosts." They hired twins for the baby. When one cried, they could use the other!

SOMEONE told Joe Frisco, the stuttering comedian, that a certain Broadway star had been given $60,000 to surrender his movie contract. It appears that the certain Broadway star had failed to land as a movie favorite, and the producer thought it cheaper to pay $60,000 rather than make another losing film.

Frisco went to see the star's first picture and then wired him: "You should have held out for $85,000."

A PRODUCER was interviewing a New York stage director.

"And how much do you want?" snapped the producer.

The director gulped a couple of times, then answered, "How much do I have to ask to get five hundred a week?"

WHEN Dorothy Parker came to Hollywood and announced that she wanted her epitaph to read, "Excuse my dust," she started something. Hollywood actors have been busy making up tombstone lines ever since. Here are some which have come to our attention:

James Gleason: "To know me was to laugh."

Dorothy Dix: "There'll be no 'making up' there."

Mary Eaton: "May I be 'glorified' in heaven as I was in America."

Director Millard Webb: "I expect to make my best picture in heaven. Think of the talent up there."

Monte Blue: "It may have been comedy to others, but it was hard work to me."

Natalie Moorhead: "The end of the reel."

Robert Armstrong: "Life was a long shot. Now comes the fade-out."

Clara Bow: "I am happy to go where I makes no difference."

LEE McCAREY, director, was driving his car down Wilshire Boulevard recently when a pedestrian stepped before it. He slammed on the brakes just in the nick of time.

"What's the idea?" he yelled. "You darned pedestrians go about as though you owned the thoroughfares."

"Yeah—and you darned motion-picture people go about as if you owned the cars," the pedestrian shouted back as he nonchalantly continued his Jay-walking.

THE famous F. P. A., of The New York World, topped his Conning Tower column with this:

OUR OWN MOVIE GOSSIP

Now who will marry Clara Bow?

I do not care, I do not know, Has Mr. Gilbert left Miss Claire?

I do not know, I do not care.

JACQUES FRYDER, the French director now working in Hollywood, protests at the way love is expressed in American films.

"Ah, it lacks what shall I say?—subtlety," he says, "in your dialogue movies the actors say: 'I love you' and it is so. In our French
famous are doing in the Movie Capital

But the opera star arrived hours late, having missed her train. She was a little shamefaced about the slip when the radio officials asked the cause.

"I went to see Greta Garbo in a new picture," she said. "She was wonderful—and I just forgot about my train."

G E O R G E M. COHAN is deserting Broadway and the speaking stage temporarily. He is to write, direct and produce talking pictures for United Artists, the first production being an original story in which Al Jolson will be starred. It is interesting to note that United Artists will also transform Irving Berlin, the song writer, into a director.

Mr. Cohan says he is going into pictures because "the play public we lost in the theater now composes the picture public." He will make musical comedies.

"I know practically nothing about the talkies," Mr. Cohan admits. "I'm sure the talking pictures won't ruin the theater because nothing could. A good show is a good show, regardless of the medium, and a lot of fellows have been talking too much about the medium instead of the show itself."

H O L L Y WO O D has won two of Broadway’s staunchest for two years. We refer to Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach, the celebrated librettists. Messrs. Kern and Harbach have been signed by the Warner Brothers. A special music studio will be placed at their disposal, so that they can concentrate on the development of original-for-the-screen musical plays.

Up to now Kern had refused to consider Hollywood under any condition. But it gets 'em all, sooner or later.

T H E R E was a real romance behind the scenes of John Barrymore’s, "General Crack." It was during the filming of this picture that Lowell Sherman is said to have met and won Helene Costello, sister of Dolores, who is Mrs. Barrymore.

Now official announcement is made of the coming marriage, tentatively scheduled for the last part of March. "It will be a very quiet affair," Miss Costello says, "with only Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore and a few intimate friends present.

Mr. Sherman played the king in "General Crack" and walked away with a big personal hit. Maybe Jack let Lowell steal some scenes, since it is all in the family.

Mr. Sherman is the former husband of Pauline Garon, who is in pictures.

theater, which rejoices so greatly in affaires d’amour, we take an entire act to say what the American says in three words.

"In the voiceless picture the language of love is of a necessity left to the imagination. It will require fine writing to make the same, spoken, as full of tendernees and poesy as that which exists in the mind only. But there are playwrights equal to the task.

"Dialogue—that is what will make the love sparkle in American films."

Monsieur Feyder has great visions of Greta Garbo's future. He directed her in her last silent film, "The Kiss." Says M. Feyder:

"What possibilities are opened to her with her voice! She will branch out, her characterizations will broaden. She will enter to her cinema inheritances—and what a glorious inheritance it will be!"

T H E famous Poverty Row of Hollywood is gone, never to return.

In the old day of silent pictures many a production was shot along Poverty Row. Usually a well-known star was hired to grace the film—and his scenes were raced through in a few days. Then a moderately priced cast would come the rest of the picture in a few more days. The total expenditure was very little.

Once in awhile these productions crashed the box offices with a bang. "The Blood Ship," starring Hobart Bosworth, was one of the biggest successes. It made hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Now, however, Poverty Row has departed. An independently made production has no chance of breaking into the country's theaters. The talkies tightened up everything and all the theaters of the land have been gobbled up by the big producers.

M A R Y and Doug will never do another joint film.

That's definite. Indeed, Doug may leave the screen definitely. But Mary will make at least a few more pictures.

The famous lord and lady of Pickfair were scheduled to reach San Francisco on January 3rd, following their tour of the world. The last stop was Shanghai.

IT'S funny what the censors do to pictures. Up in Ontario this sub-title in "The Pagan" was ordered out: "A pagan's only god is nature; a pagan's only law is love."

The Pennsylvania censors drew the line recently at Lenore Ulric's "Frozen Justice," when the picture explained, "He's after furs and women." That was ordered eliminated.

L A S T month Mary Garden, the famous opera star, was the star of a special national broadcast from New York. It was necessary for her to make a special trip from Detroit to Manhattan to participate in the event. Special interviews and a big luncheon were arranged, at which Miss Garden was to be the guest of honor.
THERE are more brilliant women per capita in Hollywood than anywhere else in this country. That statement may be challenged, but it's my story and I'm going to stick to it.

I get very tired of the prevalent assumption that motion picture stars are necessarily beautiful but dumb. The pseudo-superiority that leads wise-crackers to belittle the screen star as a sort of high grade moron is one of those things that have been accepted by a lot of people as true, when as a matter of fact it has no legitimate foundation whatever.

I do not believe any other city, any other group, either of society or professional women, can show as high an average of brains, all around ability and charm—which is largely a mental quality—as the women of Hollywood.

If you will think for a moment, you will realize that in some measure this must be true. The women who have survived the most intensive competition ever known in any profession; the women who have held their own against all comers over a long period of years in the highest paid business in the world; the women who have grown and kept pace with the ever changing art of making pictures, must have something on the ball besides looks.

NATURALLY we concede brains to such women as Zoe Akins, Frances Marion, Jane Murfin, Josephine Lovett Robertson, and Agnes Christine Johnson—successful playwrights, novelists and fiction writers, working in the movies. It is of the stars themselves that I speak.

Let us take a few of them and see if I cannot prove my point—which is, that motion picture stars are not dumb in the large majority of cases but rather are women of exceptional brains and ability.

Colleen Moore rates as easily the smartest woman in the motion picture industry. Probably the smartest woman who has ever been connected with pictures, not even excepting Mary Pickford.

Colleen is a masked battery. Until you know her well, you aren't apt to realize the clean-cut, alert, vivid mind behind that child-like countenance. Meeting her, you like her instantly for the sweet, shy awkwardness of her manner, the honest modesty of her personality. There is nothing of the blue stocking about her. She doesn't ram her knowledge of everything from the stock market to sculpture down your throat in the first half hour.

But I would certainly hate to sit down in a

Colleen Moore, a smart Irish girl, who climbed to the top by her own canness. With no great beauty but boundless ambition, she has succeeded where other more conspicuously beautiful girls failed.
poker game with Colleen Moore and estimate her hands and her bets by the Irish innocence of her pretty face. (Colleen doesn't play poker. That's merely an imaginary illustration.)

No human being could be more sincere than Colleen. Only she is more inclined to listen than to talk, in spite of the fact that she is a fascinating talker when she does start. Her innate shyness makes her always the last to offer a suggestion. When we were working on "Lilac Time," we used to have story conferences—Colleen; her husband and producer, John McCormick; George Fitzmaurice, the director; and myself. After we had discussed some difficulty pro and con without getting anywhere, Colleen would edge in sort of apologetically with a suggestion which nine times out of ten solved the problem.

Colleen began her motion picture career without any unusual amount of beauty. Hundreds of girls with more looks and perhaps with more native ability started at the same time and are now forgotten.

Brains put Colleen Moore in an unassailable position on top of the heap.

In the first place, she learned to act. Her talent has grown with each year, until I believe today she could give as fine a performance as any woman on the screen. Witness some of the scenes from "So Big" and "Twinkletoes." Her comedy technique, which looks simple enough to the average fan, is sure and polished and she has always given the public—not the critics—what they indicated that they wanted from her.

Colleen never overlooks anything. The range of her activities is startling. Quietly she has increased her drawing power and largely through her own efforts. A great deal of the time she has found and selected her own stories. To a fraction of a second she knows what the public wants. She keeps her finger on the pulse of the exhibitor as does no other star in the game, except perhaps Harold Lloyd. She is never too busy to follow through every important contact, to keep alive the interest of writers, to study new developments.
The Story of Some Women Who Have Succeeded

voice placement. The handwriting on the wall was plain to her while most people were still arguing. She acted with characteristic promptness.

Clifford Lott, the leading vocal teacher of Los Angeles, took her as a pupil with many mental reservations. He had heard all about motion picture stars. They were dumb, they were wild and woolly. Probably she wouldn’t show up for her lessons. Probably she wouldn’t practice. It would be almost impossible to teach her anything so difficult as singing.

THE first day she arrived at his studio his conception of her intelligence underwent a swift reversal.

"Mr. Lott," she said, "the first thing for us to do is to find out what I need to learn. I do not wish to become a singer, in the accepted sense of the word. I know I will never be a concert or an operatic star. I wish in as short a time as possible to train my voice for use before the microphone. I want to concentrate upon quality, ability to put a few songs over, and also I want to make my speaking voice as pleasing as possible. Can we get right to work on those things, without wasting too much time on things that will not be useful to me?"

They could and did. Within a week he had discovered that no pupil who ever came to him was so regular about lessons. She was shooting a picture at the time. Often the lessons were scheduled for 6.30 in the morning, or 10 at night—whenever her work permitted. She didn’t miss one lesson in the first two months. More than that she always arrived with her lesson thoroughly prepared.

"She’s as fine a pupil as I ever had," Mr. Lott said to a large gathering of musical celebrities one night. "It isn’t difficult to understand how that girl got to the top."

COLLEEN is that way about everything.

Financially she has been unusually clever. Her investments are diversified, carefully watched and handled.

Of course, everybody who works for her adores her. That is because she doesn’t indulge in any temperamental outbursts, because she always gives credit where credit is due, because she thinks of everybody else first. But that, while it shows a darn fine nature also shows a high order of intelligence. The whole studio would rather make a good Colleen Moore picture than a good one for anybody else.

WHEN the talkies loomed upon the horizon, Colleen went to work instantly—long before anyone else she was taking voice lessons, lessons in diction, breathing, When the screen wanted force comedy, Bebe Daniels established herself as its most popular comedienne. When the talkies came, Bebe developed her singing voice. And now she is taking guitar lessons from Bud Tollman so that you will hear her play in her next motion picture.
in the Highest Paid Business in the World

Cliff Butler, who takes care of the finances of motion picture stars and is an authority on economics and market conditions, told me one time that her understanding of finances amazed him. Before any stocks or bonds are bought, she wants to know their history, their economic position, all the details which a banker would want to know. She is generous to a fault, but she is also business-like, because her philosophy has convinced her that business-like methods produce more harmony in living.

Not long ago she bought a house in Bel-Air, one of the exclusive residential districts near Hollywood. I went out with Colleen to look at the house, which was about half done. With us went an architect and young Harold Grieve, a brilliant interior decorator. In two hours of earnest consultation, Colleen had knocked out most of the walls, laid out the sites for a guest cottage and a projection theater, explained the changes necessary in the suites upstairs, and shown the architect how to re-vamp the sun-porch so it would be a living-room and give more light to the whole house.

I remember how she looked that morning. She was wearing a little dark blue coat, the kind kids wear to school, a fussy tam, and flat brown sport shoes. She didn't look over eighteen. But there was no indecision about what she wanted for that house. Clean-cut facts, plain instructions, and a lot of inspiring enthusiasm.

Today Colleen's house is the most perfect in the picture colony, and it is Colleen, if you know what I mean. Everything about it expresses her personality. Most houses look as though anyone could walk in and live there. This house is typically Colleen Moore.

And it runs like clockwork on a minimum staff. Colleen never has servant trouble. The same Japanese couple have been with her for six years.

Of course it is true that Colleen has had the advantage of being married to a very smart man. John McCormick is one of the best producers in the business. He was the best press-agent in Hollywood when Colleen, then just beginning to be noticed, married him. They have come up together and Colleen gives John credit for a lot of her success. But there again it is my contention that it takes a smart woman to keep a smart husband and work hand in hand with him toward a certain goal.

**BEBE DANIELS** is an altogether different kind of person, but she is as intelligent as any woman I know.

It takes a high order of intelligence to know oneself thoroughly, one's limitations and possibilities. It also takes a lot of ego.

There have been three times in her picture career when the producers have written "just about through" after the name of Bebe Daniels. In all three cases the reason for her failures was unavoidable bad management, which she was powerless to prevent. Every time she has made a remarkable comeback, and every time it has been her own ideas and her own work that have saved her and put her up at the top as a drawing-card once more.

Once upon a time there was a company called Realart, formed by Famous Players-Lasky to make moderate-priced program pictures with feminine stars. On that roster were Mary Miles Minter, May McAvoy, Constance Binney, Justine Johnston and Bebe Daniels.

Today Bebe in "Rio Rita" is packing one of the biggest theaters in New York City. Where are the rest of them? Yet, in looks, Bebe didn't rank ahead of the luscious blonde Minter, the exquisite McAvoy, and the celebrated Follies girl. But Bebe had brains of a super variety and used them.

She survived the collapse of Realart because she had artistically and intelligently laid her plans for the future. She had made the best pictures and was the "whip" of that program, because she worked and thought and studied, on her stories and productions.

Later, when because of a lot of bad stories, she seemed to be slipping as a dramatic star, it was Bebe herself who suggested a series of comedies for her coming productions. She began her picture work as Harold Lloyd's leading woman and she knew something about comedy work. With the great Mabel Normand out of the game no woman was doing comedy of the Chaplin-Lloyd variety. Bebe saw her spot and stepped into it. Paramount didn't agree with her. But they had Bebe under contract and she finally won her chance. In three pictures she was right back up with the leaders of the Paramount organization and her pictures were coining money.

**SHE** was the first to see that straight slapstick comedies were wearing out as far as she was concerned. So she wrote "Senorita" for herself. Again she had to battle the whole company. "Senorita" was her most successful picture. She is the only woman who sat on the Paramount general council, composed of Mr. Lasky and all the heads of production. (Continued on page 126)
THE BANCROFT QUARTET—Reading from left to right, George Bancroft, George Bancroft, George Bancroft and George Bancroft. This is The New Movie's favorite quartet of film bad men.
Elsewhere in this issue Herb Howe refers to Greto Garbo as the Hollywood Sphinx. But the Sphinx speaks in her next Metro-Goldwyn picture, a new talkie version of Eugene O'Neil's "Anna Christie," once done by Blanche Sweet. At the immediate right Director Clarence Brown is introducing the Swedish star to the microphone. The background is an old-fashioned saloon, in the pre-prohibition days, of course.

Below, Miss Garbo is reading the dramatic lines of "Anna Christie" with George Marion, who plays her sea captain-father. Director Brown is seated facing the players and the battery of electricians is watching the light effects. The menacing microphone hangs just above
Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Jack Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Dick Barthelmess and all the famous movie folk! Herb Howe knows them all. In this department—a regular feature of The New Movie Magazine—he will tell you all about them.

The Hollywood raconteur joins the staff of The New Movie Magazine. He knows everyone in moviedom and you will find his gossip of genuine interest.

Herb’s Ticker Reports—

THE STAR LINE-UP FOR 1930

Wild fluctuations in stellar stocks mark the merger of silence and sound.

Sensational changes are going on: old favorites falling, new skyrocketing.

My predictions for 1930 are—

The New King of Fascination
Maurice Chevalier

The Queen Still Unrivaled
Greta Garbo

Best New Star Bets—

Ann Harding, John Boles, Claudette Colbert, Nancy Carroll, Will Rogers, Mary Nolan, Loretta Young, Ruth Chatterton, Walter Huston

12 Fastest Stepping Leaders in the New Year’s Parade—

Greta Garbo, Maurice Chevalier, Harold Lloyd, Gloria Swanson, Buddy Rogers, Bebe Daniels, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Clara Bow, Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess, Doug Fairbanks.

They bounded into the field bleating something that sounded as if it might be their college yell. I especially noted a black goat in the foreground who seemed to have a certain something, though that, of course, is a matter for Mme. Glyn to decide.

The best gag was that of Judge Ben B. Lindsay, making his last will and testament by mike and camera instead of pen and paper. He got a big hand from the women in the audience, possibly because he bequeathed everything to his wife.

I hereby mount my soapbox to shout that the play is not the thing but the news reel.

Plackety-plack, plack-plack — shoe leather beating wood seems to be the sweetest music to—plackety-plack, plack-plack — producers’ ears judging by the hordes of hoofers that plackety-plack, plack-plack across stages and up and downstairs in current pictures but, unless it’s stopped, I predict the public will plackety-plack, plack-plack.
Hordes of hoofers plackety-plack across stages and up and down stairs in all current pictures.

Illustrated by Ken Chamberlain

BOULEVARDIER

By Herb Howe

out of theaters ... and plackety-plack plack-plack soon!

PROOF that there's an audience for sophisticated pictures:
Given a choice of films for their annual fiesta the newsboys of Los Angeles selected "The Lady Lies."
Parents were left home.

WHILE other stars have been whooping and hoofing to make good with the talkies, Greta Garbo has gone silently on smacking records. When at length she does sound off, as she will in "Anna Christie," the effect no doubt will be that of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer.

I heard Greta speak English soon after she arrived from Sweden. It wasn't much but it was good. She had just done a dance which she thought awkward and she wanted to know if I had seen it. I hadn't. "Thanks God!" said Greta. Which is a lot more than a lot of stars can remember to say.

GRETA GARBO is the last of the Hollywood mysteries. How long will she endure? Well, they haven't got anything on her yet. N'er her secrets has she spilled of love or life or art. No more has the Sphinx and look what a going concern she's been all these years!

STEPIN FETCHIT, Africa's ambassador of good will to Hollywood, has outsped all his pale-faced brethren in going that way. A month after his triumph in "Heart's in Dixie," Step had broken his contract, acquired three cars, a chauffeur, a secretary, wife and breach of promise suit.

"Ah allus was terribly bright even as a child," he remarked languidly as we conversed in his chambers in a darktown hacienda.

Though rising at times to Himalayan heights of emotion, Step is afflicted with world weariness and a sense of futility.
 Silence reigns at Hollywood parties these days, says Herb Howe. Everybody saves his or her wise-cracks for the talkies.

You might think he was suffering from anemia if it weren't for his color.

"Ye-ah,—the first thing Ah did was break mah contract," said Step, shaking off his lethargy. "They offered me a hundred dollars a week. All right, Ah signed. But that night Ah got to thinkin' a hundred was a unlucky number fo' me. Ah got a hundred in vaudeville and never could get no more, never could. So next day Ah went to the studio and explains Ah'd have to have three hundred. First they says no, 'All right,' Ah says, 'Mah manager is wirin' fo' me to come to New York.' Ah didn't have no manager in New York. No?" Step doubled up with glee at his ruse, "Ah was jes sayin' that . . . bein' big, understand what Ah mean? Well, finally they says they wouldn't give me no new contract but what they would give me was a rider on the old one. Understand what Ah'm talkin' 'bout? This what-you-call rider would give me two hundred more than the one hundred which would make three hundred. . . . Understand? Wait, Ah'll show you the contract." Step pulled out the top drawer of a bureau and pawed the contents thoroughly. This failing to bring up the document, he dumped the contents on the bed—letters, neckties, press clippings, charms, badges, bottle openers. Another vigorous shuffling and still the contract failed to emerge.

"Dog-gone," he drawled, "Ah guess Ah done lost it." Whereupon he lit a cigarette and sat down in the débris with his usual nonchalance.

When the screen went talkative, writers went dumb. Nothing in Hollywood is so valued as a good line and nothing is easier to steal. Thus if a writer happens to pull a wise-crack in front of another it's just a question of whose car's the fastest in getting to the studio. Writers like James Gleason and Will Rogers can't be too careful. Dropping a word may be dropping a wad. That's why they're all lock-jawed these days; they're holding back on the dialogue.

The only actor in Hollywood who hasn't changed his accent is Rin-tin-tin.

"And I'll never use a double," says the famous canine star, "not as long as they hang meat over that camera!"

Speaking of last wills and testaments, I asked Alice Terry over lunch at Montmartre if she had made hers.

"I've tried to, but it's hard," said Alice. "The difficulty is to think of anyone you care enough about to leave ten thousand dollars!"

Her levity was abruptly checked by a glance at the eighteen-day diet menu.

"I know," said she. "I'm going to leave my money to a home for fatoldactresses."

Now that all the public figures are being forced into talkies by the news reel, it behooves (Con. on page 129)

Rin-Tin-Tin never uses a double and this picture shows exactly why he doesn't need one for the new barkies.
The Birth of the Talkie

A Striking Interview with Thomas Edison, in which the Great Inventor Talks for the First Time of his Pioneer Work with Audible Pictures

By HUGH WEIR

"A

ND so, gentlemen," declared the young inventor, "you may decide that what I have to show you is nothing but an interesting toy." He pushed back his thick, rumpled hair and his nervous voice took on an added tenseness. "On the other hand, you may see if I don't create the beginning of a new art which may become historic."

It was a strange scene there in the darkened room of the New Jersey laboratory—which had already become internationally famous for many strange scenes.

"I have something which interests me, and which may interest you," Thomas A. Edison had written to the dozen men now grouped together in the long, narrow room into which he had ushered them.

Suddenly, without warning, the lights were extinguished—and as the room was plunged into darkness there came a curious, whirring, rasping sound from somewhere in the rear—like the scraping of a dull needle against a hard surface. Simultaneously—or almost simultaneously—a flickering circle of light was projected on to a crude canvas screen stretched on one wall.

It now became evident that the rasping sound from the rear emanated from a phonograph—and as the machine spluttered into the metallic strains of a clog dance the picture of a negro became visible in the flickering circle of light. But it was a picture strange to the invited guests—a picture such as none of them had ever seen before! For it had life! Actually before their eyes it began to dance—in perfect rhythm with the strains of the unseen phonograph.

A moment later the dancing negro opened his mouth—the synchronized phonograph followed his moving lips—and as they parted the chorus of a popular song broke forth. The negro on the screen not only was dancing but singing! The first talking picture in history had been given its premiere!

But the program had been moving far too successfully for a first performance. In the next breath the figure of the dancing negro faded from view—the lights were extinguished—and, although the phonograph continued to grind forth its metallic melody, the illusion of a singing dancing picture was ruined! Less than a minute had elapsed since the first flicker of light on the canvas screen, and the first rasp from the phonograph.

Sweating and somewhat embarrassed, young Mr. Edison turned on the lights, and stepped into view. "Better success next time, gentlemen!" he said with his direct frankness to which he has always contributed to impart the spirit of his unbeatable optimism. "We can't expect a new thing always to do its best at the first trial!"

THAT is the true record of how the talking pictures of today had their birth. The first thought of Thomas A. Edison in the invention of the motion picture was not to make it a silent picture but a sound picture. That fact is not generally known to the present generation, even in its recognition of his historic invention.

When I asked the father of the motion picture to give me the actual facts, Mr. Edison nodded his head and, after a moment, the famous Edison smile spread over his grizzled features. "As usual, I suppose I was ahead of the times. That is one of the troubles of the pioneer."

"What first suggested the idea of the motion picture camera, Mr. Edison?" I asked.

The reply was as prompt as it was surprising:

"The phonograph. I had been working for several years on my experiments for recording and reproducing sound, and the thought came to me that it should be possible to devise an apparatus to do for the eye what the phonograph was designed to do for the ear. The next logical step was to combine the two. That is what I worked to do at first. And I gave a good part of several years to the job. And then I gave it up—that is, the idea of synchronizing the phonograph and the motion picture."

"Why?" I asked.

Again the slow Edison smile answered me. "Because I came to the conclusion that the introduction of sound would destroy the illusion I was seeking to create in the silent picture. I thought that the audience would appreciate the motion picture better—and get more from it without sound. So I confined my experimentation entirely to producing the best motion picture camera that I could—and disregarding completely the idea of joining it with the phonograph. As I said before, maybe I was ahead of the times in my first conception of the mission of the motion picture—and what it could do."

SAYS THOMAS EDISON:

"I gave up the idea of synchronizing the phonograph and the motion picture because I came to the conclusion that the introduction of sound would destroy the illusion I was seeking to create in the silent picture.

"I thought that the audience would appreciate the motion picture better—and get more from it—without sound. Maybe I was ahead of the times in my first conception of the mission of the motion picture—and what it could do."

THE father of the motion picture chuckled, quite as though the amazing facts he was stating were ordinary incidents of the day's work.

"Our first motion picture studio was almost as amazing as the pictures we made in it," said Mr. Edison. "When we decided that our plans for the development of animated photography were far enough advanced to warrant a special building for the purpose, it was such an ungainly-looking structure when it was completed and (Continued on page 106)
"That ideal girl stuff is a lot of hooey," says Buddy Rogers to his pal, Dick Hyland. "A man does not picture some ethereal being—blue eyes, picture hat, wind-blown hair and all that sort of thing—and then go tramping the streets looking for her. He just has likes and dislikes and some day meets a girl who has a flock of the likes and not so many of the dislikes—and that is that. She's it."
SOME day a girl will walk down a church aisle. Music, flowers, beauty will be there. Waiting for her at the altar rail will be Buddy Rogers. Buddy does not know, yet, who this girl is. She may be some smiling lass he knows already; she may be some unknown he has never seen. She may be— it sounds like hokum, but stranger things have happened—she may be you, if you are a girl.

There are a hundred thousand girls—or more—who would enjoy stepping out some evening with Buddy Rogers. In fact, it would be a strange young lady indeed who would not get a wee thrill when she peeked out the window and saw Buddy roll up to her door for the first time in his racy black Packard.

I put “for the first time” in that last sentence deliberately. Because, unless you fit into Buddy’s scheme of things, unless you had something on the ball, that first time would be your last time. Read on, fluttering hearts, and find out what chance you have of going out with Buddy Rogers that second time, what chance you have of eventually walking down that church aisle.

It is possible for two young gents more or less of an age, of rather similar tastes, of not dissimilar pasts, to get very confidential. If it happens to be a cool night outside, and a crackling fire sends flickering shadows bouncing against the walls inside, then it is easier still to talk. But talk as we would, Buddy Rogers avoided the subject of girls.

“Now you take basketball...” he’d say—and I’d interrupt him.

“All right, I’ll take it and you haven’t got it any more. Now shall we talk about the girlsies right away or gradually lead up to them?” He would grin, would Mister Rogers, knowing what I wanted and stalling me off. Eventually he walked into the trap.

Buddy Rogers in his latest Paramount picture, a circus story in which Jean Arthur appears opposite him. Buddy plays a handsome young aerialist.

“I don’t think so,” he said. “As far as I am concerned, personality comes ahead of looks in a girl.” “Why?” It was my turn to grin. But I did not. “I don’t know, exactly. But I do know this: that just looks—beauty—alone do not make much of an impression upon me. When I was at college I’d meet a knock-out for looks. I’d think, umm, a honey! And then I take her out—once. I’d never go back. She had nothing to draw me back. No personality, no individuality. Just her face and her figure, and as far as they were concerned I was meeting girls every day who could compete with her (Continued on page 122)
Ladies and Gentlemen: A toastmaster always likes to introduce somebody from home, and so I turn to a girl who came from the best state in the Union, bar none—Missouri—and from the second best town in the state, Kansas City, first place going to Maryville.

On Christmas morning, twenty years ago, Santa Claus very carefully set down a basket on a doorstep in Kansas City and blew on his hands. Now the former occupant of that basket makes more money in a week than poor old Santa Claus does in a year. It just goes to show that there is more money in acting than in driving reindeer.

I refer, of course, to Marguerite Churchill. For years she lived quietly at home, boarding with her father and mother, and never going out unless accompanied by an older member of the family. At last she grew up as people will who are early to bed and early to rise. Her father was interested in a chain of theatres in South America and, after a time, Marguerite picked up and went down there and lived a year in Buenos Aires. She and Lupe Velez and Dolores Del Rio are the only girls in Hollywood who can pronounce it correctly.

Growing tired of beans, she finally came back to New York and looked around and got herself a job acting. One day W. R. Sheehan of the William Fox Company saw her and signed her up for the big open spaces of Hollywood.

Thousands of girls arrive annually in Hollywood with their mothers but, so far as history goes, Marguerite is the only one who ever arrived in Hollywood with both a mother and grandmother.

She still has them and, in addition, she also has a grotto. You’re just simply nobody in Hollywood if you haven’t got a grotto and a couple of thin-tailed Japanese goldfish swimming around in a pool. But Marguerite has them and can lift her head socially.

Toastmaster’s favorite performance: as the Oklahoma girl in “They Had to See Paris,” the same having been written by—ahum—the toastmaster himself.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS. I will now direct your attention to that young man sitting there at the end of the table and who is beginning to fold his napkin and look nervously toward the door. Look upon him well, for he is a movie actor born in New York City.

The great event occurred May 9, 1897, and the name that was handed the Bureau of Vital Statistics for recording was Richard Semler Barthelmess. His father came from Nuremberg, Germany, where he was a toy manufacturer. The lady Richard chose for his mother was an American, and thus we have his ancestry. His father was a Bavarian, and his mother an actress, so Dick came by it honestly.

Ambition slumbered in young Richard’s bosom, and when he was eighteen he packed the family suitcase and went to Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, where he studied hard and rose rapidly until he was cheer leader.

During his four years in college he acted, but no one took it seriously. One day the dean of the college, who had been watching him act, said:

“Some day that boy is going to make his mark in engineering—or something.”

There are probably 188,888 mothers who have taken their daughters to Hollywood to put them into pictures. Some have and some haven’t. But here is a new angle. Mrs. Barthelmess stayed at home and put her son into pictures. She then was teaching

Homer Croy, The New Movie’s Ambassador Extraordinary to Hollywood, acts as Toastmaster at our Second Banquet
English to Nazimova, and at this time Nazimova was starting a picture entitled, "War Brides," and Mrs. Barthelmess got Son Dick a job acting, and now Son Dick gets 6,000 or so letters a month.

Richard Barthelmess has been married twice; First time was to Mary Hay, and soon little Mary Hay Barthelmess came to live at their house. His second marriage was to Mrs. Jessica Sargent and now they have a lovely little yacht named Pegasus.

Dick has just signed a new contract which is to run until 1933, and which calls for him to work only two months a year... so don't ever make fun of a college cheer-leader again.

JOHN BOLES. I will introduce to you somebody, the like of whom I have never before presented to you—Dr. Boles.

Dr. Boles arrived in Greenville, Texas, October 27, 1898, and lived quietly on Alamo Avenue, attracting little or no attention except among his relatives. In him ambition burned as steadily and unwaveringly as the flame in a gas ice box, and, packing up his carpetbag, he went to the University of Texas, at Austin, and walked among the intellectuals. He spent four years there and now, girls, comes the sad part of the tale—the day before he graduated he took himself a wife and has been married ever since.

After his name on the diploma they wrote A. B., but he wanted to be an M. D., and have a little sign out in front of his house which said: "Office Hours 9-12; 2-5." But this was never to be, for the war came along and he joined up and spent eighteen months in France—and in what department do you suppose the mighty brains of the army decided to put him? As a detective. In the intelligence section.

When he got back to Texas it was too late for him to go on with his medical career and, as his wife had developed the habit of eating three times a day, our John began to raise cotton.

But the only place where they grow big crops of cotton is in the talking pictures showing negro life, and, being unable to change his wife's habits, Dr. Boles came to New York to see if he could do a little singing. It wasn't easy for a cotton planter to get started singing in New York, but pretty soon Luck came and tapped him on the shoulder and he got a job. Every time he sang he made friends, and soon he was leading man in a musical comedy.

So he was in films, playing opposite Gloria Swanson, and since that time hard times ain't ever come a-knocking at poor ol' Massah Boles' door.

NANCY CARROLL. My eyes wander down the table and come to rest upon somebody who, I am sure, wants to say a few words this evening. I call upon Nancy Carroll. But let me tell you about her first:

Look upon her well, for you have never seen her like before—a movie star born on Tenth Avenue, New York City. This is not the avenue that Vincent Astor was born on; he was probably in long pants before he was allowed to venture into that region.

When Tenth Avenue first gazed upon her, she was named Nancy LaHiff, and her father was straight from Girland, me lad. This was twenty-three years ago, November 19.

But Tenth Avenue didn't gaze upon her long with wonderment, for this same Tenth Avenue was filled with 'em—seven LaHiff children in all.

Still, Nancy was a little different, for she was the seventh child of a seventh child. Try that, if you want to be lucky in the movies.

Her father was a fine man in every way, although he was addicted to playing on the concertina. And as he played, the LaHiff children would dance. It is said that rents in one section of Tenth Avenue went down sixty per cent in one year, but, of course, this may be exaggerated. I know how people like to tell things around.

Her first job was with a lace company. She couldn't keep her feet still and worked up a vaudeville act and got a (Continued on page 122)
The young and beautiful motion picture star filled a triumphant engagement last Summer in Paris with the Opera Comique, singing Massenet's "Manon" and Puccini's "La Boheme" before crowded and enthusiastic audiences. The Paris critics were unanimous in singing the praises of Miss Hampton and classifying her debut as the most sensational since Mary Garden's first performance. Miss Hampton made her opera debut with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. You will see Miss Hampton in a singing film in full colors shortly.
Her Greatest ROLE

Mae Marsh Is a Happy Mother of Three Lovely Children

By GRACE KINGSLEY

“YES, I have three children. I’m rearing the nation—if anybody asks you! And all the children are different. If I ever decided to go into the picture producing business, I’d have all the characters right in my own family!”

Mae Marsh may have three children—but she hasn’t three chins!

She hasn’t allowed herself to slip into dullness—probably she couldn’t anyway—just because she is the mother of three.

I’m inclined to think, in fact, that dull mothers were dull girls, no matter what they may try to make you believe.

We were chatting, out there in Mae’s ten-acre California garden, before going in to lunch.

They are all blonde, rosy and blue-eyed, those children of Mae’s—Mary, aged ten; Bobby, aged four, and Marguerite, who is fifteen months old. And Bobby and Marguerite, I must admit, wore very little clothes. Mae believes that nakedness in the sunshine is good for little growing bodies.

“They had to wear pajamas when we were at the beach last summer, and they hated it!” declared Mae.

Mae Marsh lives with her husband and her three children on a hill in Flintridge, near Los Angeles. She has a ten-acre garden—and happiness.

Mae Marsh lives with her husband, Louis Lee Arms, former newspaper man, (who is now in business with J. Stuart Blackton), and her children, in a big, beautiful Colonial house, perched almost on top of a hill in Flintridge, which is twenty minutes from Los Angeles—that is, twenty minutes when you drive with Mae or her husband—twenty thrilling minutes, since bridges and chasms and mountain roads seem to mean nothing to them.

Sunlight played on the big, gorgeous old garden as we arrived.
Marguerite Arms, Mae’s youngest, who is fifteen months old.

out through her eyes, is revealed in the soft curves of her face, is carried out in word and gesture.

I DON’T suppose that any actress in the world has ever had the question asked about her so often, “What has become of her?” as has Mae Marsh.

That question has a sinister sound somehow. It is a sad little question that is chanted about many a film star. But Mae’s fate isn’t at all sinister. It is all wholesomeness and mostly sunshine. But, of course, no woman arrives at happy wifehood and motherhood without the exercise of a lot of brain power.

But Mae doesn’t worry you about those details. She just considers herself a lucky, happy woman and lets it go at that.

Indeed, you needn’t worry a bit about Mae.

But it’s an awful temptation to talk about the babies—even though I know that you’re dying to hear about Mae. So let’s get it over with. Anyhow, Mae is so bound up in her children, you simply couldn’t express Mae without expressing her children.

ALL Mae’s babies have been system babies—that is, they ate and slept with the meter on, as it were—a health meter that prescribed just such food at such hours and such ages, and which required them to sleep on a big open porch. The porch is glassed in, but it is seldom that it isn’t open to the fresh air on all sides, even the nipping air which comes to Flintridge in winter time.

They adore their mother. And when the three were all ill with the measles at the same time, a few months ago, would they let their nurse take care of them? Not they. They cried for their gracious, darling mother, and Mae spent days and nights on end at their bedsides.
Just a little girl from Pittsburgh who made good! Otherwise, Sally Starr, who made her film debut—very successfully, too—in Metro-Goldwyn's "So This is College." Director Sam Wood discovered her among the hundreds of girls seeking a movie opportunity at the studio gates. He gave her a chance in "So This is College" and next you will see her in "Dulcy" and in "Lights and Shadows."

Miss Starr has had considerable experience on the stage, despite her youth. She appeared with Ted Lewis and she danced and sang in George White's Scandals and in LeMaire's Affairs. And she danced with several Publix units.
That Old Gang of MINE
By WALTER WINCHELL

and opened at Union Hill, now Union City, New Jersey, in June, 1910.
That week the Gus Edwards' and some of us kids were motorizing back to the theatre after dining at a hotel. Mrs. Edwards pointed to a two-year-old who had her cute little feet in the gutter water. "Isn't she darling?" said Mrs. Edwards and the chauffeur was instructed to pause. Mr. Edwards got out and picked her up. She cooed back at Mrs. Edwards, and the woman kissed her.
In response to the query, the tot's playmates revealed that her name was Gussie Apfel and that her father owned a house on the corner. The Edwards rushed to the father and urged him to let the child appear in the "Jimmy Valentine" number in the Song

Walter Winchell remembers Rudy Vallee when he played at the Rendezvous Café, where Gilda Gray danced. He was just an unknown "sax tooter" then.

AMONG other thrills that come in a lifetime is sitting back and observing the careers of the lads and lassies with whom you went to school; and seeing them climb rapidly up that oiled ladder to great heights. Take George Jessel, for instance. Georgie, as he still is affectionately called by those of us who called him that when "we knew him when" is a star, today, a cinema star, if you please, and Eddie Cantor and this article-preparer can tell you that it was only in 1910 at the Imperial Theatre, a Harlem (New York) nickelodeon, where the three of us warbled sad sonks between the reels.
Georgie at the time was eleven. And at that tender age he was a bass singer! Eddie Cantor handled the lead and we tenored, Mrs. Jessel, a widow, wore a shawl as she tore off the five-cent admission tickets in the chilly box-office out on the pavement and the billboards exploited us in this manner: "The Imperial Trio. Those Little Men With the Big Voices." Georgie, however, had a stage name, a fancy one, no less, and if memory serves us, it was Dudley Lincoln, or something along those lines. Wasn't he the one, though?

THEN Gus Edwards happened along, with one of his song-publishing brothers. In those happy days Mr. Edwards was writing such grand tunes as "Sunbonnet Sue," "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," "School Days" and other hits. He proceeded to fashion a big flash vaudeville act which he eventually titled "The Song Revue" and the Imperial Trio members were the first signed for that act, which later became an annual event.
All of us shelved school Winnie Lightner was the cut-up in her sister's act, the Lightner Sisters and Alexander. Then she did a single variety act. After that—the movies and success!
Broadway's Famous Columnist Knew Them When—and He Tells You All About It

THAT child was Lila Lee!
One of the grandest kids I ever played tag with, and who has never changed from being the sweet little thing she was when she was two, three, four, five, six or sixteen!

Some of us boys taught her what we knew between shows, when she was six. We were her tutors, and Georgie's, and Georgie Price's, by the way. Lila will admit, I think, that she was educated by the little boys in the act, all of whom adored her.

You are probably familiar with Lila's career. She has been successful—after a few years as Mrs. James Kirkwood. Reports came from Hollywood that they were unhappy together. Then they were divorced.

Every time I see Lila in a flicker, something inside of me seems to throb. I'm only thirty-two myself, you know, and here, after all these speeding seasons, Lila Lee has grown up, and has a baby! I wonder if she ever heard of the simile: "As full of memories as a log fire?"

And what a svelegant person is Lila. She has never been in a scandal. She is a charming girl, and I bow low to her for preserving her spotless reputation. That's an accomplishment these hectic days.

And she has never forgotten the Gus Edwards' for raising her, either. So many of the others have, you know. She rates another salute for that.

The critics unanimously agree that she is beautiful and can act, so her future is a bright one, indeed. And the only thing about Lila I have never seen in print (although it probably has been told before) is that she got her now famous name from Mrs. Gus Edwards, whose maiden tag was Lillian Lee.

BARBARA STANWYCK, the heroine of the stage version of "Burlesque" and films, was Ruby Stevens when we knew her only a few years ago on Broadway. Ruby elevated herself rapidly from Anatole Friedland's floor-shows in the cabarets along the Hardened Artery. And she is listed among the leading ladies who can juggle with your heartstrings and make you weep.

Barbara, as she prefers being called now, is another of the unstained lassies who made good on Broadway first and then in Hollywood. She is Mrs. Frank Fay, and any of the Times Square mob will tell you how she adores that one-time red-headed comic, who, when he came to Hollywood, was transformed into a black-headed person with a long Chester Conklin mustache.

Before clicking in Broadway shows, Ruby, I mean Barbara, served in the unimportant cafes as a terpsichorean. It was on a theatre roof, then a night club spot for the tourists, that Barbara encountered a horrible experience.

A certain man decided that he

**Barbara Stanwyck—then Ruby Stevens—danced in Broadway night clubs for a long time. Mr. Winchell tells you of her exciting adventures in Manhattan's cabarets.**

When she first came to New York, Helen Morgan was placed in the back chorus row by Flo Ziegfeld. Last season she received $1,200 a week from the same famous producer.
Winchell's Own Stories of the Great White Way

liked her immensely and tried hard to win her affection. Barbara rebuked him for his advances, but she feared the loss of her cabaret job. She was the sole support of her family in Brooklyn.

It must have been an awful problem. Jobs are usually scarce on Broadway and she probably figured that men would bother her wherever she worked. And so Barbara dodged him when she could.

Then one evening just as she was making ready to go on stage, he cornered her against a wall near the wings.

"WHY don't you be nice to me?" he said, "I like you and can give you everything—but you are a little fool."

"Oh, please," she would say, "I must hurry out there; I'll be late."

"Naw," grunted the rat, "you do as I say or I give you something you never will forget!"

She slapped his face.

Her fingers only pinned her to the wall and pressed a freshly lit cigar on her breast, holding it there for at least thirty seconds!

But Barbara never let out a cry. She never winced.

And then he let her go out on stage to do her dancing.

And she danced! Beautifully, as she always does, and the audience never suspected that she was in great pain.

To this day Barbara carries that scar—to remind her of a Broadwayite who, thank Heaven, is now in Atlanta—a guest of the government.

THEN there's Joe E. Brown, a star who should have been one long, before Hollywood decided he was immensely clever. Joe was one of the pils around 46th Street and Broadway, particularly at the N. V. A. Club. He is another of that school of fellows who never let his success go to his dome. And Joe, who has been married for fifteen years and has gone Hollywood, still has the same wife!

His contributions to the films are in a large way responsible for their popularity. His is clean fun, but then, Joe E. Brown never pulled a rough joke in his career. That business you see Fred Stone do in his shows—leaping off the stage into the orchestra pit and then bouncing right back again is Joe's. He loaned it to Fred, however, so no theft charge is made herewith. But what I recall mainly about Joe is his struggle in the early days. He worked pretty steadily enough, but he couldn't make those booking agents believe he belonged on the big time. It came, of course, a little later, but vaudeville was rapidly degenerating and Joe tried California, the Port of Men Who Miss, to use a Wilson Mizner classic.

His ability immediately stunned the moguls out there and they cashed in on it. Today Joe E. Brown is a fixture in the better pictures and his wage is a mighty one. When he visits Broadway and 46th Street, he stops to chat with the gang of veteran actors and others who might be unhappy over unemployment, and so forth. He is a delightful guy to know and I am happy to count him among my old friends.

THEN there is Winnie Lightner. Another of the newcomers to the screen who landed with a wallop.

When we were dusting vaudeville stages seven years ago, Winnie was the cut-up in her sister's act, "The Lightner Sisters and Alexander," a favorite trio in the better theatres. She sang the same style of quickly paced numbers, each carrying a terrific punch line and she triumphed at every performance, even when the others in the act "laid an egg," as the saying goes. They said then that Winnie would knock 'em dead if she did a single turn.

But Winnie was loyal to her sister and her husband. Offers poured in from the Ziegfelds, Shuberts and other producing impresarios but Winnie wouldn't listen.

(Continued on page 120)
Helen Twelvetrees, in front of her own Hollywood bungalow. Miss Twelvetrees, who was with the William Fox studios briefly, has been signed by Pathé under a five-year contract, following her performance in "The Grand Parade." Since her salary starts at $600 a week, she really doesn't need to take broom in hand.
The exotic Swedish star plays a great game of tennis. This isn't just a posed sport picture. It's the real thing.
"HOLLYWOOD Is the Dullest TOWN in the WORLD"

CAME THE YAWN

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

DRAWING BY EVERETT SHINN

HOLLYWOOD is wonderful. I love it. I can think of few things I'd like better than going there every year, say for about three weeks in February, when it gets raw and cold in New York, with my expenses paid and some sort of a nebulous job vaguely concerned with "writing something for the movies." I love Hollywood but I'd no more live there than I would in Coney Island, which I love, too, for one night a year. Hollywood is a great improvement on Coney Island. There are more strange sights to see.

The whole place is definitely incredible. If it exists at all—and I have an idea that it fades away the day after we Eastern visitors leave and has been only a kind of a show held for our astonishment—surely it exists as the result of minds who have gone to too many movies, who have made their social life a sort of glorified motion picture—without even the accompaniment of talkie repartee.

THAT Hollywood exists at all is so wonderful, such a perfectly marvelous addition to the always amazing American scene, that everyone who can should go there at once while it is in its present form. Smoothed down a little, it would be only a tawdry and rather vulgar society composed almost entirely of illiterates, with here and there hard-working business men and writers—mostly hacks—doing jobs that are too big for them. Now it is perfect, a flamingly colored flower of our civilization.

Because they are among the first things I'm asked about, I shall try to tell you first of all the parties, the night life that this truly amazing place has produced. And lest you think that I repeat poorly the hospitality that was shown me, I'll admit that I had a perfectly grand time every place I went, and I hope when I go back—and I'm looking forward to going back—I'll be invited all over again. And I know, too, that in my poor way I repaid hospitality by being the "visiting author," guest of honor, and, at the end of each evening's entertainment, I made good by being actually able to sign my name and sometimes even a dull line or two, without outside assistance, in the always present guest-book.

And the guest-book is typical of the place. Hollywood

"I'd no more live in Hollywood than I'd live in Coney Island. The place is incredible."

—Thyra Samter Winslow

Thyra Samter Winslow says Hollywood has a dull, tawdry and rather vulgar society composed almost entirely of illiterates.

The New Movie Magazine presents Mrs. Winslow's findings without in any way agreeing with this famous author.

Can Mrs. Winslow number in her "tawdry society" such stars as—
Richard Barthelmes, graduate of Trinity.
Buddy Rogers, of the University of Kansas.
Rudy Vallee, of Yale.
Ronald Colman, badly wounded fighting for his King in France.
Edmund Lowe, of Santa Clara.
John Boles, of the University of Texas.
Adolphe Menjou, of Cornell.

NEXT MONTH

The New Movie Magazine will present the case for Hollywood—a direct answer to Mrs. Winslow. Watch for it.

Folks—unless they are professional writers and sometimes then—can and do read little more. Except in rare homes the library, unless included in the design of the interior decorator who "did" the house, consists of half a dozen screen magazines, clippings concerning the host or hostess, perhaps one or two much discussed and rather sensational novels—and the guest-book in which to register names of supposedly important visitors.

Ten years ago, on one of my first Hollywood visits, I attended a most naive party. A young newspaper man, who had made around twenty-five dollars a week in New York, came to Hollywood to write scenarios at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars. Wishing to entertain with a party befitting his new and entirely undeserved salary he thought of all of the parties he had attended or read about. Alas, his party-going had been of the most simple kind. An Elks banquet. A political dinner. He knew, of course, the value of light wines and beer and he chose these in profusion. He thought and thought as to what else would be elegant enough for his new friends. Then, suddenly, a wonderful idea came to him. There was one delicacy he had always loved, something he and his friends in New York had always bought when they could afford it. It represented to him the height and acme of expense and elegance. At his party, that night so long ago, waiters arrived bearing buckets and plates. Chinese waiters. And the one thing served—and there was three hundred dollars' worth of it—was CHICKEN CHOP SUEY.

Those good old days of extravagant simplicity are gone. The parties of today are echoes of it only in that the hosts and hostesses still
do the things they think are the most elegant—but there are new standards in Hollywood. For this incredible colony has a source of elegance. A guide. In the smarter motion pictures there are examples of how to act in society. THE HOLLYWOOD SET WHICH EARN SUMS ACTING IN THE MOVIES GOES TO THESE SELF-SAME MOVIES TO FIND OUT HOW TO ACT IN "SOCIETY".

THE average parties given by movie stars are, therefore, as extravagant and as impossible—and as dull—as the parties you see on the screen. In the future perhaps the conversation will be helped by the talkies. Up to now, the parties have been following the silent films and the talk concerns itself wholly, conceitedly and illiterately with the motion-picture industry.

The stars, as hosts and hostesses, and as guests, too, are bad-tempered and stupid. They have assumed the ridiculous and laughable manners of "the best people"—as portrayed on the screen—and they have added bad manners of their own. They are almost entirely without training, breeding or culture, as we have been taught to recognize it, and almost bereft of gentler feelings and instincts. Actual wild life exists, I believe, in a still lower layer, which I was luckily spared. The scandals are relatively mild—those of any newly-rich class that has about a moron's mental attainment.

There are, of course, exceptions even in Hollywood.
Money does not necessarily mean stupidity there. One of the most charming hostesses I have ever known anywhere lives in Hollywood—Mrs. Antonio Moreno, wife of Antonio Moreno, the screen star. Mrs. Moreno's parties, whether she gives them in her immense and perfectly appointed Hollywood home or in her suite at the Ritz in New York or Paris or in Spain are lovely. Her guests are carefully chosen. (Chorus of my best friends: "Hey, how do you get in?"). The food is grand. The entertainment stimulating. But then, Mrs. Moreno did not depend on sudden Hollywood wealth for her background.

Other exceptions in Hollywood are the little sets which remain curiously aloof from the taint of sudden movie gold. These are usually Eastern actors and actresses or writers who have come to Hollywood to make money and are making and saving it and who, while they (Continued on page 116)

The average parties given by movie stars, says Mrs. Winslow, are as extravagant and as impossible—and as dull—as the parties you see on the screen. The stars, as hosts and hostesses, and as guests, too, are bad-tempered and stupid. Each star acts as if he or she had an individual spotlight. The famous film folk, says Mrs. Winslow, never forget their stardom.
The comedian's first portrait in three years, made exclusively for The New Movie Magazine. Harold is camera shy, whether or not you believe it.
Both the camera and baby Jeanette knew at their first meeting that they were going to be good friends. At four she decided to be a prima donna and practised religiously on the front porch. The neighbors did not join in Jeanette's enthusiasm. A desperate love affair at ten threatened her career. She and her "fiancé" spent a great part of their time window-shopping to furnish their castle-in-the-air. In her first public appearance she sang, "When Highland Mary Did the Highland Fling," and Highland Mary had nothing on Jeanette when it came to the dance. Her début in the chorus was in "Night Boat" and she danced in kilts. Followed other successful stage engagements. Then Movies. She has just made "The Love Parade," with Maurice Chevalier. Next comes "The Vagabond King."
Today John Love Boles, the Greenville boy, is one of the foremost talkie stars in popularity.

It seems that Fate or some other unseen hand has always guided John Love's life, regardless of his own plans and his own efforts to divert them to another channel," was the declaration of Mrs. J. M. Boles, mother of John Love Boles, the stage and screen celebrity, as we sat in the living room of the charming and typically Southern home in Greenville, Texas, where the star lived the greater part of his eventful career. Here the voice that has thrilled so many hearts from the stage and screen was so often lifted in youthful song designed to please only the owner and his mood.

Studying John Love Boles' life, one sees the truth of her statement. One after another, his plans have seemed to "gang aft agley," diverting from the planned channel into another, but proving in each instance to be a change for the better. And it has always been in spite of, and not because of, his efforts to pursue the original plans.

His one ambition, and the one which he had planned from youth to realize, was to sing in grand opera. He continued singing with that goal in mind.

A quiet boy, he always thought rather than spoke. One gathers that he was an example of the youthful introvert, thinking quite a lot, but not voicing his thoughts. Rev. W. E.

Graham, whose church John Love joined in 1906, said that he was an extraordinarily loyal and faithful member, always in his place in church, and very, very quiet. It is of interest that he and his father joined the church at the same time.

"I don't know where John Love got his voice," his mother told me. "I always thought John, (John Love's father), could have sung if he had ever given any especial attention to his voice. The
school singing when I was a girl usually fell to me but, outside of that and a near relative who had a beautiful voice, there was no vocal heritage to which we can assign his voice.

Mrs. Boles said that John Love's brother, Jake, now connected with the Federal Reserve Bank in Dallas, was also a gifted singer and had a voice of unusual quality.

"He always sang, though," she added in speaking of John Love's voice, "from his boyhood days through his life, and the only hobby to which he clung passionately was music."

His music went with him through High School life and, according to his classmates, music seemed to be a part of his life.

"His voice and elegant manners, along with his handsomeness, made John Love one of the most popular boys in school," said Benton Morgan, Greenville lawyer, who was a member of Boles' graduating class and who was his classmate for four years, later being in the same company with him in the army. "It was a favorite saying of ours that John Love was always practicing his middle name with the ladies. And he did. He was always the center of any of our school groups. You might say that he sang his way through High School. He was a good dancer, too. Whistling was another of his accomplishments."

It is prophetic that John Love Boles had one of the leading parts in the annual senior class play. "Our play for that year was called 'A Bachelor's Romance.' I don't suppose that John Love had any idea then of embarking upon a stage career," Mr. Morgan told me.

Mr. Morgan tells an interesting anecdote concerning one of Boles' early romances:

"John Love was an excellent Southpaw pitcher; in fact, he was one of the best that our High School ever had. It all happened in Sherman. (Sherman is Greenville's greatest athletic rival) He had been expecting to see a young lady he was interested in but whom he had never met, and in about the sixth or seventh inning, when the other side was at bat, he called me, the catcher, out towards the pitcher's box for one of those mysterious conferences that pitchers and catchers often hold.

"'That's her,' he whispered to me as we put our heads together, and he jerked his head toward the bleachers where a beautiful young lady had stationed herself to watch the game. When we came to bat, John Love went over to see her and, thinking it was the girl he was looking at, made a date for the dance that night. It happened, however, that it was the wrong girl. He kept the date all right, but he managed to effect a change while at the dance and succeeded in escorting the girl of his choice to her home."

John Love Boles' scholastic record is one to be proud of, high marks characterizing each subject he attempted. "He was an exceptionally fine student, always gentlemanly in conduct, and very brilliant in all his studies," L. C. Gee, superintendent of the Greenville Public Schools, said in praise of Boles' High School record. Examining the scholastic records of 1913, the year of Boles' graduation, we found that his best marks were made in the languages, with the marks in English and German being exactly the same. His punctuality record was one hundred per cent, a perfect mark, and his deportment was eighty-seven out of a possible hundred.

"Big Eat," was his nickname through High School," Mr. Morgan said. "The title was earned by his proclivity toward hearty eating. He had a voracious appetite, being a healthy fellow, and the nickname always seemed particularly applicable in his case.

"It was in the eighth grade in 1909 that I met John Love, when he came from the South Ward School (now renamed Travis School). He and I were the only two in the class who were given special permission to enter the literary society in the High School. The ruling was then in effect that no one could enter until they had reached the ninth grade, but we got
around that by getting special permission from the officials of the school. I remember that John Love lost one declamation while a member of the society."

It was in High School that he threw his arm away in a series of baseball games near Greenville, thereby hindering his athletic career at the University of Texas. He pitched two successive games in this series. His mother said that when he stepped from the street car in front of his home after the game she immediately saw that he was not feeling well and asked him what was wrong. "Nothing, mother," he answered, "I'm feeling all right." But he wasn't, he was very ill for about three weeks as a result of the strain to his pitching arm.

ON graduation from High School in June, 1913, John Love Boles entered the University of Texas. He enrolled in the fall of the same year for pre-medical work. He believed that the medical profession gave more relief from monotony than the banking business in which his father was engaged. "John Love always liked out-of-door life instead of inside and confining activities," Mrs. Boles explained. He worked hard at his studies at the university and also found time to be chosen to the Beta Theta Pi, national fraternity, and to membership in the Arrowhead, a social organization on the campus.

It was during his university career that he met Marcelite Dobbs, and, immediately following his graduation from the university in 1917 they were married.

John Love wanted to enlist in the World War, which started right after his graduation, but his professors at the university insisted that the army needed surgeons far more than it needed army men. They prevailed upon him to continue his work in medicine and surgery, giving him the opportunity to continue it in time to enlist. But the United States could not wait.

John Love Boles was the first Greenville boy's name to be drawn in the first draft, and he, with seven others, were assigned to Camp Travis at San Antonio. He was then singing with a Chautauqua chorus.

His company was Company H, 359th Infantry, but he was transferred again, this time to the Intelligence Department. Soon afterwards he was sent abroad, where he was stationed in Paris.

"EVERYWHERE John Love went, it seemed there was music," his mother said. And it is so. He soon numbered among his other accomplishments the ability to entertain, and he sang quite a bit while in France.

He attended a musical event while in Paris. Being close to the orchestra which was then entertaining, he began singing as they played. A leading French voice instructor was near and heard him. He approached Boles with enthusiasm over his voice and offered to give him free lessons. John Love received a number of these lessons but the duties of his office compelled his absence so often that he was forced to drop them.

After a year and a half in the army and following the Armistice, John Love Boles returned to the States and to Dallas to take up the cotton business, studying voice in his spare time. It was while engaged in this business that Oscar Seagle, the baritone, heard him and became enthusiastic over his voice. Boles then became one of Seagle's pupils. He went East with Seagle, dropping the cotton business after seven months. He went to France to study under Jean de Reske.

Upon his return to the United States, he became a member of the cast of "Little Jesse James," and a number of other musical comedies. It was during his stage career that he was heard by Gloria Swanson who engaged him for her leading man in the production of the motion picture "The Loves of Sunya."

IT is interesting to note that the number 13 is John Love Boles' lucky number. You will remember that it was on Friday 13 that he received the offer to enter the movies as Gloria Swanson's leading man, and looking back we find that his graduation from High School was in the year 1913 and that there were thirteen boys and thirteen girls in the graduating class.

A number of his friends in Greenville remember clearly that John Love Boles worked diligently nearly every summer between school terms, and often on Saturdays during school session. It was from pure joy of having something to do, though, for it was not necessary that he work.

His parents were, and are, one of the foremost families in Greenville. J. M. Boles, his father, has been in the banking business in Greenville since before John Love's birth, and is now connected with the largest banking institution in the city (Cont'd on page 117)
You know the lad with the iron in his eyes. He ran away with Alice White's "Broadway Babies," playing the happy bootlegger from Chicago, and he frequently has played in the rougher background of the rough Mr. Bancroft's underworld films. Kohler, who was born in Kansas City in 1889, started in films in "The Rough Riders" after four years on the stage. He's a six-footer and weighs 200 pounds.
Edwina Booth, at the left, makes-up in the heart of the African wilds. Miss Booth plays Nina, the white priestess of the savage tribes, described by the now famous old trader in his widely popular book.

**MAKING "TRADER HORN"**

The hippo above is NOT yawning. No, indeed! His jaws have been propped open for a close-up. The hippo was shot by Director W.S. Van Dyke, who heads the Metro-Goldwyn camera expedition.

Top, the "Trader Horn" company on the edge of the famous Murchison Falls. At the right, Harry Carey and Edwina Booth in a dramatic moment of the old trader's yarn. Mr. Carey, once a famous star in Westerns, plays the trader and Miss Booth is Nina.
JOAN CRAWFORD

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
Nobody has taken to the talkies with more success than this English actor, who had his larynx debut in "Interference" and recently interpreted the celebrated Conan Doyle sleuth in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes." Mr. Brook has dignity, ability, suavity—and all that sort of thing.
DOROTHY MACKAILL
EXIT—FLAPPER

Hollywood adapts the new fashions to its own modes and moods

By Rosalind Shaffer

ing about it? Well, different things, all of them expensive and intricate, and a little beyond the home dressmaker's art.

The prophets of these matterisms who arbitrate the mode in this its most exciting upheaval in recent years,

What have you got on the hip, and where do you draw the line? Says Alice White to Clara Bow: sez you, sez me. Waistline, hipline, hemlines. When they put Alice White in one of the new models, she looked like her mother. Many another agitated flapper has robed herself regally in the new modes, only to view with alarm the reflection in the glass, and to exclaim like the agitated old lady in the nursery rhyme, "Lawk a mercy, is it really 1?"

Are the lights of the cinema, and the lovely legs, to be concealed under a bushel, even of imported lace or expensive silk ruffles? Are the athletic waistlines to be pinched down to Mid-Victorian span? What are the lovely ladies of the screen do-

How the first flapper of the screen modifies the new fashion to suit her individuality. Clara Bow wears a chiffon frock with soft ruffles that fall away at the front to give a youthful shortness. And please note, too, that Clara's bobbed hair is growing longer

Catherine Dale Owen also wears her skirts short in front. This charming dance frock is of blue moire, with a natural waist line, a full skirt and the very popular uneven hemline
ENTER—SIREN

Here is a story that will interest every woman who has been puzzled by the most exciting fashion upheaval in years are the designers of Hollywood, Gilbert Adrian, Max Ree, Sophie Wachner, Travis Banton, Edward Stevenson. They seem to agree that the pictorial type of film star will be ideally framed by the new mode with all its sophistication and subtlety. The real problem is for girls who have been advertised as flappers and who have always gone in for short skirts and sports modes as a large part of their wardrobe.

ADRIAN, designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who cares for the dress problems of Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Anita Page, and Joan Crawford, gives his opinion as follows: “I believe that in the new mode women will sacrifice some of youth for more of beauty. The last few years have been the era of the older woman who, by means of the subtle psychology of her bobbed hair and short skirts, has been able to recapture her youth. There was no age limit to clothes, and from the back it might be grandma or granddaughter.
The rule of the new fashion mode: complete freedom

HOLLYWOOD created the flapper as a mode, as a type and as a state of mind.
How will the screen adapt itself to the new fashions and the new types of feminine siren?
In this authoritative and revolutionary article, you will find the answer to your clothes question.

"Beauty is in the entire balance, not in any one definite line. We must accept new ideas and adapt them. This takes time and thought. There are rules for harmony in line; width and length have a certain balance that must be kept. We always go back to the classic models in studies of beauty of line.

"ISADORA DUNCAN showed with her use of drapes that action can be accentuated by leaving the movement behind it in the air, expressed in a following floating drape. I believe, then, that clothes should be designed to suit the use to which they are to be put. A Charleston dancing age, with jerky movements, could not use anything but the short skirts with no sleeves that were so popular. A floating drapery would have become confused in the jerks and shown no motion accent. Short flattery tabs were acceptable. So now, for modern styles, sport clothes must remain short and sleeveless, and of angular lines, with pleats, box coats and such things. For the dinner gown, the formal afternoon gown, the dance frock, our national prosperity and increased dignity of living is expressed in the dignity and luxuriousness of the long floating gowns. The revival of the waltz and the tango and the return to formal modes of living are expressed in the ten gown, the formal afternoon gown and the elaborately simple evening mode.

"Sophistication and beauty are in the new mode. The mermaid silhouette with its fascinating, concealing and revealing lines, is more alluring than the flapper modes of complete exposure. These gowns conceal imperfections and reveal only perfections. They can be adapted to any type of girl by study."

SOPHIE WACHNER, designer for William Fox, who presides over the sartorial destinies of Sue Carol, Lenore Ulric, Marguerite Churchill and Lola Lane, and who has designed for Mary Pickford, Vilma Banky, Estelle Taylor, Geraldine Farrar and hosts of other celebrities, says:

"There is no reason that the flapper figure as such should not be perfect for the new modes. The princess mode is the most difficult

Olive Borden, although the small, flapper type, has a pictorial quality that enables her to wear an extreme, formal princess gown. And, below, you see how Joan Crawford, by a few inches added to a skirt, achieves a compromise with the new style. Her skirt is a good, safe length for street wear.

Now the word is 'be your age—beautifully.' The mode is divided into the young girl modes, and the sophisticated matron mode, suitable to those around thirty, and over. The sophisticated cut and line, with exquisite simplicity, with revealing fitted body line, its long skirt, and extreme décolleté, will be more beautiful than anything we have had in our era, but it is not a youthful mode.

"Only the really young can look youthful in the present mode. Their youth shines triumphant through the dignifying medium. The new mode will aid women to conceal defects with the flattering long skirts. The slim body fitting line is more difficult. The slender woman as always will be more beautiful because she is graceful and pliable."

Max Ree, designer for RKO, where Olive Borden and Bebe Daniels work, and who first glorified Greta Garbo, says:
THE FASHION REVOLUTION

THE flapper mode had in its favor freedom, frankness, convenience. It was a fashion of youth, simplicity, slimness and good health. But it was unromantic, informal, and unflattering to the no-longer young. The new mode has in its favor sophistication, subtlety and feminine grace. But it must be modified for sport and street wear.

to wear, and only the slender, rounded firmness of a good figure can wear it. Who better than the flapper? The most difficult line for the eye to become accustomed to, and to accept in the new mode, is the long line from the natural waistline to the skirt hem, when it is long.

"The day is gone when the well dressed woman can wear sports clothes for afternoon, for parties, or for anything but sports. The tea gown, the formal afternoon gown, have arrived to stay. For street wear, I do not advise a very long skirt; a compromise mode such as the dressmaker suit, a feminine version of the tailored suit, with a half long skirt is advisable for shopping wear, and looks much smarter for the purpose.

"The danger that large girls, like Marguerite Churchill and Lola Lane, will look older in long skirts, is something that can be avoided by making irregular hemlines. Lace appliquéd in its natural scallops about the hemline, is one way to solve the problem for these tall girls."

JAMES STEVENSON, designer at First National for Alice White, Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackail and Corinne Griffith, has problems to meet. Alice White frankly does not like the new modes, and Stevenson feels that dressing such a star in something not expressive of her personality and liking is not wise, no matter how modish it may be. Stevenson has met his problem with Alice by keeping her skirts just around the knee, even for evening wear, and in one black allover lace model, trimmed with pleating around the hem, he has added a cascade of pleating from one hip that falls far below the hemline and gives the much needed effect. The body is closely fitted.

Stevenson says: "The mode simply must be fitted to the personality. I believe that the flapper type, modified with a bit more roundness, will persist for a time at least. To put obviously unsuitable clothes on a star is to make her grotesque. All designers love the new modes, as they give such scope, but there is plenty room for the individualist."

"Dorothy Mackail, although she has always looked best in strictly tailored things, can wear the sophisticated cut and line of this season very well. I have made a gown for her for evening with the princess line on one side, and the other side with a three-tiered cascade of godets falling from the natural waistline to the long hem. A smart dressmaker's suit for her has a fitted yoke with a V in front, met by an ascending V from the knee, below which the skirt flares to a long back. A tuck-in blouse with a straight cut coat, lavishly done with fox collar and cuffs, makes a lovely choice for street wear. The material is a soft broadcloth."

TRAVIS BANTON, Paramount, designer, who plans clothes for Clara Bow and Nancy Carroll, considers the new modes highly flattering to the picture stars.
What the designers say about waistlines and hemlines

He says:

"The new modes are designed especially for the pictorial type of girl, which is the type that predominates in films. Marked individualists, like Clara Bow, must have the modes adapted for them. The selection of fabric to preserve the youthful effect is highly important. The feeling of youth is best achieved by fluttering laces, floating scarves and chiffons and souffle."

"The irregular hemline, with length achieved in irregularly placed tiers of pleats and godets, and cascades, suggests the mode but still leaves the formal afternoon or evening gown short in front, longer at the sides and very long in back. I do not advise trains for everybody. One must know how to wear and carry a train; they really belong to the more sophisticated matron type."

Dolores Del Rio, who is possessed of one of the largest and most up-to-date wardrobes for personal use of any screen star, is fortunate to be of the pictorial type, which experts agree is ideally suited to the new mode. She is enthusiastic over the change in fashions, and has shopped lavishly among the new models from Vionnet, Paquin, Chanel, Irande, and the new designer, Augusta Bernard, who specializes in society designing, and does no work for stage or professional people.

She says:

"Looking absolutely right is so important to a screen actress that I do not believe the picture folk will accept anything they do not consider becoming. I personally never use anything, no matter how smart it is, unless I believe it suits me. I am fortunate enough to be the type for the new mode, and I am so excited over my new clothes. Yes, I like them unreservedly. The tight waistline and hip really give a woman two waistlines. Long skirts are universally becoming, I think, if other details are studied to balance them. I am so wild about the new skirt length that I am having my afternoon clothes all made very long, to the ankle. Is it not strange that the most extreme things I have are being made right here in Hollywood?"

"The dresses are all made of little pieces, that it would be impossible to copy. The gorgeous materials, and the large amounts used, with the expensive cutting and designing necessary, make it a rich woman's mode. While fur coats are largely demode for evening, lavish furs are used for trimmings and the fabrics are so gorgeous that it is really no saving."

Billie Dove chooses to have a few ideas of her own about the mode. Billie is of the pictorial type, and realizing this, never wore extremely short skirts all during the rage for them, preferring skirts a little below the knee for herself. While she is delighted with the new fashions, she takes violent exception to one line, that of the hemline which strikes the leg half between the knee and ankle. She considers it very ugly, as it makes even perfect legs appear slightly bowlegged. A line longer for afternoon wear, and a bit shorter for sports, about four inches below the knee, is her preference. Here is what Miss Dove says:

"The long slightly blousing waist, with the snug hip line that Chanel is identified with, is my personal preference," declares Billie, "as it is most becoming to me. However, the natural waistline fitted and with a tiny belt, is pretty too. I do not like the extreme princess mode, though a modified form is pretty. I am very happy the long skirts have become fashionable again."

Miss Dove is dressed so elaborately for the screen that she prefers simple things for her personal use, and will have a favorite model copied in another color, with accessories. Incidentally Billie is one of the most picturesque advocates of the "be your (Continued on page 108)
DOUBLES

Top row, left: Bee Lee. She's the double for Fannie Brice, the comedienne. Miss Lee appeared also in minor roles of "Sally," "Paris" and "Spring is Here." Top center: Ruth Metzger, double for Mary Astor and frequently mistaken for that favorite. Miss Metzger is a contract chorus girl at the First National Studios. Top right: June De Vine, who doubled for Barbara La Marr. Her resemblance to that ill-fated star is startling. At the right: Josephine Bernhardt, double for Beatrice Lillie. Miss Bernhardt is a former show girl who has appeared in "No, No, Nanette," "The Girl From Woolworth's," "Playing Around" and other films.

At the lower right: Jean Morgan, photographic double for Betty Compson. Miss Morgan is a contract chorus girl at First National. At the immediate right: Irene Thompson, Billie Dove's double. You saw Miss Thompson also in small roles of "Lilies of the Field" and "Paris".

Unknown Hollywood Girls Who Double For the Famous Stars
Nancy Carroll has four sisters and three brothers. Her youngest sister, Terry (above), is now trying her film luck in Paramount short subjects. Her other sister, Mary (on the page opposite), is now in vaudeville, after dancing and singing in a New York musical comedy.
Nancy Carroll's real name is Nancy La Hiff, her parents being Thomas and Anna La Hiff. Her father hails from County Clare, Ireland, and her mother from County Roscommon. Nancy, along with her brothers and sisters, was born on the West Side of Manhattan.
Nancy Carroll started her career in a local talent contest in one of the New York Loew theaters. With one of her sisters, she won the prize. Nancy attended the New York public schools and Holy Trinity School.

In 1923 Nancy entered the chorus of "The Passing Show of 1923." She was in various choruses, slowly working her way up to dramatic roles. It was while playing the leading role of the play, "Chicago," with the Pacific Company that Miss Carroll was selected by Paramount to play the part of Rosemary Murphy in the film version of "Abie's Irish Rose." She made a hit—and her progress has been steadily upward since.
"MEESTER Charlie Chaplin ees a very wise man! I have followed his advice and now, in my second picture, I have the leading part with MEESTER McLaglen." Thus spoke Fifi Dorsay, the French mademoiselle who vampied Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris" and who is now playing with Victor McLaglen in "Hot for Paris," as she wriggled back onto the multitude of cushions on her Frenchified divan in an Hollywood apartment.

"I haf always wanted to be in the movies and when I was here with the Greenwich Follies four years ago I would ask for a job maybe eef eet had not been for Monsieur Chaplin.

"I haf lunch at the Montmartre café and Monsieur Charlie Chaplin ees introduce to me. We dance. He asked me if I liked to be in thee pictures. I throw up my head. I theeek eet ees wise to be always a leetle independent. So I say 'Non' like it mean either the yes or the no. "'Goot! You are not movie struck. You are wise. You stay on the stage. Wait until they come to you. You do not come to California to stay. When they send for you you will be eeg. Eef you come yourself you will be just one more girl in the movies. Do not come without a contract. Make them offer it to you.'

"I HAYE never forgot what he say. Even when I do no work for nine months and I haf the need of money and theeek maybe I will try for thee pictures, I remember and say 'Non! What Meester Chaplin say I will do!'

"I have done it and look where I get just like he tell me?"

It wouldn't seem so far—two pictures. Yet—she is the first girl at the Fox Studio to have a full fledged lead in her second picture. She is the first girl to have demands for stories and pictures from all over the world after her very first picture. The studio publicity department is actually swamped with requests for material upon her.

She has her contract. She is sending for her brother and sister to join her. She is better known today than many who have been in pictures for five years. And she gives the lion's share of the credit to Monsieur Charlie Chaplin.

"Eet has been hard to remember. I have almost forget, just before thees all happen, I am engage to be married. I am ready to be married.

"Thees ees really a great secret. I should not tell it. But what is the good of a secret eef you cannot tell everybody?"

She pounced on the pillows, her legs kicked in the air; her eyes sparked. "I will tell you about it!

"I am in Pittsburgh. The next week is one off. I am to slip to Detroit to marry my sweet
The real story of Fifi Dorsay, who gave up marriage for the Hollywood Movies.

heart. I am so happy. I get a wire from my manager to come to New York Monday morning for a motion-picture test.

"At first I had thrill. What Monsieur Chaplin says have come true. Then I think, 'Ah, what's the use? They giv tests to many. I should give up going to Detroit to marry for a test. I am in lof—"

"I do not answer. The next day I get a wire to telephone my agent and charge him on the other end of it. Then I know eet is serious eef he pay for eet. But I am in lof. I go to Detroit and when I get there who do I see but my manager! He has suspect me.

"He tell my sweetheart what a beeg part eet ees with Will Rogers. I must not let lof interfere with me. My sweetheart, he sees eet. He does not want to stop me from being a big success in the movies. I go back to New York.

"I go into a beeg office. The first thing they say ees take off your hat. I am tired; I am deesapoinned.

"'Eef you don't like me the way I am, I will go back to Detroit and get married!'

"They haf lots of people to test. I am sorry I come. I wish I am in Detroit. But at two o'clock eet ees my turn. I sing, 'Give The Little Baby Lots of Lovin'.' Eet ees my good—"I am sing for Paul Ash. That I will tell you later.

"Eet ees Saturday. They do not tell me how they think about it. I go back to the girls in the show at Rochester. They all expect me with a wedding ring. I come with no ring but maybe a vamp to Will Rogers.

"Eet is the thirteenth of June when my manager telephone to say he have a contract and everything. On the twentieth I am in Hollywood. Just three weeks on the same day I am for the first time before a camera. What Charlie Chaplin has say happens that all of a sudden!

"With all the girls in Hollywood and New York, for them to chose me. Eet was just like God pointing a finger to Fifi Dorsay and picking out one Fifi Dorsay!"

"SHE sat back, sighed. "But eet has not always been so easy. I haf work very hard. Then just when I am ready to marry—"

"Yes, I still lof heem. I have much, what you say respect. I haf a deep friendship for heem. But—" she hesitated; her eyes brooded. "I don't know. He think I do not care so much. But here in peectures you work so hard there is not so much time to care. He ees my man. I haf lof only heem. But I haf my career—Maybe I should have got married!

"But I haf always a family at my back! I must theenk of them always. My brother ees sixteen. He works in New York. I must send for heem to come to Hollywood. And my sister. She is twenty-one. I am twenty-two months older. She ees stenographer in New York. My mother and father have died. See? I carry always the beads which my mother have in her fingers when she die. I promise I will take care of Roger and Alice. I must do eet. I cannot let lof stop me. They are the last of the keeds. There are thirteen.

"You theenk that is many?" She laughed. From
densiveness to gay humor in less than a minute! "You should see my aunt. She haf twenty-two children and three husbands. The husbands all die. She still lives. We are a good family. Some day, I too—I lof children. When I haf made my name and my money.

"But I have not always the advice of Monsieur Chaplin to help me. I have struggle. Oh, my life eet ees sad at moments. I do not know how—"

" THEY call me Miss Fifi from Paris. I am not Fifi. I am not straight from Paris. I am Yvonne Dorsay, born in Asnieres, near Paris. I was to be a nun. They send me to a convent. But even the sisters they tell me not to be a nun but to go on the stage. In the little acts we give I sing and dance. The nuns themselves say, 'Fifi, you should go on the stage.' I make up my mind then. But the stage does not come easy."

Another pause; another sigh; another wistful expression.

"My father work for the government. They send him to Canada. I am a stenographer. I write in shorthand both English and French. I still have my accent but I can write English as well as American girls. After four years in Canada I am still wild for the stage, so I haf save enough to coom to New York. I think then eet will be easy there."

She shrugged. "Life ees never easy. I find that out. I work as stenographer six months before I have chance to even look behind a curtain. Then I go to the office of John Murray Anderson. I am desperate. I am sixteen. I must get started. (Continued on page 112)
Bessie Love and her dramatic struggle for film success

Cooper and Gladys Brockwell were all at the studio and came into the set frequently.

But of them all, it was Douglas Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith who helped me.

I had just visited the principal of the Los Angeles High School. You see, my car passed the campus. No matter how often I was on it, I could scarcely keep from crying, I was so sad because I was not running up and down those familiar stone steps with the other youngsters. One day, the longing became too great. I stopped and asked the principal how I could secure one of the little crescent school pins that I might have it as a keepsake of my days of learning.

“But you must graduate to get that!”

“But—how can I?”

“You can study outside of school, Bessie. Do the work and, if you pass the examination, we will give you a diploma. You do not need to attend the classes. I should advise you to do this. You are not the type of girl who will be content always with the movies. Undoubtedly, there are many fine people in them. But I want you to keep up so that wherever you go, you will be able to talk to all kinds of people.”

With this new vision of a diploma and the pin which meant so much to me, I commenced studying on the set. One day Douglas Fairbanks took my algebra book from me.

“Algebra has done you all the good that it can,” he remarked, as he sat down beside me, “unless you wish to be a mathematician. What you want now is to study people. You should improve yourself by observation. Read romances, not mathematics. Practice walking in front of a mirror. Develop poise, grace, manners.”

He was not thinking so much of my picture career, he told me, but of myself, my womanly future.

It is strange, but at the same time that Douglas Fairbanks was using his influence to create my interest in womanly ambition, Mr. Griffith sent for me and offered the same suggestions with my career in mind. He wished me to work before a mirror to improve my acting. A trick of the old school and one which is most valuable. After all, it is before a mirror that you see yourself as your director sees you.

All this could not help but make an impression. Yet, strangely, I did not turn to the women at the studio who were so soon to be famous in what these men were explaining! I was true to form and looked far away from me. It didn't enter my head that I could study those close to me. My mind leapt to New York, to Florida. Norma Talmadge, who was to be a model for picture actresses, was right there before me but I made no
REMINISCENCES
As Told by BESSIE LOVE to Ruth Biery

attempt to imitate her; learn from her. How many miles, how many years we could save ourselves if we would only take advantage of our own yards instead of trying to jump the fence to reach those which seem more important because they are remote from us!

IT never is easy for a newcomer to become chummy with those in the movies. In those days it was even more difficult. They had their own clique—those pioneers of stardom. I was an outsider. They were not particularly over-elated to see a new one come among them. I don't blame them. It was like a big family. Papa Griffith had adopted another youngster. The first adopted did not rejoice when he added a High School youngster. They were kind and polite but they did not fold me unto their bosoms.

I did nothing to cross the bridge so automatically erected between us. I had received this advice: "Don't become intimate with those for whom you are working. It is bad business." A certain director, whose name is now forgotten, invited me to dinner. It might have been my opportunity to cross that indefinite barrier between politeness and real acquaintance, but I refused it. If I took the hospitality and the next day something went wrong with the picture, how could I talk about it?

It took a long time for me to learn that there is a middle-ground for those who work together. Today, if my present director asked me to his house for dinner, I'd go, but I'd not let it interfere with anything I might want to say the next day. Comradeship, not intimacy, is the secret of successful business relations.

Therefore, I was a lonesome youngster, I was meeting them all—those destined-to-be leaders in the great industry, but I was really getting little from the acquaintance.

I REMEMBER one day, when Norma Talmadge was having trouble on a picture. She was scarping with her fine, spirited determination; when she dashed over to me. "Remember this! You are just beginning in pictures," she exclaimed. "You have a long time to live; never give up a fight. No matter how big you become, no matter who you are, never stop fighting. You will recall this day sometime; remember what I have told you."

There came a time when I was not to remember enough and then a day when I did remember to my own advantage. I shall always be grateful to Norma for taking time during a very heated moment to advise the little newcomer.

That indefinite, semi-lonely feeling which was gradually creeping upon me showed, I suppose, that I was really becoming interested in this new, strange business. There were other signs, also.

MONEY! I used to insist upon carrying all of the ten dollars in change in my pocketbook. I had never had so much money in my life. Anything that gave it to me—well, it was worthy of interest. When we found that I was really to remain at the studio, when the publicity which naturally came to any find of D. W.'s continued to heap itself upon me, we decided I must live closer. We rented a tiny bungalow directly back of the Triangle studio. We bought furniture for it. Here was a definite thrill. Picking out furniture and paying for it from my very own earnings. I had slept in a double bed with my mother. Now we chose twin beds. Somehow those twin beds stand out as milestones in my progress. When I saw them unloaded at our door, I felt that life began to develop a definite ambition. Silly. But all of us have had little things like that which mean specific moments of progress to us.

Then, my first trip to Mack Sennett's. I have tried to show that where D. W. Griffith hung his hat in those days was the focus-point of the industry. On the home lot I might be just the youngest stepchild but on foreign lots I came from
The Tragedies and Joys of Bessie Love’s Career

Triangle, so I was very much Miss Somebody. I shall never forget that original visit to another studio. Harry McCoy took me around. Introduced me to Louise Fazenda, Mabel Normand, Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost.

The way they nudged on another; their side-glances; their whispers; their very evident interest, almost awe, showed me definitely that they considered me important. Now, I don’t suppose there’s a person in the world who doesn’t really like to be considered important; I frankly was getting my first taste of the subtle flattery which comes with fame. I enjoyed it. It was the awakening of a first self-confidence. Suddenly, being a player assumed a new importance.

Two years rolled by. I had been made a star after my first few pictures. My contract had been torn up three times. I was now getting considerable money. I also had my diploma from high school. That little loneliness which came from being the last adopted baby in a grown-up family had left me time to study. I wore my dear crescent pins all the time and wear it.

D. W. Griffith left the company. That automatically severed my connection. I re-signed. It was a mistake. Bad pictures. Instead of the latest find of D. W. Griffith, I was just a star who had to make good pictures. There is no use to go into the details. They were largely technical. But I felt they were not living up to the contract, so I left them.

Pathé believed my side of the story. They signed me.

My first trip to New York City. Here was my opportunity to study other women, to learn from their dress, to purchase some for myself from the exclusive shops on Fifth Avenue. We stayed at the Blimor. It was like a page from a fairy story. Yet it was in little things which thrilled me. A nick-name from a cosmetic store. A bunch of violets out of season.

Irene Castle, Fanny Ward and Frank Keenan were the Pathé stars of that day. They were all so sweet to me. Frank Keenan taught me little tricks for the camera. “Listen. Don’t let them turn your face away from the camera. Step back so you get the inning.”

Florida! I remember when I first went to see D. W. Griffith, there had been a company working in Florida. Mother had said, “A profession which gives you travel can’t be so bad. Travel means education.”

Now I was going to Florida. I was going to travel. I felt of my little crescent pin and thought that even the principal would approve of this side of my profession. I fear the picture, itself, had little place in my thoughts as the train spun us through the Southern states. The trees, the country-side, the transition from rusted brown leaves—it was fall—to green ones. Ah, the first trip.

How much more it means than those that come thereafter.

I suppose all youth, whether it be spent in the movies, in schools or in farmhouses, passes through the same phases. I returned to California and began to wonder just what life had to offer. At this time, I had no real reason for such agnosticism. I was now with Vitagraph on the West Coast. My salary was huge even for that period of pictures. I had bought a ranch in Tulear City and owned it.

My pictures were as good as other stars’ pictures. But I was growing up. I suffered from mental growing pains. For every bit of happiness and joy I saw around me, I felt was more unbearable, unhappy, to offset it. Was there anything to this hereafter business? What did work, success, fame, money, matter if we were just so many pebbles whirling through eternity without any definite rhythm behind us? I did not think to reverse my adolescent deductions—to remember that for every bit of misery I found, there was happiness somewhere to offset it.

I DON’T know what might have happened to me who had always been so placid, so much the taking-for-granted person, if we hadn’t gone to the big trees in northern California to make “The Little Boss.” I was walking down the street with Wallace MacDonald, who played the lead opposite me, discussing my feelings about the futility of existence, when for no reason at all, a child dashed across the road and handed me a single, tiny violet. She did not know why there was no possible motive.

I looked at the flower; I looked into the innocent, eyes of the youngster; I saw the hope and the joy of young life dancing within them. She dashed along, skipping; Wally and I walked in the lanes between the great trees, with their staleness of red trunks rising so straightforward above us. I looked at the tiny flower; I breathed the majesty about me. Nature—trees—did being away from man if for a moment? Why did this feel? And suddenly I knew.

“There must be something, Wally.”

It was the turning point from adolescent unrest to womanly, mature thinking.

I WAS making big money but nothing else. I do not blame the profession; I blame myself. I was making bad pictures. Suffering from lack of self-confidence. I did not struggle for good stories, good directors, good casts. I accepted things as they came and paid the penalty.

It was only at rare times that I mustered the courage to fight. I remember I had been in the projection room with David Smith, who was directing; W. S. Hart, who was managing the studio, and the cameraman, to look at a test for a prospective leading man for myself. I didn’t like him. I said (Continued on page 110)
Do you like the smart new type of short jacket? Miss Owen demonstrated the newest mode, with this short jacket of flat clipped caracul in beige. It is worn with a blue street outfit and a hat of black satin.
A prediction: Maurice Chevalier will be the most popular man star in the talkies. The Reasons: He not only has a voice but he can sing. (There's a difference.) He is good-looking but not too handsome. He has Menjou's charm plus Gilbert's force. His performance in "The Love Parade" is the gayest, most persuasive acting of the season.
The Month's BEST PERFORMANCES

Right, Helen Morgan, as the burlesque queen of "Applause," a picture remarkable for its camera work as well as for its unusual acting. Left, John Barrymore in a dramatic moment of the revue, "The Show of Shows." Mr. Barrymore's interlude from Shakespeare is the high spot of the singing and dancing film.

Right, Greta Garbo as she appears in the trial scene of "The Kiss." This film is noteworthy in that it is Miss Garbo's final silent appearance. "The Kiss" is a striking drama and the Swedish star does excellent work.

Above, Mona Maris, and, right, Warner Baxter, in the picturesque melodrama of the South-West, "Romance of the Rio Grande." Miss Maris is a newcomer—a highly promising young woman. Mr. Baxter, a consummate characterizations talkies all scarce—"Boomerang," is his story of a young doctor nurse for a young chap of jealousy. Then the been contributing, the nurse himself and tries ption away from his patient. Dix is an admirable excellent in the talkies. He could .tateral, however. This is light
THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

SOME years ago Bayard Veiller wrote a corking stage melodrama, "The Thirteenth Chair," with Margaret Wycherly starred as a quaint old fortune-teller. The big scene, showed a seance, with thirteen seated in a circle, clasping hands. The big moment came when the occupant of the thirteenth chair tumbled forward, dead, stabbed through the back. Yet the circle appeared to be unbroken. This melodrama has been neatly transformed into a talkie, although the crime has been shifted to another character. Miss Wycherly is still the old fortune-teller, while Conrad Nagel and Leila Hyams are the lovers. Bela Lugosi is excellent as the police investigator.

SONG OF LOVE—Columbia

BELLE BAKER, long a popular vaudeville headliner, makes her talkie début in this, another backstage yarn. Miss Baker plays a variety luminary who does an act with her husband at a piano and her son singing from a box. All goes well until mamma decides that Sonny Boy ought to go to school and have a regular boy's life. She retired from the stage to take care of him and the husband takes a new woman partner. That brings matrimonial disaster, but all goes well in the end. There's a reconciliation. Miss Baker sings five or six songs, including "Take Everything Away But You." A fair picture—if you like Miss Baker and her variety personality.

THE GREAT GABBO—Wide World

THE combination of Erich Von Stroheim as a sinister and egotistical ventriloquist and the direction of James Cruze seemed unbeatable. Particularly, with a corking and unusual story by Ben Hecht. Mr. Hecht told a striking yarn of a ventriloquist whose real self asserted itself only through the dummy used in his act. Hard and brutal on the surface, Gabbo's only kindness came in the dummy's whispered confidences. This story was lost in a maze of musical numbers. Even Von Stroheim, always a vivid player, seemed puzzled in the confusion. He is not at his best. Betty Compson is the girl he loves in his selfish way.

LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH—Fox

GEORGE JESSEL, familiar to musical comedy, is not a striking success in the talkies, by any means. In this story he depicts a young Italian who goes back to Italy on a visit and is caught in the whirlpool of the World War. When he gets back to these United States he is blind. The lad recovers his sight after an operation and the first person he sees is his former sweetheart, now the great surgeon's wife. Lila Lee plays the Italian boy's sweetheart. Jessel is now back on Broadway, returning to musical comedy. That's the answer to this film. He was signed up with the army of other stage big names in the hope of discovering a real find.

BIG TIME—Fox

ANOTHER story of vaudevillians with a breaking heart. This ought to be somewhere near the end of them. At that it has a good cast, with Lee Tracy, who played the hoofer in the Broadway production of "Broadway," and the promising and personable Mae Clark, who ought to do big things in the talkies before long. Miss Clark will bear watching. Also you will find Josephine Dunn playing another swell gal and Stepin Fetchit acting as first aid to the story. Here's hoping that 1930 will clean up on this stock plot of the talkie. We've had enough. And while they're at it, we can get along without underworld stories for a long time; that is, unless George Bancroft plays them.
ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

CONDEMNED—United Artists

The personable Ronald Colman and the lovely Ann Harding. There's a combination! Here Colman plays a thief sent to Devil's Island, while Miss Harding is the beautiful wife of the warden. The warden is indiscreet enough to take Mr. Colman into his home as a prisoner-servant—and you can guess what will happen. It does—with Mr. Colman and Miss Harding running away to escape it all. The trouble with this picture is that a grim and tight little tragic has been switched into a kidded melodrama, after the fashion of "Bulldog Drummond." That was a mistake, because it wasn't that sort of a yarn. You'll like Mr. Colman and Miss Harding, however.

IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?—Warner Brothers

This stars Ted Lewis, the singing orchestra leader, but, for our part, we like him in his brief specialty given in the Warners' "Show of Shows." This is just another version of Al Jolson's "The Singing Fool." Lewis plays the son of an old Hungarian concert master. When he comes to America the only way he can make a living is to discard his violin for a saxophone. He is a hit, but the old father is broken-hearted over his boy's cabaret success. Lewis is far from an effective actor but he gets across with a bang when he tosses his old silk hat about and bursts into song in front of his jazz musicians. This is a passable picture.

THE LOCKED DOOR—United Artists

On another page of this issue, Walter Winchell tells you about Barbara Stanwyck, when she was a brave little cabaret girl trying to get a chance on the stage. Then see "The Locked Door," in which she is the star. It is an emotional drama built from Channing Pollock's stage play, "The Sign on the Door." It is the story of a young wife who tries to hide one indiscreet but innocent moment of her past. The waster hounds her—and she goes to his apartment. The husband follows, without knowing his wife is hidden in an inner room. He kills the rotter, arranged the scene to represent a suicide—and goes out, locking his wife in the place behind him. There's a tense moment.

FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS—First National

Colleen Moore's last First National production—and an expensive one. Colleen plays a little Irish girl who masquerades as a red hot French singing star in order to achieve success behind the New York footlights. At heart, she's sincere and sweet and all that sort of thing. On the stage, Oh, la la! This is a slender story of her love for a weakening, discovered in the nick of time. The background of a great big musical show is not new these days, of course, but it is done lavishly and beautifully, with color photography and massive chorus evolutions. Colleen Moore works hard as the star, dances and sings—and gets away with it nicely.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

Paramount

The famous old sleuth, created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is back again, this time in the talkies. Guess who plays him? Clive Brook, no less. Personally, our ideal Sherlock is William Gillette and we will never switch our affections to Mr. Brook, despite his skill of acting. In this picture Mr. Holmes, with Dr. Watson hovering about in his familiar old immuring way, meets the evil Moriarity in battle once more. He captures him and foils a battalion of dangerous crooks who are tapping international wireless telephone messages for tips on rich loot.
SHOW GIRL to SOCIAL LEADER

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Special photographs by Russell Ball

A TASHMAN, that is what they call her in Hollywood.

La Tashman.

A very little word, but in history it has rocked empires, as you may remember. No adjective can quite take the place of a mere article which at once implies "one and only."

There is something picturesque and vital and piquant about that single word. Lilyan Tashman merits it. She is picturesque and vital and piquant.

To attempt to whitewash Lil into the press agent's conception of what he hopes the public will think about his star would be about as sensible as trying to convince folks that Mary Garden believes storks bring babies.

Not that Miss Tashman is a vampire or a baby bandit or anything like that. But she is most decidedly a woman of the world—wise, a trifle cynical, deeply sentimental, and invariably amusing. Her brittle wit wouldn't fit into the Elsie Dinsmore books and her philosophy is that of the Broadway show girl who knows how life can hurt you, unless you are well armored and well armed.

LILYAN TASHMAN—when she first come to Hollywood, with her philosophy of a Broadway show girl who knows how life can hurt you, unless you are well armored and well armed.

Hollywood in open combat. And the defeat was decisive.

It happened like this:

Lilyan Tashman, one of the best of the real Follies girls, descended upon Hollywood some years back. She arrived at a time when Hollywood was undergoing one of its inevitable waves of virtue, resultant upon some too notorious scandal.

IT is always well to remember that Hollywood is no worse and no better, morally, than any other place. It is only more dramatic. Being a colony composed of actors, dramatists, showmen, there is an invariably showy quality to its occasional upsets, whose duplicates take place in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and New Orleans without being sufficiently colorful to make the front page. Also, those cast in the leading roles are those whom the public pays good money to see perform imaginary scenes upon the silver sheet and naturally the public wants to know every slightest move they make off of it.

Hollywood pays the usual price of fame by having its private life under a scrutiny which no group of people could endure without some few unsavory
The Story of the Actress Whose Wit Makes Her

What did Tashman, who adored the theater, the lights, the applause, the audience, the greasepaint, care for motion pictures? What did Lil, who knew all the wits and wags, crooks and charact- ers, great ones and little ones, playboys and spenders, stars and geniuses of the most famous street in the world, care about Hollywood?

She was a typical Broadwayite—and Broadway knew her, loved her, hailed her.

More than that, Lilyan Tashman had every chance to succeed on the stage. Along with a number of other critics who know much more than I ever will about real acting, I saw Lil play a one-act thing of Eugene O’Neill’s called “Thirst” at the Writers’ Club in Hollywood. Everyone agreed that she might have given Jeanne Eagels a run for her money as a dramatic actress. Her speaking voice is superb.

But Lil was in love and so she forsook everything, as women have been doing for centuries, to follow her man.

Edmund Lowe had yielded to the call of the camera after seven failures behind the footlights in one season. Not his failures, the critics attested. Just the failures of playwrights who had written him good parts in wretched shows.

Eddie had loved the stage ever since he played the bearded old gentleman in “The Bells” during his sophomore year at Santa Clara University. But a man must live and the movies lured him with glitter of much gold.

He had made good in pictures, accepted a contract, so Lil forsook Jimmy Walker’s little village by the Hudson and went to Hollywood. Arriving, as I have mentioned, during a reform wave.

She was very smartly gowned, very witty, very wise. A typical high class Follies girl. And Hollywood at the moment was much more anxious to welcome winners of beauty contests who had just graduated from high school in Peoria, Kansas, with 100 in deportment.

The reception Miss Tashman got was a bit congealing.

It took Lil a long time to recognize this. She was very happy with Eddie—they got married not long after her arrival—she was interested in her new medium of work, and she isn’t super-sensitive. Few big people are. But after a while it dawned upon her that she was not getting a break, either professionally or socially.

Her motives were misinterpreted.

Hollywood gossips accept the slightest excuse to pin scandals on anyone.

Hollywood is always ready to believe the worst on the slightest evidence.

LA TASHMAN—as Hollywood knows her today, a trifle cynical, deeply sentimental and invariably amusing, one of the Hollywood famous.

“Hollywood pays the usual price of fame by having its private life under a scrutiny no human being could endure.”

revelations. The Taylor murder occurred in Hollywood, but the Hall-Mills didn’t.

However, every now and then Hollywood reacts violently from being called a modern Babylon and becomes actually sugary in its attempts to disprove the statement.

Lilyan Tashman deserted her beloved New York, where she had scored a triumph in the original stage version of “The Gold-Diggers”; where the night clubs paused breathless before her suave and brilliant entrance; where George Jean Nathan quoted her—without quotation marks, of course; where life moved swiftly at her gay command.

Out into the vast and unknown open spaces she trekked—for just one reason.

A man.

The wise Tashman of the Follies was no more proof against love than any high school girl.
One of Hollywood's Most Brilliant Hostesses

In the first place, she dressed too well. Hollywood still has a tinge of the provincial attitude that it is immoral to be perfectly chic. In the second place her wit was too vivid and too impersonal. And thirdly, she was too honest. Being used to deal with people who could jolly well take care of themselves, Tashman said what she thought in a blunt fashion which delighted the few and scandalized the many.

Lil is no respecter of persons. There are no sacred cows in her conversational forays.

Likewise, she made no pretense of an innocence which the varieté débutante would repudiate, but which the screen ingénue often thinks she must simulate. Nor did she claim a distinguished family background. None of this had been necessary where she came from.

For a while, Lil let the whisperers whisper, ignored the slights and laughed at the whole business.

Then, because she is a very smart gal, Lil suddenly decided to give battle. Not on her own account. As Lil Tashman, I think she would have gone on contemptuous, amused, impudent to the end—or returned to her beloved Broadway. As Mrs. Edmund Lowe, she must figure differently. It behooved her to make a place for herself in the society where her husband's greatest earning power lay. As a wife, she desired to hold her own and to carry her end of a marriage which she passionately desired to make successful.

It shows Lil's real character that she saw this and conceded it. Ambitious, intense, fearfully proud, somewhat scornful of the small town she conceived Hollywood to be, her man came first. Which is more than I can say of a lot of other women.

Facts had to be faced. Socially she wasn't "accepted." Professionally she wasn't getting the work her ability and name entitled her to.

Something must be done. The citadel must be stormed. It had become a strategic point. La Tashman took stock of the situation.

Then she made a brilliant tactical move. She didn't attack direct. She didn't storm straight into a position she knew to be already well fortified against her. She didn't buck the lines, where she knew it was strongest and prepared to meet any offense she might conceive.

She attacked by an unexpected flank movement. Thus:

All Hollywood desires social prominence outside its own limited circle. Not as a steady diet, but artistic and professional people are as a rule soon bored by mere society. But recognition by the social leaders is coveted by nearly all theatrical people. At Pickfair they entertain Princes and Princesses and cement their royal dominion over the movie colony. Marion Davies, the acknowledged social power of all moviedom, gains prestige when dukes and earls, ambassadors, and celebrities flock to her brilliant table.

The vivid Lilyan, knowing well how the bloods and playboys of the Social Register and the Racket Club love to stray into the fascinating circle of the stage, determined to groover the heads of those who had refused her recognition. Always sure of her power as an entertaining dinner guest, of her wit, of her perfect costuming, Lilyan conceived the idea that in the west as in New York, society might like a new sensation. She would be it.

She was.

There is in Pasadena, in Santa Barbara, in Del Monte, in Burlingame real (Continued on page 128)
The First of The New Movie's Detailed Stories of Parties in the Movie Colony

By MARIAN JENSEN

Special Photographs by Stagg

Small, intimate dinner parties are the vogue on the Hollywood social calendar. Additional extra friends always are asked to drop in afterwards for games and entertainment.

Bob Vignola, the Robert Armstrongs, Edmund Lowe and Lillyan Tashman, the James Gleason's, the younger set including Sue Carol, Mary Brian and Sally Eilers, are among those giving a series of these intimate gatherings as pre-holiday festivities.

The custom was initiated before the recent stock-market crash, so it has nothing to do with financial retrenchment. In fact, the series of intimate dinners are proving more of a strain upon the pocketbook than the large dinners and general entertainments. To serve a perfect table in the latest fashion has become the pride of each hostess.

The small, intimate group was established because of the joy which comes from conversation among eight or ten, in comparison to eighteen or twenty, but it has developed to the point where the demands upon the hostess are even greater than at the larger gatherings. They always are extremely elaborate in appointments. In fact, the pre-holiday season in Hollywood this year was reminiscent of the old New York social days, when one hostess competed with another for supremacy.

One of the loveliest of these small gatherings was given by Sue Carol. It was one of a series for the younger group. I am going to describe it in minute detail for you.

Sue opened the door to her guests herself. Although the dinner, like the majority of the others, was formal, she gave this personal, informal touch at the very beginning to create a home-like, get-together spirit. Yes, Sue has a butler, but she relegated him to the background when it came to the welcome.

The lady guests were led upstairs to Sue's boudoir by the hostess, where intimacies of gossip were exchanged and dresses openly admired. All the gowns touched the floor. The new fashions have conquered Hollywood for formal events. Sue's was of bright flame chiffon, with high waistband. Form-fitting to the knee, where it flared in all directions, to ripple over the tips of her toes and on to the floor, lengthening into train in the rear. Sally Eiler's was of deep cream satin. Also bodice fitting but with some points which were long and others short and leg-revealing. Mary Brian's was a polka-dot chiffon—sweetly girlish.

When such players as Mary Brian, Sue Carol, Hoot Gibson, Sally Eilers, Jobyna Ralston and Nick Stuart get together at a party, what do they do? This story tells you how Hollywood amuses itself.
How Hollywood Entertains

just dusted the satin of her blue slippers.
A few moments of informal discussion and then dinner was announced—this time by the butler.

THE first glimpse of a modern dinner table always carries an inspiration with it. Sue’s was so delightfully colorful—in honor of the Autumn season. The large centerpiece was of brightly colored fall flowers. Dainty place cards of cardboard flowers in the same shades graced the table. High goblets of red Venetian glass. Pale-blue Bavarian service plates—the blue matching, exactly, the blue flowers in the centerpiece. Dainty lace doilies separating the service plates from the smaller caviar ones, which were red and gold. The almost-cathedral candles, in gold, shedding a shadowy light from their high silver pedestals. Three candles at each end of the table.

Caviar, whites and yolks of eggs in a three-compartment glass and silver dish. Served by the butler and a waitress. A fork and spoon for the service. Melba toast. And onions! It was interesting that not a guest failed to flavor their own caviar with shredded onions.

The entire service was removed when we had finished and a new service plate—carrying out the fall colorings in Bavarian ware—substituted. The soup containers introduced the Lennox ware set, which was used in the main course of the dinner. Creamed tomato soup with whipped cream which was almost aerial in its lightness. Cheese straws as a complement.

THE main course consisted of turkey, walnut dressing, candied sweet potatoes, cranberry ring with pickled peaches as a center, fresh peas and Brussels sprouts. All Hollywood hostesses feature fresh vegetables, in or out of season. Each offering came on a huge silver platter, served by the butler or the waitress to the left of each guest, of course. The dark-meat turkey was arranged on the outer part of the immense silver platter, with the white meat in the center. The cranberry ring in bright red, with pickled peaches in bright yellow with it, gave another Thanksgiving or Christmas color-touch which was charm. (Continued on page 107)

How Sue Carol’s dinner table was set, with the central piece of bright Fall flowers. The service plates were of colorful Bavarian ware and the high goblets of red Venetian glass
In "The Rogue's Song," Lawrence Tibbett sings before a theatre curtain to an imaginary audience. Note the microphone hanging above his head. The cameras are in the rolling booth mounted with lights. Tibbett is a prominent member of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The noiseless camera at the right of the picture below is focussed upon Blanche Sweet and John Miljan in the cabaret scene of a new night life story, "The Woman Racket." The dancing frame is designed to prevent the two principals from moving outside of the zone of the camera's eye. Of course, the frame doesn't show in the picture. The mike hangs just above, also out of range of the photographer.
MIKE Secrets

The mike, as they call the microphone, reigns supreme in Hollywood! In the scene from "Devil May Care" at the right, the mike is hidden. The tall pole with the camera platform is a new device by which the camera can follow the star, Ramon Novarro, as he climbs up the ivy wall to the balcony of the chateau. The platform, of course, moves upward, silently, like an elevator.

Below, another scene from "The Woman Racket," with Tom Moore seated beside Blanche Sweet. The lowered microphone, visible behind the light and over Miss Sweet's head, is all set to catch a sigh from the supposedly unconscious heroine. In the background Robert Ober and Albert Kelley watch the delicate close-up recording.
They Write for the New Movie

Famous Authors Who Contribute Exclusively to This Magazine

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Famous contributor to Liberty, Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping and other leading magazines. Author of many best selling novels, including "A Free Soul" and "The Single Standard," recently filmed by Greta Garbo. She is the best known of all biographers of Hollywood film stars. Miss St. Johns was born in San Francisco, the daughter of California's most celebrated criminal lawyer, Earl Rogers. She became the cub reporter on The Los Angeles Evening Herald and grew up with the famous early stars of motion pictures, Mary Pickford, the Gishes, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh and the Talmadges. Miss St. Johns has lived in Hollywood ever since. She has watched the stars come and go, knows all of them intimately and is the most widely known of all screen writers. Miss St. Johns contributes exclusively to The New Movie Magazine in the motion picture field.

DICK HYLAND

DICK HYLAND attracted attention as a magazine writer before he left college. While he was still star halfback of Pop Warner's famous Stanford team, Hyland broke into print with some corking gridiron yarns. Aside from his all-American football activities, Hyland was a member of the United States rugby team which won the Olympic championship at Paris in 1924 and he was a star of the Stanford track team. Hyland was born in San Francisco and spent four years as a forest ranger in Yosemite National Park before going to college. Hyland is Western editorial representative of The New Movie Magazine. He is married to Adela Rogers St. Johns. They have one son, Richard Rogers Hyland, now a year old.

WALTER WINCHELL

WALTER WINCHELL is probably the most widely read columnist in America. His comments upon the activities of Broadway in The Daily Mirror in New York have attracted country-wide attention. Winchell knows his Manhattan as nobody else. Read his "That Old Gang of Mine" in this issue and you will know how intimately Winchell is acquainted with the famous folk along the Great White Way.

HERBERT HOWE

HERBERT HOWE is the most popular of all the Hollywood commentors. He personally knows every star of importance and he will tell you about them in forthcoming issues of The New Movie Magazine. Mr. Howe is as well known in the studios of Europe as in those of Hollywood. He spends part of every year in Paris, Rome, Berlin and Vienna, studying motion picture activities. Spare time he devote to his estate below Los Angeles on the edge of the Pacific.

READ THEM EXCLUSIVELY IN THE NEW MOVIE
LETTERS of a Property MAN

BY HERBERT STEPHEN

Instalment Due Inn
Wells, Maine
Collection Day, 1929.

DREAR Half of My Life:
What's the biggern and better idea? Here
I've been in this wide spot of the road, that
even the tax collector forgot, for the last two
weeks and not a squack from your oxidized cage in the
swampy heights of the world's gift to Jimmy Walker.
How come you look that direction? Grab yourself a
pencil from the grocery man pronto and scrawl me
a few lines on how the kid

DRAWING.
BY HERB ROTH

Jimmy puts all he's
got into the scene,
kanes the fair dame
au revoir and does
a nose dive for the
puddle of sea water
at the bottom of the
cliff. He misses the
rocks and gets stuck
in the mud with his
feet the only thing
in sight.
When Blue Meets Gray—A Brand New Humorist

is coming along. You easily can forget about yourself.

And, while you are at it. Thoughtless, tie a can of

cigarettes to the billet doux and send it along. They

has smokes up here but they is opera hat for yours

truly. And how that director and leading man can for-
got in a supply of lighting-destructors whenever we
go out on location! In town they always has a full
pack, but get 'em in the cross-road section of the world and
they're always out. Believe you me, they won't ask
for the second butt when you send them dopes along.

What they make them pills of is nobody's entertainment.

Gone the old rubber and the pink.

Anyhow, I had to hoof it five long rocky miles the
other day to get a pack of smoke sticks for the gang and
when I gets back I finds I've been missing something.
The Greek god that plays the rah rah collegiate
part in this flicker had done up and told Jimmy
Quensly, the voice of the megaphone, to do it himself.

NOW the stunt wasn't bad—it was just downright
foolish. All the offspring of Mrs. O'Neal had to
do was jump off a cliff. Of course, the jump part
wasn't going to muss up his pretty face and figure
but—the sudden stop at the bottom might. You see,
they was about ten feet clearance between the rocks
and the tide was out, so they was only about two feet
water in the pool.

Jimmy could have changed the location to where the
water was deep, and the kid would probably have done
the leap but, no, that meant relace on one scene and

besides, who is the director of this celluloid spasm? Jimmy
is a egotistikal guy anyhow and the sudden
raring of temperament of young Adonis just made
Jimmy boil over. He gets sarcastic with a capital "S."
At least that's what the innocent (Bah!) young dear
that plays opposite O'Neal says. The kid steams up,
too, and tells Jimmy to do the leap himself; he don't
have any dear public awaiting his next appearance in
the galling opera and the O'Neal has. That was the
final pinprick to Jimmy's blimp.

"By Harry, I will double for you, you coward," says
the balloon-headed megaphone wielder. And he did.
The kid's clothes were pretty tight, cause Jimmy has
lost that svelte-like figure of his juvenile days, but into
' em, he got. The kid was warped into an overcoat and
set in the car. He didn't need any wraps, to hear the
bunch tell it, he was blowing off a full head of steam.

Jimmy in the kid's suit was oozing fog out of every

steam, too.

Jimmy puts all he's got into the scene, kisses the fair
dame au revoir and does a nose dive for the puddle
of sea water at the bottom of the cliff. He misses the
rocks all right, but they's a kinda whirlpool in the
bottom of the pool and Jimmy gets stuck, with his feet
the only thing in sight. It takes all hands and the

cameraman to drag him out and the kid is the first
one to reach him. Gee, they musta worked on

Jimmy for ten minutes to bring him to. Jimmy is a
good egg at that. When he comes to and can
tear a yard of bandage off his glima he shakes

hands with the kid and says it's all in the work.

But we had to lay off the rest of the day
to get the Kid's suit rebuilt at the village millinery and
for Jimmy to recuperate.

Jimmy got off a heap earlier than Forrest O.
Franklin, the star director of Hinchville, in the days
when cowboy pictures was made with real cow-

boys. Franklin had worked for old Melies' company and what he didn't

know about making pictures, to hear him tell it, was less than nothing.

"Yeast Head," the Indians called him, and the Indians
don't often go wrong.

He knew all the tricks of the trade, according to his

own admissions—and some from the other trades, too,

which he don't admit. Tommy Hinch, the boss, liked

him though, 'cause he not only directed, but he played
the double-dyed villain with a willingness that made
some of the lady stars hate his shadow even. He could,

if we could keep him away from Playa del Rey long

enough, turn out four one-reel pictures in a week. He

was a worker, all right, and a slave driver that would

have given Simon Legree deuces wild and beaten him
to the joker. But his head was bigger than one of
those sausage balloons.

"We was making one of the first epics of filmdom,
honest we was. Tommy Hinch had promised us three

cameras for our big scenes and one crank-turner as

signed to a director in them days meant he was made.

He also promised all of us a sort of bonus for this

horse opera, as his press agent had grown quite elo-
quent over the story. Yep, it was to be an epic all right.

The opera was the regular carbon copy of what some

good writer had wrift for the dime novels. Our bright

little boys in the scenario department just lifted the
idea and changed the locations, that's all. The actors

got so they knew all the situations, so rehearsals were

a cinch. Why, some of those beard-tusslers learned to

put glue on their crêpe hair and were perpetual Gen-

eral Grants or Stonewall Jacksons. Yep, we was original

in them days, we did the same thing over and over

again only in a different spot—just like they does

nowadays.

The poor boobs that signed on as extras caught merry
hades though, and the boys in the cavalry got it, too.

The cavalry was made up of cowboys, Indians and

whatever they could scrape up from the gutters on Los

Angeles street to wear chaps. They was paid monthly,
darn little dough, a bunk, cakes and an occasional bot-

tle. The lunch was generally two measly, dry sand-

wiches, a saucer of milk or coffee and a orange, and
cull to go with that. If the extra could put on a crêpe

hair he might get an extra half buck a day. If he had
his own gee gee he could raise the ante to five smackers

and oats for the quadruped.

To save time, which also meant save nickels for

Tommy Hinch, the cavalry and extras would "un-
derdress." They'd wear both the blue and the gray.
That is, if they was making war pictures, and we was
most of the time, some of 'em would have the gray

uniforms on the outside with the blue underneath.
Others would show the blues to the gaze of their ad-

miring public. And how them babies could change.

Many a time when the fillum was thrown on the screen

The script calls for the blue
cavalry to be ambush-
ed as they passed the
junction of the two cliffs.
When the dust cleared,
every darn horse in the
troop was loose and head-
ing for the hills. It looked
just like a massacre.

98
Tells the Inside Story of a Movie Massacre

Bill Jones would see himself as a bearded Yank chase hisself as a Gillettled reb through the house. Of course, they'd change horses, but not often. Most of the brutes was assigned for the picture. Granny, the camera man, had some work to do, but he had his master too, you couldn't get him ten feet from the camera when he was on location. Granny used to glom carrots from the cook shuck for 'em.

As I said before, this galloping drama was to be different. We knew that was true cause all the heads had told us so. The same villain, Franklin, chased the same virtuous ingenue over the hills, but this time he was to use the mouth of a canyon. For once they picked a location that could be used without me cutting down a mountain or hacksawing through a forest of underbrush. They was two cliffs at the mouth of the canyon. They was about fifty feet high and about one hundred feet apart and right on a line with each other.

The morning for the big scenes arrived as per usual. The fog held for a couple of hours and then the sun just wouldn't stay out. Franklin arrived about an hour late, which didn't matter, but he had a grouch on. He'd been out the night before and one of the boys had pried him loose from chinning hisself on a curbstone at Third and Main, where the barkeep had threwed him when they'd closed the joint. His head was big enough any time, but with a hangover it was like the start of the National Balloon Race. He just made hisself generally disagreeable all morning, had a scrap with the head cameraman, sassed the corral boss and was taking all of his hate out on the leading lady and mule. We all tried to get him to rehearse the scenes and then shoot 'em when the sun stayed out. Taking advice was just one of his won't's that day.

The script called for the blue cavalry to be ambushed as they passed the junction of the two cliffs. A squad of Johnny Rebs was plunted on top of each hill with a camera right behind 'em. They wasn't taking any chances of missing this one big scene. Granny sets up about a hundred feet down from the mouth. The blues was to ride down, the rebs on the hills was to fire and the blues was to mill around, some of 'em get killed and then they was to retreat. The leading lady was then to chase after 'em and to rescue her fond lover, who was supposed to be with 'em.

Granny gets set and focused. He checks up the other stiff that ground film and hollers to Franklin: "Rattle your hocks, you poor Centaurs, the sun is glooming." The poor punks didn't know that Centaurs meant bulls, they just wasn't educated.

Franklin sent me to the prop-room about a mile away for the flag and on a pony properly named Nuisance. I got back without breaking any bones but not fast enough to suit his nobs. He had sent the troop up the canyon and told 'em to ride down the canyon toward Granny and to ride like the rebels was after 'em. He told me plenty when I arrived, then handed me a blue jacket and says, "Lead 'em down and don't be afraid to kick that nag into a gallop; this is a race for life and liberty, not a jaunt in the park. Keep the flag waving and keep it in front!" Then he told the rebel squads to fire on us when we hit the junction.

When I got out of sight of the camera, where the gang was waiting about 150 strong, I hollered back, "Anything special," hoping that he would yell, "Yea, do a fall and pick out some more to fall, too." And falls meant an extra dollar and, if it was a good flop right in the foreground, it might bring two bucks. I needed some extra two buckses. Back came his voice through a megaphone, "Never mind about anything special, get riding and ride like Hell. I'm directing this picture."

"All right, old top," says I to myself and gave old Nuisance the spur. Down we came waving the old flag like a Barbara Frietchie. We hit the mouth of the canyon at full speed. The gray troops fought bravely. They opened fire. Nuisance, darn her, took the bit in her mouth and then we did ride. We rode a full mile before I could pull the old Reb devil up. When I got back the dust was clearing up. (Continued on page 114)
MARY BRIAN

How did Mary Brian become Hollywood’s best girl? Two or three years ago Mary never had a date. Now she is the belle of the movie capital. Who did Rudy Vallee choose as the subject of his attentions? None other than Mary. Here’s the secret of her popularity: “If you let a man lead the conversation, he’s pretty likely to call again!”
Hollywood's BEST GIRL

By Marian Jensen

RUDY VALLEE, the answer to every girl's prayer, chose Mary Brian from all of the Hollywood belles for his attentions while he was in this city.

Biff Hoffman, captain of last year's Stanford team, was introduced to practically every woman in the city. He was a hero. When he met Mary Brian he forgot all about heroes and became just a plain man in love with one woman.

Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, Sally O'Neil—all the so-called colorful babies of the movies, have fallen back into line and allowed little sister Mary to go to the head of the class when celebrities come a-visiting. Even the home-town sheiks are tumbling in her wake. Now, with the examples put before them by such famous young men as Richard Dix, Charles Buddy Rogers, Billy Bakewell, and Arthur Lake, as well as the Southern California, the Stanford and Berkeley fraternity men, it is safe to say that Mary Brian is the most popular girl in the city of world popular girls.

Just how did it happen? How has Mary so quietly crept into the front ranks when so short a time ago she was just plain "little Mary," the Wendy of "Peter Pan," who brought no competition to the other feminine headliners?

We decided to ask her about it.

"I don't know." She sat like a small child with her legs curled beneath her; her long bob, with its natural wave, flitting with the black velvet bows up on her shoulders. After all, she has youth. She is but twenty. But so are Lupe, Sally and Clara. Sophisticated twenties. While Mary is still in her little-girl twenties.

"It has all come so gradually that I—well, I haven't realized it was coming. It doesn't seem possible, of course, but only four years ago I was going from casting office to casting office and not getting beyond the man behind the window.

"Lonesome! It seemed as though I might as well try to catch a moonbeam as it came through our one-room window as to attempt to find friends in this city. I used to stand, at night, at the window of our room, which was in a big white house directly across from the Hollywood Athletic Club and watch the people coming there for dinner and dancing."

Mary Brian today, the life of every gathering. The background trio numbers Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper and James Hall. No, they will not be arrested for parking near a hydrant. This is Hollywood, after all.

Mary Brian, Just before she was selected to play Wendy in "Peter Pan." She was fifteen—and plain little Mary then.

(Cont. on page 110)
At the left: Gloria Swanson, when she was a Cecil DeMille star. Only a short time before this Mr. DeMille discovered Gloria in the Mack Sennett bathing girl squad. Here she appears in Mr. DeMille’s considerably talked-about film of the day, “Something to Think About.”

At the right: Norma Talmadge, just after she had deserted old Vitagraph for Triangle-Fine Arts. She did this Glimpse of Salome in Fine Arts vivid picture of “Fifty-Fifty.”

Last month The New Movie Magazine published a picture of Edith Storey in an old Vitagraph picture. The pictorial recollection of Miss Storey aroused so much interest among fans who remembered her excellent work in the old days of pictures, that we present another glimpse this month. At the left, Miss Storey, as a mountain lass in one of those old fashioned moonshiner dramas.
Maybe you remember Norma Shearer in the days before she was a Metro-Goldwyn star, long before her first hit with John Gilbert in "He Who Gets Slapped." The study at the right by Alfred Cheney Johnson, was made before Miss Shearer went West to try her film luck. She appeared in a picture or two for Paramount—and then hit success at Metro-Goldwyn.

At the left, the oldest film memory of these two pages: Florence Lawrence and Harry Myers in a Lubin drama, "Vanity and Its Lure." Harry is still active in Hollywood, but Miss Lawrence, who now lives in California, retired from pictures some years ago.
FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

By ANN BOYD

THE real trouble with all attempts at home facial treatments is that they are seldom pursued persistently enough to accomplish any lasting good. They are, like diets and special exercises, started with great hope and enthusiasm, kept up for a few conscientious days and then forgotten entirely.

A week's use of any régime or any group of preparations is not a fair trial; your new treatment may show a few good effects but it cannot overcome the handicap of years of neglect or the wrong sort of care.

Those who are obliged to make a habit of facial care are the movie stars who have done much to abolish the old superstition that too many cosmetics are bad for the skin. Actresses constantly wear the heaviest make-ups in the studio and yet they are perhaps the youngest, freshest group of women in the world and they have the best complexions.

To apply an effective movie make-up an actress must have a skin that is not only free from blemishes but scrupulously clean. Make-up can change the screen appearance of features to a certain extent but it cannot gloss over a poor skin or personal carelessness. The cleanliness which is so important is the result of no mere hasty scrubbing. First, the skin is washed with warm water (not too hot) and fine, light-textured soap. It is then rinsed carefully, given a cold-cream rub for further cleanliness, a good cleaning again with a cream remover and then another rinse with cold water, followed perhaps by a light rubbing with ice. It is well to remember, however, that ice should not be left too long on the face unless your skin is very oily or your face unusually plump.

WASHING the face, simple and commonplace as that may seem, is the important start of any beauty treatment. Some women imagine that they have skin that will not tolerate soap. In most cases this is, to be blunt, a delusion. The better toilet soaps not only are pure but they are tuned to suit the most delicate skin.

There are wonderful women, too, who use only cold water on their faces. For the most part you hear of these heroines only in novels. The average woman, living as she does in an age of motoring, athletics and the dust of cities, needs two cleansing agents—soap and cold cream.

BEAUTY IN WINTER

Movie stars have done much to abolish the old superstition that too many cosmetics are bad for the skin.

Actresses constantly wear the heaviest make-ups in the studios and yet they are the youngest, freshest group of women in the world. And they have good complexions.

Special attention to the skin is essential in winter.

Ann Boyd tells you here the answers to your beauty problems.
We predict for 1930

January
Many thousand women will be delighted by the summery smell which Fels-Naptha gives even to clothes that are winter-dried.

February
Many a one-grocery husband will willingly admit that. Fels-Naptha, his wife, has practically a dry-cleaner's knack for removing spots.

March
A great many hands will have come through the worst of the winter with their skin— and smoothness intact— because Fels-Naptha suds are gentle.

April
Housecleaning housewives will exclaim over the way Fels-Naptha freshens painted woodwork and makes window-panes glitter.

May
A lot of women are going to be more enthusiastic about their washing machines after they've tried them with Fels-Naptha.

June
Wedding linens will be much admired—and the best housekeeper will tell the bride to wash them with Fels-Naptha.

July
There will be quite a little front porch talk of Fels-Naptha's ability to keep summer dresses looking their best.

August
In many bathrooms, fixtures and tiling will shine brighter—and stay shining— thanks to the discovery of this added use for Fels-Naptha.

September
School clothes will once more swell the hamper—but that won't worry the mothers who use Fels-Naptha.

October
More women who believe in boiling clothes will thankfully discover that Fels-Naptha gives the same extra help in the wash boiler that it gives in water of any temperature.

November
In every town, certain lucky babies will crow contentedly in clothes that Fels-Naptha has gotten clean clear through with less work on their mothers' part.

December
Women who have used it during the year will agree in saying: "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

This prediction isn't guesswork. Each year more and more Fels-Naptha is sold... which means that each year thousands of women are discovering Fels-Naptha's extra help. It's the extra help of two active cleaners working together, not "just soap" but good golden soap hand-in-hand with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. Let this be the year—and let today be the day (provided of course it's not New Year's Day)— that you discover it. Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha Soap from your grocer and learn the comfort of having extra help with every soap and water task.

Special Free Offer
Thousands of women have regularly chipped Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins, using just an ordinary kitchen knife. Some now find it easier to use the Fels-Naptha Chipper to get fresh golden chips containing plenty of naptha, made just as you need them. The Chipper—a simple, handy little device— will be sent you postpaid on request. Just mail the coupon:


Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

Name                        
Address                     
City                        
State                       

extra help for millions of women

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The Birth of the Talkie

(Continued from page 35)

the boys had so much spirit with it that we christened it ‘The Black Maria.’ We were looking for service not art—and, remember, it was the first motion picture studio which the world had ever seen.

It was a very twentysix-foot ship, very twenty-five by thirty feet in dimensions, I should say, and we gave a grotesque effect to the roof by slanting it up in a way which is common in arranging shutters that could be opened or closed with a pulley to obtain the greatest benefit from the light.

Then, in order to make certain of as long a working day as possible, we swung the whole building on pivots like an old-fashioned river bridge, so it could be turned to follow the course of the sun. We covered it with black tar paper outside, and painted it a dead black inside to bring out actors into the sharpest relief. It was a ghostly propis-

tion for a stranger daring enough to brave its mysteries—especially when it began to turn like a ship in a difficulty. But we did manage to make pictures there. And, after all, that was the real test.

THE ‘Black Maria’ always reminded me of an Irishman who used to work for me in my early days when we were trying out certain variations of the wet plate system. That was, sending a message from an ordinary wire to and from a moving train. We were working with our apparatus down on the tip of the world at that time, and my Irish friend—his name was King—was in charge of the crew on the line.

He was a good electrician, too, but I fear he had difficulty in making the system operate as it should. Strange to say, it worked like a charm when the train was running in one direction but as soon as it started on the return trip troubles began. Although King would swear and tear his hair he couldn’t fathom the source of the disturbances.

“Finally, in disgust, he wrote me that the sole solution he could think of was to add a second generator and that the island could be turned instead of the train! This was a good deal the same kind of problem we had with our old silent pictures. We wore out our generators and we wore out the set too. But we had control of the sun. So we had to compromise—and fix up a contrivance to turn the studio.

“We didn’t use artificial light in those days. We had to depend altogether on nature. Therefore, it was a case of literally having to follow up the sun so as to extract all the benefit we could from every fugitive ray.”

Crude methods, the modern film producer may say, but they gave us results—and fast results, too.

“That was the broad purpose, but how to accomplish that purpose was a problem which seemed more impossible the more I tried. It was in 1887 that I began my investigations, and photography, compared to what it is today, was in a distinctly crude stage of its development. Pictures were made by ‘wet’ plates, operated by involved mechanism. The modern dry films were unheard of.

“I had only one fact to guide me at all. This was the principle of optics, technically called ‘the persistence of vision,’ which proves that the sensation of light lingers in the brain for anywhere from one-tenth to one-twentieth part of a second after the light itself has disappeared from the sight of the eye.

“Prior to the time of an ancient Greek mathematician, first demonstrated this truth by means of a wooden wheel, painted with spots of red paint. As the wheel was turned, the spots on its surface apparently melted together and gave the effect of one continuous red streak, although when the eye was next opened, they had not changed their positions at all.

“This fact served as the basic principle for various mechanical toys, creating an illusion before the eyes of the beholder. A very simple contrivance of this kind was spinning cardboard, revolving on a central axis, as a map, and on the other side the picture of a galloping horse. As the card spun, the man apparently leaped into the saddle, and we realized that actually happened was that the revolutions of the card brought the second picture into view before the eye had caught up with the first. I presume the inventor of the novelty made a good sum. He deserved to.

“This same idea was later elaborated into a contrivance called the ‘Zoetrope’ that was very popular when I was a young man. Around the inside lower rim of a cylinder, a series of plates was pasted, each one containing the head and face of the first. When the cylinder was rapidly rotated, the wonder of seeing the opening in the top, was reined with a story in pictures, pictures to have all the appearance of life. The fact that most of the pictures were woodcuts and that the action didn’t always match what the right eye created at times a weird effect, but for years the Zoetrope was one of the most popular fads of the day.

“A second graphic art itself was beginning to languish but even its imperfections it remained for the camera to aid the needed touch of finish and instead of the mechanism itself. The circumstances of how this came about were rather curious. Indeed, I don’t think that many persons today, even connected with the industry, are familiar with the facts of how photography contrived to introduce the semblance of motion in its product.

AN ENGLISHMAN of the name of Muybridge, who was an enthusiast on two subjects—cameras and race-horses—was visiting, at his farm, on the side of the track, the merits of a certain horse, owned by the Senator, came under discussion, Stanford contending for one fact and his guest arguing for another. To settle the dispute Muybridge conceived an idea that he had been thinking about for some time.

“Along one side of the private racecourse on the farm he placed a row of twenty-four cameras. Attached to the camera was a long thread, which in turn was carried across the track, and then, to make sure of obtaining sharp exposures, he erected a white screen opposite to serve as a reflector. When all was in readiness the racehorse turned loose down the track.

“As it dashed past the rows of cameras they were snapped, and a series of photographs, establishing each successive point in the ‘action’ of the horse, were automatically registered. When they were developed they revealed for the first time the complete photographic record of the minutest details of a horse in actual motion, and Muybridge had the satisfaction of using them to win his argument.

“He would have laid the pictures away, so to speak, if some one had suggested trying to effect on a Zoetrope apparatus. The result was so startling that it created something of an excitement, and as a result of the novelty, there was little practicable benefit gained. To have made an actual motion picture, lasting even for the fraction of a second—yes, at the rate of twelve exposures per second, the minimum for steady illusion, would have required, under the plan of Muybridge, a thousand and twenty different cameras.

“What then were your main problems in the construction of the first motion-picture camera?”

BEFORE everything else the question of making a unit-machine—that is, one where all the exposures needed could be made with the same apparatus and through the same lens. And this at once brought up the second difficulty. Obviously, it was quite impossible to construct any apparatus capable of the proper speed and mechanism required for the purpose and use glass plates for the exposures. I saw at once that there had to be discarded entirely, and any experiments would have to start from a brand new point of departure.

“During this period of interest, I pursued many kinds of mechanism and various kinds of materials and chemicals for our negatives. The experiments of a laboratory consist entirely of failure except that you won’t let the work. The worst of it is you never know beforehand, and sometimes it takes months, even years, before you discover you have been on the wrong line all the time. First we tried making a cylindrical shell, something like an ordinary phonograph cylinder, and sensitizing the shell in the hope of obtaining microscopic photographs which could be enlarged.

“These impressions would have been no larger than the point of a pin, if successful, and, of course, our plan involved a tremendous magnifying process to produce results. But we couldn’t find a substance for coating the cylinder that was sensitive enough for our need. The old dry albumen that had been used by photographers was unsatisfactory, and then we tried a gelatine bromide of silver emulsion, and for a little while it looked like it might work.

“And again we found that we were working with collodion by this time was on the market—and we conceived the idea of a drum, over which a sheet of pre-
The fruit salad also came to us on a large serving platter. This time the rich yellow mayonnaise lay in charming waves in the center with fresh pears, fresh raspberries and strawberries, jumbo black grapes, bananas, etc., forming a colorful ring about it. Royal puff wafers accompanied it.

The dessert, served on small glass plates, topping glass serving plates (also in gold and yellow), were individual turkeys in ice cream and ices for the ladies and pumpkins for the gentlemen. Tiny French cakes were on the plates when they were served.

Either demi-tasse or large cups of coffee followed. This was an informal concession of the hostess because she knew that two of her guests, Hoot Gibson and Nick Stuart, prefer large cups. Large cups are often substituted for demi-tasse in Hollywood since the hostesses place enjoyment higher than fashion.

The after-dinner entertainment was a matter of preference. Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen played bridge opposite Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson.

The only thing that interrupted their pleasure was the announcement over the radio that the vogue of Western pictures had ended. No one showed any interest in them! Such actors as Hoot Gibson were expected to be forced to new manners of finding a living.

Hoot's cards poised in mid-air as he listened. He frowned. What was this? Why, his last three had been among his largest box-office returns, he stuttered.

A moment more and the same radio gave a review of Gary Cooper's and Mary Brian's latest picture, "The Virginian." The picture was terrible, said the announcer. Gary Cooper was good, he continued. But Mary Brian—! She didn't cry but one could see it was merely courtesy which restrained her.

Why, the reviews had been the best of her career! How could they?

The gathering might have thought it a gag, if it hadn't been that the orchestras and soloists interspersed the announcements.

However, Sue could let them suffer too long. It was a gag—always the Hollywood pet way of entertaining. Nick led me to the garage where a phonograph was whirring off the orchestral numbers and the butler was announcing before a microphone which was connected with the real radio in the living-room. A clever stunt that has caused many of Sue's guests moments of real anxiety.

Then the piano and songs! Sally Eilers left the bridge game to play accompaniments. And they thought Sally could really play—so well did she follow the player grand piano. But the vocal harmony was close, believe it or not. So close that we shut our ears with our hands. However we have heard others practice for talking pictures!

Games on the floor completed the evening. Fake card games and "Classification," created by Charlie Chaplin at one of Mary Pickford's parties. Ten qualifications for each person. Ten points the limit for each qualification. Personality; beauty; brains; etc. You rate each of your fellow guests, as well yourself. Then compare what you gave yourself with what your friends give you. One guest awarded himself 10 per cent. in brains while the others only averaged two for the same person. No, it would be too mean to reveal who this was. There were a number of guests from Chicago. We'll let it go for one of them.

Midnight saw a general exodus. Practically every professional guest was either working or taking a test the next morning. Hollywood parties always end early.
The richly brocaded evening wrap above is trimmed in mink. The gown, with its flair of net ruffles from the knee to the floor, has the mermaid silhouette. And the lady who wears it so attractively is Kay Johnson.

age—beautifully" slogan that Adrian quotes.

Clara Bow has been letting her hair grow long and wearing long period dresses for some time. She has at various times confessed for a yearning after the feminine modes. "I don't believe I will ever reach the place where I won't want short sports clothes and short street suits that give me freedom," says Clara, "but I certainly like the romance of the new clothes. They give one a totally different manner and state of mind when wearing them. I think I like it."

CORINNE GRIFFITH has gone farther with the matter of lengthening sport clothes than nearly anyone in the colony. They are not so long as to be unwieldy, in fact, one could say that her movement could be less restrained in the me-

The very young Olive Borden in a very sophisticated tea gown of green panne velvet, with a narrow border of silver sequins. It is elaborately draped and has the smart new narrow fishtail train.

dium long style of garment she uses for sports. She says:

"Outdoor amusements are so much more a vital part of our all-the-year-round life in California than in most other parts of the world, that we will be less influenced by prescribed formulas of style than our sisters in the East. Besides, the motion picture colony has always shown a spirit of intelligence when it comes to fashions, as we are second only to the French couturières in the matter of creating new styles. As for myself, though I am quite willing to follow the new prevailing modes in my evening apparel, I firmly believe that every woman should dress to fit her own personality when it comes to color, material and line.

"I would offer as a suggestion that accessories are far more important to the
pared celluloid was drawn, with the edges squeezed into narrow slots in the rim, like the old tin-foil phonograph. We had to take our pictures spirally, and they were so limited in size as a result that only the center of each could be brought into focus.

"It was along about this point that George Eastman came into our experiments. I heard that he was working on a new kind of dry film, and asked him to come down and talk it over. The result was that his representative went back home to see what he could do in making a narrow strip of sensitized film that would operate on a roll. Without George Eastman I don't know what the result would have been in the motion picture. The months that followed were a series of discouragements for all of us. While he was busy with the problem of chemicals we were busy with the problem of mechanics.

"It is almost impossible for the layman to appreciate the extreme niceties of adjustment we had to overcome. Try to realize that we were dealing always with minute fractions of seconds. For instance, allowing forty-six exposures per second, as we did at first, we had to face the fact that the film had to be stopped and started again after each exposure. Now, allowing a minimum of one hundredth part of a second for every impression that was registered, you can see that practically half of our time was already gone, and in the remainder of the time we had to move the film forward the necessary distance for the next exposures.

"And all this had to be done with the exactness of a watch movement. If there was the slightest deviation in the movement of the film, or if it slipped at any time by so much as a hair's breadth, this fact was certain to show up in the enlargements. Finally we completed a mechanism that allowed the film to be moved in the uniform ratio of one-tenth part of the time needed for a satisfactory exposure, and permitted from twenty to forty such exposures per second.

"It looked as though we were finished, and we tried the first roll of film in our hands. But we had counted too soon.

"The strips had been made in a one-half inch width that we thought was ample, but it was not enough. We had to make a large size, allowing a one-inch surface for the emulsion, with a one-half inch margin for the perforations needed for the locking device that we used for starting and stopping the film.

"This meant, of course, adjusting our mechanical apparatus also to carry the new-sized roll; but we did it at last and in the summer of 1889 the first of the new cameras, was ready to show what it could do."

"When was the first patent applied for?"

"Not until two years later. I was very much occupied with other matters, and while we all congratulated ourselves on what we had accomplished, and knew we had an interesting and novel apparatus, we generally regarded it merely as a toy with no very large practicable possibilities. It probably seems strange to the world today, but such was the fact, even after we had exhibited our first pictures."

"These were shown originally in an apparatus that we christened 'The Kinetoscope,' consisting of a cabinet equipped with an electrical motor and battery, and carrying a fifty-foot band of film, passed through the field of a magnifying glass. They attracted quite a lot of attention at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, but we didn't think much of it until we found that two Englishmen, who had been interested in the exhibit, finding that I had carelessly neglected to patent the apparatus abroad, had started an independent manufacture on a considerable scale.

"Of course, it was too late then to protect myself, and I concentrated my efforts in devising a mechanism that would project the pictures on a screen before an audience. This consisted largely in reversing the action of the apparatus for taking the original pictures."

"The main trouble we found here was the question of 'flicker' and eye strain. It was necessary primarily to find and establish a uniform speed both for photographing and projecting the pictures. If we kept the number of exposures down too low it made the action jerky and hard to follow on the screen. Nearly all of our first pictures allowed from thirty to forty exposures per second, although the number has since been reduced to from fifteen to twenty.

"What do you consider the greatest mission of the motion picture today?"

"First, to make people happy—to bring more joy, and cheer and wholesome good will into this world of ours. And God knows we need it.

"Second—to educate, elevate, and inspire. I believe that the motion picture is destined to revolutionize our educational system, and that in a few years it will supplant largely, if not entirely, the use of text-books in our schools. Books are clumsy methods of instruction at best, and often even the words of explanation in them have to be explained.

"I should say that on the average we get only about two-per-cent efficiency out of school books as they are written today. The education of the future, as I see it, will be conducted through the medium of the motion picture—a visualized education, where it should be possible to obtain a one-hundred-per-cent efficiency.

"The motion picture has tremendous possibilities for the training and development of the memory. There is no medium for memory-building as productive as the human eye.

"That is another basic reason for the motion picture in the school. It will make a more alert and more capable generation of citizens and parents. You can't make a trained animal unless you start with a puppy. It is next to impossible to teach an old dog new tricks.

"I do not believe that any other single agency of progress has the possibilities for a great and permanent good to humanity that I can see in the motion picture. And those possibilities are only beginning to be touched."

Watch Next Month's New Movie Magazine for—

The first appearance of

J. P. McEvoy, Famous Creator of "Show Girl"

Adela Rogers St. Johns
Herb Howe
Walter Winchell
Homer Croy
Rosalind Shaffer
Grace Kingsley
The music would find its way across the street and I would cry—cry because I was so lonesome and didn’t know anybody. I saw Bert Lasky out of his car. If I could only know one person like that well enough so he would say “hello” to me!

I walked from one studio to another. Down to Fox, back to the United Artists—where Lasky’s is now—back to the old Lasky’s studio at 906 Vine and finally to Charlie Chaplin’s on La Brea. Every day. Each day like the other.

“Mother used to say, ‘Never mind, dear; this is one way of seeing Hollywood. It is lovely, Mary, lovely.’

“And it was lovely compared to the sands of Texas. The big trees—there were more then—the sunshine. The famous people. But I’d answer, ‘What’s the use of it’s being so lovely when we haven’t anyone to enjoy it with?’

“I don’t know what would have happened if ‘Peter Pan’ hadn’t come just when it did! We were almost to that last proverbial penny and I don’t believe a doubtful have stood the loneliness much longer.

“I thought when I was finally chosen (I won’t repeat that story; it has been written too often) that the loneliness would be over. I felt there would be a difference when you went from outside the gate to inside it. But there wasn’t much in the beginning. Except I had real work. And work is always a help in forgetting that you don’t know anybody.”

“Naturally, I met people on the picture. Betty Bronson and Ernest Torrence. But they were busy, too. They had their own friends. Oh, I did meet Esther Ralston. She became my best friend. If I met any boys, I don’t remember. They didn’t do anything about it.

“They sent me to New York right after that picture. Perhaps, if I had stayed here my acquaintanceship would have widened sooner.

“Betty Bronson went to New York first. She made some personal appearances. Naturally, they couldn’t push two of us from one picture. I didn’t know anything about you in New York anymore than I did in Hollywood.

“It was my first visit. I worked in a new picture. It was The Little French Girl with Esther Ralston starred and Herbert Brenon directing. He had directed ‘Peter Pan.’ So I wasn’t professionally lonesome. But I guess the men thought I was too young to take to night clubs or theatres. Our room in the hotel might as well have been the one across from the Athletic Club in Hollywood. This time I would look out at the big signs and wonder and wonder if I would ever have anyone who would take me to see the things they were advertising.

“My mother never objected to my going out. She would have been glad to have me see places. But there just wasn’t anyone to see them with. I used to think of all the other girls who were so popular and wonder if I would ever be one of them—one whom they would like to take out.

“When we came back to Hollywood, it was better. Betty Bronson, Lois Moran and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. a few others and myself fell into the habit of going places together. We didn’t have any set beau or anything like that. We weren’t invited to the big Hollywood parties. Somebody would just send a car and pick up one after the other and we’d all go up to Doug Jr.’s house or to Emotion picture theatre. We weren’t taken seriously by anybody. We were just the kids of the movies. It was wonderful for me. For the first time I stopped being lonesome. But I was very far from being called popular or having regular dates like the other girls in pictures.

“Paramount loaned me to the Fox studio to make a picture with Buddy Rogers. This was before he made ‘Wings’ or was the least bit famous. He lived with a fraternity brother and we started going around together. We’d have picnics with other fraternity brothers and things like that. That was sort of glamorous and we met a few young men. But before we could really get acquainted, I was sent back to New York for another picture. Then Buddy and I were, too! This was still before ‘Wings.’

“We saw New York together. That is, we saw it from the outside. We didn’t go to a night club or anything like that. We would walk up and down the streets, reading the big signs, wondering if our names would ever be twinkling in electric lights.

“Two kids looking the big town over.

“But everywhere Buddy goes, he finds just loads of fraternity brothers. Even we didn’t all get along and go out together. One night five of us hired a car and went way to the edge of New York to see the picture Buddy and I had made just before leaving. Buddy was more or less giving me my co-ed training! It was wonderful for me.

“I was so thrilled! I'd listen to every word they said and remember what they liked to talk about. And then when I met others I’d talk on the same subjects. I never talked about pictures but about football and proms and dancing. I didn’t do this intentionally, exactly. I was something like a sponge. I absorbed everything they said because it was new and so different and so terribly interesting.

“I started going to all of their dances. I was a college girl without a college background!

“Just as I really was getting acquainted with all the New York college boys and having dates right and left, they brought me back to Hollywood.

“Somehow, our kid’s group had grown up a bit by this time. And I had learned a lot in New York City. We dated each other. We went out there. There were Buddy and Dick Arlen and Allan Simpson. We began to have parties at the Ambassador instead of just at each others’ houses. We were more grown-up evening gowns and the boys put on Tuxedos. Then they—you know how Hollywood is—they said Buddy and I were engaged. My first rumored engagement! It really did make me feel important!

“And again, just as we were swinging along into our own social group and the newspapers were beginning to talk about us, I was sent back to New York.

“But this time it was different. The first time I had stayed in my room and peeped wistfully out of my windows. The second time Buddy and I had been wistful together—and then gone college. But this time! Tea dances.

Mr. Smith, who had all the woes of the studio upon his shoulders, snapped, “My dear Miss Love, I think if you will look at your contract you will find that you have no choice.”

“I don’t care about my contract. I haven’t looked at it since I signed it. But I am interested in making you a good picture. If I do not like this man, it is up to me to say so.”

“But I did that too seldom. I felt they knew what they were doing; they were making a good picture.

“Worse Bessie Love pictures.

“Contrary to the popular conception I have never been really in the screen. I have been, however, in small productions, independents, and free-lancing.

I REALIZED that the time for fighting had arrived.

“We saw the ranch going; we saw the home going. I did not even have a car which I could drive myself. It was a town car and demanded a chauffeur. Never again. My present car—I have only one—can be driven by anybody!

“We let the house go to save the ranch. We moved into a tiny apartment. I had never driven a car but twice in my life and then with the chauffeur sitting beside me. I sold the town car, bought a modest one—and got in and drove it.

“Was I the one who had been indifferent to the movies? Was I the one who had thought they were insignificant in comparison to a completed education? I realized, all of a sudden, that I had been in no position to appreciate them.

“I had never been away from them. I gritted my teeth and sat down to analyze, to determine just how I could get back to the old position but get back on a firmer foundation. How could I build so I would have real protection?

“The talks were just around the corner but Miss Love did not know it. She built for other ends but built in such a way that she was prepared for whatever might happen. Just how did she do it? She was engaged for two days to one man; secretly engaged to another. Why didn’t she marry?

“She will tell you all this in the last chapter next month.
Four millionaires vanished into thin air—and Scotland Yard faced a problem apparently without solution, except for the rumors of the sinister Number Nought. Was he a man or a phantom? What was the secret fear that terrorized fashionable London and brought death to those who dared to talk?

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The Illustrated DETECTIVE MAGAZINE
On Sale Now in Woolworth Stores
One of the four TOWER MAGAZINES
Chaplin Knew Best

(Continued from page 77)

There is a cute secretary. She asks me what I can do. I say, ‘Sing and dance and roll my eyes.’

“If you can sing and dance like you tell your eyes, you are all right. You go down to the Forty-Fourth street theater on Thursday. I will speak a good word for you,” she tells me.

“I go and see all those girls on the stage on their toes. ‘Monte Carlo,’ I can never be able to do that?” I say. “But I keep coming. And when they call for chorus girls—They say nothing when I am finished. I keep coming. Finally, I say when will they choose us.

“You were chose a long time ago!” they tell me.

“Why you not tell me?”

“We want to see how long you keep coming.”

“I thought I am a success. But I am in the road show. At first I feel bad and then I think, ‘Never mind. I can now see the country with somebody paying for it.’ I like so much to travel.

“I get thirty-five dollars a week and then I go with Gallagher and Skeets at sixty! I am in Heaven. Now I am being American actress.


But he say just what Charlie Chaplin say, ‘Don’t try to get into the movies. Fifi. Make good on the stage and they will come to you. Then you will have two chances. And you will make more money.’

I REMEMBER what Charlie Chaplin say and I decide I better not try pictures the second time while I am in Los Angeles.

“But I want to make good in a hurry. I want to get beeg on the stage. I leave the act quick and go back to New York to become a beeg stage lady.

“And for nine months I haf no work. I have leeble and lesteller money. I haf nervous breakdown. I haf to cry. Then I get again desperate. I must get work. I will not be beeg American actress sitting in a tiny bedroom and crying. I know what Paul Ash done for Helen Kane. I know he has helped other girls.

“He is having an amateur try-out at the Paramount Theatre in Brooklyn. I go and say I want to go on first before the other twelve girls. I theenk by the time he has heard six or seven he will pay no attention and I will not haf a chance. He read my mind and say, ‘You are a wise baby. Go first.’

“He put me over. I sing ‘Give the Little Baby Lots of Loving.’ Then eet becomes my lucky song. I sing ‘My Man’ in French. I am glad I haf stage experience or I would be frozen. He took my hand. He make much over me. I get hired.

“I am Neestress of ceremonies. I introduce Rudy Vallee. All the girls—Oo-la-la. They come back to see me. Flappers. Society women. They want me to introduce Monsieur Vallee. He ees a nice kid. I like him but—the women they fall over themselves to get to him.

WHEN I go on the road, I get my notice. Then for one week I go over beeg and they take it back. But it is good one week and not so good the next. I hav bed. I theenk I stop and marry. But, non, Mr. Fox make me a vamp instead of a mamma.”

Fifi Dorsay has something new to offer the screen. Raoul Walsh, who has just finished directing her, says, “She has a greater future than any new actress.”

He says she doesn’t need direction. “Just let her be herself and she’s all that is needed in any picture.” Fifi isn’t temperamental. She says so herself.

“Non. Eet ees bad to be temperamental. I am no. I am easy to handle. You hav hear that I go home the other night from ‘The New Orleans Frolics’. But I am so tired. I work all day with Meester McLaglen. Then at midnight I must do an act for the Frolics. I am spoiled by Mr. Borzage and Mr. Walsh, who are always so kind to me. But I do not tell thes new director anything. I say nothing. I just go home.”

Shades of Pola Negri, Maria Corda, Jetta Goudal and Greta Garbo. She just go home—but she ees not temperamental!”
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The Lister Co., Findlay, Ohio

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Letters of a Property Man

(Continued from page 99)

Presenting the bridegroom—Harry Richman. Possibly when you read these lines, the wedding of Clara Bow and Mr. Richman will have crossed across the front pages of the country. Anyway, you will have an opportunity to see Mr. Richman, graduate of the Broadway night clubs, in his first talkie, a production of United Artists, in March. The picture is called "Puttin' on the Ritz," and tells the story of a vaudeville team played by Mr. Richman and Mr. James Gleason. Complications appear when Mr. Richman loses his heart to half of another vaudeville team, played by Joan Bennett. Then the real troubles begin.

But Franklin wasn't smiling and kidding, he was working up a hate that almost blew the top of the mountain off. Then he let loose. "Why the — blank — blank! — did you birds try to spoil my picture? Then I looked around, every doggone cavalryman was setting on his horse as pretty as you please. Not a one had fallen when the grays fired. "Why the — and the — didn't some of you damn bums fall when they fired on you. Are you afraid to fall?" yelled our well-known director. "I started to alibi the game when some buck private in the rear rank, Pee Wee, I think, sang out, "Why don't you do a fall yourself, you big stiff — why don't you earn that 200 bucks a week. Now who's afraid?"

The boss just aviated right then and there. He told us all what we was, how we was born, where we was going and when, and then: "—Burr—I'll do a fall. I'll show you ladylike jockeys something. Here, Jack, give me that coat and that damn plug."

Did I unload? Listen old Goal Keeper, a coal driver on a late Saturday night in the winter had nothing on me. I just fell off that nag and out of that jacket. He climbed on to Nuisance, yanked the plug out of my hands and screamed, "And I'll do a forward flop too." That meant he would do a forward somersault land on his feet maybe and count on the speed to tip him forward on his face and hands. It's a nasty bit, at best. Generally you land up with a pair of black eyes and the looks of a pork and beamer around ten rounds.

As he rode off through the troops he was searching for something; finally he said, "Where is that bozo that squaked? I'd like for him to ride with me." No answer, though I noticed that Pee Wee had edged away from him and was up in the front rank and smiling. What he said to them on the way back out of sight, I don't know. Soon he hollered, "Hey, Jack, grab Grann's nag and come up here." I did. He handed me the plug again and said, "Get out in front, take a good flop and you'll get a present in your stocking for Christmas."

I squaked for a fifty foot start by alibing that the plug was slow. He said, "All right, get going—CAME." "Hey," I yelled back at him, "how many — you?" "None of your damn business," came back our sweet-tempered director. What I wanted to know was how many was going to get piled up alongside me. "CAMERA," yelled Franklin.

Down we came toward Granny. The old nag was extending himself—pretty near time to fall, wasn't it? No, they didn't fire yet. Take it easy. Bank—Pop—bank, and I went over the head of Granny's bag of bones. The nag had been hit with some of the gun wadding and decided not to wait for me. It was
no game for a good camera horse so he hiked hisself right straight to the corral. I landed flat on my misplaced chest. Then I had horses' hoofs to the right of me, horses' hoofs to the left of me, and how they volleyed and thundered.

I COULD hear Granny's voice hollering "Whoopee, Hey, Yip, Yip"—and thought he was crazy, but all he was doing was trying to chase the darn horses away from his camera. I rolled over after a while and looked toward him but the dust was too thick. Then I looked around me: first one soldier would stumble up, then another, then another the other side of him. Then I saw Franklin start to get up about fifty feet away. He got half way up, let a groan out of hisself and flopped over. I thought he was hurt, so I hiked over to help him. All he could do was blubber like some baby and point. By this time the dust had cleared. I took one look and howled to the troupers to "catch 'em up." Every darn horse in the troop was loose and heading for the hills.

"Good shooting," said Granny, as I went past him on the run. "Good shooting my eye, look at all those darn plugs," said I. "Look at all the dead soldiers," said Granny—and started to laugh.

"It was a Mexican massacre," he howled, "every darn one was killed." He was right—every one in the troop had fallen. And the gray squads only had three rounds each.

Franklin just rolled over again and groaned. To make it nicer, Tommy Hinch had dropped in behind one of the cameras on the hill while the action was going on. He came toward Franklin. Tommy didn't like to waste nickels like that, this was a serious drama. I started to help herd up the animals which was all over the twelve hundred acres. If we had kept Granny's horse at the camera we could have herded 'em easy but as it was, we spent the rest of the day catching 'em up. So I didn't hear what Hinch told Franklin. And Granny wouldn't tell. But I do know that Franklin struggled over to his car like a whipped dog after his talk with Hinch, and beat it for home. I watched him from the hill top.

THAT'S only half of it. Hinch kept those scenes. Every time that Franklin got on his high pinto and threatened to quit Hinch would invite him into the projection room and show him those scenes. In one the gray squads would fire and nobody in the one hundred and fifty would fall. In the last one a few of the grays would fire and the whole one hundred and fifty fell. It was sure a funny bit. It got so at last that Franklin refused to go into the projection room with anyone, unless the operator told him the scenes were not in the room. They razzed him for years about it.

About three years later when they had taken the swelling out of Franklin's head by getting him canned from as many lots in that length of time, he was considered a real guy. Fred Mace and his gang of comedians came along and wanted some battle stuff. They wanted some real battle stuff but when they saw those two scenes they changed their story around and used 'em for the main theme. The picture was a hit and made the

(Continued on page 121)
enjoy the lovely sunshine and beauty of California, are not swayed to sudden extravagances by sudden large salaries. Florence Eldredge and Frederick March, Marian Spitzer and Harlan Thompson, a couple of dozen others, live in Hollywood with a servant or two, apiece, and charmingly and smoothly run homes. They enjoy tennis and bathing and golf and books. They give small dinners and the usual run of parties that people give in any pleasant, human community. And there is John Colton, who is as pleasant in Hollywood as in New York. Louella Parsons and Beulah Livingstone can write of the stars and keep their perspectives. These people are the exceptions. They live nothing like the Hollywood folks who learned from the movies.

The average Hollywood success—the Hollywood star—is entirely without background. These stars reach Hollywood with two assets—concept, which includes the desire for exhibition, and a face and form that happens to photograph well. Occasionally the stars who arrive via the stage add fairly pleasing voices and little tricks of stage presence to their assets. Other stars, besides taking good pictures, have proved pleasing, in a more personal way, to someone in authority.

So, there you have them. Ordinarily, these girls and men would have been—and sometimes were—servants, baker boys, bootblacks, telephone girls, waitresses. Folk say it is “sweet” because they do not try to conceal an origin that there is no possible chance of concealing. Some of the girls had slightly better backgrounds. They were from vaudeville, from show families, or were stenographers or file girls. And some of the men were camera men or shoe clerks or elevator operators. They had been poor, and culture, because it was unknown, was undesirable. Their people still occupy humble positions unless prosperity has carried the whole family up on the wave.

These young people are good looking, of course. Full of a desire to exhibit themselves, preferably before a camera. They now find themselves earning fabulous salaries. Why bother about manners, culture? They arrived, didn’t they? Whole armies are hired to write interviews about them, to write stories for them—so they can strut before an admiring public. From being nothing at all on nothing a week, there are contracts, flattery, adulation. There are the usual sycophants that spring up over night, crawling with praise. Heads are turned completely. No wonder most Hollywood stars are bad-tempered, unbelievably conceited.

The stars, wealthy for the first time in their lives, find houses to live in. Hollywood houses. Already these incredible edifices have been prepared for them by canny real estate dealers or by other movie stars who can no longer afford them or who learned that money can be made even faster in Hollywood real estate than in picture studios.

These remarkable houses are usually huge and of Spanish or English influence, badly overdone. They go in for rough walls and beamed ceilings and archways and sometimes there are swimming pools and tennis courts and rather weird landscape gardening. And inside, there is a perfect rush of over-stuffed furniture, too elaborate in velvet and brocade and tassels. And over-trimmed lamps and over-decorated boudoirs. Just the place for entertaining! So the stars entertain with “little dinners at home.”

Of course, knowing no one but stars and people connected with the motion picture world—with an occasional visiting celebrity thrown in as extra red meat—the conversation must necessarily more than just smack of the studios. I believe there is a fine if anything except studio gossip is mentioned, though an occasional reference to the newest boot-legger—not boot-dicker—and perhaps to the plays in New York is allowed.

The Hollywood cooks are good, even though the majority of the guests may be dieting—and talking about it. The service is as meticulous as if the servants were in front of a camera registering how a well-trained butler

A colorful character study of

RUTH CHATTERTON

in next month’s New Movie Magazine

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

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Music of the Sound Screen
(Continued from page 8)

"Dance Away the Night," the waltz hit of "Married in Hollywood," has been widely recorded. Leo Reisig and his orchestra play it for Victor. James Melton sings it for Columbia. And the Columbia Photo Players have made a good version for Columbia.

The Happiness Boys (Billy Jones and Ernest Haire) have created a splendid hit record for Victor. On one side is a swell comedy song, "Sergeant Flags and Sergeant Quirt," built upon the immortal characters of "The Cock-Eyed World." You'll roar over this. On the other side of the record is "I Can't Sleep in the Movies Any More," presenting some of the trials of the noisy talkies.

Ted Lewis plays his hit number from "The Show of Shows," called "Lady Lucky," for Columbia. This is done with lots of color. On the other side is "My Little Dream Boat." On radio or phonograph you can't get away from Gloria Swanson's song, "Love, Your Spell is Everywhere." You will like Ben Slavin's rendition of this number for Columbia. On the reverse side is "Sunny Side Up," the fox trot from the popular film of that name.

There's a coming song hit in "The Battle of Paris" that will get to you soon. Will Osborne and his orchestra play a singable version of this number for Columbia.

First Aids to Beauty
(Continued from page 104)

is working in a picture, no engagement, however attractive, will lure her into losing her eight-hour sleep. A series of sleepless nights will add years to any woman's age and the loss of even a few hours result immediately and noticeably in a sallow, lifeless skin.

Diet, of course, has been so extensively discussed that there probably isn't a woman in the country who doesn't know that fruit juices and green vegetables are one of the first necessities of beauty. However, few women realize that too meagre a diet—usually undergone as a reducing regimen—is quite as harmful to the skin as a too rich one. In fact, one of the penalties of any reducing diet is a lustreless skin, tiny wrinkles and a perpetually hungry look.

If you must diet, be sure to give your skin extra attention. You will need a good nourishing cold cream to fill out the hollows and you will need plenty of sleep to avoid the dark circles under your eyes. Sometimes a reducing diet will result in digestive disorders that react badly on the skin; in that case, of course, either stop the diet or modify it to suit your constitution.

And last of all, whether you are dieting to gain or to lose weight, don't forget that, for a really beautiful skin, you must take water both internally and externally. Drink at least eight glasses a day—not chilled—and notice the good results.

Home Town Stories of the Stars
(Continued from page 56)

and one of the soundest financial organizations in East Texas. John Love's grandparents on both his father's and mother's side were pioneer Texans and his grandfathers fought in the Civil War in the Confederate Army.

Mr. Boles is outstanding in all the civic and social enterprises, and Mrs. Boles is one of the most prominent club women in the city. She is a member of the Pallas Club, a woman's literary organization, which sponsored John Love Boles' program in Greenville on September 22, 1922, just before he left France to study under Jean de Reske.

Instead of being the typical country "one-house" village that one movie magazine would have us believe, John Love Boles' birthplace is quite an outstanding Texas city. Refuting the magazine's statement that it has very little pavement, it is said that in proportion to population there has more miles of pavement than any other city in the nation.

Anyway, suffice it to say that it was one of the first cities in Texas to attain to talking pictures, and, despite the magazine's intimations, it does not possess any town pump on the city square.

Reviews of All the New Films
Pages 84-87

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Olson Rug Co.
New York Detroit CHICAGO San Francisco
Her Greatest Rôle

(Continued from page 42)

shears away from him with a little cry. But she didn't scold him, nor tell him he was a bad boy. She explained quietly to him what an awful tragedy it would be if all the chairs in the house were broken and nobody had any to sit on, and I'm sure he will at least never try to commit that sort of mischief again.

Which shows that Mac's children are "system" children in more ways than one.

The maid that morning had told the children to keep quiet and not waken their mother, because father and mother had been out late the night before. But Bobby hadn't been able to stand it. He had gone underneath his mother's window at seven-thirty, and had called her to wake up.

"I want to see you awful bad, muvver!" he had called.

Of course, no mother could resist that.

MARY came in just then to bid us goodbye. She was to spend a weekend with H. P. Warner's children. The Warners and the Armstes are great friends and their children are pals.

Mary has great dignity and understanding.

She declares that she is going to be a motion picture actress like her mother. Or else she is going to be a laundress; that mangle down in the laundry certainly does intrigue her! But most of the time she means to be an actress.

"Mary is always saying to me," Mae explained, "Oh, mamma, the girls want to know why you don't go back into pictures?" And she insisted on my taking her to see "The Birth of a Nation" when the picture was revived recently. She was so excited as she watched me on the screen!

"She said to me, 'Oh, mamma, were you really as little as that?' And she cried at my death. When we were in the car on the way home, she threw her arms around me and exclaimed, 'Oh, mamma, you were just beautiful! I think you were more beautiful than Janet Gaynor!' There's loyalty for you, since Janet is her idol.

"That was the greatest thrill I ever had. It was a thrill when I went to see "The Birth of a Nation" for the first time; but that thrill couldn't compare with the one I got from seeing it with my daughter!"

Mae declares that she will let Mary be in pictures later on.

"That is, if she still wants to—and pictures want her!"

But Mary must finish High School first. She needn't go to college if she doesn't wish.

SPEAKING to Mae of her family cares, which are heavy in spite of the cook and the nurse, I said that three children were quite a houseful.

"Well, I think," retorted Mae, "that one child is the biggest family a person can have! My children play together and work together and study together in such a way that they aren't nearly as much worry as one child would be."

Mae brings all the good sense and good humor and glint of genius to her home making that she once brought to her picture work. That is why she's a success. I have a theory that if a person is good at any one thing, he would probably be a success at anything else he took up.

"I can cook and sew and I like both," said Mae, "except darning my husband's socks! I hate that. But I don't know why I hate it except maybe it's because it makes me feel just sunk in house-wifery."

Mae has had the world at her feet—might have it again, she says, and what's more, darn her husband's socks!

There in her garden, clad in her sport suit, she looked so wholesome that Mae looked very young and very pretty—much prettier, if you ask me, than in the old days. There is a fine, healthful glow to her skin, a zestful spark in her eyes, a softness that happiness brings, which were not there in the old days of striving, driving ambition.

"I was always mad about my film work until I had Mary," remarked Mae, as we walked among her roses. "After that I had something to live for besides seeing my name on the billboards. Maybe when the children are older, I might like to work."

"They will always be babies to you," I cautioned her.

"I suppose so," she smiled.

MAE has had a number of offers to return to pictures, but is interested only in her family.

"If you bring these little innocent souls to the world, you ought to take care of them," she explained gravely. "It's up to you to see that they make good."

"Yes, certainly, the deeper realities of life have their grip on this artist."

Bobby and Marguerite toddled up to us just then. Bobby has a wonderful muscular development for such a youngster.

"Goodness knows, he may turn into a stunt man!" exclaimed Mae. "He goes swimming with me at the beach. He has since he was two years old. Of course, he says he means to be a garbage man when he grows up. That's so he can drive a truck, the garbage truck being the only kind he says."

Mae laughed that charming little throaty laugh of hers.

Mae has an excellent system of exercise for herself. It doesn't involve any of those touching-the-fingers-to-the-floor-without-bending-the-knees things either. She simply takes a long walk around her ten acres every morning, examining the plants to see what is needed in the way of gardening, doing a bit of gardening herself, too, and picking the flowers which are to adorn the house for the day. She has loads of roses, which she prefers to all other flowers, and she is quite a botanist.

Mary, her demure older daughter, loves to go with her on these expeditions, and is rapidly developing a taste for botany herself.

HER life abroad has added to her charm. She lived abroad for some time, you know, while she was a young maid, in German and English pictures. And she is the sort of person who absorbs eagerly the history and the meanings of countries that she sees. A gorgeous sense of humor, in addition, illumines life for her.
“Mary was all over there with me and learned German playing with the children in the Berlin parks,” she told me.

“And she still remembers some of it,” she added proudly.

She told me of some German peasant women to whom, when she saw them going barefoot, she had given shoes—only to see them later, walking barefoot along the country roads, thriftily carrying their shoes in their hands!

She said that she felt she had never had music until she heard it in Berlin—and she had joined the Germans in eating and drinking between acts.

This Mae Marsh—this former idol of the world—what does she think of the talking pictures?

She declared that she enjoyed them, only that the voices sounded pretty much all alike.

She believes that the talking pictures have come to stay, that they opened up visions of possibilities combining stage and screen which so far had been hardly dreamed of. She thinks they will revolutionize acting.

Certain shadings of pantomime will necessarily be lost, she believes, but the psychology of character will be developed.

“I am getting awfully tired of musical comedy on the screen,” she said. “I do wish that they would make some dramas. Every time you see a picture these days it is supposed to be a drama, somebody will suddenly break forth into song or go into a dance.

Yes, would she, she said, like to try a talking picture, a good character part, later on.

Mae should be a success in the talking pictures. Not only has she a rich, sweet voice, which should record splendidly on the screen, but her art was always universal. Mae’s acting never had to do with many picture actresses’ work. It was natural, sincere and never over-done.

Mae hasn’t forsaken art altogether, at that. She has been working away at her sculpture, which she had a great talent for, and which she always loved. A short time ago she modeled the heads of some children in the neighborhood.

Mae, too, is interested in sculpture and is studying it at school.

Mae drove me home in her new Cadillac, a gift from her husband on her last birthday. We chatted about old friends we had both known in the Griffith days.

Mae’s dead sister, Marguerite, had a daughter named Leslie. Leslie is now married and living with her husband in Honolulu.

Mae’s mother died suddenly, after an illness of only a few hours, two years ago. Mae and her mother were very close to each other and the loss was a terrible one to Mae.

Driving through Hollywood, we passed close to the house where Mae had lived with all her brothers and sisters in the old days.

“My, those were the lively times!” she smiled. But there wasn’t the weepest bit of regret in her voice.

(Continued from page 116)

ought to act—and many of the servants, no doubt, have slight leanings toward exhibitionism. The dinners are quite formal as if a director had full charge and a camera was grinding all the time.

Divorced parties are not dull, on purpose. Mercy, no. They are meant to be marvelous. It’s only that no one ever has anything to say that could possibly be of any interest to anyone, excepting as a psychological study.

At one dinner a well-known star sat opposite me. When he found—horror of horrors—that I had never seen him in the pictures, he ignored me absolutely. However, as his conversation consisted of second-hand and not very correct observations on the half dozen plays he had seen during a recent visit to New York, rather catty remarks about the bored dinner guests and a long discussion about himself, I felt that not noticing me was the nicest thing he could have done. I didn’t do as well with the—shall I say—gentleman on my right. I hear that he has fame as a picture star. His conversation consisted entirely of telling me how good he was and how much I am still unconvinced. I have not seen him on the screen or, God willing, I never shall, but I feel that I know all about him, from his stage presence to the last detail of his home life—and every bit of it boring.

The feminine stars are just as dull, always with the few exceptions—and how few they are. The gentle little star from Texas, who hides her origin under a pseudo-English accent, is not a bit more tiresome in her sweet gentility than the little star from Brooklyn. They all talk only about themselves and their successes on the screen and all the troubles they are having with their best friends, enemies or directors. They are full of jealousy, rudeness and conceit. And they do not lend themselves to party Merriment. Each one lives in his or her little world as completely as if he or she were suffering from one type of paranoia that ignores altogether the rest of the world. Each star has a little coterie of sycophants—and the parasites are as dull as the stars. What jolly parties those people can give when they get together!

In the more elaborate homes of the stars there are motion picture screens and after dinner you can—in fact, you must, watch the newest film in which your host or hostess appears. And what a treat that turns out to be! And after that there is a little dancing and some rather poor things to drink—and the party is over. Sometimes the parties are held at rather “quaint” restaurants, black and tan places,” dives” with supposedly foreign atmosphere and definitely poor food. And when the movie star comes in the fun goes out. You can’t have a group of people, each one showing off, acting and preening, and still have a good time.

(Continued on page 125)
That Old Gang of Mine

(Continued from page 46)

But the act eventually broke up and Winnie singled it. And now looka! Did you miss that picture, “Gold Diggers of Broadway?”

Well, you’ve missed the hit of the hit. Her quickly-tempoed melodies not only leave you limp with laughter, but her scenes, in which she enlivens the proceedings, are masterpieces. And see and hear her trying to study a few lines in which she says: “I am the symbol of civilization.” It is one of the more hilarious laugh-provokers. Winnie Lightner is destined for grander roles; watch her.

HELEN MORGAN’s head still is the same as it was before she was “discovered” by the Paramount crew for “Applause” and other starring vehicles. Helen is the little girl who came from Chicago not five years ago with a letter to Florenz Ziegfeld. The letter was a fervent one from Amy Leslie, Chicago’s woman drama defender, who hoped that Ziegfeld would place Helen in a show. Ziegfeld, however, wasn’t impressed with Helen at all. But, to oblige Miss Leslie, he placed her in the back row of “Sally,” which was going on tour, and Helen accepted the assignment, money being as scarce in those days as it is now.

Last season it was Helen’s great privilege to star in Ziegfeld’s “Show Boat” at $1,200 per week, which was $1,150 more than he paid her five years before.

The vengeance beautiful, what? But I was disappointed in the decision of the Paramount officials when they cast Helen Morgan in “Applause.” While she creditably accounted for herself and sang delightfully, Helen was cast for a role that certainly did not offer her much. She is a beautiful woman, whose excellent taste in clothes is well known in New York, but the Paramount firm dressed her up in rags and made her play an old lady. I understand that the next Morgan picture will not give her the chance to be much different, and this is a pity.

The women picture-house goers are being robbed of a treat. When Helen is seen in one of those chin-emas dressed up in class, those women will be thrilled, and the sooner those officials realize that, the sooner will Helen Morgan be a box-office breaker. “Applause” was distinguished by Ronen Manouelian’s great direction.

Perhaps Rudy Vallee belongs in this list of People I Knew. I knew Rudy when he came to New York and played with the obscure crew of syncopators at the Rendezvous café in which Gilda Gray starred. It was one of the smart places but Rudy was just so much of a sax tooter. Today he is a matinée idol and he regrets it, too.

The other evening I sat with him at his Villa Vallee place on 60th street and among his admirers was Theda Bara, who sat there from 8 till 1 a.m., adoring Rudy. Rudy waxed sentimental, because I had chided him for permitting ghost writers to make him say things in the magazines and newspapers that made him look ridiculous. He agreed that it was silly and argued that he was writing his own book and that, when it was completed, he would let me read the original. It sounds promising and most sincere. The poor guy hasn’t any privacy any more.

“Gee,” he geed, “they make fun of me now because the girls send me fan mail. Do you know I can’t have any fun at all? Every time I’m seen with a girl, the papers try to make it front-page stuff by hinting that I’m in love with her or that I will marry her.”

I told him that he was excellent copy these days and that whatever he did was practically news—so far as that army of hero-worshiping girls was concerned. He couldn’t see it that way.

“Why didn’t they mention me in those days when I made fifty bucks a week?” he cried. “In those days the fellows in my orchestra would join me for a long walk along Riverside Drive because we were so lonesome and without friends. In those happy days a flirtation with a girl was a thrill. Because they came so seldom, I guess. We couldn’t get girls to look at us! Now I must not be seen with the same girl twice or I find myself engaged.”

So you see, girls, what you are doing to him?

It really is pedantic of you! The poor fellow is unhappy because he makes others happy.

But that’s what he says!

Poor Rudy.

Yet, with all his fame, the sign that covers a corner of 42nd street and Broadway (announcing the “Glorifying the American Girl” picture) spells it “Rudie Vallee”!

Poor Rudolph!

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A Striking Inside Story of
The Way the Sensational Aviation Pictures
Are Made!

Watch for it!

Letters of a Property Man
(Continued from page 115)

comedy company one of the leading ones. Franklin refused to look at the picture but he did make Mace pay him $150 for them scenes, and smiled when he got the dough.

"Why the delayed smile?" asked Grany who was there when the check came through. "Well," said the now well-tempered Franklin, "Tommy Hitch made me pay every one of those darn hoohuls a buck a piece out of my own pocket for their falls in that one scene and there was just an even 150 of them." The dirty bum—he forgot me and I did the best fall of the bunch. Will see you when the old dollar bills go out of circulation.

As ever

Jack

Hollywood's Best Girl
(Continued from page 110)

dinners, theatres, suppers—all with different people in the same day and every day in the week. It was wonderful.

"Ben Lyons was in my picture. He was in love with Marilyn Miller. They took me into that crowd.

"The fraternity boys hadn't forgotten and I went to all the dances at Yale and Princeton and other universities. "Richard Dix introduced me to night clubs and theatres with his group of people.

"Dick Holliday was with Putnam's and knew all the newspaper crowd and the younger theatrical group. He took me back stage and I saw—Well, this theatre life was as thrilling to me as it is for other people to see how the movies are made.

"I guess I pretty nearly saw all of New York and all different kinds of people. I had a hard time keeping my engagements!

In The
NEW MOVIE
MAGAZINE
Next Month

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Read "How I Found My Husband Wasn't Jealous"—by Helen Christine Bennett. In THE HOME MAGAZINE, now on sale at Woolworth Stores.

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on that score. Beauty can be found anywhere, but attractive personalities cannot."

But don't you want the girl you are going out with, the girl you dance with, are seen with, to be good looking? Presently so, at least?" "Naturally. Who doesn't? The better looking they are the better I like it—if they have the other things."

"And they are ... ?"

"What is this?" he laughed. "An oral examination?"

"Sounds like it, at that."

"Well, you've got me started, I might as well carry on. But how do I know what girls have? Some have one thing, some another. Some—lucky ones—have two or three things."

"Lord, but you are difficult. What are those things? What do you like about the girls? I see you out with five or six different ones. Why do you spread your attentions so thin? Afraid of entangling alliances?"

"No——" he hesitated a moment, "that's not it, although I'm not sure that I want to get married for a few years yet. It's just that I get one thing from one girl, one from another. All of them give me something, if only a tummy ache. Sometimes I'm tired. I want to be amused. I know one girl who does that better than the rest of them do. Therefore I take her out that night. Again I may feel a gubby spell coming on me. That means a girl I know, who is a great listener, is going to have a date that night if she has not one already. That girl can listen on a subject more intelligently than anyone I know—whether she knows anything about it or not. I think her trick is being interested in the person talking, as well as in what he is talking about. I know she makes me feel good and that is the important thing—to me as it is to most of the pants-wearing brethren."

"Another one is a beauty, but she is the greatest little sympathizer you ever met. She can sympathize you right out of the worst case of the blues in history. Understand what I mean now—some have one thing, some another?"

"Yes. I understand that what you need is a harem."

"May be you're right," he said, ignoring for a moment the way I had said it. "And someday maybe I'll find a harem—all rolled into one girl. Don't you sneeze me, either. I can remember you bragging to Dick Arlen one time that you had found a girl who could go all around the clock with you. You were smart enough to marry her. But what did you mean by that, except that you had found some one who could adapt herself to all your bum Irish moods?"

I had no answer for that one. I hit into something which has been raved about in song and fable.

"What are you looking for? Some ideal? Have you got an ideal girl pictured in your mind?"

"Oh," he smiled that quiet Rogers smile, "I don't think so. That ideal stuff is a lot of hooey, anyway. A man does not picture some ethereal being—his eyes, hair—either, but he has a flock of the likes and not so many of the dislikes—and that is that. She's it. He'll know her when he finds her. Or if he does not, and she is smart, she soon shows him she is it."

"Ahhh! The rabbit is out of the hat. You were only looking for moods a little, while ago, things more mental than otherwise. Now you spring likes and dislikes on me. Whaddaya mean?"

"What do I mean? What do I mean? Lord, you ask enough questions. What do you think I mean?"

"You might mean anything—but if I had said that about likes and dislikes I'd have meant things such as, say, hands. Hands are a weakness with me."

"You, too?" asked Buddy in surprise.

"That's one of my faults, I look at a girl's hands the first chance I get. And if some of the girls knew how important their hands were, I have a hunch they'd take care of them a little more. They are the most obvious thing about a woman. Eating, talking, playing cards, smoking—everything she does flashes a woman's hands before your eyes."

I know one girl I was thrown into contact with quite a bit here in the studio. She was pretty, but—ugh! her hands! Dirty under the nails all the time. Black dirt, dirty dirt, and no excuse for it.

"Another is those bright red finger-nails affected by so many women. They may go big in an Arabian harem, but they are a nightmare to me."

"Then there's make-up. Of course, I'm used to that in this business. You need it on the set because of the camera and unnatural lighting. But out in the open—is there anything worse than a splatter of red upon a whitewashed background? I've seen girls with a heavier make-up for the street than we use for the camera. And it's ruinous. It takes away from a girl's personality and looks. Many girls have pretty features and a pleasant personality, but you can't see either for all that blotchy make-up butting in before your eyes. And so few of them remember to make up the back of their necks to match the color of their face. Makes the neck look dirty when they don't."

A lot of the girls with loud make-ups are looked at plenty," I said. "Sure. You look at anything which is striking to the eye. But you don't take it home with you. You just look and pass on. Make-up may be necessary but it should be used to deceive, not attract the eye. It should be put on in such a way that the boy friend will think it is the girl herself and not a lot of paint, powder and rouge."
"I must agree with you there."
"And I don't like wild-eyed jealousy scenes, either. Most of them are played for the effect they will have rather than any sincere feeling. I don't like 'em."
"Who do you refer, and you like ...?"
"I'd like to go to bed."
"Pretty soon. You like—regarding the physical attributes of the gentle sex?"
"About the same as anyone else, I guess. Not too fat, not too thin, blond or brunette.

UHMUM. Well, it's a nice picture. Let me see. A girl who can be gay when you need her to be gay, who can cheer you out of the blues, who can talk to you and be yourself, be a bit herself. A girl who is fairly attractive but not necessarily a beauty; who is clean, has no slopy traits; who has sense enough to keep quiet when you do not feel like entertaining her, who will not nag, lecture, complain. Is that the gal?"
"She sounds nice to me," Buddy agreed.

AND one who thinks Buddy can do no wrong." I continued. "That's important. Smoothies out a lot of little angles for you. Well, one word in fare:

if you ever saw that glorious gal tomorrow, knew her, recognized in her these likes you must have, saw few of the dislikes—what would you do?

"Throw a rope around her, tie her up on a long term contract and forget about that not marrying business."

So there you are, girls, the gate is opened. If I ever met this girl I'd see her that but Buddy Rogers has not as yet been able to find the girl he wants. He is looking—and waiting. Maybe he will find her; maybe she will find him.

We Have With Us Tonight
(Continued from page 39)

looking for it. She went to the theater, that first night, with a friend—Buddy Carroll. She must have a name, but which she she's too shy to give.

"Use yours and mine," said Buddy and there in the dressing-room Nancy Carroll was born.

A young newspaper man by the name of Jack Kirkland began to walk out with her and now the little un's name is Patsy.

Note for the studios: Here is a way to keep from getting sue Carol and Nancy Carroll mixed up. Sue has only one r and one l, and was born Evelyn Loderek.

Also, Sue's father did not play a concertina.

GRETA GARBO. I'll now introduce somebody to you who will not talk; you'll just have to look at her. The last long sentence she said was,

"Mamma, baby want tandy."

I refer, of course, to Greta Garbo, the Swedish Sphinx.

Gretem was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1897, and when they wrote her story down in the family Bible it was Gustavson. Nils Asther, by the way, was born in Malmo, same country, was able at the time to put four birthday candles on his cake.

Greta has made a fortune playing love parts, but she would not know the real Cupid if she met him on an escalator.

One time a report got out that Greta actually and really was going to be wedded in holy bliss, and a reporter went to_o the church.

"Is the report true?" he asked.

And this is what Greta said:

"I tuff no man. My hert is empty."

And so it is. No one will ever strike a Swedish match there.

She is the most melancholy person in Hollywood. One time she was seen to laugh and the three stage hands thought that she had had a stroke.

"What are you laughing at?" she was asked.

"Somebuddy said I was engaged," she replied.

Now as to what the boys want to know—living feet and six inches tall, weighs 125 pounds. Her silk stockings and has light golden brown hair.

But you need not write boys. If John Gilbert couldn't win her, what chance has an amateur?

VICTOR McLAGLEN. I will now introduce to you the only male for- eigner we have with us tonight, and also the tallest speaker that I have ever presented to you, the same being six feet four inches tall and tipping the bathroom scales at 250 pounds. Of course, there could be only one person by that description—and you're correct—Victor McLaglen.

His first appearance in this cock-eyed world was in London, and the date was March 11, and the year was 1888.

When Victor was fourteen he went out to Windsor where the King lives and joined the Queen's Guard. Later he sailed for Africa to see what the Boers were doing. After he had properly humbled them and brought them to submit, he returned to London, but to an old campaigner of sixteen, London was slow and Victor pulled out for Canada, where there was a big silver mining region, and everybody was getting rich.

But by the time he got there somebody had rushed all the silver, and eating became haphazard. One day a circus troupe came along and Victor tackled it for a job.

"Can you fight," asked the boss.

"Yes, sir," said Victor.

"We've got a job for you," said the boss.

The circus carried a professional strong man and fighger, and all Victor had to do was step out of the crowd and let the professional knock him into Puget Sound. This Victor would do twice a day, but after a time he got tired of it and one day whaled loose and knocked the strong man into a state of coma. The strong man had never been in that state before, and did not like it, and Victor got the job of pro- fessional circus boxer and that, my children, is how Victor became a prize fighter. One night Jack Johnson, the negro prize fighter, for a six round, no decision fight.

He married the daughter of a British Admiral, and now has two children and a new movie contract.

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JUSTRITE PUSH CLIP

10 cents at Woolworth's
Exit—Flapper, Enter—Siren
(Continued from page 108)

Jean Arthur offers her idea of the new waistline. This navy blue and white crépe frock offers several interesting hints of fashion events to come. One is the short sleeve, another the light top and dark skirted frock, and the third the circular hem.

general effect than people believe, and would women only worry less about wearing something they were never meant for, and more about color harmony in accessories, they would achieve a much smarter result."

NORMA SHEARER is a staunch supporter of the new modes and thinks them irresistibly feminine. High waistlines, long skirts, or what have you, she loves 'em. "I have disposed of all my old clothes and I am certainly enjoying picking out my new wardrobe," says Norma. She has gone ankle length in afternoon clothes, is having her sports clothes made moderately long, and only draws the line at the trains now being used for evening and dance wear.

"Women will always want to dance," she says, "and dancing in a train is a veritable athletic feat. There is nothing more awkward than carrying a train over one's arm. Other than that I am for the new modes one hundred per cent."

Joan Crawford likes the sophistication of the new styles intensely, but is having the extreme long line modified for her. Adrian designs her gowns of chiffon and loads them with irregular ruffles, slashed up to a V in the front, and dropping irregularly towards the back, for evening wear. Sports outfits for Joan are thirteen inches off the ground, and afternoon costumes eleven. This is considerably longer than her last year's mode.

"I feel that I am not the type for the exaggeratedly long and feminine styles," says Joan. "While I like the new modes, I am using them restrainedly. I am purchasing an entirely new wardrobe as it is impossible to reconcile last year's modes with this year's."

ANITA PAGE, another of the younger girls who has worshipped at the cinema altars of flaming youth, is reserving a little of the youthful charm of the shorter mode for herself this year. She never wore extremely short dresses, and now her new ones are not very much longer than her old ones.

My new sport dresses are just below the knee, and my evening dresses are either short in front and long in back with irregular hemlines, or else long all the way round with the transparent hemline. I can not surrender to the new mode entirely in length, but I do like the natural waistlines, and the fitted things ever so much. I like the femininity of the mode, and the lace that is so much worn."

GRETA GARBO, as ever, refuses to be quoted on any subject, but as her styles have always been created particularly for her, new modes or old make little difference. She has always worn the extremely long gowns in evening wear, with fitted waistlines and the mermaid outlines referred to by Max Ree, who first created the wide collars which became such a mode because of their success on Garbo.

Ina Claire believes that a slightly shorter mode will be a comfort to women. "I never believed that a woman could be at her best when was always forced to be conscious of her knees, and plucking at her skirts to keep them from creeping up. Absolute ease is a great point in the favor of any mode. I am afraid that what we are gaining with the longer skirt will be lost to us with the tightly fitting body styles. This is so new that I noticed that even the designers in Paris are at a loss about how the closing of the them is to be done. I is impossible to slip them on over the head as before, and a long ugly line of snaps or hooks and eyes will enter our lives again. Personally I prefer the Chanel line, of the gracefully bending waist with fitted hips and flowing lines below the knee. I do not like being all dressed up in furbelows, and simple things are ideal for my type. Tea gowns I abhor; I prefer the richly made pajamas, with their graceful cape coats."

LILYAN TASHMAN, ex-Follies girl who has been considered the most sensationally smart dresser in Hollywood for years, is entranced with the new mode. "I adore it; everything I see is charming, gay, and smart. One can do such things with the new long lines and the fitted waistlines. They flow after one in lovely effects; what more benign that to all. I refer of course to one that is reasonably large, not a huge one. Slenderness is more important than ever, particularly with the natural fitted waistline outlined with the narrow jeweled buckled belts so smart now.
Came the Yawn
(Continued from page 119)

The stars do not have good times. They say so. But they are so inflamed with their own importance that they don't have to say it. Most of them are so ignorantly, stupid, bad tempered and conceited beyond belief. And those things do not lead to sociability. There is one thing nice about Hollywood parties. They end early. The stars must be at the studios or on location early the next day or must preserve their beauty or must take one of those mysterious "lessons" that never seem to teach them anything.

Yes, the parties LOOK grand. Just like the street scene in the movies. Lovely evening clothes, even though the material, close at hand, is sleazy. Men, straight and tall and sleek and well-tailored. Little rosebuds of girls or tall sirens of girls or graceful swaying girls or young matrons, according to type. They look all right. It doesn't seem possible that they could be so stupid. Take your word for it—they are.

In this incredible world there are some men. Actually. The stars who arrived first, who quit being ham actors or shoe clerks a dozen or so years ago are socially above those who wave or fan at the movies. Lovely evening clothes, even though the material, close at hand, is sleazy. Men, straight and tall and sleek and well-tailored. Little rosebuds of girls or tall sirens of girls or graceful swaying girls or young matrons, according to type. They look all right. It doesn't seem possible that they could be so stupid. Take your word for it—they are.

THERE is dancing in one of the hotels on a set night each week or two—and again the populace is made aware of the night so that the stars may be stared at—at a respectful distance. And at the openings of the new pictures there are actually spotlighted and a man with a megaphone calling the names of the stars and others of importance as they enter the theatre. How the modest little darlings do edge their way into the spotlight for just a wee bit more attention! A new girl, I thought, because of a profile or a nose or a coquetry or sex attraction or a smile. Incredible, over-decorated to the height of bad taste. Unbelievably stupid partiers, given by and attended by folks who are rude, ill-mannered, overdressed and childishly conceited. And all this in a little green room that nature has made, with the majesty and peace of mountains and the sea as a background. Where else but in America, in Hollywood, was it ever done like this? Pods the movies.

I hope I'll get out to Hollywood soon again and be invited to quite a lot of parties. It's grand. Amazing. Once a year.

So is the Bronx Zoo.

The New Movie Magazine

SUE CAROL is all for the feminine fitted gowns, with long, long skirts. The softening of lace and the use of ruffles throughout lets the outline of the masculine styles that have been so plain for so long. Taffeta, moire, velvets, with rich laces and flutings, always adhering to the short in front effect for youth, is Sue's choice.

"It's a little like playing grown-up lady to wear the new clothes, after the knee length things," says Sue. "I feel a little uncertain as to whether my carriage and dignity generally will hold up under the strain, but I guess a girl can do nearly anything if it's for beauty and fashion. Really, I'd hate to feel I had to have my street suits as long as some I've seen, for I like walking, and of course I shall retain short sports things, whatever the mode is."

A resumed of the situation leaves things this way; youth can still show its lovely limbs through the irregular hemlines and with the floating panels of chiffon and lace. The sophistcates are still out of style and I'm pretty cut and accept the styles entirely. Both camps seem to insist that we must have freedom of the she's when it comes to sports.

The Answer to Mrs. Winslow Comes Next Month. Watch for it!
Dumb-belles of Hollywood

Then, as we say in the movies, came the talkies.

Paramount for some reason still dark and unfathomable to the whole picture industry, let her go without giving her a voice test. We mustn't rub it in because by now they are a whole lot sorrier than anybody else.

The story of how Bebe found her voice must be told in another place. But for our purpose it is interesting to know that she stayed out of work, studied quietly, wouldn't make any move, until she knew she was ready. Then in “Rio Rita” she literally knocked Hollywood cold. Hers is by far the best voice any picture actress has shown and many critics think the best voice for talkies anybody has shown. Certainly Bebe, with her knowledge of the camera and of motion picture technique, the way she photographs, and that voice, is the best in talkies today.

**Bebe** plays the best game of bridge of any woman I've ever sat at a card table with. Authorities recognize her as a player of the first water. Almost anyone will concede that it takes brains of some sort to play a really fine game of contract.

There is no gathering which Bebe wouldn't adorn. There is no debutante in any Social Register whose blood is any bluer than Bebe's. She speaks three languages perfectly, is an accomplished musician, a really beautiful dancer, is Honorary Colonel of the Aviation Corps, can swim, ride, fly an aeroplane and play a decent game of golf. She built and herself furnished four houses at Santa Monica in her spare time, and she sold or rented them all at a good profit. That besides earning more money than the President of the United States.

True, she is not a good business woman. But that isn't because she's dumb. It's because she's too much of a gambler. It's in her blood. Her grandfather, Colonel Griffen, one of the pioneers of California, made and lost three fortunes.

So it seems to me that as an American girl—Bebe is still several years under thirty, as is Colleen—Bebe Daniels rates pretty well up at the top.

**Marion Davies** is Hollywood's great feminine wit and its prize hostess. Charlie Chaplin, Jack Barrymore, Monte Bell, Bill Haines and such wits in their own right, concede Marion the palm. Marion is just as amusing when she writes her own lines off screen as she is when they hire the greatest comic writers in the country to think them up for her on the silversheet.

And whether she entertains five or five hundred, a few friends or titled visitors and distinguished scientists and artists, she has the greatest tact and most delightful way of making everybody happy and at home.

Corinne Griffith is a philosopher in her own right. Some day, when her beauty no longer keeps her before the camera, I am going to try and get Corinne to write a book. After a con-
Dumb-belles of Hollywood

(Continued from page 126)

men prefer Blondes" to give the Talmadges a laugh.
If it takes brains to get a man—and it does—we might note in passing that Florence Vidor captured Jascha Heifitz against competition such as one woman has seldom encountered.
The great and only Garbo has been clever enough to get her own way about her pictures at all times, and her way has apparently been right, for she heads the list of picture stars in almost every theater in the country.

Regard for an instant the way in which Colleen Moore, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Gloria Swanson, have met and mastered the talkies. They acquired the stage technique, the use of voice, much more quickly than any stage actress reversed the process—that is, acquired camera technique.

THEN there is always Mary Pickford. Adolph Zukor, head of Paramount and one of the biggest men in the financial world, once said that Mary Pickford was the best business man he had ever encountered. Any one in Hollywood will tell you that Mary Pickford probably knows more about motion pictures from every angle than anyone else out there.

More than that, Mary is now, by her own efforts over the past ten years, a woman of the broadest interests and the widest intellectual attainments. America's sweetheart has traveled, studied, thought until she occupies a position socially and in the constructive life of this country second to none.

En masse, it is possible to name other actresses not so prominent but who measure up to a high standard. Such women as Louise Dresser, Marie Dressler, Hedda Hopper, June Collyer, Eileen Pery, Julianne Johnson, Lorraine Joy, Lila Lee, Mary Astor, Irene Rich, Eleanor Boardman, Dorothy Sebastian, the sentimentally Bessee Love—and Blanche Sweet, who ought to have pages all to herself because she has read everything, been everywhere, knows everybody and can talk about it all in a glorious fashion.

I have tried to speak chiefly of the girls who have been a long time in pictures—as we count time nowadays—and have proved their worth.

Also, I have chosen those who not only in my humble opinion but that of the majority of writers and directors and intelligent men connected with them in business and social relations are way above the average woman in intelligence.

Yes, the more I think about it, the more I think they're a brilliant and amazing group of young women and I'm willing to back them anywhere, anytime, winner take all.

One of the new silent "bungalow" cameras being operated by Vivian Duncan, of the famous Duncan Sisters. These new silent machines eliminate the necessity of booths to house the clicking cameras.
Show Girl to Social Leader

(Continued from page 91)

Society. Society composed of people who are sure of themselves, of their breeding, position and standing. People who actually wouldn’t even notice it if they were left out of the Social Register. They play polo, and golf, they are very smart and most of them are rich, and they would adore having the Prince of Wales drop in on them if he were amusing and would enjoy himself—not otherwise.

Names, of themselves, mean nothing to these people. But stage celebrities are a fillip in their existence if the celebrities are as entertaining off the stage as on. The women are too attractive to be jealous and the men crave new amusements in any guise.

Before long, therefore, Hollywood began to buzz with amusement.

On the same week-end that Lilyan Tashman Lowe hadn’t been invited to a certain beach party of Hollywood, the society column calmly announced that Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe had been guests at a house-party given by a lady with no less than three names, any one of which meant social prominence.

Not long afterwards, Tashman was seen by astonished beholders lunching at the Biltmore with the very exclusive and tremendously popular wife of the West’s greatest polo player—a lady who could trace her ancestry back to the beginning of San Francisco’s blue blood. Soon afterwards she was among those present at a very exclusive dinner given by the wealthy daughter of an ancient senator who had married a title. The beach home of one of the most sought-after members of Los Angeles’ famous Bachelor Club became the regular Sunday rendezvous of Mr. and Mrs. Lowe—along with most of the exclusive and dashing Pasadena crowd. Lil Tashman was always dashing up to Del Monte for the polo and its attendant social events, stopping with this or that well-known social leader, listed as among those present at some Burlingame affair of the very smartest.

In the meantime, she had found leisure to go out after jobs—and she had done it with foresight and shrewdness. She had watched every story bought, and had picked the right man to apply to for the part, and had applied with all the charm and force for which she was famous on Broadway.

Hollywood drew a long breath of defeat.

What could they say? Lil Tashman, Broadway chorus girl, was one thing. Lilyan Tashman Lowe, of Pasadena, Del Monte and Santa Barbara, was another.

Doors opened. Invitations poured in. Hollywood discovered suddenly that “La Tashman” was “a character.” She was a social asset, because she could make any party go. Gracefully, with a charming smile, La Tashman slid into the stream of things. Nothing was ever said on either side. You began to see Lil everywhere, just as though she had always been there. She was one of the most sought after guests in Hollywood.

But Lil, having accomplished her purpose, changed things to suit herself as usual. Now she has become one of the greatest hostesses the colony has known. Around herself she has gathered a small clique of writers, New York stage stars, the slightly more sophisticated of the picture people. An invitation to her small and scintillating dinner parties is coveted.

The truth of the whole thing is, of course, that Lil doesn’t care a whole lot for Hollywood and its approval, for Del Monte and Pasadena and its exclusive circle, or even for her own salon—for she comes nearest to having a salon than any other women who has ever been in the movie colony.

Chiefly, she cares for Eddie Lowe—and her work. And the people who are honest enough actually to amuse her. For all these reasons, she is the only person out in the land of the cinema who has ever been consistently separated from others—“La Tashman.”
candidates for office to go into training the same as any Hollywood star who wants to make good. I recently reviewed the screen performances of the four majority candidates in New York. Mr. LaGuardia got a laugh because, not knowing his best camera angles, his tongue showed, and he plainly had neglected his eighteen day diet. Mr. Thomas had only one gesture and no IT. Mr. Enright kept pointing his finger at the audience and shouting "YOU!" which has the same effect on people as tickling them in the ribs. Then Mr. Walker—whatta find—slim, collegiate, well-costumed, with plenty of IT and a certain droll humor suggesting Mr. Stepin Fetchit—naturally he was picked to star.

Candidates no longer can win by speech alone. They must develop other talents, be entertaining, versatile, winsome, not necessarily handsome but the sort a girl would like to write to, more like Gary Cooper and less like Col. Cooledge.

Any boy in this great country of ours may grow up to be president but he should start crooning and hoofing at as early an age as possible. The talkies demand performances, not promises.

The bearing off of Broadway beauties by the Hollywood producers suggests a picture as poignant as the kidnaping of the Sabine women, and I know just the man to do it: that twelve-year old artist whose canvas in the Roosevelt hotel in Hollywood depicts Napoleon and his staff with the faces of Joe Schenck, Sid Grauman, Charlie Chaplin and other braves. If desired as a companion piece the new picture might be titled: Napoleon Defeats Riefelder.

Paul Muni is starred with "Seven Faces" but Lon still has the edge by 992.

It's so noisy on the Western front with the invasion of crooners, hoofers and songsmiths from Broadway that I decided to come to New York for rest and quiet, figuring the town must be pretty well emptied of noise by now. But I didn't realize how completely Broadway has gone Hollywood until I got here. Hollywood talkies have chased the Broadway speakies down the sidestreets and, if the movies hailed down their electric signs, the street would be as dark as "Hallelujah." Even the vaudeville houses feature sun-kissed stars: Leatrice Joy, Carmel Myers, Theda Bara. Rector's, proud old landmark, is now The Hollywood Restaurant, proudly quoting Walter Winchell to the effect that it's the only place in town with revues like those in the talkies. Opposite the Capitol there now arises The Hollywood Theater, describing itself shyly in the Hollywood (Continued on page 130)

A Dollar For Your Thoughts

The phrase, "A penny for your thoughts," is passé. The New Movie Magazine wants interesting letters from its readers—bright, concise and constructive. One dollar will be paid for every letter used. Write what you think about the stars, the pictures and The New Movie.

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manner "the most beautiful theater in the world." Cowboys from our great
open spaces recently entertained with a rodeo at Madison Square Garden—a
epic Western atmosphere for the New Yorkers who haven't yet been sent
for.

But the real horror of the devastation wrought by Hollywood is best
drought home by news that a Broadway manager has had to send West for
chorus girls.

"Trio Rita" is advertised as The
Eight Wonder of the World.
That's safe: The other seven can't talk
back.

THE seven talkie wonders according
to my eye and ear:
"The Broadway Melody"
"In Old Arizona"
"Hallelujah"
"The Dance of Life"
"The Lady Lies"
"Dinah!
"The Cock-Eyed World"

A MURDERER was filmed for the
talkies in the act of confessing.
This is a new way of breaking in, and
screen aspirants were not slow in grab-
ing their gats. One shot a man in
Ohio but failed to get a movie offer.
Far from being discouraged, however,
he plans next week to shoot a man in
Illinois. Thus gradually working West
he believes that, by the time he reaches
Hollywood, he will have so convinced
producers they will give him anything he
asks. His motto is: If at first you
don't succeed, shoot again.

A MORNING snack of caviar and
rye is exotic even in Hollywood;
so, too, my hostess. For all her long
residence in the colony, Pola Negri
never succeeded in going native.
Far from possessing the sophistica-
tion ascribed to her, Pola has the
naive ease of genius. Her poses and her
emotional flamboyance were so artless
as to beget the smile of local sophisti-
cates.

We snacked and talked in Stewart
Hall, her apartment house, the sale of
which necessitated her brief return
from Europe.

Recalling her DuBarry and Carmen,
matchless gems of the old silent art, I
was curious to learn of "The Street of
the Lost Soul," her first vocal produc-
tion, which marks her return to the
home soil of Europe. Her contralto
voice, I observed, should record su-
perbly.

"My dear, you have no idea," gasped
Pola with uncontrolled fervor. "Natu-
really I knew I have good voice... . I
have stage experience, I am a linguist—
but when I heard it in the projection
room, I was dumfounded. I can't tell
you my amazement... . My Gott, it
is marvelous!

A smile escaped me (I'm just an old
Hollywood sophisticate).

"Ah, you always make joke of me,"
said Pola sheepishly, her elation poof-
ing down like a pricked balloon.

"No, believe me, Pola," I protested,
gallantly kissing her hand, "you are
not the only one who believes you
the world's greatest actress."

YOU gather from Ronald Colman's
"Condemned" that Devil's Island is
the place to which the French

govt-ment sends comedians. This being
ttrue, all charges of cruelty are dis-
neged. Not only are these men hard-
cored comedians, they are harmonizers
as well. Their resemblance to offenders
in other current talkies aroused my
suspicion. On investigation I find that
Devil's Island is reserved for political
prisoners and the French no longer
send other criminals there. Where then
are they sending them, pray? They're
dumpin' them on Hollywood, that's
what they're doing.

A SCREW favorite has the power
not only to change the fashion in
clothes but even the human physi-

Women's eyebrows that once
shot upward in a heavy line, like Naz-
mova's, now do nose-dives in the deli-
cate arched manner of Greta Garbo's.
The lifting and remodeling of faces
now going on in Hollywood not only
among women but among the be'st of
men, such as Dempsey and Car-

er, will certainly have a world
effect. One look at the new-born and
parents will rush for the scalpel
to carve snookums into a box-office attrac-
tion. I predict the world shortly will
be peopled exclusively by Buddy
Rogerses and Greta Garbos.

Mayor James J. Walker, of New York
City, has the best screen personality
among political leaders, says Herb
Howe. He's suave and humorous—
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In nasty weather **WATCH YOUR THROAT**

Why not make an effort to escape colds and sore throat during the months of February and March when these troubles seem to strike everyone?

Simply try gargling every day with undiluted Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Many thousands report the efficacy of this treatment.

Ordinary colds and sore throat are infections caused by germs multiplying in the mouth and throat. When the body is weakened by wet feet, sudden changes of temperature, over-heating, over-exertion, and chills, these germs get the upper hand.

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Laboratory tests show that full strength Listerine destroys even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. Yet Listerine is absolutely safe to use this way. In addition, it soothes and heals the most delicate tissues. We are prepared to prove these claims to the entire satisfaction of the U.S. Government and the medical profession.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it every day as an aid in preventing infections of the mouth, nose and throat. Increase the frequency of the gargle, should any such infection gain a foothold. You will be delighted to find how often it relieves a trying condition. If it does not, consult your physician.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

**LISTERINE** The Safe Antiseptic

Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds
MUSIC of the Sound Screen
The New Movie’s Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

TWO of the interesting records of the month come from Victor. One presents the popular John Boles in two numbers from the musical film romance, “Cameo Kirby.” These two songs are “Romance,” the theme song of the William Fox picture, and “After a Million Dreams.” In the film itself, both these numbers are done by J. Harold Murray, who plays the title role. Mr. Boles does both numbers in charming fashion and the record doubtless will be one of the most popular of the whole year.

Jeanette MacDonald, who appears opposite Maurice Chevalier in “The Love Parade” and who made a decided hit in this part, does two numbers from this captivating Paramount production for a Victor record. One is “Dream Lover,” the other “The March of the Grenadiers.” The music of these two numbers was written by the motion picture director, Victor Schertzinger, who did the entire score of “The Love Parade.” Miss MacDonald’s voice records it appealingly.

THE music of “Cameo Kirby” is getting a heavy play from the record makers, by the way. For Columbia, the Cavaliers have made a pleasing waltz rendition of the number, “Romance.” On the other side of the record is a waltz handling of “The Dough-Boy’s Lament” from “Blaze o’ Glory,” also by the Cavaliers.

When you see Ramon Novarro’s “Devil May Care” you will want records of some of the lovely numbers.

Leo Reisman and his orchestra have made a pleasing fox-trot version of “Charming” for Victor. On the other side of this record is the waltz, “The Shepherd’s Serenade,” played by the Reisman orchestra.

For Columbia, the popular Ruth Etting sings “If He Cared,” from “Devil May Care.” This record also carries Miss Etting’s interpretation of “Crying for the Carolines,” from the picture, “Spring Is Here.”

Nat Schildkraut and his orchestra play “Dream Lover” from “The Love Parade” for Victor. This makes a captivating waltz.

Another “Love Parade” record comes from Victor. The High Hatters furnish a lively fox-trot handling of “My Love Parade,” the Chevalier song, along with another fox-trot from the same picture, called “Nobody’s Using It Now.”

THT hit of “Hot for Paris” gives special interest to the George Olson orchestra’s fox-trot version of “Sweet Nothings of Love,” Fifi Dorsay’s song in that rowdy success. On the other side of this record is the High Hatter’s fox-trotting of “The Duke of Ka-Ki-Ak!”, Victor McLaglen’s song from the same film.

After seeing the charming Marilyn Miller in “Sally,” you will want the Victor record carrying the High Hatters’ fox-trot handling of “Look for the Silver Lining” and “Wild Rose,” both hit (Continued on page 107)

Presenting Paul Whiteman and part of his famous band. Whiteman is making “The King of Jazz” revue for Universal, while his records continue to be “best sellers” for Columbia.
GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief comments upon the leading motion pictures of the last six months


The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. Paramount.


Bulldog Drummond. A swell talkie melodrama that you can't afford to miss. With Ronald Colman. A Goldwyn-United Artists production.

Group A.

The Love Parade. The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. Paramount.

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. Warner Brothers.

Welcome Danger. Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. Paramount.

The Taming of the Shrew. Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks' first appearance in films together. A roughhouse version of Shakespeare's comedy with many a broad laugh. United Artists.

Rio Rita. A gorgeous and expensive production of the famous musical comedy of the Southwest. Bebe Daniels' voice (a glorious natural one) was the big surprise of 1929. John Boles sings superbly, too. Radio Pictures.

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. Fox production.

The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. United Artists.

Lupe Velez as the fiery heroine of the Northwestern melodrama, "Tiger Rose." This is one of the recently popular Warner Brothers' productions. With Miss Velez in this film is Monte Blue.
GUIDE to the BEST FILMS  Continued from page 7

Marion Byron, one of the charming entertainers of the Warner Brothers' huge and colorful musical revue, “The Show of Shows.”


The Trial of Mary Dugan. Your chance to see and hear the straightforward version of an engrossing play. With Norma Shearer. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.


Group B

The Vagabond Lover. Rudy Vallee, the idol of the radio, makes his screen début as a young bandmaster trying to get along. He does well, but Marie Dressler runs away with the picture. You will find this entertaining. Radio Pictures.

The Kiss. Greta Garbo's last silent film. All about a young wife on trial for murdering her husband. The jury does just what it would do if you were on it. Well acted, particularly by Miss Garbo. Metro-Goldwyn.

The Thirteenth Chair. Margaret Wycherly in her old rôle of the fortune teller of Bayard Veiller's popular stage thriller. Well done, indeed. This will grip your interest. Metro-Goldwyn.

The Virginian. Gary Cooper giving a corking performance in an all-talkie revival of Owen Wister's novel of pioneer days. Mary Brian and Richard Arlen excellent. A fine panorama of the West that was. Paramount.

Gold Diggers of Broadway. A lively, jazzy musical show, in which Winnie Lightner runs away with a hit. Color photography above the average. You'll like this. Warner Brothers.


The Awful Truth. Ina Claire's talkie début in a piquant comedy of two young people who think they want a divorce. Miss Claire is delightful. Pathé.

Disraeli. George Arliss and his famous characterization of the great British premier jelled into colorful celluloid. An intelligent picture, tastefully acted. You owe it to yourself to see Arliss. Warner Brothers.

Three Live Ghosts. Three British soldiers return to London to find themselves to have been officially declared dead. An odd character comedy in which Beryl Mercer runs away with a hit as the Limey's mother. United Artists.

The Unholy Night. A sly mystery melodrama in which the surviving officers of a British regiment are being strangled one by one under highly mysterious circumstances. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.


Complete Reviews of All the NEW MOTION PICTURES

On Pages 84-87 of this Issue

Read them Every Month and Save Your Amusement Time and Money

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What the STARS Say

A Few Telegrams From the Hollywood Famous About The New Movie Magazine

HOLLYWOOD CALIF
PLEASE KNOW THAT YOU HAVE MY SINCEREST CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR SPLENDID WORK IN LAUNCHING THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE STOP HERE IS A PUBLICATION I AM SURE WILL ACCOMPLISH INFINITE GOOD IN WINNING SCORES OF NEW FRIENDS FOR HOLLYWOOD AND THE FILM INDUSTRY RUTH CHATTERTON

UNIVERSAL CITY CALIF
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE IS ALREADY ONE OF LEADERS IN ITS FIELD CONGRATULATIONS PAUL WHITEMAN

UNIVERSAL CITY CALIF
LET ER BUCK YOUVE GOT A KNOCKOUT OF A PUBLICATION IN NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE KEN MAYNARD

UNIVERSAL CITY CALIF
CONGRATULATIONS ON SPLENDID ART WORK AND INTERESTING STORIES IN NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE MARY NOLAN

UNIVERSAL CITY CALIF
MY BEST WISHES FOR THE SUCCESS OF NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE YOU HAVE WONDERFUL WRITER LINEUP AND ATTRACTIVE MAGAZINE IN ALL WAYS LAURA LA PLANTE

HOLLYWOOD CALIF
SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS ON FIRST NUMBER OF THE NEW MAGAZINE AND MANY THANKS FOR YOUR KINDNESS TO ME STOP I AM SURE THE MAGAZINE WILL BE A GREAT SUCCESS BEBE DANIELS

HOLLYWOOD CALIF
I HAVE JUST SEEN NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE AND HASTEN TO WIRE YOU SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS STOP ITS A WOW KEEP IT UP RICHARD DIX

HOLLYWOOD CALIF
BOTH THE MOTION PICTURE PUBLIC AND WE OF THE STUDIOS ARE DEEPLY INDEBTED TO ALL RESPONSIBLE FOR THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE STOP CERTAINLY YOU ARE TO BE HEARTILY CONGRATULATED ON YOUR OPENING ISSUE STOP IT WAS A REVELATION CHARLES BUDDY ROGERS

UNIVERSAL CITY CALIF
FOR SPLENDID NEW ISSUE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE YOU ARE TO BE HIGHLY COMMENDED JOHN BOLES

UNIVERSAL CITY CALIF
YOUR CURRENT ISSUE OF NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE IS EXCEPTIONALLY INTERESTING TO SCREEN INDUSTRY HOOT GIBSON

PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

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FEDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE TOWER 55 5 AVE NEW YORK NY

REACHED HOLLYWOOD WOOLWORTH STORE TEN MINUTES AFTER LAST COPY NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE WAS SOLD STOP MY CAR ONLY GOOD FOR ONE HUNDRED TWENTY MILES AN HOUR STOP FORTUNATE FRIEND HAD BOOTLEG-COPY WHICH I FINALLY SAW I THINK ITS GREAT PLEASE PRINT MORE

AL JOLSON

921A JAN 21

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WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Ronald Grant
Jeanette Lila
Lois
Davey

Vilma
Barbara
Merna
Raymond
Hoot
Jack

Reginald
Kathryn

Ben
Frank

Leila
Phyllis

Dorothy Janis
Kay Johnson
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Robert Montgomery
Conrad Nagel
Ramón Novarro
Edward Nugent
Anita Page
Aileen Pringle
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Sally Starr
Levi Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Pay Webb

El Brendel
Dorothy Burgess
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
Marguerite Churchill
June Collyer
Fifi Dorsey
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Janet Gaynor
Lola Lane
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
William Bakewell
John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris

Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
Ina Claire
Junior Coghlan
Diane Ellis

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.
Richard Barthelmess
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes
Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Don Alvarado
Pannie Brice
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Oliver Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
Barry Norton
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Sally Philps
David Rollins
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Don Terry

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Kay Francis
James Hall
Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie

Dorothy Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
David Newell
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Ruth Taylor
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Pay Wray

Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Donald Reed
Milton Sills
Thelma Todd
Alice White
Loretta Young

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent

Beth Laemmle
Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Fred Mackaye
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Barbara Worth

Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Frank Albertson
Mary Astor
Ben Bard

Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston

Jackie Logan
Ben Lyon
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier

Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Frank Albertson
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Gallery of Famous Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine
Gossip of the Studios

John McCormack, the singer, attended a party at Winnie Sheehan’s, the Fox organization. Winnie is a big mogul of the crowd. It was a very nice affair, being quite snooty enough to have several debutantes attend.

All the girls were warned not to fall for Mr. McCormack’s voice appeal to the extent that they would ask him to sing. Mr. McCormack having been known to fly into rages when requested to do this socially. After all if you had an acrobat for a dinner guest, you would not expect him to stay off the chandeliers.

The party progressed nicely until after dinner was over and the gentlemen prepared to join the ladies in the living-room. As Mister McCormack sauntered through the door of the room, one deb could contain herself no longer. “You are going to sing for us, aren’t you, Mr. McCormack?” she asked.

Sheehan gasped. As a host he feared the worst. McCormack looked at the débutante, his beetlesbrows lowered, his jaw stuck out, his eyes glaring. And then from behind a curtain a voice broke the painful silence.

“Sing, you mick, sing! What else are you good for? Sing, you peat-digging, bog-trotter!”

Sheehan turned white, McCormack turned blue. He made a dive for the curtain and with storm signals flying pulled it aside. He looked squarely into the grinning face of John Barrymore.

One Irishman had, after all, only called another in a language both understood.

McCormack’s eyes lighted; he smiled. Then walked across to the piano and sang for two hours.

---

George O’Brian, Fox star, and Buddy Rogers, Paramount ditto, are two first-class basketball players. They perform on a team called the “Thalians” which last season won the Industrial League title in Los Angeles. George is a center and Buddy a forward. There is nothing of the “softer” in either one of these gents. They are both crack athletes.

---

This month’s crossword puzzle in the film world—Are Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire separated or are they not? Newspapers have carried many rumors. They were. Then again, they weren’t. Of course, Ina is now living in her own home down in Beverly Hills, instead of in John Gilbert’s hillside castle. But some women like their own homes. They are seen about together, and they give joint parties.

One group of their friends say they are separated, for good and all and forever. Another says they have simply decided that they’ll be happier if they have different establishments, and can have some freedom of conduct, but that they are really devoted to each other.

---

Five thousand theatres are wired for sound in the United States.

Hollywood is growing up. It now has a real open-all-night restaurant. Last month the Brown Derby extended its hours to cover the whole twenty-four and now you can drop in there any time of day or night and find someone to talk to, or see a crowd of studio folks breakfasting at dawn after a night’s work or a late dancing party.

The New York crowd—and there are more and more of them all the time—say that it reminds them of the famous “Jack’s,” where a crowd of wits, writers, and famous actors used to gather in the wee small hours for food and conversation. A few years ago Hollywood wouldn’t have known what to do with such a place, but the New Yorker of the stage world is used to staying up at night. Wilson Mizner is still the presiding genius about whom a select few are always gathered.

The new Embassy Club is quite the latest and undoubtedly the smartest thing of its kind that has ever happened in Hollywood. London and
New York have had clubs of this type before, but it’s an innovation in Hollywood and promises to be a knockout.

With a membership limited to three hundred, the Embassy is a very exclusive lunching, dining, supper and dancing club next door to the Montmartre. Only members can enter, which gives the stars and screen folks a place where they can go quietly with their friends without being the center of a spotlight at all times.

All applications for membership have to be passed upon by the Board of Governors. Rupert Hughes is president, Charles Chaplin vice-president, Antonio Moreno second vice-president. The rest of the board is composed of Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Betty Compson, John Gilbert, King Vidor, Gloria Swanson, Evelyn Brent, Ruth Roland and Harry D’Arrast.

The food is planned by Eddie Brandstatter, who has made the Montmartre so popular. There is a lovely outdoor garden, where you can sit at little tables any sunny day. The big room is done in soft green and gold and Gus Arnheim and his orchestra provide the music.

Dorothy Mackaill rides a bicycle early in the morning for exercise.

The Rogers clan has moved to Hollywood in toto and en masse, as it were.

Convinced at last that their son is a success in pictures and apt to stay out here, Buddy Rogers’ mother and father have left their home in Kansas and come to reside permanently in Beverly Hills. Buddy has bought them a beautiful home and will live with them. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Buddy has a younger brother.

Mr. Rogers, Sr., has been for many years owner and editor of a newspaper in Olanthe, Kansas, which he sold before coming west.

After an around-the-world journey of over 25,000 miles, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are back in Hollywood. And mighty glad to get home, so they say. They went immediately to Pickfair, which had been prepared for their arrival. Everything was ready for them.

Mary brought back trunks and trunks of clothes and she declares that a great many of them have short skirts, particularly the sport and street clothes of all kinds.

Mary doesn’t believe that the short skirt has gone out of fashion altogether, but simply that a new mode has come in with the long draperies. For the shorter girl, the long skirt isn’t always successful, and you know Mary is under five feet. Anyway, while she has in her many trunks some charming long things for evening, the Parisian fashion experts made her street wear just below the knee. So there’s an authority to back up the girl who doesn’t like ‘em long in the daytime.

*Ramon Novarro had a real little theatre in his home and gave real concerts in which he sang old Spanish songs long before the talkies came to town.*

*THE general whispered opinion around Hollywood is that “The Swan” may be Lillian Gish’s Swan Song.*

The talkies, it appears, haven’t treated the Gish as well as some of her sister stars. The picture, because of the surrounding cast, is declared excellent—it has Rod La Roque, Conrad Nagel, Marie Dressler and O. P. Heggie, which ought to be enough for anyone. But has Miss Gish registered in the talkies? We shall see.

Miss Gish has already returned to New York, where she has made her home for some years.

*Next to Clara Bow, George Bancroft gets more mail than any player on the Paramount lot.*

*Harold Lloyd’s new home is almost finished. In fact it is near enough to completion so that the Lloyds had their family Christmas dinner in it. When Harold is finally through with his estate, which has a not so miniature golf course, lake, and other things on it, he will have the loveliest home owned by any picture star. But as Harold says, it has been an enormous job and he will never do it again.*

*Alma Rubens has made a complete recovery. She was in Hollywood for several days doing her holiday shopping and then went north to spend a few months on her mother’s ranch near Fresno.*

She looked in splendid condition and declares that she is well, strong, and entirely cured. Her husband, Ricardo Cortez, met her on her return and went with her to
the family estate in Fresno to spend Christmas day and the New Year.

It's a funny thing about Hollywood. They stick to their own through thick and thin. Alma's friends flocked about her during her brief stay in town and have given her every encouragement and help in the world to make a comeback. Alma had extraordinary beauty and a lot of talent.

* * *

Of the screen Ronald Colman has the most perfect and pleasing eununciation of any man in pictures. Ronny is reputed to be an indifferent sort of a cuss about girls, but what he could do to them if he ever got loose on them with that four voice and clean cut accent!

* * *

The death of Director Kenneth Hawks and nine other men in an airplane accident during the filming of a William Fox picture has caused a stunned grief in Hollywood and cast a pall over every studio and home.

Kenneth Hawks, a director for Fox, was the husband of Mary Astor, and no better loved man ever worked in the film industry. He was a quiet, highly intelligent boy, a graduate of Yale and a member of a fine old family. His brother, Howard Hawks, is a director and film executive and is married to Norma Shearer's sister, Athole Shearer. Another brother, William Hawks, just married Bessie Love.

The tragedy which cost so many lives took place when two big Stimson-Detroiters, carrying Ken and the necessary cameramen and assistants, went up to film a parachute jump. A small fast Lockheed, carrying the stunt men, was to come between them, the jump was to be made and photographed from both big planes. Headed straight into the sun, one of the Stimson came up under the other and they locked, exploded and burst into flames. The stunt was to be done three miles out at sea and both planes sank into the ocean. Five bodies have been recovered.

Mary Astor, who was appearing in a play at a downtown theater, collapsed when told the news and was in seclusion at her home for weeks after.

* * *

The wedding of Bessie Love and William Hawks was the outstanding event of Hollywood's winter months.

This wedding unites a number of prominent Hollywood folk as in-laws.

Howard Hawks, who is famous as a director, is married to Athole Shearer, sister of Norma Shearer, who is Mrs. Irving Thalberg. Kenneth Hawks was the husband of beautiful red-headed Mary Astor. So Bessie Love, Mary Astor, and Norma Shearer are now sisters-in-law. It was the tragic death of Kenneth Hawks a few days later that cast a gloom over the event.

Bebe Daniels forgot her long white gloves and held up the wedding for fifteen minutes while a frantic chauffeur broke traffic laws getting back to Bebe's apartment after them.

Polly Moran, very elegant all evening, blew up when somebody sat on her velvet evening cape. "For goodness sake be careful of that," shouted Polly. "That's out of the studio wardrobe."

* * *

The beautiful St. James Episcopal Church on Wilshire Boulevard was a bower of coral gladioli. Christmas green and glowing candles on the evening of the wedding. Outside, the streets were packed for blocks with an eager crowd of fans, and inside the church was filled to overflowing with a brilliantly garbed audience composed of many of the most famous screen celebrities.

The organ pealed the famous "Here Comes the Bride." The waiting crowd turned to face the long aisle, made beautiful with huge candles, soft floating tulle and flowers. The ushers, in full evening dress, came first, and lined up at the altar rail. A brief pause, and then in single file, about twenty feet apart, the bridesmaids.

They wore long flowing frocks of pale yellow taffeta, the skirts trailing on the floor, the bodices fitted very tightly about the waist. Hats of soft satin of the same shade completed the costume, and each carried in her white-gloved hands a huge bouquet of deep pink roses.

First in line was Mrs. Kenneth Hawks, sister-in-law of the bridegroom and sister of Norma Shearer. Then Irene and Edith Mayer, daughters of Louis B. Mayer, Carmel Myers, Norma Shearer and last Bebe Daniels, who never looked lovelier.

Another brief pause and the matron of honor appeared. Blanché Sweet wore a gown identical with the bridesmaids, except that it was of a deep shade of American Beauty, and in her arms was a cluster of pale yellow roses.

And then, leaning on the arm of her father, came the bride.

Bessie had chosen to wear ivory satin, made with a simple bodice and a long flowing skirt. Her veil was of white tulle, heavily edged with diaphanous lace, and falling in a white mist over her face, which was very serious and almost as white as
her gown. In her white-gloved hands she carried an old-fashioned bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley and orange blossoms.

Together she and the waiting bridal couple mounted the steps to the candle-lit altar and repeated the beautiful words of the marriage ceremony. And then Bessie came back down the aisle on her husband's arm, her veil thrown back and her prettily flushed face beaming in a radiant smile.

Afterwards there was a delightful and very gay reception in the pretty French room at the Ambassador.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hawks and Mr. and Mrs. Horton (the bride's mother and father) and the bridesmaids stood in line for a while, and then mingled with the guests.

Among those present at the church and the reception were:

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Mildred looked almost bridal herself, though she has been married a number of years and has a four-year-old daughter. She wore white satin and a bonnet-shaped evening hat of white maline, with gardenias over each ear. In the church she wore over this a gorgeous cape of ermine.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille and their daughter, Cecelia. Mrs. De Mille wore a stunning evening ensemble of dark green satin, the coat having a flaring collar of chinchilla. With this was a helmet-like hat of heavy silver metal cloth. Miss De Mille was in black velvet and orchids.

Mr. and Mrs. William De Mille (Clara Beranger). Mrs. William De Mille was also in black velvet. If this scene gathering is any criterion of fashion—and usually it is—black and white are the prevailingly popular colors for evening.

Anita Loos, the author of “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” was in jade green chiffon, tightly belted at the waist, and with a skirt that just touched the floor. Her short dark hair showed under a tightly wound turban of gunmetal shade, and her wrap was of mohair.

Leatrice Joy looked unusually stunning in black velvet. Her cape was fully outlined in white baby fox, and she wore emeralds about her throat and in her ears. Her hair was done in small, very tight curls, which looked like a cap from a short distance. She was accompanied by Paul Bern.

Hedda Hopper was in an ensemble of figured metal cloth, the prevailing colors dull blue and orange. The coat was cut with a stiffly flaring skirt and had a very smart collar of sable. The skirt touched the floor. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Liliyana Tashman) came in a party which included Miss Polly Moran, William Haines, Roger Davis and James Shields. Miss Tashman displayed for the first time her Christmas present from Eddie, a marvelous knee-length coat of chinchilla. Under this was a frock of black velvet and black lace, cut below the waist in the back and with lace shoulder straps. Lilyan, too, effected the new tightly curled coiffure which Paris is announcing. Her jewels were diamonds and pearls—a lovely string twice around the throat.

Anita Page was in pale green. Her frock was of satin, with a tight bodice and a flowing skirt.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason (Lucille Webster). Over a very effective frock of white velvet, Mrs. Gleason wore a brilliant scarlet cape of velvet, with a high, shirred collar.

Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman and William Powell came together—stog as usual—and quite the latest word in what the well-dressed man wears at a wedding.

Lew Cody is entirely over the illness which kept him in bed for months and he is now up and around with all his old vigor.

Colleen Moore, after several weeks recuperating at Palm Springs down in the desert, is back in Hollywood. She's a little thin, after her appendix operation, but it only makes her look more youthful than ever.

Definite announcement that Colleen is to be a United Artists star is expected every day now. And then the hunt for stories—the real big-game hunting of the motion picture industry—will begin.

A New York play called “Candlelight,” in which Gertrude Lawrence starred, would make a perfect vehicle for Colleen. Maybe that will be her first United Artists picture.

Like all the other stars, Colleen is working hard with her voice.

Paramount made the announcement that John McCormack, in the future, would produce Clara Bow's pictures. He is Colleen Moore's husband, has been her guide and producer for years, and knows what the score is when it comes to box office. Later it was announced that the plan had been abandoned.
Lois Wilson is going to play opposite Richard Dix in his first RKO starring vehicle. This is a combination the fans used to love and it will seem like old times to see Lois as the girl Richard falls in love with. There used to be a romance there, too, and many rumors of engagements, but that was three years ago.

* * *

Ruth Chatterton, off the set, is a very shy girl.

* * *

Buddy Rogers and Claire Windsor are dining together again. What, says Hollywood, does that mean? Of course, Claire and Buddy had a mad romance last year, but it was broken off very definitely. Buddy's folks objected to his marrying while still so very young.

* * *

Billy Haines' pictures made more money for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer last year than did those of any other star—and this includes Jack Gilbert.

* * *

Doris Kenyon is working in a new picture. But she is spending every spare moment on her concert program. She soon will make a tour of the big cities of America. The songs and general plan of the entertainment are very much like those with which Raquel Meller created a sensation in this country a few years ago.

Saw Doris in a beauty shop the other day and she is looking more beautiful than usual in a sport suit of persimmon red, with a hat and shoes to match.

Her husband, Milton Sills, is back in their California home and is rapidly recovering from his nervous breakdown. He expects to be back in pictures after a while.

* * *

Richard Dix, among others, is wiser and much poorer, thanks to the stock market. Rich was nailed for plente.

* * *

Seeing the rushes—the day's takes—now that the talkies are in full sway in all Hollywood studios, is a lot of fun. Because the good old microphone registers all the side comments and explosions between scenes, as well as some of the direction.

Watching the new Dolores del Rio-Edmund Lowe picture the other day in the projection room in "takes" three things were established. Eddie Lowe isn't the study he used to be in the old days of San Francisco stock, but when he misses his lines for the third time his vocabulary is something a top sergeant would compliment him upon. And Dolores del Rio needs plenty of careful direction. George Fitzmaurice, who is directing, has the most charming "talkie" voice yet heard. Too bad it's wasted on a man the fans will never hear.

There is one shot in this picture which will probably pull the audiences out of their seats. Miss Del Rio is disclosed with her back to the camera, while looking in a mirror. She wears a full length, white lace wedding veil. When she turns around, all she has on under it is a pair of black chiffon teddies. Miss Del Rio is one of those girls who looks better with less and less on, so the effect is stunning and startling.

* * *

One of the most fascinating characters in Hollywood is Bebe Daniels' Spanish grandmother, Senora Griffen. She is past seventy years, and just at eighty pounds. She speaks English with the most delightful accent and is a welcome guest everywhere.

Last Christmas Bebe gave her grandmother a gorgeous pair of diamond earrings. She had spent some time in picking them out and expected a bit of enthusiasm from the little old lady, who in her day, was a famous belle and beauty.

Senora Griffen was delighted and thanked Bebe with a big hug and a kiss, but she did not make quite the fuss her grand-daughter expected.

So Bebe fished! "Aren't they lovely, Grandma? Do you really like them? I thought you would be crazy about them!"

La Senora cocked one eyebrow and twinkling eyes upon Bebe. "They are lovely, my child, I thank you. But—I am not what you say, overcome. I have had diamond earrings before." Which held Miss Bebe for a few minutes.

* * *

Walter Hagen and Leo Diegel, two of the greatest golf professionals in the world, received $3,000 per each for a two-week praise in front of the camera.

* * *

Hoot Gibson, up for an airing in his plane, flew over the Universal lot. A company was just reaching the end of an eight-hundred-foot, four-minute shot—a long one in this talkie day. The hum of his motor registered and ruined the "talkie." He flew on over the San Fernando Valley and on his way back ruined the next take of the same scene. (Continued on page 103)
THEIR FIRST FANS

By

GRACE KINGSLEY

YOU remember the old drawing of Freddy and what he looked like to various people—an angel with a shining crown to his mother, a devil with hoofs and horns to his teacher, with intermediate shadings for others closely related to him.

But after all, why bring that up? This story is simply to be the story of what the stars looked like to their mothers—their first fans.

“What do you mean by fans?” inquires Buddy Rogers, glancing suspiciously over my shoulder. “Yes, mother occasionally did 'fan my trousers' a bit!"

“Oh, but she won't make it tough for you when she's talking to me,” I said.

And she didn't.

Buddy was a good youngsters. He never pulled cats' tails, nor teased little girls. In fact, there was a very pretty little girl whose books he used to carry—but pshaw! That doesn't prove anything, every little boy does that.

Well, then, he used to save his pin money and buy Christmas presents for his sister and mother. To be sure, he bought them sometimes things they couldn't use—a birdcage without any bird for mother, two white mice—which frightened her to death—for sister; but nobody could say he didn't mean well, and mother kept that birdcage for ages.

BUDDY weighed eleven pounds when he arrived “out of the nowhere, into the here." And he was strong and well—dodged the measles and whooping-cough and all that nonsense.

“There was a little trouble about naming Buddy,” his mother told me. “We didn't know whether to call him Bert Jr., after his father, or after his uncle, Charles Edward, who had passed away, but who had been very dear to my husband. Charles finally won. But we never called him that. Buddy's sister Geraldine, who was three when he was born, named her brother "Buddy," and Buddy he has remained and I guess always will remain. Buddy was the best she could do when trying to say 'Brother.'"

When Buddy was the tiniest boy, he used to take hold of his dad's hand and, with his confiding babble of hardly intelligible words and roundly curious eyes,
The Mothers of the Stars Grow Reminiscent and Tell you their First Impressions of their now Famous Sons and Daughters

trot around after him, at the newspaper office owned and operated by his father, down in Olathe, Kansas. He made miniature newspapers at home, full of neighborhood gossip, even to the recording of the deaths of pet cats, but this didn’t satisfy him. He spent all his Saturdays at his father’s office, and at nine he became the regular printer’s devil there. His duties were to sweep out the office, carry coal and kindling, run errands, start fires and deliver the paper to sixty-three customers. He earned one dollar a day. As he grew older, he wrote for the paper, and earned more money. But that’s another story.

Buddy’s first theatrical performance was when he saw ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ done as a tent show,” his mother told me. “He forgot all about his paper and even about his music, playing ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’—all the parts—for his sister. And he kept his interest in the theater up to the time that he went to the Paramount School.”

I mustn’t forget to tell you about Buddy’s music. That was one of his first interests in life.

From a tiny child he was hypnotized by music. When he was six, he went to a concert with his mother, and sat rather close to the orchestra. It was the clarinet player who engaged his attention particularly, and he begged for a clarinet as a Christmas present. It was given him, and he began at once to take lessons. He became fairly expert at eight, and then became interested in the cornet, which also was given him as a present, with lessons in playing it. By the time he was twelve, he was really a skilled musician, and at high school he was the band and orchestra leader.

Bebe Daniels

WHEN I grow up, I’m going to have a little girl who will be an actress,” remarked Pastora Griffin.

We were sitting on the edge of the zanja which ran through the Griffin back yard, dabbling our feet in the water, and talking about what we meant to do when we grew up. That was many years ago.

Pastora is Bebe Daniels’ mother. Pastora later called herself Phyllis, when she went on the stage.

And Pastora kept her word.

Everybody knows how Bebe was carried on the stage while she was still in long clothes, and she wasn’t much bigger than the initial six and a half pounds which she had juggled into this world with her when she made that second début, either.

Bebe spent a lot of her early life on the stage, but stayed with her grandmother in the country and went to school when her mother accepted stage engagements in plays in which there was no part for a child.

Out there Bebe watched the garden, as she was intensely interested in growing things. She watched the growing of plants under pots, and this gave her an inspiration one day.

“She brought a kitten to me which had been given her by a little neighbor,” explained Mrs. Daniels. “She was delighted with it, but sorry that she didn’t have a whole batch, like the little neighbor girl.”

‘Would you mind, Bebe asked me, ‘if I had a whole lot of kittens like Beatrice?’ Of course I wasn’t keen about it, but I thought I was safe in saying ‘no, I wouldn’t mind.’ Bebe was put to bed that night, and I forgot all about the kitten until the next morning. Then I asked her where it was.

‘Well,’ said Bebe, ‘It’s in the garden.’

“She led me bright-eyed to one of the flower pots which had been turned upside down, just as they did it to raise tender plants. She hopefully lifted the pot—and there was the kitten. But it was dead. She cried and cried and didn’t get over it for days. She had thought she could make a lot of kittens grow, where one kitten had grown before, just as they made plants multiply.”
Some intimate and amusing Stories of the

Blanche Sweet, at the age of eight, had the striking blonde beauty that was to carry her to success. And, in the center, you see Bebe Daniels, age one year and five months. She had, if you'll believe it, already made her stage debut.

Bebe was always an outdoor child. She rode her first horse at four, and could ride like a veteran at five. She learned out there on her grandmother's Southern California ranch.

"The first time she rode she frightened me to death," her mother told me. "She and I were visiting my mother, and some visitors came out, riding polo ponies. My brother and sister were there, too, and we were all busy chatting when we looked up to see Bebe flying down the road on one of the polo ponies! Of course, I was distracted. The men gave chase on other horses, but the faster they ran, the faster Bebe's horse ran. Finally one of the men headed Bebe's pony off and stopped it. Bebe laughed and said it was great, but I made her promise she would never frighten me again. I tried to get her to say she would never go on a horse again, but she wouldn't promise that."

Bebe was a good child to mind, even though she was given to tomboy pranks.

"She was very generous, too," her mother told me. "I remember one Christmas, when she was a tiny tot, I had been scolding her for spending so much money. She didn't say a word, but on Christmas morning she trotted out the gift she had been saving her money to buy for me—a corset and a corset cover that didn't fit! She had been entrusting her money to a woman shopkeeper across the way from us, and had decided that a corset and corset cover would be the loveliest thing she could give me.

"Bebe was a fairly healthy child. But at four she had typhoid fever. She had been playing on the stage in Shakespeare's 'Richard III,' and she kept saying the lines over and over again in her delirium. I found that she had learned almost all of the play by heart, but in those days of dreadful anxiety, the fact didn't impress me much."

Mary Brian

The very first words that Mary Brian ever spoke were "Round and round!" Only, of course she said, "Wound and wound!"

She was only a little past nine months old when she spoke these words and she nearly surprised her family out of their wits when she said them.

"We had taken her," Mary's mother told me, when I chatted with her in the pretty apartment where she and Mary dwell, "to see her grandmother in the country. We had carried her out onto the farm lot, and were looking at a windmill, and that's when she started us by saying 'round and round!' We never knew where she learned the words, nor how she knew how to apply them, but there she was with the pat words on her baby tongue. Maybe people won't believe that, but it's true.

"After that she learned a lot of words quickly."

Mary weighed nine and a half pounds when she was born, and was always a good baby, waking up smiling and all happiness.

"My husband died," Mrs. Brian told me, "when Mary was four weeks old, and from that time on I devoted my
Famous Stars when they were just Kids

life to my children. "Mary had a gift for drawing and painting, which she still exercises at times. When she was five years old, she began to draw and paint her own paper dolls, and she had large families of them. She loved her other dolls, too, and learned to sew and to dress them when she was five years old.

"Mary was a good child, but she did run away once, and to go on the stage too! That was when she was four.

"She had a cousin whom she used to visit often, who lived near us. I always trusted her with her cousins, and thought nothing of her going away with them several days in succession.

"But one day I was startled when a woman said to me, 'Your little daughter is making quite a hit at the theater!'"

"The theater!" I exclaimed.

"Why, yes; didn't you know that she is singing every afternoon down at the picture theater?"

"I hadn't known, but I dashed right over to my relative's home, and together we went down to the theater my friend had named. We got there just in time to see Mary and her cousin doing their turn! The cousin was playing the piano and Mary was singing away for dear life. I must say she took a lot of bows. But I marched her home, and that was the last of her public appearances in some time. She had been going on three days before I discovered it."

It was one of Mary Pickford's pictures which first inspired Mary as a little child to want to become an actress. She always said that was what she wanted to do. When she was ten, she told her mother that she meant to come to Hollywood and go with Paramount.

"My daughter always loved kittens, and would bring all the strays home from the time she was three years old. We always had a lot of cats about the place.

"I'll never forget the little stray tortoise that Mary found in an ash-can and brought home. It was forlorn and it shortly developed fits, which frightened us to death. It had to be chloroformed, and Mary, weeping, held a grand funeral for it. It reposed in state in a cigar-box, and had an Irish Mall for a hearse, and was buried in the back flower garden."

Alice, then Alva, White (above) hated to be dressed up. Even as a baby she resented any excess clothing. And, in the center, is Dolores Del Rio as a baby at ten months. She weighed twelve pounds at birth.

Janet Gaynor

Of course, you imagine Janet Gaynor to have been a regular little doll mother, but that's not the case. She liked dolls fairly well, but infinitely preferred her little human playmates and their games.

"But she was very shy with older people," her mother told me, attributing that fact somewhat to pre-natal influences.

"I went out very little, due to an extremely cold winter, before Janet was born, and sometimes I think that had much to do with her shyness with people. She simply wouldn't make up to anyone, nor would she receive any advances.

"She was such a delicate child that we feared for her in the cold winters of the Middle West, so her aunt, my sister, used to take her to Florida every winter.

"As I say, she was timid with older people. Once when I sought a new maid, the only one I could get who fulfilled all my exactions was a colored maid. She was homely and cross-eyed, and I greatly feared that Janet would have nothing to do with her. I had to go downtown and leave the two alone together the first day, and what was my surprise, when I came home, to find them watching for me out of the window, Janet's arm affectionately entwining the colored girl's neck. They were great pals (Continued on page 113)
Interviewing the famous movie stars in your spare time at home is a simple matter, if you follow the rules of J. P. McEvoy, given on the opposite page. We do not guarantee results—but you will have a lot of fun.
How to INTERVIEW GRETÁ GARBO In Your Spare Time at HOME

By J. P. McEVOY

DRAWING BY JOHN HELD, JR.

THERE should be more opportunities for you—and you, too—to get into the writing game, as we playfully refer to it among ourselves. But a writer, one must write, and for the most part there is no prospect of getting paid for writing, except in one or two cases. But there are many cases in which you may write, and do write, and have the finest times. Of course we used to be very snooty about whom we let in. Longfellow was, anyway. Used to say writers were all right but they got in his whiskers. A crotchety old meanie, if ever there was one—and there was, too. His name was Longfellow.

But things are much brighter now under my régime. (Theme song: "Climb upon my knee, McEvoy."). The first thing I did when I came in was throw all the writers out. They went over and joined the Authors' League, and a good riddance. In their places, I mobilized squads of ex-presidents, non-stop aviators, flagpole sitters and other literary lights, who, after just a few lessons from me, could out-write any writer you ever saw.

But still there is lots of room for you—and you too—and fun no end. Do you know where the big money lies? (Lays?). Writing articles like this. Yes, sir! And how easy it is! I tell you sometimes my conscience hurts me like anything. Kind of a dull ache. (Though you're only three, McEvoy, McEvoy!)

My first course will consist entirely of "How to Write Those Interviews with Motion Picture Stars." And the best way for you to learn is to watch papa. He is going to interview Greta Garbo right now. Stay close behind him, and keep your sticky hands off the walls.

HIGH on the jutting brow of a high jutting hill jutting over Hollywood is that mysterious mansion, Smorgosbord, home of Greta Garbo, sometimes known as Garbo, but better known as Garbo. It is a modest place, as modest places go in Hollywood. Forty-two black marble master-bedrooms open off the patio, which is paved with Swedish health-bread—one of those little homelike touches which endear one to one.

(That's about all you need to do in the way of introduction. You have established your locale, introduced your principal character, and from here you can go anywhere. And it might be a very good idea if you started now.)

INTERVIEWER—"Miss Garbo, your adoring public would like to know the real You. Your shadow on the screen, luminous though it be, is but a shadow, alas! And even though you speak to us now, as through a glass darkly, we feel somehow you are ver' ver' remote—too remote for us, luminous though you are (be?). Will there come a time when you will emerge from your scented silence, and stand revealed to your adoring public?"

Greta Garbo—"Ach!" (In Swedish it really sounds more like "Uk."—Ed.)

INTERVIEWER—"Now, let's take talking pictures. Do you think they will finally replace silent pictures entirely, or do you think there will always be a place for good pantomime, artistically conceived and artistically executed?—or do you?"

Greta Garbo—"I bane tired."

INTERVIEWER—"What is your real opinion of American men, Miss Garbo? How do they compare with European men as husbands, as lovers, as friends? Do you find more inspiration for your art in friendship with men than in a similar relationship with women? Do you understand what I'm talking about? Does anyone? Who is your favorite author?"

Greta Garbo—"Scrow!" (Well-known Swedish poet and mystic, whose epic saga, "Scram," is being adapted for Nancy Carroll's next picture.)

INTERVIEWER—"What is your reaction to the new styles for women, Miss Garbo? Do you agree that, in reverting to long skirts, they are surrendering a bit of that precious heritage of freedom in the course of human events one for all and tea for two and Molly and me and the baby makes three?" (I make it six.—Ed.)

Greta Garbo—"Ugh!" (A Swedish idiom untranslatable into English. But it doesn't mean what you think.)

INTERVIEWER: "What is your idea of the relative importance of Love in a man's life and a woman's life? Is Love the most important thing in your life? Do you love your work? Do you know the song, 'Love Me and the World Is Mine'? Would you rather make love than be President? Are lovers in love because they are lovers or are they lovers because they are in love? Have you any other ideas along this line?"

Greta Garbo: "I go home now."

COMING SOON—Another talking short: How to Write Original Motion Pictures for Hollywood.
CLARA BOW

Here the IT girl introduces the latest gasp in the sport fur mode: a jacket of white shaved caracul. With it she wears a red angora tam and a red tweed frock, completing a striking ensemble. You will be interested to know that Miss Bow still leads in national popularity. For the second year in succession, she topped the votes of the country's exhibitors.
JOAN pictures herself a homely little girl with horn-rim glasses and wired teeth, but if people thought these things would make them look like Joan today they would stampede for them. At 8 she wrote a play called "Timid Agnes and the Mouse." The other actors failing to satisfy her, she played all the parts. A toy stage with its actors manipulated by strings had the greatest attraction for Joan and her older sisters, Constance and Barbara. They read the parts. She loves to gallop away on the back of a horse whenever the opportunity presents itself. Should anybody inquire, she can dance, being a Denishawn product.
Passing the Vauvlo, an obscure little Italian restaurant in the basement of a brownstone front directly behind the Capitol Theatre in New York, I was stopped by gusts of memory. It was here I often lunched and dined with Rudie Valentino, who with characteristic sentiment remained loyal to the place long after fame offered him its caviar.

Memory-drawn, I turned and went down the few steps to the arched entrance beneath the stairs that led to the floor above. The one window of the place gazed at me lifelessly, shrouded in curtains a little soiled. Faint eddies of dust whirled on the stone pavement in the corner by the door as if they also were seeking entrance. A few folded papers, soggy and stained and dead, lay there. Across the arched opening under the stairs an iron lattice grating had been drawn so that the vestibule to the inner door was dark and hollow like a tomb. The grating was padlocked.

It, too, was gone.

In the still dreariness I recalled our last evening there. I had come alone to dine on the good but cheap table d'hôte. There were several diners in the place, mostly Italians and their girls. I took a small table by the kitchen door where I could exchange words with the plump signora who emerged steaming from time to time to look over her guests. I had come to know her through Rudie. He always exchanged banter and Italian compliments with her.

The waiter was in the act of placing my plate of minestrone when a hush fell on the room like a stroke of paralysis. The plate of soup remained suspended beneath my nose as though the waiter had turned to bronze, and the spoons and forks of the other diners were similarly transfixed in mid-air. The whole room was stricken by the opening of the outer door.

"Buona sera," called the husky voice of the signora, coming out of the kitchen to greet the arrivals.

"Buone sera, signora, come sta?" boomed the reply, and then the same voice, "Hello, Herb, come have dinner with us."

Rudie had entered, working his usual spell, and with him Natacha, his wife, and Natacha's white-haired aunt, to whom Rudie was so devoted that in his last will he named her affectionately his beneficiary.

I moved to their table and tried to feel at ease among the surrounding waxworks. Rudie never appeared conscious of stares. He enjoyed attention and accepted it with lusty naturalness where other stars are rendered coyly artificial.

The other people in the restaurant recognized the Valentinos, of course, but their eyes—the only mobile parts left them—turned queryingly on me. I spilled my soup with hands that behaved as if in husking mittens. Apparently my identity had to be explained...
to spare me the inconvenience of developing apoplexy.

“If they don't stop staring,” I said, my complexion ripening to mauve, “I shall arise and announce I’m the late John Bunny staging a come-back.”

Rudie released a hearty guffaw and the diners thawed. The dinner went merrily with Natacha’s wit; Rudie had a huge appetite for humor as well as for food. That was our last dinner... A vivid memory.

Turning from the bleak little ristorante, barred and sealed, its own mausoleum, I vowed to find Natacha at once and lunch and laugh once more.

NATACHA RAMBOVA. The name in letters of stone appear above a shop next Fifth Avenue in Fifty-second Street. Rich fabrics and pieces of antique jewelry are in the window, beyond which your curious gaze is lost in folds of gauzy green.

I opened the door. In the center of a spacious salon, modernistically spare, with furnishings of silver and burgundy, stood that dominant, regal girl, dressed in black velvet, her small head turbaned in flame with braids of brown hair coiled close to her ears—the girl who in her own words has been called “everything from Messalina to a dope-fiend.”

I expected to find her restrained. A volume of tragedy has been written since that night we parted over the gay Italian meal. Unmercifully flayed after her separation from Rudie, she went for seclusion to her mother in France. She re-emerged briefly at the time of Rudie’s death, then disappeared again. I knew there had been shabby years. People reported seeing her now and then on the Avenue. She was always alone, dressed severely plainly, but her head was held high by that indomitable will of hers. She tried many things; vaudeville, dancing classes, writing, decorating. Finally a small shop, then success and a larger one. All the friends of her opulent hour passed her by long ago; her clientele has been built solely on her art as designer and is strictly Park Avenue, without a stage or screen celebrity.

Even her worst enemy has admitted the genius of Natacha, that unquenchable flame of ambition that sweeps out from her ruthlessly. It is an

Rudolph Valentino in “The Black Eagle,” one of his last pictures. He was, at the time this picture was made, separated from Natacha Rambova.
imovable instinct, a fighting spirit of Amazonian fierceness. Yet, for all her electric vitality, I think Natacha's spirit is a little weary. Very young, she has witnessed with shrewd eyes the mockery of the world's spectacle, and from the highest throne of idolatry this age has known, she has experienced its sharp irony.

I recalled the days I spent in her apartment collaborating with Rudie on his life story. Because of some legal technicality pertaining to his divorce from Jean Acker, he and Natacha were forced to maintain separate apartments for several months after their marriage in Mexico, but of course Rudie spent most of the time in Natacha's.

THERE was a moment of constraint as Natacha and I sat down on the divan. To break it, I referred to the hours spent on his life story.

"Now we ought to do your life," I said. "But I guess all your real names have been told."

"Yes, and I've been called a lot of names that weren't mine," laughed Natacha. "No, I'm here to tell you right now that I don't give a hang for publicity. God knows there has been too much for me already. I've been called everything from Messalina to a dope-fiend."

"Did you feel it much?"

"I was tortured. I was tortured to agony," she said. Her eyes met mine in an eloquence of silence. In that minute the interval of years passed by. I felt certain I knew her as I hadn't before.

She turned the poignancy of the revelation with a quick laugh. I always loved the laughter of Natacha. It is clear and gay. And it can shield a multitude of sorrows with its courage.

"They even said I have no sense of humor!" Her laugh mounted. "That's equivalent to saying I am dead. Without it, I would have been, long ago."

Those who said it couldn't have known that her real name is O'Shaughnessy. No more did those who thought to defeat her.

In the Hollywood days, the studio rang with her battles for Rudie, his stories, his salary, his costumes.

"Oh, I was a fool," she exclaimed with a rueful smile. "But I was young and optimistic and full of fight. I didn't realize the uselessness. I was butting my head against a wall. They don't care about your ideas or about you. They want to crowd as many pictures into as little time as possible, to collect on you as swiftly as they can. What happens to the star is of no concern."

"I can't think of any position more difficult than that of an idol's wife," I said.

"It was hellish," she affirmed. "Rudie hadn't one faint gleam of business sense. He knew he hadn't and relied on me. He was a big, sweet, trusting child who wanted to be loved above all things. And that desire to be liked by everyone left him open to imposition. He would agree to anything to be agreeable. When he realized he had made a mistake, I rushed into them shouting, 'No!'

And you know how popular that word is in Hollywood!

"This of course gave them a fine weapon against me. Everyone knew Rudie was sweet and agreeable at all times, therefore if anyone suffered it was because of Mrs. Valentino. A girl would be presented for a part. Perhaps she was five feet eight and the part called for a kitten. I would say I couldn't see her as the type. The girl was dismissed: 'Mrs. Valentino didn't like you.'"

"I am glad Rudie died when he did; while the world still adored him. The death of his popularity would have been a thousand deaths to him. Rudie belonged to the age of romance. He brought it with him; it went with him."

—Natacha Rambova.
THE GIRL ON THE COVER—Alice White. Only a few years ago she was a script girl in a Hollywood studio, watching stars grow temperamental. Now she's a star in her own name. Indeed, she never played minor roles. From nowhere to stardom, without a stop-over. A great big hand, please, for the little girl from Paterson, N. J.
The famous Swedish star never tells where she lives. Even her studio bosses don't know. But THE NEW MOVIE photographer tracked down her home. Above, a panorama of Beverly Hills with the Garbo maison in the foreground. It is the bungalow with the beach umbrella beside the sun bath, where the star takes her sunning every day she does not work. (Aviators, please note!) Below, a close-up of the place, which Miss Garbo rents. No expensive castle for this star. Just a hired bungalow. And we won't be mean enough to tell the address.

Greta Garbo's HOME
Photographed for the First Time
Of the vast army of footlight stars who invaded Hollywood when the talkies appeared, Ruth Chatterton alone has come through in a big way. This because she was the only player to realize that she was face to face with a new game, and to approach it in the spirit of the novice who is willing to learn.
MORE than BEAUTY

Ruth Chatterton Carefully Went About Winning Film Success

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

All the time I talked with Ruth Chatterton, there echoed in my ears the old Arabian proverb, "What is to be, is written."

It suggests, that sentence, a drifting with fate, an acceptance of fate’s decrees, which is the last thing in the world to connect itself with a certain gallantry, a certain fearlessness, which is the most emphatic Chatterton characteristic.

Yet all the time it was there, “What is to be, is written.”

Perhaps it is because I happen to know what few people know—that Ruth Chatterton was the idol of California’s great poet, George Sterling, a poet who will some day come into his own and stand among the immortals. She inspired many of his most exquisite, unpublished poems.

Any woman who could be an inspiration to that shy, tormented genius must have possessed some deep undertone of that peace and philosophy for which he was always seeking, some strength to face what to every soul at times seems the unbelievable cruelty and bitter-ness of life.

Mere loveliness, mere whimsy, couldn’t have been enough.

For this poet sought above all things the courage to take life’s blows serenely, to right himself in the storms and gales of existence. He sought the ability to say, "What is to be, is written," and then to go on seeking God and expressing beauty in spite of everything.

The poems he wrote to Ruth Chatterton prove that he found these in her, be-

Ruth Chatterton uses practically no make-up. "If there are lines on my face," she says, "they have been etched there by time and thought and experience. Surely people will value them more than if I try to block them out with grease paint and present a smooth mask with nothing written upon it."

It is not easy to understand the real Ruth Chatterton beneath her poised and aloof mask. Yet there is a distinct Chatterton cult in Hollywood, made up of interesting people who know—and admire her tremendously.
"If I'm a film hit, Emil Jannings made me one!"

I am always a little shy and very grateful when I am allowed to run rampant through their homes and their thoughts that I may present them to that public.

Now when two women have loved the same man as Ruth Chatterton and I loved poor, dead George Sterling—with a reverence and an affection—it must be a bond.

But when they love the same city, really love it, as we discovered in fifteen minutes we both love San Francisco, they are almost certain to find themselves deep in mutual understanding before they can help themselves.

SAN FRANCISCO proved to be our common mecca, the spot to which we can flee for inspiration and stimulation and comfort when the endless sunshine and the ceaseless confusion of Hollywood press heavily. It is the city peopled with memories of those we both loved in girlhood—great ones such as Jack London and Sterling, whose day is done. The ever-picturesque city of the seven hills, and the Golden Gate, and the mysterious fogs, where the ships come and go and the wind whips in from the vast expanses of the Pacific.

All this we arrived at before luncheon was served. So that while I ate I was filled with mental apologies to Ruth Chatterton and good resolutions that never again would I form snap judgments on people because of their outward, social manner—which is so rarely the real person.

All that is important merely because it gives you some idea of what Ruth Chatterton conveys to the people who simply meet her casually, and what different things she conveys once you are in her own home and have found her out.

Because I know that the people who love San Francisco best of any city on earth are usually shy, yearning, lonely folk, of Irish extraction, who need color and life, who long to listen to beauty and to see beauty, who must dream to live, who have to call upon all their courage just to meet the "wear and tear of every-day living," as Romain Rolland puts it.

That is what I found the poised, aloof, slightly supercilious Miss Chatterton to be like underneath.

IT is safe to say that Ruth Chatterton is the only stage actress who has been a big success in the talkies.

Of the battalion of footlight favorites who invaded Hollywood when the microphone began to share honors with the omniscient camera, Miss Chatterton alone has come through in a big way.

There was, as you know, considerable excitement around Hollywood about this question in {Continued on page 103}
Miss Carroll, who graced the cover of the first issue of The New Movie Magazine is at work on "Honey," a talkie version of "Come Out of the Kitchen," in which, oddly enough, Ruth Chatterton starred some years ago on the stage. Miss Carroll will sing as the slavey heroine.
LADIES and Gentlemen. I will hold up the festivities long enough to settle a question that has come up tonight, and that is WHAT BECOMES OF CHORUS GIRLS?

Well, this is the answer: They become the mothers of movie stars! And we have one of them with us tonight, the daughter of a chorus girl, none other than Alice White. So don't ever again, as long as you live, say a word against a chorus girl, because some day you may be paying admission merely to see the shadow of her daughter.

When Alice White came into this world her name was Alva, and the place was Paterson, New Jersey, where the silk comes from. The great day was July 25, 1907. Alice went quietly to school in Paterson, no one ever dreaming that some day Paterson would point the finger of pride. Finding that she couldn't get a pair of silk stockings any cheaper in Paterson than she could anywhere else, Alice packed the family suitcase and headed for Hollywood. When next we see flaming Alice, she is switchboard operator at the Writers' Club, and the club had more incoming calls than ever before in all its history.

Growing tired of this, she plugged in her last call and became script girl for one of the movie firms. Day after day Alice watched some of the stars perform before the camera.

“Are they supposed to be acting?” she asked.

“Yes,” she was told.

“Well, I can do that,” said Alice—and now she drives the fastest car in Hollywood and spends $8,000 a year on clothes. It just shows what a telephone girl can do if she makes the right connections.

Alice is unusual in another way: she was never an extra girl. Never once lined up before a director's withering gaze. She jumped from script girl to bits and then into the Big Money.

Good news, boys. She is not married.

“The Chief” is the fastest through train direct to Hollywood.

LAURA LA PLANTE: I will now introduce to you a one-man woman. Look on her well for—alas!—they're getting scarce out here in Hollywood. She is Laura La Plante, and the one man is William A. Seiter, lucky dog.

The place where the big event in the La Plante family happened was St. Louis, and the date was November 1, and the year was 1904.

Her father conducted a dancing school, but St. Louis has never been known as a dancing town. Blues is more in its line, and blues it was in the La Plante family. The feminine members of the family would stay at home and during the afternoon the telephone would ring. It would be Papa La Plante, and he would say:

“Rejoice—I had a pupil this afternoon! Send Laura down.”

Laura would get on the street car with her eyes
Homer Croy, The New Movie’s Ambassador Extraordinary to Hollywood, Presides as Toastmaster at Another Big Movie Banquet

By HOMER CROY

Again observing the banquet table from left to right:
Fredric March
Laura La Plante
William Haines

shining bright, and that evening there would be food on the table and laughter in the air.
But the next day, possibly, there would be no pupil ... that was awkward.
Food had to be on the table, pupil or no pupil, and at the age of fourteen Laura applied for a job at a studio—and got it. And she has been the mainstay of the family ever since.
The rest is more pleasant reading. Like a story book, it is. She went West and turned up in “The Perils of the Yukon,” which, Laura said, were nothing in comparison to those of a dancing school.
A picture, entitled “Dangerous Innocence,” was scheduled to be made in Honolulu and Laura was signed up. The director was William A. Seiter. You can imagine the rest—Hawaii, moonlight, whispering palms, murmuring waves, a kanaka playing a ukulele. There on the beach at Waikaiki in the soft moonlight William said that he would give himself up to a man-eating shark if she didn’t say “Yes.”
Laura saved his life—and now they have an apartment in Hollywood, furnished in the Looho the Fourteenth period, and in Malibu they have a Norman peasant-type house with the French name “Chez Vous.”
Not so bad for a girl weighing only 115 pounds, is it?

ANITA PAGE: If you will bend your attention to the little lady on the right, I will tell you about her before she gets up to speak for herself.
I will no longer keep you in suspense—she is Anita Page, and I will pause here to say that she is not related to Paul Page, for, when Anita came into the world, her last name was Pomares, and the family name they wrote down for Paul was Hicks. So the next time anybody tells you that Paul and Anita are related, just pull THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE on ’em.
Her first screen name was Anita Rivers, but this didn’t seem to be an inspired name so it was changed to Ann Page, and then finally Anita Page was hit upon, and there you are.

The town where Anita made her first personal appearance was Flushing, Long Island, and the date was August 4, 1910. The name on the billing over the head of the bed was Pomares.
Anita’s life reads like a moving-picture story itself. Most girls who start out to be stars have a fearful struggle, but Anita was pushed into being a star. When she was still a high school girl she took a screen test and the man looked at the result and handed her a fountain pen. The biggest and most bitter struggle she had was to get the ink off her fingers.
In 1927 Anita was a pupil in the Washington Irving High School in New York, and in 1929 she was the star in Hollywood. Where is poor old Samuel Smiles who wrote a book about how success is to be gained an inch at a time?
Anita’s father had an electrical contracting business in Flushing, but, when Anita (Continued on page 115)
The exotic Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Montana, and her name was Myrna Williams. Helena residents remember Myrna as a small sweet child with a winning way and a retiring nature.

Fifth Avenue in Helena, Montana, gives two stars to the motion picture screen

It is a far cry from the hills of Helena, Montana, to the hills of Hollywood, but two young people who lived in the same block on the same street in the same town of Helena have attained fame in the moving picture colony.

The first to reach stardom was Gary Cooper and the second is Myrna (Williams) Loy, who is just beginning to start on the crest of a wave of stardom in the moving picture world.

Since this is a story of Myrna Loy’s early life in the city in which she was born and reared, we will not be able to forget the fact that she was a neighbor of young Gary Cooper and submit to the idea that the star of fortune must have been camped right over this particular block.

Miss Loy’s many friends have watched her rising career in the movies with satisfaction and pleasure. She was a well liked girl and those who knew her best are her most loyal supporters. She always will be remembered by them as a small sweet child with a winning way and a retiring nature. Hard work alone placed her on the high pedestal of fame.

Myrna Loy was born Myrna Williams and Helena is her birthplace, although her parents lived in a small town some forty miles east of the capital city. Later the family moved to Helena and it was here that Miss Loy was reared and educated in the public schools.

From a modest home on Fifth Avenue in Helena to her present dwelling on North Crescent Boulevard in Beverly Hills is ascent enough to turn the head of most any girl, but those who know Myrna Loy today and who knew Myrna Williams back in the old home town say she is just the same sweet girl as ever.

Perhaps one of the nicest things that have been said about her came from an old neighbor who is intimately acquainted with her at present, Mrs. Charles H. Cooper, mother of

HOME TOWN STORIES

The New Movie Magazine is presenting a series of intimate stories of the motion picture stars from the home town angle.

These stories will tell what the home towns think of their famous sons and daughters. They are being written by newspapermen who live in the home towns, using all the facts out of reach of the Hollywood interviewers. Here—and here only—you will be able to read what the stars’ friends, schoolmates and teachers thought of these famous folk when they were unknown boys and girls.
Gary Cooper. Mrs. Cooper says: “Myrna Loy is a very sweet child. She hasn’t been spoiled by her rise to fame and I doubt sincerely that it ever will make any marked difference in her attitude toward her friends. She is the same dear child that I knew back in Helena.” Coming from one who is in a splendid position to know, that is something of a tribute.

It has been ten years since Myrna Williams left Helena but it has been said by her friends who chanced to run across her path on their Southern trips that she never fails to greet them in true Western fashion. Perhaps this will not sit well with some who think Westerners somewhat crude in their behavior, but there is no more sincere welcome on earth than the hearty clasp of your Westerner greeting someone he is glad to see.

Not all of Myrna Loy’s life has been sunkissed and carefree. It is, perhaps, because of those things which have gone before, leaving a tinge of disappointment, a tear of sorrow or a sigh of regret, that she is gifted with a touch of true pathos so necessary to her profession. When the terrible “flu” epidemic swept through the country in 1918, with its ghastly ravages, it robbed her of a dear one, her father, and it was after his death that her mother took the family to California. So Myrna became a Californian.

It is not for men alone to point to their success, giving all the credit to their mother, for many a girl has had her life shaped and guided by the wisdom of a mother. Such was the case of Myrna Loy.

Mrs. Williams always was considered to be something of a musician and her friends say that she cherished the idea of a professional career for her girl. That she recognized a natural talent in the then little girl, and did all in her power to develop that ability, is evident.

Of course, no small part of this desire was shared by the girl, who was considered something of an amateur dancer. It is a matter of record that the future Myrna Loy was in the leading amateur productions of a town once noted for its ability to produce amateur theatricals far above the average. It stands to reason that a city credited with sending so many artists to the footlights of many stages should have a wealth of natural talent to work with.

One of the amazing things about Myrna Loy’s success as a dancer is the fact that she (Continued on page 129)

Here is the house on Fifth Avenue, Helena, where Myrna Loy spent her childhood. Gary Cooper was a neighbor, living just a few doors away.
HALF WAY TO HEAVEN
The Adventures of the Dare-Devil Cameramen Who Make the Flying Films
By ALBERT BOSWELL

GETTING half way to heaven, cinematically, is hedged about with trickery and trepidation, tribulation and tragedy in order to achieve triumph. Little does the movie public comprehend to what lengths of daring the makers of flying pictures go.

"Half Way to Heaven" is the title of a new movie, but it is not an air picture. Too bad Paramount didn't save it for a flying film because it just about states what some of the dare-devil photographers and stunt fliers accomplish in the shooting of such pictures as "Flight," "Wings," "Lilac Time," "Hell's Angels" and "Young Eagles."

"Young Eagles," the latest of the Paramount air epics, was completed recently, with "Buddy" Rogers, the star of "Wings," and Jean Arthur in the principal roles. "Hell's Angels," which has been one continual process of "takes" and "retakes" for more than three years at a cost of something like $3,000,000, and in which James Hall and Ben Lyon have grown up from obscurity to stardom, at last is approaching completion.

Many difficulties had to be overcome in the making of aerial shots and the recording of the accompanying dialogue in such films as "Flight" and "Wings." Much artifice had to be resorted to in order to make the tragic sequences seem real. Many times the fliers had to take their lives in their hands to achieve effects that were regarded as well-nigh impossible.

The inside workings of the silent drama and of the sound stage have been pretty thoroughly revealed. Much of the trickery has been worked into "screen confessions" by the producers themselves, probably for the want of better material, but many of the secrets of the shooting and "miking" of air pictures are as jealously guarded as are football signals before a big game.

The reason for this is the air-consciousness of the American public. Producers fear that, by destroying the illusion of the air films, they would imperil the growing interest in aviation and thus hamper the development of a major industry. However, it is impossible for them to keep everything secret.

In "Wings" several hundred planes engage in what in aviation parlance is known as a "dog fight," but which registers on the screen all the vivid realism of aerial combat. Apparently there is a hard-fought battle between the ships, with the mists beneath them and a glimpse of the earth showing through occasionally.

One hears the machine guns popping, but they emit only smoke bombs and not bullets; one sees the supposedly bullet-riddled planes falling to earth, but it is only a stunt flier doing the "falling leaf" or a tailspin, and wonders in spectacular effect can be accomplished with magician's fire, which engenders a lot of synthetic flame and smoke but does little real damage. And the falling aviator, who might be imagined to have become a victim of the machine-gun

The movie producers crack up and burn planes for a screen thrill. At the left, is a plane being destroyed for a realistic scene in the feature, "Flight."

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"What if we die today," say the air cameramen, "We'll live in the movies tomorrow!"

bullets, recovers his equilibrium as soon as he passes through the clouds, or artificial fog, and is out of the range of the camera. Of course, there are crashes—intentional cracking-up—and they are photographed as the climaxes for the battle scenes. The stunt fliers are careful not to crash from too great a height, but smash up their craft sufficiently to give the shot realism. In this way apparently extra-hazardous feats are performed with comparative safety. The planes used in such scenes usually have their markings prominently displayed, which aids in carrying out the illusion. The craft which does the tailspin or "falling leaf" stunt in an aerial battle may be worth $40,000, but the ship that is intentionally crashed probably wouldn't bring $200 at forced sale. Yet they bear identical markings and numbers.

MANY of the real flying scenes are augmented with studio shots to build up the footage, and what is known as "stop-motion" or "double-negative" type of work is employed in some of the air films. Double exposures, double printing, the use of miniature planes in combination with the real actors and other devices are resorted to to create some of the illusions. In such sequences the actors and actresses, who appear quite oblivious to the perils of aviation, never are in the slightest danger and their nonchalance is perfectly justified.

The real trickery of the flying pictures consists of the substitution of stunt fliers for the screen stars. The risk of permitting the high-salaried actors and actresses to take to the air is too great. Should anything serious happen to them it would, of course, mean the premature end of the picture or costly delays. However, Buddy Rogers and Richard Arlen flew for a number of hours with a pilot in "Wings."

"The star gets all the credit—from the fans—for the crack-up in which he or she ostensibly is injured. Cameras cease their grinding long enough for the stunt man to clamber from the wreckage and the star to climb in with clothing torn and make-up blood streaming from various injuries."

"Bully good smash-up, old top," the star says as he exchanges places with the real flier, who probably did suffer the injuries the star is to simulate.

"Poor Buddy," means the flapper, when the same scene is flashed upon the screen in What Cheer, Iowa, or Kokomo, Indiana.

After crawling into the wrecked plane, the star is extricated while the cameras are again in action. In one such shot a certain star seemed to be rather comfortable in spite of the fact that the weight of a smashed plane appeared to be crushing her to earth.

One or two of the stars have actually tried to make the dear public, or that part of it with which they come into personal contact, believe that they take all these extraordinary chances with death in order to provide entertainment for the fans. One of them went on the vaudeville stage and exhibited film flashes of the various stunts she had done in the air over a period of years, but every crack-up in the flashes, every change from airplane to airplane, every dangerous leap and dive was the work of a professional stunt flier. In this case the star was a woman, but the stunt flier who doubled for her was a man.

If a double is injured or killed in the shooting of a film, it is given only passing notice, but the slightest scratch suffered by one of the principals "in the line of duty" is seized upon by the publicity department for reams of copy.

THERE is trickery, too, in some of the sound footage that is built into the air pictures after the companies return from location. In one of these the noise experts were puzzled for a time because the drone of an airplane was required and there was no plane at hand. The accidental dropping of a handful of peanuts on a drum by a player who was waiting for his cue solved the problem. The sound technician installed an electric fan inside of a drum from which the bottom had been removed, turned on the juice and dropped a bag of peanuts in the drum. The b-r-r-r of the peanuts as the air current from the fan rattled them on the drum, constituted a perfect imitation of an airplane's drone.

All the stunts known to modern cameramen were employed in the shooting of "Wings," including the operation by remote control of six automatic cameras to photograph the close-up action of the thrillingly interesting scenes where the Germans raid a French village. Several of the cameras were buried in the ground with only their lenses protruding. Others were placed in bomb-proof enclosures. All were at points so close to the doomed papier mâché village that they, too, were in danger of demolition by either misplaced bombs or débris.

Some of the shots of the bombing were made from the air with the aid of a specially designed camera rack which gave the lens full vision of the bombs from the time they left the planes until they reached their objective. The bombing planes were flying so low at the time of the explosions that the concussion actually jerked the ships. In all, eighteen cameras were employed in filming the battle and raiding scenes in "Wings."

HARRY PERRY, head cameraman, who designed the camera mounts for the various types of planes used in the filming of "Wings," also developed an important device which made possible a close-up from a semi-long shot without moving the camera. It was particularly effective in the battle scenes. Instead of raising the camera up to the subject and back, he merely used a telescope lens on a slide which allowed close-ups
The Hazardous Business of Providing

Alvin Knechtel, the daring cameraman, whose life was given to picture-making. He was killed with his pilot when his plane crashed to earth on an expedition for new stunt locations.

from wide-angle shots and vice versa without movement on the part of the camera.

The cameras were mounted on the machine-gun turrets of the planes and, just as in actual warfare the machine guns were timed to shoot between whirling propeller blades, so did the clicking cameras shoot through the revolving propellers.

Producers of flying pictures owe much to the camera developed by Carl Akeley. It is not always easy to mount the ordinary professional movie camera to advantage on an airplane because of the extremely limited space available. The Akeley camera is so built that it may be mounted in several positions in the average fuselage while allowing ample room for the operator to work efficiently. An adjustable "saddle," or camera support, was devised for the air films. The general idea of this contrivance was borrowed from the circular track used in mounting machine-guns on airplanes. This track forms a circle around the cockpit just above the fuselage. The camera is secured by its own base to a roller-bearing tram, which in turn may be rolled into any position

perfected to the nth degree, there are often unforeseen incidents to spoil important scenes and cause the cameraman and players distraction. A fly compelled Director "Wild Bill" Wellman, whose slogan is "Make 'em move—fast," to retake one entire sequence of "Wings."

The action called for the strafing by an American plane of a German automobile bearing officers and traveling along a road at high speed. It was rehearsed once and then Wellman ordered his cameraman to grind away.

On roared the automobile and down dived the ship, pumping make-believe lead into the car from an altitude of less than a hundred feet. The occupants of the car jumped, leaving the automobile to careen, roll completely over and finally stop in a ditch, a complete wreck.

"Glorious," shouted Director Wellman as he turned to start another scene. Five minutes later Perry approached him.

"I'm sorry, but

Harry Perry, the chief cameraman on the making of the air sequences of "Wings," with his electrically driven air camera.
New Aerial Thrills for the Flying Films

we'll have to do it over," Perry said. "What?" gasped the director.
"The best shot we had was made from the ship," Perry went on, "but in reloading the magazine we found a fly crushed on the lens."

A MOST remarkable shot was obtained by a "Wings" cameraman—parachute jumper floating to earth from an altitude of 6,000 feet. A tiny electrically driven camera obtained the film. "Red" Rogers, famed as a pilot but unknown in motion pictures, did the stunt.

"Wild Bill" wanted a scene showing an American aviator mortally wounded and shot down in flames from 6,000 feet up. Rogers took his plane up above the clouds, the electrically driven camera fastened to the front of the cockpit, cut his flames and deliberately plunged the ship into a tailspin.

Down and around he went. In his portrayal of the dying aviator the pilot swung from one side of the cockpit to the other as the tail rolled in jerky arcs. When within 1,000 feet of the earth, Rogers suddenly came to life again, made a grab for the joy stick, straightened out his plane and made a perfect landing. Quite an adventure for Rogers and it made the film fans gasp, but few of the theategoers knew, in the midst of their chills and goose pimples, that it was not their idol of the same name, Buddy.

Another dare-devil in cinematography, at present working on Howard Hughes' "Hell's Angels," is Elmer G. Dyer, whose life has been one adventure after another since he broke into air photography in 1918. He turned the crank in "The Great Air Robbery," featuring Omar Locklear, who met death later while making a thriller, and also in "The Air Circus." The first named film is one of the first air pictures made.

THE advent of sound complicated matters for flying films more than it did for the pictures made on terra firma. In "Flight" the radio was brought into use and it simplified the giving of directions by Director Frank Capra, enabling him to keep in constant communication with the pilots, players and cameramen. At one time there were twenty-eight planes in the air dropping air bombs, while on the ground several hundred marines were simulating the skirmishes in the Nicaraguan conflict with the Sandino forces.

Seated at a convenient point from which he could observe everything that was transpiring on land, in the air and at the top of a mountain where cameramen were at work 1,200 feet above the field, Capra was able to communicate with any given point and direct any individual by means of the microphone before him.

Perhaps the most outstanding use of radio to direct and record sound was the method used to make talking sequences in a plane, flying several hundred feet above the earth. This phase of recording puzzled the Columbia engineers for months and at first was considered impossible. It was an accepted theory that the human voice would not record above the hum of the airplane motor, which is more intense than the racket of a subway train.

A NEW type of mike, developed especially for use in airplanes, and the reliable sound-mixer were responsible for the (Continued on page 126)
Oh, for the life of a sailor! Leila Hyams cruises the Pacific off Catalina Island between pictures. Miss Hyams has just completed work in "The Bishop Murder Case" and started opposite William Haines in his new campus story, "Fresh From College."
WHAT to EXPECT in 1930

A Few Predictions About Film Personalities and Events

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE big event of 1930 in the film world will be the unveiling of Greta Garbo’s voice. That event will occur when “Anna Christie” is released. Until that moment, the public will have to wait with bated breath. After “Anna Christie,” Miss Garbo will do “Romance.” Between these two excellent plays, this star will get a very fair audible break. Our bet is that Miss Garbo will go on to greater popularity.

A year ago the big leaders in popularity were Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Jack Gilbert, Harold Lloyd and perhaps Lon Chaney. Perhaps there has been a very faint waning of the Bow popularity. It isn’t apparent in box-office returns but it has been hinted here and there.

The Bow voice, it seems to me, just fits the Bow personality. Hence there is no real reason why her popularity shouldn’t continue this year, unless the passing of the flapper mode has something to do with it.

JACK GILBERT made a disastrous start as a talking actor in “His Glorious Night.” The general critical theory seems to be that Jack’s voice is microphonically wrong. Maybe, but Gilbert used to act on the speaking stage. Why shouldn’t he get across in the talkies? 1930 will be the crisis year in his career.

The two big male bets in the film world are Maurice Chevalier, who will electrify filmdom when “The Love Parade” gets general release, and John Boles, the hit of “Rio Rita” and “The Desert Song.” Boles already has arrived with a smash. Chevalier’s success should be even bigger. His may be the biggest male popularity since Valentino. Chevalier has everything to make for success in the American talkie.

Bebe Daniels will bear watching, after her startling hit in “Rio Rita.” Her coming production of the opera, “Carmen,” ought to do a great deal for her. Gloria Swanson made a smashing come-back last year in “The Trespasser.” 1930 may do more for her.

Richard Barthelmess steadily has been doing fine things before the microphone and the movie camera. He ought to go on to even bigger things during the next twelve months. Joan Crawford has had something of an off year. As yet she isn’t fully adjusted to talking films.

Lon Chaney says that he is going to do talkies after all. Not only that, but he is going to sing, too. Why shouldn’t he? He used to sing and dance in musical comedy. With the right roles, Lon ought to hold his old public.

AMONG the younger players, Mary Brian, Nancy Carroll and Jean Arthur stand out. Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen are among the leaders of the younger Hollywood talkie set. Watch these six young folk.

1930 will decide whether or not Lillian Gish is to continue as the acting leader of the screen. It wasn’t so long ago that the critics hailed Miss Gish as “the Duse of the films.” Her voice will tell the tale in “The Swan.”

Watch Claudette Colbert, who scored in “The Lady Lies.” Keep an orb observing Fifi Dorsay, too. And don’t forget Laurette Young.

1930 ought to be a great film year. An avalanche of costume and historical pictures is headed towards us. There will be a lot of musical comedies. Also more straight talking dramas, minus songs.

If you want our selection of the twelve most interesting film events for 1930 as yet scheduled, here they are:

Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert in “The Big Pond.”

The coming Paramount-Famous-Lasky review, “Paramount on Parade.”

“The Vagabond King,” with Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald.

John Boles’ appearance in “La Marseillaise,” with Laura La Plante.

(Continued on page 107)
Above, a real glimpse of Ireland in John McCormack's new singing film. Indeed, the picture was made on John's own Irish estate. At the right, little Maureen O'Sullivan, who was discovered in Ireland while the William Fox company was making exterior scenes. She was signed by the company, given a leading role and brought over to Hollywood for the making of the other scenes. Thus does film fame come to a lucky Irish girl who never thought of going to Hollywood.

John McCormack and his daughter, Gwendolyn, at the left. You will note that, for the movies, John is wearing his hair differently. Look at the Irish tenor on the page opposite (photographed before he started his film) and you will see how Hollywood has transformed his coiffure.
THIS is, without any doubt, the most ridiculous and the most difficult thing I have ever undertaken. Anything said of John McCormack that is true one minute isn't at all likely to be true the next. John is as variable as the mists of his green land. Splendidly Irish. But perhaps, if I tell you incidents I remember about him, I'll succeed in giving you as delightfully uncertain a picture of him as I have. That is the most I can hope to do.

The one and only definite thing about John is that he never does things by halves. Living every day, every hour, every minute for itself, he does what he does with a magnificent generosity, a generosity characteristically Celtic.

JOHN was most concerned that the script called for the women in the picture to wear shawls, shawls being our American notion of the native-Irish garment.

"You sha'n't wear them," John told me. "It isn't cor-

(Continued on page 117)
New York,
Ernst Lubitsch
Lasky studios
Hollywood, Cal.

Love Parade the

New show in New
York not barring
Metropolitan Opera.

Instead of the talkies

eliminating foreigners, it takes a Dutchman and a Frog
to teach them how to talk. If Chevalier doesn't please
the queens, the rest of the boys better stop trying. Con-
gratulations once again... Herb.

REPLYING to my wire, Ernst said that if the picture
was good it probably was because he couldn't under-
stand Chevalier's English and Chevalier couldn't
understand his, and so each put over his own stuff unsus-
ppected.

I heard them correcting one another's pronunciation
on the set and I couldn't understand either of them.

Yet never was there such a team. I for one yell
encore to the duet. Their theme song should be, "You
Were Meant For Me."

"THE Love Parade" performs the nuptials that make
Chevalier America's Prince Consort. In predicting
the greatest vogue, since Valentino's, Frederick
James Smith beats me to it.

Unlike other great lovers,
Maurice is endorsed as
heartily by men as by
women.

He presents the true
Frenchman, winner of wars
as well as of women, a hero
in battle and boudoir.

No people excel in mor-
ality the bourgeois
French, of which Chevalier
is a wholesome example.

A wild party was planned
for Maurice on his arrival
in Hollywood.

"What you mean, wild?" he asked. "You mean—
women? Mais non, my
wife not like eet."

Such naïveté in the
Parisian boulevardier sent
the local gente toppling like
Chauve Souris soldiers.

CHALLENGING GLORIA SWANSON
Who Says There Is Only One Beautiful
Woman in Pictures? Herb picks a dozen.

THE BOULEVARDIER'S BEAUTY ENSEMBLE
Do You Agree?
Corinne Griffith  Jeanette Loff
Loretta Young  Dolores del Rio
Claudette Colbert  Vilma Banky
Ann Harding  Bebe Daniels
Mary Nolan  Billie Dove

The Two Most Distinguished:
Greta Garbo  Gloria Swanson

So saying, the Boulevardier dodges bullets
on his way to sanctuary in San Fernando
Mission.

"Lots of American
men might feel the
same way," said one
of the topplers, tell-
ing me, "but we
wouldn't risk saying
so for fear of getting
a laugh."

THE sanctity of the home is more than a phrase to a
Frenchman.

For thirty-two years Chevalier lived with his mother.

"They were my happiest years," he says soberly.

Every night of his life when he returned home—it
might be six or seven in the morning—his mother was
lying awake in her room to greet him. When she heard
his step in the corridor she would call, "Comment ça va,
Maurice... Are you all right?"

"Très bien, maman—Good night."

"Good night, Maurice."

CHEVALIER has warmth, sincerity, sentiment and
wit; he is subtle, adroit, insinuating, but the word
that defines the most winning element of his personality
is—wholesome. He demonstrates it is not incompatible
with IT.

The gallantry of Chevalier won the esteem of a small
group of men who were
witnesses of it in the
privacy of a studio office.

In Europe it has been
common gossip that one
of the most fascinating
beauties of this age long
idealized Chevalier. Noble-
men and millionaires
crashed at her feet and it
was thought she had many
lovers, but actually it was
Maurice she favored. All
of which is long since past.
Before "Innocents of
Paris" was chosen for his
first picture, another story
was submitted... Chevalier
sat silently through the
reading of it. When it was
finished, he said, "Impos-
sible, gentlemen, I will not
do it."

His curtness astonished
the officials. What was so
wrong with it?
"That story, gentlemen, is the story of my life," said Chevalier quietly. "Others are concerned in it besides myself. I would be worse than contemptible to do something that might embarrass them."

HAVING seen "The Love Parade" and made notes on how to please the queen, I went to lunch at the Caviar in New York with queenly Alice Joyce. I thought I was acting very "chevalier" until Alice's husband broke in and failed to shoot me in jealous rage.

Most regal of stars, Alice's method of cultivating poise has been studiously followed by the Prince of Wales. . . . Alice used to fall off a horse ten times a day for as many dollars in old Kalem pictures. She had told officials she was an expert horsewoman in order to get the job. About the tenth time she made her majestic descent over the horse's head, the astonished officials signed her up for leads. They appreciated the fact that it takes poise to roll in the gutter and still look a lady.

New Orleans—

HOLLYWOOD-bound from New York I landed in New Orleans, famous as the place where Marguerite Clark lives, Corinne Griffith was discovered and Stepin Fetchit studied for the priesthood.

Marguerite Clark, the greatest rival Mary Pickford ever had, now lives unfilmed as Mrs. Williams, in a colonial mansion in millionaires' row on St. Charles Street. Further along the street is the imposing Episcopal cathedral where Sabbath music rolls sonorously from a seventy-five-thousand-dollar organ, the gift of our little Marguerite. Which reminds me that the organ in our own home-town church of Beverly Hills is the gift of May McAvoy, and the white marble altar is a present from the immortal Kid, Master Jackie Coogan.

STEPIN FETCHIT as a youth, disappointed in love no doubt, studied for holy orders in New Orleans. For a week he fasted for his sins, truly a penance in this city of famous cuisine.

Herb says that instead of the talkies eliminating foreigners, "The Love Parade" proves it takes a German (Ernst Lubitsch) and a Frenchman (Maurice Chevalier) to teach Hollywood how to talk.
keeping company though!) and after them a chicken Rochambaud which, on its original roost, would have tempted the pious Stepin.

_Agua Caliente_

ZOOMING down in old Mexico where the movie stars go to shake dice and wives, I alighted in the patio of the Casino amid palms, petunias and high-colored parrots, whose prattle made me think of some of our Hollywood talk-birdies before the mike for the first time.

John Boles and Buster Collier being the only home-towners present I took to the roulette wheel and yawningly raked in a thousand dollars, complaining that there must be something wrong with the wheel.

What to do wiz all zis money? Ah, ze luck she is wiz me. I learn Fifi Dorsay is appearing in San Diego. *Boo!* I shall appear wiz Fifi and ze money shall disappear—wiz Fifi. Queek, I clap hands for ze boy to bring my plane around and, whizz, I fly ze border to Feeeee.

_San Diego_

**If you saw "They Had To See Paris," you saw Fifi wig-nagging Will Rogers into her apartment, where she did a dance that would have sent Salome howling for a chiropractor.

So I wasn't surprised to find Fifi prone in negligée on a couch in her dressing-room, with an osteopath working on her and reciting poetry inspiredly; while five gentlemen callers sat in a solicitous semi-circle about her.

Fifi explained that her spine hurt.
I said I was surprised she had one.
"Mais oui!" said Fifi, rolling eyes.

**THE osteopath, having finished his pummeling and poetry, departed. The call-boy rapped on the door; Fifi was due on the stage in three minutes. The other callers bowed themselves out, and me and my thousand were perking toward the door when Fifi cried, "You may stay while I change..."

For a minute I acted like Will Rogers.

"I have a trick... See!" burred Fifi, seizing a cerise velvet gown from her rack.

Herb Howe saw Fifi Dorsay in Will Rogers' "They Had to See Paris" and he flew all the way to San Diego to interview her. Read this department for the surprising results.

maid and making a couple of lightning passes. I really don't know what happened (as the girl in the melodrama said) until it was all over.

"Alors!" squealed Fifi, fully frocked.
"You saw nossings?"
"Nossings?" I said.
"I change my dress and he sees nossings!" called Fifi triumphantly.
"Eet ees good trick. No?"
"No."

**WITH Chevalier chansoning the ladies and Fifi hip-hooring the gents, I predict the coming year will see us all Paris-plastered.

While the French are yelling that the films parlant are Americanizing la belle patrie, their emissaries are slyly francisizing us. I tell you we will never be the same again.

Girls are cramming French to understand Chevalier’s naughties, while we boys are studying the Chevalier-Quick-French-Methods for parleyvoowing les dames.

Truly, mes amis, you will be wallflowers next season unless you know French, one way or another.

The tussling tactics of the hug-and-heave lover are making way for the suave seductiveness of the genial Maurice, whose love-making starts with a kiss of the hands and ends where the censor cuts.

(It's not the kiss that counts, it's the consequences.)

**ACTUALLY, the French have nothing to fear from the censor, for they are never obvious. (They have a trick, and you see nossings!)
We say it with words, they say it with winks.
And you can't arrest a man for what he winks.

**FIFI has tumbled from triumph to triumph in her brief career.
She have ze vairee great honaire of being presented to Calvin Coolidge when he was president.

"I zink he ees funee when I see pictures of him with cowboy hat, holding gun—so! An' you know he hav' red hair! But when he take my hand I feel some-thing go through me..."

"I daresay he did too," I mused.
"Mais non!" reproved Fifi. "He ees vair' good man, I know—I can tell."

**ANOTHER thrill went through Fifi the day after the opening of "This Side of Paris," when a voice on the telephone said, "This is Greta Garbo, Miss Dorsay. I call to con-gratulate you..."

"Now she is my great friend," said Fifi proudly. "An' I tell you she will be (Continued on page 122)

Immigration officers stopped him, looking for smuggled Chinomen. You see, he had Warner Oland, famous for his Dr. Fu Manchu, in his car.
What the Hollywood studio electrician sees! Joan Crawford, the Metro-Goldwyn star, photographed from the top of the studio, just out of range of the pesky microphone. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is doing a new Western talkie, "Montana," in which she plays a dashing dancing girl.
LESS than three years ago the Warner brothers were in Philadelphia for the first time in many moons and a flock of movies. It was the occasion of the dedication of the Mastbaum Theatre.

Press agents notified the Philadelphia city editors that the Warner brothers could be interviewed at the Ritz. The talkies then were struggling babes on the edge of upsetting the box-office cradle. The dear old public was skeptical but willing to be informed about this newborn babe. Thus, the Warner brothers were news.

Among the reporters sent on the Warner interview was a young man who would not be convinced.

"They're awful," he told the Warner brothers.

Harry Warner graciously informed the young man he had a right to his opinion, then proceeded, for the others present, to elucidate the merits of talking pictures. But the reporter would not be downed.

"Listen," he interjected. "I ask you, and I want you to answer me truthfully, as if you weren't making them. Did you ever see a talkie yet that wasn't awful?"

Mr. Warner had, of course, and named several, none of which was among the one the reporter had seen.

But Mr. Warner had access to projection rooms, he explained, as he went on and told just why the talkies would go over big.

Yet not once during the interview did Mr. Warner discuss the talking pictures as anything but entertainment.

On November 26, in Philadelphia, this same reporter, in Quarter Sessions Court, saw and heard a prisoner confessing on the screen to twenty-five robberies. When the six-minute "show" ended, he nudged a companion scribe and exclaimed: "That's a remarkable step forward in jurisprudence."

We mention this reporter because we believe his earlier attitude was analogous to many another. Not so long ago critics of the silent drama were either weeping, wondering or conjecturing about the future of talkies as entertainment.

Very likely nobody ever dreamed then that talking pictures would become a part of jurisprudence itself. Certainly few, if any, believed that in the talkie studios are yards and yards of celluloid from which sleuths can be fashioned who will make Sherlock Holmes turn green with envy and Philo Vance use his shirt for a crying towel.

The talkies definitely are "in" the court-room. By virtue of a decision of Judge James Gay Gordon, Jr., of the Court of Quarter Sessions, Philadelphia, talking motion pictures are admissible as legal evidence—exhibit A, B, or what have you.

From November 26 on, at least in the state where William Penn smoked his peace pipe with the Indians, jurors may find an antidote to tiresome sum-(Continued on page 108)
Here Is the Happy Ending to Little Bessie Love’s Life Story

easier to find work while working!

IT chanced that Florenz Ziegfeld had offered me an opportunity to play in The Follies when I was in New York, three years previously. I had been tempted but refused, because I could not make pictures in California and be in a New York show at the same time. Now, I remembered that offer. I would try to go on the stage! I would forsake pictures and not return to them as long as I lived!

It is strange, isn’t it, how fate plays its trump card at the propitious moment? How it flips over a lucky number when you least expect it? At first, I had been completely indifferent to pictures; then pictures became indifferent to me. And just at the point when I had been more or less forced to accept the stage as my objective, fate dealt a hand which reinforced my decision.

I was offered a part on the stage without even seeking it!

Bessie Love and her husband, William Hawks, pictured just after their recent Hollywood wedding. And, left, a close-up of Bessie in her bridal dress of ivory satin. Her veil was of white tulle, heavily edged with duchess lace.

Note—In the last two issues of The New Movie Magazine, Bessie Love has related the joys and tragedies of her years in motion pictures. She told of her discovery by David Wark Griffith and her early days at Triangle, when she played opposite Bill Hart. She went on to explain her later disappointments, when the brilliant promise of her early career seemed to fade. Just when failure seemed close—but read on for yourself.

mentally, I was through with pictures! They did not seem to be finally through with me, however. I was still free-lancing. But I had undergone so many hardships, so many disappointments, that I had the feeling, “Well, I may not belong here. All right, I’ll go somewhere else and find where I do belong.” At least, I still believed that there was a niche in the world designed especially for everybody.

But I told no one my decision except my manager. I was determined to lay the foundations for a new career while profiting from the old one. I remembered that it is always
As told by

BESSIE LOVE

Miss Lillian Albertson telephoned me. I knew no such person, but had heard of one who was a stage-impresario. Not dreaming that she was the good luck piece sent by Fate, I refused to answer her calls. Fortunately, she was persistent. She reached me on a Saturday afternoon and asked me to play the lead in "Burlesque" in San Francisco. She must have my decision that night or she would have to wire New York for an actress.

I was going to dinner and later to a party. Immediately after dinner I dashed to her home, drawing my coat around me. I was in a fluffy evening dress—not gowned for a business appointment.

She was also going to a party. She was in evening dress. We took one look at each other, smiled in understanding and squatted on the floor before the fireplace to talk it over.

I knew nothing of the stage. But she said she knew I could do it. Her fine courage gave me courage. After all, if she was willing to take a chance, why shouldn't I? A few days later I was headed for San Francisco.

We only lasted three weeks. But what I learned in those three weeks! Until this time my dancing had been wholly amateur—for social purposes. I had learned to Charleston because I enjoyed it, not because I thought I could use it for professional purposes. I had played the ukulele all my life for the same reason. But even my little social tricks now came in handy. I had two dances in the show. Jerry Delaney, the actor who played opposite me, taught me the routines. A waltz clog and a schottische. Oh, the patience, the kindness of that troupe! I could Charleston, but did not know one routine from another. I didn't know how to put lines across. Jim (Continued on page 118)
On the page opposite Walter Winchell tells you how the movie stars amuse themselves in New York, when they are on vacation. They like to visit the Harlem night clubs. Upper right, the Cotton Club, one of the gay places of Harlem. At the upper left, Small's Paradise.

Just above, Connie's Inn, and at the left, the Lenox Avenue Club, both prominent Harlem night clubs, where colored singers and dancers provide lively entertainment.
CONSIDERING Will Hays, the czar of the movies, the clause in their contracts, which is called "the moral clause" and the other restrictions put on the motion picture favorites (so that they will keep out of mischief and off the front pages and not ruin themselves with the public), the average movie player hasn't much fun.

That is, they haven't much fun, gaiety or whoopee out there in Hollywood, where, if they are under contract and working, they have to be in their respective beds early enough to get up at six, seven, or whatever o'clock movie actors have to get up.

It is an exaggerated fable, that one, about the movie actors having a wild time of it out there where the acid test begins. In the first place, Hollywood after ten o'clock is as dead as the Charleston, five-cent shiner, and one-cent newspapers. And, anyway, the only person who can stay up all night is Texas Guinan, whose El Fay Club was the most famous night club of them all. But Miss Guinan isn't in pictures any more; she can afford to stay up all night.

And so the stars who realize that Hollywood is as fickle as Broadway audiences, behave themselves. Those kleig lights, you know, reveal everything, and nothing is so hard to look at as a faded ingenue.

Thus, Broadway, in New York, is the only place for most of them to let off their steam. They may stay up until three o'clock in the yarning on Broadway (between pictures) and sleep all day. They cannot stay up later than 3 A.M. on Broadway since the Police Commissioner sends his representatives around every night to remind the café impresarios that he isn't kidding about the curfew law. Of course, there are 3200 speak-easies between 42nd and 58th Streets, but movie celebrities, as they are called, do not frequent the speak-easies, for movie celebs prefer the smarter places, where they are more likely to be awed at and called upon to be introduced and make a speech of thanks or something. And how they love it!

THEY all like being finger-pointed, of course. They will tell you that it comes under the heading of publicity for them and their films but, as a close observer of Broadway matters, take it from us, they get a huge kick out of it all.

Some people can stand all sorts of punishment—even autograph hunters—and if the night club habitués, who are more sophisticated, do not get to the trouble of asking a movie personality for his or her signature on the back of a menu card, then the movie people can always get that thrill frequenting the theaters. Once recognized, the word gets around swiftly and before they

Manhattan's Famous Columnist Tells What Happens When the Movie Stars Come to Town
Barney’s, in Greenwich Village, is one of the favorite night clubs of the visiting motion picture stars. Barney’s is located on 3rd Street and is managed by Barney Gallant.

know it, the balconyites and the galleryites rush them with their pens and albums. Ho, hum.

The night life season has been distinguished more recently by the army of stars who have returned from the Coast. Some came for a change in climate and diversion—and others were forced back.

Two sisters appearing on the screen were in New York recently, marking their first trip in a long spell. It was celebrated in true Broadway fashion. One of the sisters, offended by a leading actor in a Broadway show, got her name in the papers by banging the chap on the head with her shoe. The other sister went around in smoked glasses. Not to keep from being recognized, but because she had two black and blue eyes.

The favorite night-club haunts of many visiting Hollywood stars are in Harlem, preferably the Cotton Club, one of the better gay places up there, where blacks are not permitted to mingle with the whites. Here, however, the entertainers are mauve.

Ann Pennington likes to study the Harlem jazz entertainers. She watches those brownskin singers and dancers and may be seen at the Lenox Club or Connie’s Inn almost any night, hugging a rail at the floor and devouring the antics of the artists. Ann frequents Small’s up in Harlem often, so if you are doing the Brownskin Belt some night you are liable to find her at any of the places mentioned above. Ann’s knees are as famous as Coca-Cola—but they are prettier, of course.

Claire Windsor spends a great deal of time dancing here and there, but Barney’s in Greenwich Village is her choice spot. This very Bohemian place fascinates Claire. Sometimes she goes to the Casino in Central Park, where the tariff is steeper. Claire looks as charming as ever—under the dim lights. I have never seen her in the daytime, because I’m never up that early myself.

Alice Terry does her whooping at the fashionable Casanova Club on 54th Street, where Harry Rosenthal of “June Moon” directs the orchestra after theater time. Not that Harry means anything in her life, but the Casanova is so ultra, don’t you know, and Alice is pretty particular where she is seen.

George Bancroft, my favorite “menace,” gets a terrific hand when he enters any night club. One night recently he was escorted here and there by George M. Cohan, marking Mr. Cohan’s first visit to the Broadway spots in ten years! But Bancroft, being a pal, broke Cohan’s rule about getting to bed early. They “went to town.” They first went to the Silver Slipper, and were called on for a bow or two. Cohan got up and warbled one of his own songs and Bancroft screwed his face into a scowl and yelled “Boo!” at the gaping customers. It served as a thrill for them all and then the celebs got tired autographing things.

Doris Dawson, one of the fairest of the Wampus baby stars who is going to marry Pat Rooney, 3rd (there’s a scoop for you) prefers being seen at Don Dickerman’s Daffy-dil on 8th Street in Greenwich Village with her betrothed. Pat is always summoned by the various mastoids of ceremonies to get up and do a dance like his famous pappy and then Doris is called on to smile sweetly and acknowledge fervent applause.

Incidentally, there is no record of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks being seen in a night club in New York. No doubt they are wise. It would not do them much good to happen to be in one of those resorts when a fight started or a shooting occurred. And the night clubs are the best places to start fights or in which to get into a jam. In sum, night club is only another way of spelling trouble.

The one place where you can witness most of the celebrated cinema people is the Mayfair Room at the Ritz Hotel, where on Saturday nights after theater time until four or five the next morn, John Rumsey supplies a right merry time of it.
Membership costs $1.00, but you may bring guests if you pay the $7.50 tariff for each of them. For that $7.50 your friends get cigarettes, all the mineral water they need, a buffet lunch, and good dance music. Of course, they go to be seen or ogled, and only by the non-professionals, but by the others who have crashed the theatrical heavens.

Marilyn Miller is always there when she is in New York. The mayor of the town usually happens in for a dance, bite to eat or a chat with this favorite or that one. Helen Morgan, Peggy Joyce, Mabel Boll, Beatrice Lillie, Helen Kane, Ben Lyon, Ronald Colman, Dolores Costello, John Barrymore, Helene Costello, and Lowell Sherman are other steady frequenters at the Mayfair.

Joan Bennett is another visitor from the movie colony. But Joan goes about very little, now that she is clicking, in Hollywood. Joan is too pretty to gamble with her redeeming features and she is very young, you know. Those good times can come when the hard times concentrate on her career, and Joan appears to realize that. She was married, you might have heard, when she was fifteen. She had a child at sixteen and she was drowned when she was seventeen. Gloria Swanson, Lil Lea, and Billie Dove are rarely seen in the night places and I cannot recall ever seeing Greta Garbo in them, either. I can understand why Greta doesn’t do the night clubs, however. She is a most sensitive lady and, since her estrangement from John Gilbert, she has remained in her shell.

Which reminds me of a delicious anecdote concerning Ina Claire, the present Mrs. Gilbert. When she was starring in a Frohman show a few seasons ago, she lost her temper during a rehearsal, and stormed all over the stage.

"Here, here, here," softly squelched Dan Frohman, "please remember that there are stage hands present!"

WILLIAM HAINES never does the night places very often when he is in town. And when Lilyan Tashman is in New York she does the rounds with Emily Vanderbilt and they do the snootier spots, of course, where the lorgnettes get in your hair.

Rudie Valentino’s pet place was Texas Guinan’s, where I saw him last, a few nights before he passed away. It was at La Guinan’s 54th Street place that Rudie defended himself from the attacks of a Chicago editorialist who poke ridicule at Valentino because he wore a slave bracelet “which is too effeminate in America.”

My newspaper assigned me to ask Rudie about it. I never saw a fellow get so sore. He pounded the night-club table furiously and argued that every gentleman in Europe wore them. Rudie added: “It seems to me that almost every Yankee soldier during the war wore them too but at the time they were called identification tags.”

“And,” he said, “I don’t care what anybody says about me wearing it. I wear it chiefly for the sentiment it packs. It was given to me by my first wife, Jean Acker, and I hope it’s there when I’m dead.”

And it was on his lifeless wrist, at that. But it was removed before his interment and auctioned with his other effects.

Speaking of Rudie reminds me that, when he died, over a million New Yorkers crowded Broadway and the funeral church to watch his cortège go by.

A year after when his effects were auctioned at a Main Stem store only seven people came to buy!

But his films are still going strong and they are the only films of a deceased star that seem to get over. “Monsieur Beaucaire,” for example, was a feature in New York recently.

And, while the subject of Rudie has come up again, it serves as a moral to this piece on movie stars and others who go Broadway.

Rudie might have been (Continued on page 111)
Paul Whiteman's forthcoming Universal revue, "The King of Jazz," will introduce the celebrated G Sisters, favorites of Continental revues. They were born in Germany, their father being a colonel in the Prussian Guards. Naturally, G isn't their real name. It is Knospe. Russian, German and Austrian blood flows in their veins. They were first discovered by Lincoln Eyre, the American war correspondent, dancing in a town near Berlin. Since that, their advance has been rapid. Oddly enough, their biggest hits have been scored in Parisian revues.
YOU can't fool a horse-fly. Old cow hands will tell you that with a certain sorrowful conviction. No more can you fool the Western fan who has been familiar for years with horses, cow-punchers, two guns and the great open spaces of the plains as they flashed upon the screen.

And that Western fan is just beginning to realize that the West is passing from the screen, even as it has passed into American history.

Tom Mix is out circling. Bill Hart lives in lonely retirement upon his great California ranch.

Fred Thomson is dead.

There is but one real great Western star left—Hoot Gibson.

And there can never be another because from now on the Westerns and the Western stars must be synthetic, since the West, which produced the Mixes and the Gibsons, is gone.

EVEN Hoot Gibson has taken to the air. He now spends as much time in a plane as he formerly did on top of a bronco.

Those old enough to have seen "The Great Train Robbery" will remember it. It was the first American film drama and it converted us at once to a new form of entertainment—the movies. It was a Western.

It was real, it lived, and it made us live. For the few moments we sat watching that entrancing screen we were transported into a life entirely foreign to most of us. A life that was as romantic and thrilling as it was out of our reach.

The open spaces! That phrase has been done to death in latter years but it still retains a charm, still conjures up in our minds visions. Vast herds of milling, longhorn cattle. The round-up. Tiny wisps of smoke as the hot iron brands a Double Bar X.
The Sky's the Limit to Cowboy Hoot Gibson

Hoot Gibson gives the natives of Hollywood a thrill when he dips his little two-seater down close to the house tops. Hoot likes to ride his plane out over the Pacific into the setting sun.


THOSE frontier days, those daring days, those Western days are the most romantic in our history. It is true that our various wars have given us brief glimpses of courage, chivalry and romance; but they were forced and partly foreign. The West was not. It was ours; developed within ourselves and participated in only by us. It is no wonder that we ranked as our favorites, over a long period of years, the Western picture and the Western star.

And they were our favorites.

From the old days of Essanay and “Bronco Billy” Anderson, Westerns have been the money makers, the backbone, of all motion picture companies. Just as the Westerner of the plains and frontiers was the backbone of our development as a nation.

Bill Hart, the narrow-eyed, two-gun gent who, in all his pictures, was always in the right spot at the right time; Bill Hart, the beloved of the kids; Bill Hart, bless him in his retirement, MADE the Ince Company, then the Triangle.

And, when Tom Ince went over to Paramount, he took with him Dorothy Dalton, then a screen charmer who will be remembered for her “Flame of the Yukon.” Charles Ray, and Bill Hart.

Miss Dalton and Charlie Ray made popular pictures, but it was Bill Hart, with his Western unit, who brought in the barrels of money.

Tom Mix was for years the highest paid actor in motion pictures. Eighteen thousand dollars a week. In cash money. He earned it. Because his pictures, just Tom Mix, Tony, and a Western setting, made most of the money for the Fox Film Company in those days. Without having had Tom Mix, the greatest of all Western stars, Fox would not be Fox today.

Fred Thomson, a world’s champion athlete, carried the FBO studio for several years. Fred, his perfect horse, Silver King, and Western pictures.

And Hoot Gibson is the last of these, the real Westerners. Hoot Gibson is the last of the picture stars who knew the real West, was part of it.

Some years ago a blond, blue-eyed kid was going to school in Nebraska. He hit twelve years of age and suddenly decided that that was enough of that. He could get all the schooling he needed from then on out of books. Books he would read (Continued on page 129)
That personable boy from Montana, Gary Cooper, is a dashing Union cavalry officer in his next picture, "Only the Brave," in which Mary Brian portrays the lovely Dixie heroine. Gary plays a spy in the Southland. Hence the romance.
Not only the mothers go to the Hollywood movie parties, but the grandmothers go, too. Here is Mrs. Griffen, Miss Daniels' grandmother, arriving for Bebe's party in honor of Ben Lyon. Mrs. Griffen was the daughter of an ex-governor of Colombia.

EVERYONE in Hollywood knows what grand parties Bebe Daniels gives. Almost any excuse will do for Bebe to give a real party. But, when her fiancé, Ben Lyon, opened at the El Capitan Theater recently in a stage play called "The Boomerang," Miss Daniels had a particularly charming buffet dinner before the performance, took about twenty guests to the theater and brought them back afterward for supper and bridge.

Bebe is living in a delightful Italian apartment, because her big beach house is too far from her studio. It's a nice apartment, but it isn't large enough to seat a number of friends for dinner, so Bebe solves that problem by serving dinner buffet style. This, by the way, is a form of entertaining growing popular in Hollywood every day.

THE big table in the dining room was heaped with good things to eat, with stacks of gold-rimmed ser-
HOW TO ENTERTAIN

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is going to take you to the important parties in the Hollywood movie colony each month. It will tell you exactly how the players amuse themselves, so that you can duplicate their parties if you wish. It will offer some brand new party suggestions. It will tell you exactly how the luncheons and dinners are served and how the food is prepared. And THE NEW MOVIE'S own photographer will make exclusive pictures for your benefit.

If you want to give a party in Hollywood style, read these articles in THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

vice plates at one end, and knives, forks and spoons at the other. There was a big turkey, a baked ham, which was well surrounded with sweet potatoes, and a leg of lamb roasted according to an old Spanish recipe belonging to Bebe's grandmother. In the center was a huge circular plate, with little fitted dishes, and in these were all kinds of fresh vegetables, for Hollywood knows its dietetics nowadays. Carrots sliced thin, young onions, radishes, all kinds of olives.

Then there was a big bowl of combination salad—Bebe's cook makes this by first rubbing the bowl with garlic, then pouring French dressing over the lettuce, tomatoes, onions, cucumbers and green chile peppers—and it is quite the best you ever tasted. There were also big dishes of mashed potatoes, gravy with giblets, creamed onions and baked tomatoes.

A NUMBER of card tables were set up in the big studio drawing room, very festive with little embroidered cloths over them and tiny silver candlesticks with bright red candles in the middle. The guests wandered around the table and filled their plates and then selected their own small tables.

Blanche Sweet was there with her escort, young Danny Degnan, an advertising man from New York. Blanche wore white satin and chiffon, with a rhinestone girdle, and the smartest new evening coat of quilted white satin. As it was Sunday night, the men were proper and didn't really dress. In this instance, however, Danny did dress.

Pretty Sally Eilers came with Blanche, wearing a tight-fitting frock of dull green, a huge corsage of gardenias on her left shoulder, and a tight little felt hat to match. Over this, when it was time to leave for the theater, she wore a full length summer ermine coat.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wolheim were there, Louis preparing for his important role in "All Quiet on the Western Front" and therefore having much more hair on his chin than on his head, for he had just shaved his head and was forbidden to shave his chin for weeks to come. Mrs. Wolheim, who is a very pretty blonde, had on a chiffon dinner frock of pale green georgette, with a full rippling skirt and a green felt hat with a wide brim.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hobart came in from their apartment next door. Mrs. Hobart was Olive Tell, for a number of years considered the most beautiful woman on the New York stage, and she fully justified the reputation. Her gown was of soft white satin, cut along very simple lines, and over it she wore one of the new short ermine coats. Her sister, Alma Tell, who is playing in pictures now, wore a dinner frock of black georgette, with a short under skirt and those fascinating long side drapes, and a long collar of gold lace, falling below her waist in the back.

The well-known movie writer, Louella Parsons, then preparing for her wedding to a Hollywood favorite doctor, Harry Martin, was in black also, black velvet with a very long skirt and an adorable tight turban of black velvet to match. (By the way, Hoot Gibson came in during supper to join Sally Eilers. They still say they aren't engaged, but that is worth watching. They might be any day.)

BEBE herself was in pale apricot chiffon, one of the loveliest dinner models you have ever seen. The skirt was long and flowing, it was belted tight around the waist, and a cunning little cape of chiffon worn over the shoulders. The evening wrap with it was of luscious chiffon velvet the same shade, shirred over the shoulders. Bebe flung it on when she went downstairs to say goodbye to Ben, who had to leave early in order to get to the theater for his performance.

Bebe's mother, Mrs. Phylis (Continued on page 127)
CORINNE GRIFFITH
At the right, Norma Shearer is wearing a silk crépe afternoon frock of the new Spring shade, fuchsia. The lines follow the curves of the figure flaring in to a slightly uneven hemline. Puffs above the wrists give interest to the sleeves, while the hat, also of fuchsia shade, reveals the newest in brimlines. The smaller picture shows another view of the frock, with the new cut-out neckline emphasized by a bow of the silk.

The graceful evening gown worn by Norma Shearer at the left is of pale powder blue silk. It is Grecian in line with the bodice caught up over one shoulder and finished with a scarf of the material extended to the uneven hemline. The other shoulder is bare.
Lovely and Graceful, They Are the Work of Smart Dressmakers Rather Than Poets

At the right, Mary Brian is wearing an ensemble of beige tweed. The skirt is a compromise between last year's shortness and the new mode. The short jacket is trimmed with beige caracul and brass buttons, the newest cry in Spring sport things. Below, Janet Gaynor in her little dinner and dancing frock of leaf green soufflé over a satin crepe slip of the same color. The skirt is circular and the bodice and cape bertha are trimmed with Alencon lace. Green is a popular Spring color, by the way. At the lower right, Norma Shearer demonstrates the newest Spring accessories: the new crystal bracelet and evening slippers of white crepe with strap trimmings in gold leather.
Ramon Novarro gives the best performance of his movie career as the dashing lieutenant of Napoleon in "Devil May Care." His lovely voice is heard to fine effect and his light, romantic performance is admirable. You will like him immensely. At the right, Winifred Westover, who gives a remarkable characterization of the servant girl heroine of Fannie Hurst's "Lummox." This picture, one of the distinguished features of the year, is splendidly directed by Herbert Brenon.

The Month's
BEST
PERFORMANCES

Marilyn Miller, below, is the lovely heroine of "Sally," the musical show just made into a singie-ond-tolkie by First National. Miss Miller makes a sensational screen debut, dancing in charming fashion. At the right, Fifi Dorsey, who runs away with "Hot For Paris." This is Miss Dorsey's second big hit in a few months. The other was in Will Rogers' "They Had to See Paris."
**DEATH MAY CARE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A MUSICAL romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro playing the emperor's color-bearer, a dashing and daredevil lieutenant. The action takes place during the Hundred Days, between Napoleon's return from Elba and Waterloo. (This last event, by the way, isn't even hinted in the film.) The romance starts when Armand de Treville, escaping a firing squad of Louis XVII, leaps into the boudoir of a pretty little Royalist. She wants to give him up to his pursuers—but love has a way. Dorothy Jordan, who made her debut as Katharina's sister in "The Taming of the Shrew," is captivating as the girl. Novarro sings charmingly.

**HOT FOR PARIS**—William Fox

THOSE bad boys, Victor McLaglen and El Brendel, are at it again. This time they play a couple of sailors on the loose in France. They meet Fifi Dorsay, who ran away with Will Rogers' "They Had to See Paris." You can imagine the combination! Meanwhile, one of the gobs, played by McLaglen, is being pursued by strangers who look like detectives. He flies with his pal, only to discover later that the mysterious man is trying to give him a check for a million dollars, since he held the winning lottery ticket on a big race. This, in a way, is a sequel to "The Cock-Eyed World." It is just as boisterous and rough. And almost as funny.

**THE MIGHTY**—Paramount

MOST any George Bancroft picture is an event. And this one, while not one of George's best, is excellent. Bancroft plays a gangster who is drafted into the World War in spite of himself. His daring wins him the title of major. He goes back home with the last words of a dying pal and falls in love with the dead man's sister. Her townsfolk make him chief of police and—lo and behold—the old gang turns up to make a killing. Can George go back on the beautiful Esther Ralston? Or will the old gang call get him? Bancroft is always virile in this sort of rôle and Miss Ralston is invariably appealing. This is well worth seeing.

**LILIES OF THE FIELD**—First National

IF you look on another page you will find the reliable Herb Howe selecting Corinne Griffith as the most beautiful star on the screen. Her voice has cost her nothing of her orchid charm. In this picture, Miss Griffith plays a wronged wife framed into a cruel divorce by an unscrupulous husband. She becomes a revue darling—you should see her posing as the radiator cap of a gargantuan automobile!—and finally becomes mistress of an elaborately maintained apartment. But, alas, she is never happy. Ralph Forbes, Ruth Chatterton's husband, plays the wealthy chap interested in our heroine. You will like Corinne.

**BLAZE O' GLORY**—World Wide

MAYBE you saw and heard the smooth-voiced Eddie Dowling in "The Rainbow Man." Here he is again, playing a chap on trial for murder. In a flash-back, you see our hero, a singing and dancing vaudevillian giving up his art, enlisting in the World War and getting gassed at the front. When he comes home, a battered wreck, he finds a stranger making love to his wife. Thus—the murder. This is probably the first cinematic instance of theme song singing in flash-backs. Between the songs and the flash-backs, the ex-song and dance man is acquitted. Betty Compson plays Dowling's wife and Frankie Darro, the child actor, is present again.
THE NEW MOTION PICTURES

LUMMOX—United Artists

HERE is a remarkable picture that will set you thinking. Maybe you read Fannie Hurst’s novel, “Lummox,” the story of a kitchen drudge. Anyway, you are familiar with Miss Hurst, who is a contributor to THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Herbert Brenon, the director, has taken Miss Hurst’s story and developed it into a sincere and dramatic character study. Between Brenon’s direction and the playing of Winifred Westover, the drab and stolid Bertha Oberg lives and the drama through which she moves becomes a sweeping panorama of joys and sorrows. Miss Westover gives an astonishing performance, one you won’t forget. “Lummox” is a little turgid and slow moving. You may find it heavy.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE—Pathé

THIS is racy and daring. But it is beautifully played by Constance Bennett, who has been absent from the films for some time, and by Edmund Lowe, who discards the uniform of a hard-boiled marine to return to light comedy. Two young people, frightened by the matrimonial disasters about them, enter into a marriage agreement. She is to be mistress of his house, he is to be master. But the arrangement is purely companionate. Either one may do as he or she likes. Unfortunately for the well-built scheme, the two fall in love. The situations are handled with considerable piquancy. Carmelita Garaghty plays a baby vamp.

TIGER ROSE—Warner

If you are a theatergoer, you remember Lenore Ulric in the melodrama of the Northwest, “Tiger Rose,” when it was produced by David Belasco. The heroine is a little French-Canadian vixen who loves—and how she loves! When the Royal Mounted try to capture her man (for murder), she uses all her wiles to save him. And she does, through the big-heartedness of one of the red-coated officers. Lupe Velez has the fiery rôle of the forest girl, Grant Withers is the hunted hero and Monte Blue dons an Irish dialect (not very authentic) to play the kindly Royal Mounted captor. The background is grand but the picture is just so-so.

THE MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND—Paramount

YOU’LL like this—and particularly you will like Mary Brian as the eldest of a huge brood of children whose parents are on the edge of divorce. The picture is built (and very intelligently and sincerely) upon Edith Wharton’s novel, “The Children.” It’s all about the children who pay the price of divorce. Judy tries to keep the family together, but, save for the timely arrival of a friend of her father’s, a mining engineer, she would fail. She not only holds the brood intact—but she wins the love of the friend, played by Fredric March. Miss Brian is splendidly moving as Judy. You’ll love her.

SKINNER STEPS OUT—Universal

GLEN'TRYON, the hard working Universal comedian, has fallen heir to the rôle which once made Bryant Washburn famous overnight. Then, if we remember correctly, the story was called “Skinner’s Dress Suit.” It relates the amusing psychological effect of a full dress suit upon a shabby and down-trodden office employee. The clothes send him on his way to success, by arousing his assurance. The new talkie version is fairly amusing, with Tryon doing well and Myrna Kennedy, once Charlie Chaplin’s film heroine, playing the ambitious Mrs. Skinner. This is a mildly entertaining little comedy.
ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW

THE LAUGHING LADY—Paramount

THIS picture, based upon a play by Alfred Sutro, suggests “Lilies of the Field.” Or maybe it is the other way round. Anyway, they both have a heroine who is a wife unjustly framed into a divorce by a crafty and unscrupulous husband. Only this wife fights back. She decided to get even with her husband’s polished attorney, who has riddled her reputation with ribbons in open court. How she brings him to her feet, an ardent suitor, forms a lively and sophisticated story, superbly played by Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook. You will like them both for their smart and intelligent performances in this above-average picture.

HALF WAY TO HEAVEN—Paramount

CHECK down a pleasant performance by Buddy Rogers and a perfectly swell one by Jean Arthur. Up to now Miss Arthur has been playing minor parts. Recently she stole a picture from Clara Bow. Now you’ll see more of her—and very justly, too. Here Buddy is a young aerialist in love with a beautiful little trapeze artiste (Miss Arthur) but the target of the mad jealousy of another member of the troupe. Since the other member is the man who catches Buddy in mid-air after a triple somersault, things look dark for our hero. But Buddy foils him. You are sure to like Buddy and the lovely Miss Arthur. This is recommended.

THE KIBITZER—Paramount

IKE LAZARUS is always butting into other people’s business. He tells them how to play poker. He tells his daughter how to manage her love affair. He tells—but he’s a kibitzer. Like all kibitzers, his advice is wrong—and he wrecks everything he touches. Until he meets James Livingston, the millionaire, and then he makes a killing—by mistake—in the stock market. Harry Green, who used to be a Hebrew comedian in the variety, is excellent as Lazarus, while Mary Brian is wasted on the slight role of his daughter. You will find this an amusing, if slender, comedy, neatly developed and very well played. You may like it a lot.

NO, NO, NANETTE—First National

ANOTHER musical comedy transformed into a singie. However, this one depends more upon its farcical situations than upon its singing and dancing. It concerns a Bible publisher who, after business hours, is a gay Broadway spendthrift. When his brave indiscretions begin to get insistent, he has all sorts of troubles. The comedy is well handled by Lucien Littlefield, Louise Fazenda, Lilian Tashman, and Bert Roach. The romance is in the hands of Bernice Claire, who, as the piquant Nanette, displays real screen promise, and by Alexander Gray, who is also the leading man for Marilyn Miller in “Sally.”

CAMEO KIRBY—William Fox

THIS melodrama of a Mississippi River gambler of the ’50’s and his love for the beautiful daughter of an old Southern planter was once played behind the footlights by Dustin Farnum. Jack Gilbert acted him once in a silent film version. Now the whole proceedings have been elaborated into a musical romance—with one or two tuneful numbers—but the story itself seems stilted and old-fashioned. This is the second appearance of J. Harold Murray and Norma Terris in the talkies. Remember them in “Married in Hollywood”? They are rather colorless here and the whole drama seems lacking in personality.
ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

SALLY—First National

MARILYN MILLER, the idol of the Broadway musical stage, makes a charming début in “Sally.” (Colleen Moore once made a silent version of “Sally.”) Miss Miller dances captivatingly, acts well enough and photographs gorgeously. You are sure to like her. Such story as exists in this re-built musical comedy concerns a little slavey who dances her way from waitress to Ziegfeld star. And how she dances! There’s nobody on the screen so lovely in motion. You will like Joe Brown in the rôle created by Leon Errol, but the honors of “Sally” really go to Miss Miller. She has a great sound film future.

GENERAL CRACK—Warner Brothers

THIS expensive and elaborate screening of George Preedy’s novel of an 18th Century soldier of fortune stars the eminent John Barrymore in his first all-talking. General Crack marries a gypsy girl and then falls in love with a princess. But what is he to do, that is, until the gypsy bride proves unfaithful? Meanwhile, General Crack is tearing empires apart, as he leads his army of mercenaries across Europe. Aside from Barrymore, there are three big rôles. Lowell Sherman is excellent as Leopold II, Marian Nixon seems mis-cast as his royal sister, and Armida makes an interesting gypsy bride.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

JULES VERNE, the writer of fanciful and fantastic fiction, foreshadowed the submarine in this yarn, “The Mysterious Island.” It looked like a sure-fire movie feature. But M.-G.-M. encountered many difficulties in the making and once the partially completed film was shelved for over a year. The cast underwent various changes, too. Lloyd Hughes now plays the hero, started by Conrad Nagel. Jane Daly is the heroine, first acted by Sally O’Neil. The best work is done by Lionel Barrymore as the old inventor, Count Dakkar. Outside of a talking prologue, this film is entirely silent. The under-water sequences are striking.

SHANGHAI LADY—Universal

THIS was a stage play, “Drifting,” by John Colton. With a Chinese background, it presented the reformation of two derelicts, one a girl of the streets and the other a young chap much wanted by the police. Each thinks the other an angel during an involved series of adventures with bandits—with the result that their better natures assert themselves. Mary Nolan gives a vivid performance of Carrie of the Seven Seas, while James Murray is the escaped prisoner. Miss Nolan, be it noted, walks away with the picture, although she does over-play considerably. The interest of the picturesque story is well maintained.

THE GRAND PARADE—Pathé

ANOTHER back-stage story of breaking hearts beneath the make-up. This time it is the story of a minstrel. He marries a shy, wistful little girl who helps him stage a come-back. You see, he is a drunkard and does well until his other weakness, the star of a burlesque company, comes to town. Then it looks like curtains for the minstrel and his trusting little wife. “The Grand Parade” was written and directed by Edmund Goulding, who wrote and produced Gloria Swanson’s “The Trespasser.” It doesn’t click, although little Helen Twelvetrees, as the wife, has real possibilities. Fred Scott is the minstrel.
Coming villains cast their shadows before! An unusual camera study of our favorite, Philo Vance, the swanky detector of crime. And Bill's suave screen scoundrels are the last word in de luxe sinistering.
Hollywood Answers Back

Thyrza Samter Winslow’s article, “Come the Dawn,” caused a sensation in Hollywood. Mrs. Winslow declared that the movie capital was the dullest town in the world, that the average parties given by movie stars are as extravagant, as impossible and as dull as the parties you see on the screen. She declared that the stars—as hosts and hostesses, and as guests, too—are bad-tempered and stupid.

Mrs. Winslow further charged that the average Hollywood star is entirely without background and that players reach Hollywood with two assets—conceit and a face and form that happen to photograph well. At parties, she charges, they only talk “about themselves and their successes on the screen, and the trouble they are having with their best friends, enemies or directors. They are full of jealousy, rudeness and conceit.”

Corinne Griffith

Corinne Griffith says that it is hard for her to make a statement in regard to Hollywood parties in general.

“I find that there is a great deal of charm and color in Hollywood,” Corinne says, “through the heterogeneous collection of people which forms the motion picture colony. As for myself, I give the same kind of parties here that I would give in New York or Chicago or Paris or London, but as I have as many friends outside the moving picture industry as I have among the actors and actresses I can hardly make a statement that would apply to screen people alone.”

John Mack Brown

Johnny Mack Brown, a graduate in economics from the University of Alabama, was quite bewildered when he read Mrs. Winslow’s article.

“I don’t know what to think,” he began, shaking his head doubtfully. “The finest people whom I have ever known I have met in Hollywood. It is Mrs. Winslow’s misfortune that she did not meet these people.”

Our Own Mrs. St. Johns

A Dela Rogers St. Johns;

“I never saw a guest book in my fifteen years’ residence in Hollywood. Daisy Moreno has a reminiscence book in which James Montgomery Flagg has

sketched. “The article reads like that of a sixteen-year-old girl who did not crash the gates successfully.

“Hosts and hostesses are not unmannerly. If Mrs. Winslow found the stars sullen, bad-tempered and illiterate, her receiving set was out of order.

“Conversation is hard to make stimulating when one lives as busily as stars do. The stars have to be a little reserved—they cannot be at ease with strangers because of just such articles as Mrs. Winslow’s.

“I have never seen an example of social bad-temperedness or sullenness.

“As for the sleazy dresses—Mary Pickford is dressed entirely by Lanvin, Corinne Griffith by Patou and Carnegie, and the Talmadges by Madame Frances.

“The only dinner which I attended at which Mrs. Winslow was a guest was at Louise Dresser’s. Elsie Janis, Charlotte Greenwood, Frank Lloyd, Daisy and Antonio Moreno, Tom Meighan and Frances Ring were guests. We played tennis and had a charming, informal supper.”

Edmund Lowe

Lilyan Tashman and her husband, Edmund Lowe, who are noted for their smart dinner parties and for their coterie of clever friends, have this to say about Mrs. Winslow’s article:

“I hate to be put in the position of criticizing a lady,” Eddie said, “but I can’t understand why the people of the motion picture industry should be segregated from people in all other walks of life for an attack of this kind. We are not a people set apart.”

And Lilyan says: “How could there be as much ignorance as Mrs. Winslow intimates in a place that is the mecca for all of the talent in the world? I think Mrs. Winslow must have met the wrong people.”

Joseph Schildkraut

“Here is an old German proverb to the effect that the exception proves the rule,” began Joseph Schildkraut, smiling.

“If Mrs. Winslow’s effort to be smart in her writing were not so evident, I would take it more seriously. I do not think her writing is smart, clever or witty. However, if it had been written in plain, dignified English, without any attempt to be (Continued on page 106)
"DO YOU KNOW GLORIA?"

By SYLVIA GODWIN

You will get a Graphic Picture of the Real Gloria Swanson in This Story by Her Best Friend

Shopping excursions with Gloria Swanson are Alice in Wonderland adventures. A visit from her can be entered as a prosperous week's business on the books of any concern. There is no such term as buying "a new gown" in her language. Complete outfits by the dozen are purchased at a time.
A Close Friend for Twelve Years, Sylvia Godwin Describes the Star's Early Struggles to Gain Fame

"WHAT is she like?" "Has she really a sense of humor?" "She doesn't look like the type that cares for children." "I know someone who met her once, but she never recognized him in London." "They say she is terrifically difficult to get along with." And recently, "It was supposed to be Gloria singing over the radio—how absurd!—of course it was someone else"; and so on and so on.

If a fan meets a star, mental paralysis usually sets in at once, and the star suffers nothing beyond maintaining a normal composure under the stupefied scrutiny, which, when once centered upon her (or him) becomes permanently attached, and will not be pried loose until the fan or the star has been bodily removed. But a friend of a star—that is something else again. No one becomes frozen with awe. In fact, mental faculties which have lain dormant for years spring to life, and the questions—ah, the questions!

During the even tempo of Gloria's activities, I can bear up nicely. I can usually satisfy intimates, acquaintances, or strangers, concerning the title of her picture under way—who is directing—a full description of her wardrobe, and whether or not she still has her figure—though I may not have seen her for six months.

BUT the high spots in her life. How I dread them! If people were kinder, they would arrange to meet at the Polo Grounds—or Madison Square Garden, in case the weather were chilly—and allow me to stand on a soap-box following such events as her marriage to Henry—her own company—the shelving of "Queen Kelly" and unveiling of her voice in "The Trespasser." In that way I would lose but a day out of my life, now and then, with reasonable intervals of rest.

For example, a tea, at which I was thrilled beyond words to meet a well-known author and his wife.

My hostess presented me. "This is indeed a pleasure," I said. "Your books have deeply interested my husband and me, as we—"

A familiar and thoroughly irritating voice broke in. "Hello Sylvia—what's this I hear about Gloria heading for opera? Anything in it?"

The magic word was spoken, and the effect was immediate. Mr. and Mrs. Blank's faces took on a look of animation.

"Gloria Swanson? Do you know her? How interesting. We saw her in Paris several times, but have never had the pleasure of meeting her personally."

"Mr. Blank," I interrupted rudely, for I knew I'd have to fight for it, "won't you tell me—"

"Has Miss Swanson mastered the French language yet?" broke in Mrs. Blank.

"She speaks it quite well," I answered, deciding to change my tactics and give them a small ear-full. "She has crowded French lessons into her busy program, off and on, and, of course, has been helped by having a French husband, though Henry speaks English so fluently and French is not used in their home as much as it would be otherwise. By the way, Mr. Blank, in the second chapter of your last book—"

"What an amazing career she has had—"

"Please, Mr. Blank—about those dogs—" I gritted my teeth in desperation, "were they—did they—"

"Dogs? Oh, yes—did you say Miss Swanson—"
Want to meet the real Gloria Swanson?

"Yes, dogs," I barked hoarsely. "You write about dogs, don't you? We have eight Great Dane puppies, and—"

"Sorry dear, to tear you away, but our dinner engagement you know."

Mrs. Blank took her husband's arm, and turning to me said sweetly:

"Do come to see us—we would adore hearing more about Miss Swanson."

Now that Gloria has scored in "The Trespasser," I hasten, with her permission, to expose a side little heard of by the public, of the friend I have known for twelve years. And what a wonderful friend!

At the time I met Gloria, her contract with Mack Sennett had just expired, and a new one had been signed with Pathe Lehrmann, a producer of comedies. For some reason—fortunately for her—he did not start production, so she was enjoying day after day of vacation, and depositing one hundred and twenty-five dollars in the bank each week. Gloria and her mother were occupying a bungalow in one of Hollywood's numerous courts of that type, and my mother and I, having arrived there for a winter of California sunshine, lived in another, so near that a "yoo-hoo" from one of us would bring the other running over to hear the latest news item—and there were many in that delightfully carefree period.

Due to my attack of the moving-picture germ, mother's and my Winter extended into four years—four years which covered the influenza epidemic, the ouija board and the ukulele craze—and the World War. Whether due to our youth, or our distance from the center of activities, I must admit that the grimness of it all reached us lightly at that time. Somewhere, in dim distance, men were fighting to their death—but what we were the most conscious of were fascinating uniforms, good looking officers, and arranging boxes of sweets to send to far-off places.

These four years loomed out as one long day of play, for Hollywood was then a sprawling country suburb which had not discovered literature, nor been discovered by royalty.

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, then at the Alexandria Hotel, were considered quite good, and the film world danced away many of its evenings at a nearby tavern called "Vernon," where a half dozen Hawaiians, led by Bud De Sylva, droved plaintive melodies on their guitars.

Another popular dancing place was the Ship Café, where everyone went in for the contest cups in a large way, conspicuous among those being Fatty Arbuckle.

The rage for practical jokes had Hollywood in its grip, and the most ingenious and involved plots were developed on a grand scale when once a poor victim had been selected.

Gloria has always enjoyed a good joke, whether upon herself or someone else—but in those days she fairly ate them up. One of these pranks of the lesser kind—before her taste in clothes had ever caused a ripple, afforded us the type of puerile amusement we seemed to crave.

Robert Warwick obligingly gave us the inspiration, by inviting us to dine and dance at the Ship Café. We were aroused to the proper pitch of excitement over the prospect, as Mr. Warwick was a matinee idol newly arrived in our midst, causing quite a flutter. Our anticipation doubled after
Gloria loves jokes. On a ride with their mothers, the two friends—unknown to their mates—painted mustachios on their faces. The stunt caused something of a sensation with startled motorists.

Our mothers must have felt in this atmosphere, somewhat the perplexity and bewilderment of the flappers' mothers of today, but if they sometimes wondered what it was all about, their forbearance kept them silent. An afternoon's innocent pleasure could be turned, in a moment, to the most exciting adventure.

Such was the day on which mother and I were invited to drive through some of the surrounding countryside with Gloria and her mother. The car was hired for the afternoon, so we enjoyed the comfort of a chauffeur. Mrs. Swanson and mother occupied the rear seat, while Gloria and I sat on the two folding chairs. The ride was quiet and peaceful for about an hour—much too peaceful to last longer.

Gloria and I decided, between ourselves, that we ought to entertain the passengers in other cars, so we got out what make-up we carried in hand bags and, in no time at all, everything brightened up. The rouge, properly applied, transformed our noses into red apples—a dash of eyebrow pencil established neat little mustachios, and our mouths took on grotesque shapes with lip-sticks. The rest of our attire being worn in the usual manner, the effect was quite startling.

Not a car passed that the occupants did not show exceeding interest and concern toward us. Some stared, some laughed rudely, and a few called out to us. Conversation in the rear seat veered from the weather and scenery.

"Why," inquired Mrs. Swanson, in her mild voice, "does everyone stare at us so?"

"I can't imagine," her daughter replied, "unless you are making faces at them. You aren't doing that, are you mother?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Swanson hastily.

We were nodding to every one now, in the friendliest fashion, and I observed a car turning around to follow us.

Mother spoke up.

"Are you bowing to people, Sylvia?"

Then after a short silence:

"Turn around here."

We turned dutifully, and the consternation was all we had hoped for.

"The idea! No wonder everyone is gaping—take that stuff off!"

We giggled. Two cars were (Continued on page 128)
Lillian Roth, who made a hit in "The Love Parade," appeared in her first motion picture at Fort Lee, at the age of six. With her sister, Ann, she played for years in the varieties, managed by her mother. Then Jesse Lasky saw Lillian dancing on the stage—and signed her for the screen.
MOTHER'S GIRL

Mrs. Roth Managed Lillian into Vaudeville Success—and now She's a Film Favorite

By DICK HYLAND

THAT "cute little girl" in Maurice Chevalier's "Love Parade" is Lillian Roth. That comes first because it is the answer to a question everyone seems to be asking.

Lillian Roth is the latest 1930 model in girls. Somebody—let's nominate Walter Winchell—ought to coin a name for them. Flapper is as obsolete as the type it described.

Lillian Roth is nineteen—and she's the new type of 1930 girl. In other words, she wears a one-piece bathing suit in the afternoon and an ankle length gown in the evening. Combining pep and reticence—that's the new flapper's creed.

The new number still wears a one-piece bathing suit, but she has taken to long skirts for evening. She has kept the pep and personality of the famous "younger generation," but she has recaptured some of the mystery and charm of her grandmother. Maybe she is just as hard-boiled, but she's wise enough to cover her knowledge as well as her knees.

This new one that now ascends isn't a bit more like the John Held "hot mama" than she is like the Gibson girl.

If Lillian Roth is a good sample, I'm for 'em one hundred percent.

And there must be a lot of dumb unmarried men in California because Miss Roth has been in these parts going on eight months and she's still single. More than that, she hasn't even been reported engaged.
As usual, I suppose the Hollywood boys will let some young millionaire from Chicago grab her right out from under their noses. Of course she's only nineteen, so there really isn't any hurry.

A beautiful pair of eyes will make any woman beautiful. Not since the days when Clara Kimball Young was the idol of film fans, has the screen seen such a pair as this little dancer and blues singer from the revues and night clubs of New York turns on you across the luncheon table. You take a look at and you sort of get lost, wondering if they're really as deep and dark and soft as they look.

After which it is somehow a surprise to find that there is a motor working behind those headlights. The average gent has come to expect very little in the way of mental stimulation from anyone as easy to look at as Lillian Roth. They don't have to bother.

Not, understand, that the fair Lillian is highbrow or heavy. She doesn't quote Shakespeare or Einstein. But she's a bright girl—quick, with a sense of humor, a remarkable knowledge of life, and a very decent sense of the relative importance of things.

The thing that I got the biggest kick out of was her funny struggle between downright sentiment and the wise-cracking sophistication which she thinks is expected from a graduate of vaudeville and New York night clubs. She has been around enough to know that the old line about "a girl's best friend is her mother and I'd love a little home and kiddies" has been pretty badly overworked. A pretty good idea in the beginning, it has been worn threadbare by any and every girl who figured it was a lot of nice sugar coating to feed the dumb newspaper man.

But it just happens that Lillian Roth has had a peculiar background, a fascinating heredity. So, when she gets to talking along at a high rate of speed, she tells you about her mother, and her ambitions, and then suddenly puts on the brakes and makes a wise-crack or two, according to the best Broadway tradition.

Some of the best short story writers there are have used the theme of Lillian Roth's life in their yarns. They find new twists and angles to it, but it's still one of the best sellers, as far as basic plot is concerned. She tells it rather vividly.

And, in passing, it might be mentioned that Lillian Roth is twice as pretty in action as she is in repose. She has one of those "speaking faces" you used to read about. It lights up and moves around. You are forced to think that she must have a strain, a deep strain of some Latin blood in her. She might even be gypsy. Which explains why the still photographers at Paramount find her their greatest problem.

Ever since she came out from New York, the art gallery has

(Continued on page 121)
"Hold it!" called the director—and the cameraman caught this shot of Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Jordan in the new Metro-Goldwyn film, "The House of Troy." The charming voiced Ramon sings again in this story of a student in a Madrid university.
HOLLYWOOD'S GAMEST TROUPERS

They Were Stars in Other Days but Now They Bravely Carry On in Smaller Roles

BY ROSALIND SHAFFER

THE messenger who handed Norma Talmadge, as Camille, the fatal letter from Armand; one of the undertakers who entered to care for the last mortal remains of Madame X, played by Ruth Chatterton; two of those officers in the club in "The Black Watch" who snubbed Victor McLaglen when he went to India instead of to Flanders; did you notice them? The little wizened old flower lady in "The Dream of Love" who sells Nils Asther a bouquet when he goes to the opera to see his sweetheart, Joan Crawford? The same woman played the slattern scrub woman in "Lummox." Old King Edward was an admirer of hers at one time; and, until her death, she still treasured his diamond brooch.

You go to the theater to see an entertaining story unrolled for your pleasure. Ladies and gentlemen, there are many stories in the picture that you do not see on the screen. There are stories to tear your heart, to make you cry, or to make you laugh. You would want to yell "Bravo, well done!" if you knew that the old gentleman in the checked trousers who does a tap dance in a Charley Chase comedy was a post-Civil-War idol with an eccentric dance he christened Jazzmania sixty years ago. His wobbly shins have at last made the long step.

And that good-looking boy who wears his officer's uniform so well in "Men Without Women." His good looks have gotten him into so much hot water that though
Watch the Actors Playing Small Roles — You May Be Seeing a Star of the Palmy Days of the Drama

A stage star, he is sometimes an extra. How grimly, sadly true it sometimes is when pictures are advertised as having an "all-star cast." Of course, the producers are referring to the principal roles: I am talking about the janitor, the cab driver, the postman, the newsdealer, whose little moments flash unnoticed on the screen. Five thousand a week was the old salary five years ago, seven dollars a day it may be now. Sometimes there are not enough of those days . . . and then it's cooked cereal for some folks.

FRANKIE BAILEY, celebrated a generation ago as the possessor of world famous legs, bucked the movies and lost; she lived two weeks on two dollars, eating cooked cereal. She bravely quoted Pete Bailey, wit of Weber and Fields, who used to say, "It's better to be a has-been than a never-was." The epitome of Irish philosophy is contained in the answer, "It is and it isn't."

Not all of those celebrated ones who are playing insignificant parts in films do so because of necessity; some of them just naturally can't quit working. It's like dope, the show business; you can't let it alone after knowing what a steady flow of applause and excitement. Just to be around where big things are going, so that one can say, "Well, I told Fairbanks how Mantell played that," and "I bet I showed Clara Bow how to put on tights and not wrinkle 'em"; that warms the bones and exalts the spirit.

It's not only the stage folk; there are movie stars of a few years back.

Maurice Costello, Florence Lawrence, Florence Turner—you see them, too, sometimes. Roy Stewart, who had his own company back in Triangle days; Art Acord, another western star past his zenith; Dick Travers, Ethel Clayton, and many more.

There's nothing to jeer at about doing bits, Freddie Schuessler, casting director at United Artists, who knows every bit player, character actor and extra in Hollywood, says, "We couldn't get along without the wonderful talent we can call on for small parts. Perhaps the part only runs a few feet in the completed film; but that part has to be done right, and it often contains more real dramatic acting than the leading man or leading lady is called upon to do in the course of the picture. Where would we go if we didn't have some real actors to call on? An inexperienced person can waste the salaries of all the high-priced people who have to wait around while he is rehearsed and rehearsed and trained for the part. The talented bit and small-part player is an economic and artistic godsend to Hollywood."

Since the talkies, this has been truer than before, with the very urgent necessity of a trained voice for even one solitary line.

Not long ago,

“When the news that she was dying,
Woke the echoes of her fame”

To quote a line from the sad old ballad of "Ostler Joe," Lydia Yeamanis Titus jumped to the fore in Hollywood news. Miss Titus, over seventy, had been in Holly-

wood for years, working in small roles. She was the flower woman in "The Dream of Love" and again in "The Mysterious Lady," with Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo. In "Lummoxy" she played a slattern. Soon after completing the picture the little old lady suffered a stroke. She died, after a game fight for life.

In the Eighties and Nineties, Lydia Yeamanis Titus was the dimpled, twinkling toast of London, where she was the musical-comedy star in "Sally in Our Alley," The Prince of Wales, later King Edward, gave her a diamond brooch, which she always kept as a momento of those days when all London was at her feet.

Two years ago saw Richard Carle, famous musical-comedy star, walking the streets of Hollywood, looking for work. Carle is a historic figure on the American stage; he wrote and starred in numerous Broadway musical-comedies; successes twenty years ago, including "The Spring Chicken," "Jumping Jupiter," and "The Maid and the Mummy." Stage work just seemed to give out; Carle had grown older, new hits came along and Carle tried Hollywood. Bit by bit, he began to get work. He played the reporter with Lon Chaney in "While the City Sleeps," one of the undertakers in "Madame X;" the comedy postman in "Sunkissed" with Vilma Banky and Robert Ames, and a bit with John Gilbert, Nance O'Neill and Katherine Dale Owen in "His
Once an Actor, Always an Actor — They

These four actors played the parts of derelicts in "Lummox," but once three of them were popular stage players of prominence. Left to right, Mike Reddy, a former baseball star; Joe Hazelton, veteran Shakespearean actor; Bill White, old time stage actor; and Charles Green, another old timer.

Glorious Night." He danced notably with Vilma Banky in the fiesta scene in "Sunkissed."

Frankie Bailey, for years the famous legs girl of the Weber and Fields shows, found herself caught, dramatically speaking, between a change in styles in legs. As the late Raymond Hitchcock said, "The period changed from Frankie's good Colonial models to the Chippendale leg as advocated by Olive Borden."

MABEL FENTON, of the old vaudeville team of Ross and Fenton, and first leading lady in Weber and Fields shows, also lives in Hollywood, ready to do her bit. In the Weber and Fields shows, Miss Fenton played a burlesque on Madame DuBarry—called Madame Do Hurry. Miss Fenton was Jean d'Auburn Hair and Ross was Louis Quince. It has not been decided at this writing whether Miss Fenton will play in the Old Timers' Revue which Weber and Fields, Fay Templeton and others of their old crowd will make for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's 1930 Revue.

Maurice Costello has been written of many times, but as he is the outstanding and first of the old picture stars, he must be mentioned in any fair résumé of famous old timers in Hollywood. Costello, who first gained fame in the old Vitagraph, was starred from 1907 until 1916. At first, known on the screen as "Dimples," the widening circle of film growth carried his name and face all over the world. A world tour on which he made films in every country, with Clara Kimball Young and his wife, Mae Altschuh Costello, playing his leading ladies, and his two daughters, Dolores and Helene, playing child roles, brought him ovations in every capital. In Rome his carriage was smothered with garlands and bouquets heaped into it by the throngs.

One of his most spectacular hits was in the rôle of Sidney Carton in Vitagraph's "Tale of Two Cities." Norma Talmadge, then only a little girl doing extra work, was about to be let out, when Costello insisted on giving her a chance in the rôle of the little dressmaker who goes to the gallows with Carton.

A scene from "The Lone Star Ranger," in which Sue Carol and George O'Brien played the leading roles. At the left is Roy Stewart, once a Western star in his own name, but now playing lesser roles.
She got her first screen recognition in that rôle.

When Norma Talmadge made "Camille" recently, Costello played the rôle of Armand's father. He has lost none of the intense personal magnetism and charm that characterized his early days. His infrequent stage appearances in Los Angeles and in vaudeville always evoke loud applause from audiences who evidently have not forgotten his story, and their love for him.

"Camille" held another story, as well as Costello's. The messenger who brought the fatal letter from Armand to Camille, in which he tells her good-bye, was Gilbert Clayton, famous as the handsomest man in stock, and as the possessor of the largest operatic repertoire in the world. He sang 170 operas, and staged them, often, as well as sang in them. He played with such stars of the light opera as Frank Daniels, Frizzi Scheff, Lulu Glazer, Montgomery and Stone and Frances Wilson. Thirty years ago he was hired as the first American actor Sir Henry Irving ever employed in his own company, when "King Arthur" was produced at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York. The production of "Ben Hur", found him as Simonides, the slave; in "Blood and Sand," Valentino's famous picture, he was Valentino's teacher.

Do you recognize someone in the rôle of Don Miguel in "Romance of Rio Grande," with Mary Duncan and Warner Baxter? That is Albert Roccardi. In 1884 he came to America as a French pantomimist. He did his share of barnstorming in "The Fatal Wedding" and other plays of that era; he played with Jack Barrymore and Tom Wise in "Uncle Sam"; he played with John Drew and Billie Burke in "My Wife"; with Mae Irvin in "Married by Proxy"; and "The Man From Home" and "Never Again," a Broadway production. He became a member of the Vitagraph stock company at Flatbush; he played in "Officer 666," a Dillingham production, with Sam Harris; then the McCloons brought him west to play the father of "Charmaine" in the stage play of "What Price Glory." Movie parts followed. Another recent bit he played was as the Prime Minister in "The Love Parade," with Maurice Chevalier.

"In 1887 I played in "The Man From Home" on Main Street in Los Angeles. There was no Hollywood then. For a dollar I could hire a horse to ride all day; shoot rabbits where Hollywood is now, and wind up the day at the beach with a fifty-cent dinner for a king. True, we had kerosene footlights but I would like to go back to those years," says Roccardi, "Actors did not go hungry in Los Angeles then."

"In 1929 I played in "Fresh From College," notice the man who plays the stock-broker. He is Wilbur Mack, celebrated vaudeville and New York musical-comedy star. He was the male star in "The Isle of Spice" and played the juvenile with Nat Goodwin in "When We Were Twenty-One."

If your memory goes back that far, you may remember the man who played the father and hero of that early movie serial, "The Million-Dollar Mystery," in which James Cruze was the reporter who finally won Florence LaBadie, in spite of the connivings of the wicked countess, Marguerite Snow. That was Sidney Bracy. His most recent appearance was as the philosophic waiter in "Redemption," with John Gilbert.

Sidney Bracy came to pictures with a record of twenty years on the stage. Born in Australia, he went at an early age under the tutelage of Kylre Belloe and Mrs. Brown Petter. In England he went into opera. He came to America from London as the leading tenor in "The Rose of Persia" twenty-five years ago.

Bracy's family carry a stage tradition. His father, Henry Bracy, was for ten years at the Savoy Theater in London, where he sang all the popular old operas, such as "Dorothy." All that background and training goes into the few lines you get from the philosophic waiter in Gilbert's picture.

Francis Ford will be remembered as the star of a great number of Universal pictures, filmed around 1915. He was co-starred with Grace Cunard in these pictures. A recent picture in which he played an English officer is his brother, John Ford's picture, "The Black Watch" and "Men Without Women."

Rosemary Theby, one-time screen vamp, who was prominent in "Kismet," with Otis Skinner and "The Connecticut Yankee (Continued on page 110)
The vivid Miss Duncan has given up Hollywood and returned to New York. And thereby hangs a story. Picturesque and colorful, Miss Duncan never quite hit film popularity. So she has returned to Broadway and she is to appear in a new stage play. Later, maybe, she will try the screen again.
the beginning. You have heard how stars trembled for fear the little old mule would put them out of business. They must have been prophets that in a year the electric lights above the towers and palaces would spell entirely new names.

But it didn’t happen.

Ruth’s are the great stars of the talking pictures are the great stars of the silent pictures—Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, who are fascinatingly superficial, are not likely to flatteringly in her enormous popularity but, if so, it isn’t because of the talkies but only because of the absurd stories and rotten handling given her. Garbo is working on her first talkie, and it will augment her drawing power, I am sure.

The only name which the stage has added to the real topnotchers is Ruth Chatterton.

Why?

The measure of her success has been comprised of three elements—intelligence, humility and guts. (Dear Mr. Editor, that word is okay now because H. L. Mencken uses it in The American Mercury.)

In other words, Miss Chatterton had a sense enough to know that she was in a new game, to approach it in the spirit of a novice who is willing to learn, and the fighting heart to get on her toes against intensive competition and very large obstacles.

In sporting circles there are men in all fields who are known as “money players.” That doesn’t necessarily mean they pay for money—quite the contrary, since they are often amateur champions such as Tilden, Helen Wills, Bobby Jones, Red Grange and the like. It simply means that, when the big moment comes, the match or the game that means a championship, they are able to realize its importance and instead of getting nervous or over-confident to play their best or even a little bit better.

Ruth Chatterton is a money player.

That takes courage above all else.

Luck was with her in the beginning, because the public has had a chance to see her least and best advantage, her heiress beauty to be a charming picture subject. The amendment is added because she herself refuses to concede for one second that she is beautiful. She seems rather to resent it violently.

In fact, her reaction against beauty is an extremely interesting one, and one that perhaps accounts for much of her screen success and which may also have a lasting effect upon the technique of feminine screen actresses.

Ruth Chatterton uses practically no make-up. No foundation of greasepaint; only about as much mascara as you use for the street—just a very light coating of liquid powder. She turns her face proudly up to the light and shows you that there are lines on it. (I just hope you don’t get that strong light, but I couldn’t bear to tell her so, she is so inordinately proud of those lines.)

“I WANT my face as it is,” she said, “because I want to use it. If there are lines on my face, they have been earned, and I don’t feel I have a right to any other experience. Surely those things are of more value, surely people will value them more, than if I try to block them out with greasepaint and present a smooth mask with nothing written upon it."

If I try to block my word that never, since I have been in pictures, have I thought about camera angles; have I worried about how I look. I don’t even care if they shoot my funny nose—it is funny, you know it is. When I’m being some-body, I can’t stop to think about how I look. When I’m trying to suggest some emotion, I try to do it if my face is three inches deep in greasepaint, can I?”

That much of the stage and her speaking voice, Ruth Chatterton has brought to the screen, the talking screen.

But she has done more than that.

And that “more” is the reason she has registered the outstanding success.

The majority of actresses came to the screen with a strange viewpoint. They looked down upon the pictures. They apologized for them. They laughed them off with the admission that, of course, they were low, but they did pay —rooks, of course. The people who were interested in nothing but the weekly pay check.

But Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Colleen Moore, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Nancy Carroll were all working four hours a day with singing teachers and voice coaches; while they were studying day and night with stage directors and stage managers. They studied and pronounced, to meet the requirements of the talking pictures, the stage actresses as a whole made no corresponding effort to learn the intricate and delicate art of camera technique.

The picture girls were smart enough to know that they must make good before the mike and that they couldn’t do it without hard work.

The majority of stage actresses didn’t pay the camera—the same compliment.

Miss Chatterton did.

"IF I am a screen actress now," she said, "I have worked for it. No one has ever made me one.

Her first picture was silent. "Sins of the Fathers," with Jannings. The talkies were then in the balance. She didn’t know if she would go on. She went and had to have the advantage of her voice or not.

At the Paramount studio they still marvel at the way she worked. Jan-

nings helped her, taught her, stood beside her in every scene, and she took his direction as she once took stage direction from the great Henry Miller.

No words were spoken, no rehearsals and retakes too long.

When they put her in talks, she already knew a lot about camera work and she kept on learning, wanting to learn, trying to master the motion picture as a whole, not just the talkie part of it. That’s the answer to her success.

Personally, she adores sitting up all night talking to grand folks like Edwa Jones, the editorial writer of The New York American; her house is very Eng-

lish and full of a luscious green that makes you feel outdoors even on a rainy day; she has a dog named Belinda, a Persian cat named Callahan and a parrot named Velasquez—and they all play around the same tree.

A few nights ago she and Ralph Forbes celebrated their wooden wedding. First of all they planned rather a grand party. Then they de-

cluded to have just a few close friends. So Tilly—Tilly is Ruth’s mother—and Mary, who is Ralph’s mother, and a dozen or so gathered and brought wood gifts.

"We never have a party of more than ten and I never go to one if I know it." Ruth said. "I am so shy in crowds that I am very unhappy. It’s too short to waste on big parties, when you’ve never got time to see your real friends often enough.

Everyone knows from the newspapers that Ruth and Ralph Forbes—who is the typical handsome blond Englishman you read about—were separated for a time. Perhaps no one knows why. You know what marriage is nowadays. Any-

way, they are together now and appar-

ently peace and happiness rest upon the Forbes-Chatterton menage.

Ruth Chatterton has had great suc-

cess upon the stage. Now she has it upon the screen. But, like everyone else, she has had trials—some of which are a matter of theatrical his-

try, some of which concern her family and others personal.

But it looks right now as though her stars were right—and in all sincerity, if you knew her, you’d be glad of it.

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Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 23)

When he landed he found out that his little mule had knocked his own cock into a cocked hat for an hour and that his own money would pay for the damage. And one hour of wasted time the resulting uproar is no small item.

The real name of Mona Maris is Maria Rosario Ortez. cabbage no node —

M E T R O - G O L D W Y N - M A Y E R started a picture called "The Song Writer." It’s a bit of fun, after a few days work they decided that she would not do. There was a girl in New York whom they knew would do for the part. They wired her. She jumped into the car and hit Hollywood forty-eight hours later. They met her at the landing field. Took her to the studio. And bought her until eleven o’clock that night.

Her name is Helen Johnson, a blonde. Playing opposite Larry Gray.

TIS said that Howard Hughes’ war picture, "Hell’s Angels," is finished and that the story should be both. Three years old and all four million dollars have gone into the making of it. (Continued on page 106)
FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

By ANN BOYD

THIS month I am going to explode some pet superstitions about make-up and the use of beauty preparations. These beliefs may make you laugh and some of them may sound antiquated and old-fashioned, but it is amazing how many women—and also how many men—have their pet superstitions and suspicions about make-up.

Here, to come to the point, are some of the questions that women have asked me:

"Will cold cream encourage the growth of hair on the face?"

The answer is, most emphatically, no! If cold cream made hair grow we would be a nation of bearded women. And the damage to the beauty of actresses, who use cold cream constantly, would be appalling. No manufacturer would dare, at the risk of his business life, blend a cream that would start hair growth. If a manufacturer should find a cream guaranteed to grow hair, he would make a fortune selling it to bald-headed men; he would not be obliged to trouble to catch the trade of women. Think it over and then ask yourself if this superstition sounds reasonable.

"Does the use of rouge coarsen the skin?"

Again the answer is no! Dirt, grime and improper and imperfect cleansing methods will coarsen the skin, but rouge will not. A few years ago I visited an astronomical observatory. While there I admired the perfection of the beautiful machines used in making sky measurements. Some of the parts of these machines are of the utmost delicacy; they must be kept beautifully clean and polished because the tiniest fraction of an inch is of the greatest importance in the calculations. The professor of astronomy explained to me that the most exquisite of mechanisms were kept polished by rouge—the rouge that you use on your skin—because this was found to be the safest and daintiest preparation. And the professor told me that rouge is one of our purest commercial products.

I have known many girls who were stage children and accustomed to use rouge, for professional purposes, almost since infancy. And all of these girls had, without exception, unusually fine skin.

"Will hair-dyes injure the hair?"

That, of course, depends on your dye. All the vegetable solutions are harmless, if correctly used. Any chemical mixture must be applied with caution. In all cases hair coloring should be applied by an expert or the directions with the preparation should be carefully followed. Remember that you cannot get the best results unless your hair is in a clean and healthy condition to start with.

Henna should be real henna and not a synthetic chemical mixture. Henna is most commonly used to redder hair or give it a golden glint. Few persons understand that it may be applied to give a real blonde shade or to color hair almost black. A good hair-dresser can obtain almost any shade by the use of henna. It is, moreover, a valuable tonic and adds thickness and lustre to the hair. For the woman whose hair is becoming gray or faded, it is a sensible, safe and legitimate remedy. But be sure that what you are using is actually pure henna and be sure, (Continued on page 111)
"They?"

That looks like one bar of soap to me

Of course it looks like one bar of soap. But there's more in Fels-Naptha than meets the eye. Two helpers in a single bar—soap and naphtha—the "they" that gives you extra help.

Prove it for yourself. Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha. You see soap—good golden soap. Now hold the bar up to your nose. Smell the naphtha—plenty of it. Naphtha has a wonderful way of coaxing dirt loose from clothes. And the golden soap combined with the naphtha does the rest.

With these two safe, active cleaners working together, grime and grime-chains have a chance! Out comes the dirt! Your clothes go to the line sweet and clean and sparkling white.

Fels-Naptha is gentle to clothes. It's kind to your hands. And it works well under any conditions. Use washing machine or tub; use hot, lukewarm or cool water; soak or boil the clothes—Fels-Naptha will pitch in and do the same thorough, extra-helpful job.

Fels-Naptha is useful between wash days, too. Dishes, windows, woodwork—there isn't a soap-and-water task about the house that can't be done with less work with Fels-Naptha.

That's a big statement. But Fels-Naptha is waiting at your grocer's to back up every word of it. Order a few bars today—or ask for the convenient 10-bar carton. Try Fels-Naptha! See how much extra help "they" can bring you!

FREE
Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naphtha) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and post-paid, upon request. Mail the coupon.


Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

Name

Street

City___State___

Fill in completely—print name and address © 1930, Fels & Co.
smart, I would have been compelled to admit that it is three-fourths true."

D. W. Griffith

W. GRIFFITH says, "Perhaps the young lady is jesting."

Mrs. Antonio Moreno

MRS. ANTONIO MORENO: "I have never been a part of the Hollywood society, if there is such a place and a society as Mrs. Winslow describes. I am embarrassed that my name was mentioned. I can only say that if Hollywood is to be improved, it must be done by tolerance. Indeed, tolerance for the other fellow’s viewpoint is what we need most in our times."

Clive Brook

CLIVE BROOK: "Mrs. Winslow makes a categorical statement to the effect that the stars are intolerant only in motion pictures and bootleggers. Nevertheless, at nine o’clock in the morning on Christmas Day, 1929, there was broadcast over the area in which most of the stars reside, a radio lecture on dandruff. The station which broadcast this lecture did so with the conviction that the Hollywood stars would be ready and eager to listen in upon the history of dandruff at nine o’clock on Christmas morning!"

"To Mrs. Winslow this may only mean that, when she visits Hollywood next, the conversation may contain a few sparkling quips and sallies on dandruff, as well as banalities on the motion picture and bootlegging businesses. To me it is significant of much more; it is perhaps the first stirrings of a movement by the stars of Hollywood toward a more refined and a state of erudition which will utterly annihilate Mrs. Winslow’s somewhat dyspeptic de

Ramon Novarro

"The best answer for such articles is silence," says Ramon Novarro. "I do not like to have to say how clever I think we actors are." (This, with a smile.) "I don’t go to parties where such things are—only a few places and they are not like Mrs. Winslow’s Hollywood parties. I go to Ronald Colman’s, and to Ralph Forbes’ and Ruth Chafferton’s. Their dinners certainly are not dull. I find these people most intelligent, trustworthy, earnest. After all, dull parties are given many places outside of Hollywood."

Dolores Del Rio

"I feel that any attack on Hollywood and the film industry should be disregarded," said Dolores Del Rio. "In my mind, as a resident of Hollywood, I have met many charming men and women engaged in the motion picture industry. I am proud to be a member of this fraternity and to give my little bit toward furnishing amusement and entertainment for the millions who seek it through the medium of the screen."

"I came to Hollywood from Mexico City. I was subjected to severe comment from those in the circle to which I had belonged. I can frankly say that my work before I came to Hollywood has been a sincere pleasure and I have the films to thank for a great education and for the making of countless friends. "The motion pictures are today a business. Those participating in their manufacture, whether it be acting, writing or in the technical departments, treat the making of films as a business. No industry that ranks third in the world can be ridiculed nor can it be treated lightly."

Charles MacArthur

"THYRA WINSLOW is three of my ten best friends, I hope," said Charles MacArthur, "and I am tempted to believe anything she writes. Just that I haven’t seen the salons she describes is no indication that Hollywood hasn’t many of them. Maybe she will send me the names and addresses in a plain stamped envelope. ‘I’ve had a lot of fun during my short spells out here and, as a shrewd representative of the civilized East, I have done and said things in the homes of unsuspecting Hollywood hostesses that I have not to be recalled in print. So perhaps I’m unduly balmy and grateful in my recollection of such entertainments."

"And most of my highflying Eastern friends have drawn on all the Faith, Hope and Charity in California to retain their status as civilians, to the glory (let it be said) of Hollywood hostesses."

"As for their lack of interest in books, when was an out-and-out conversation on books ever interesting, here or in New York? Or China? Conversation here is much more civilized; it concerns, just as Thyra says: ‘troubles they are having with bootleggers, best friends, best loves or enemies;’ in other words, highly amusing topics, exactly the subjects that amuse the Easterners when discussed in the East. And then, as Thyra also inferred, the women are beautiful. And what’s the matter with that?"

Arthur Caesar

ARThUR CAESAR: "There is nothing to say about a series of facts put down on paper to ease the budget. That is economic determinism. I write for that reason, too, after a fashion. I know that Thyra will be invited to the Spitzers’ and the Morenos’ and that I’ll invite her to the boring Cae

Anita Page

ANITA PAGE: "I resent the ‘personally pleasing to someone in authority’ clause. I think it insulting because it generalizes, which is unfair. I don’t think this newspaper has ever talked about me. ‘I have never met actors who always talk about themselves. Of course, I go out very little, but I have found people only too anxious to ask for my viewpoint, not to talk of themselves. ‘I have only been a Hollywood girl for a year and a half, and I believe I retain a little outside viewpoint. ‘As it happens, when I’m not a waitress, I was a High School girl. ‘I am glad she likes to see us, even if only once a year."

Gossip of the Studios (Continued from page 103)

And, of course, there was much excitement and reunions with her best friends, the Taladges, Norma, Constance, Natalie Keaton and above all, Peg—the mother of the family and still the most interesting of its members. They say, you know, that Anita wrote "When I Prefer Blondes" in a drawing-room across the Continent just to amuse Peg, who was bored with the long train trip.

Paul Whiteman can eat more than anyone in Hollywood. When West he eats "crepecherie and crepicking. When in New York he eats at Billy Léhi’s Tavern on Forty-eighth Street, just east of Seventh Avenue. And, in addition to the food, the thing which attracts Whiteman is a large, very large, cushioned seat. Billy has fixed it up in a corner for him.

Vilma Banky is doing a picture called "Sunkissed." And what could be a more appropriate title for the beautiful Vilma?"
Music of the Sound Screen
(Continued from page 6)

numbers of Miss Miller's picture. Two numbers from "Blaze o' Glory," played by Wayne King and his orchestra, make a popular Victor record. These numbers, "Wrapped in a Red, Red Rose" and "Put a Little Salt on the Bluebird's Tail," carry vocal refrains by Ernie Birchill.

"LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY," a coming feature, provides Victor with an interesting tenor and orchestra record. Paul Oliver sings "Should I?" with orchestra accompaniment, and Lewis James does "A Bundle of Old Love Letters," also before an orchestra. "No, No, Nanette" in song film form brings back two popular numbers of a few years ago, "Tea For Two" and "I Want to Be Happy." The Ipano Troubadours have made a fine fox trot recording of these two numbers for Columbia.

Another excellent Columbia record offers "When I'm Looking at You" and "The Rogue Song" from "The Rogue Song." Both are done as fox trots by the Columbia Photo Players.

Chic Endor sings "Singin' in the Bathtub" and "Lady Luck," both hits of "The Show of Shows," for Columbia. You will like this record.

What to Expect in 1930
(Continued from page 51)

Lillian Gish in "The Swan," "Carmen," with Bebe Daniels as the cigarette girl.

Richard Barthelmess once again as an Oriental in "Son of the Gods."


Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie" and "Romance."

The three coming war plays: "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "Journey's End."

The appearance of John McCormack, the tenor, in "I Hear You Calling Me."

And D. W. Griffith's production of the life of Lincoln, with Walter Huston in the name part.

Look this list over on January 1st, 1931, and you will find at least eight of the season's box-office winners.

This Soothing Beauty Bath is Astonishing to Fastidious Women

RESULTS ARE IMMEDIATE!

TRY the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin smooth and soft and to give it an invisibly light "coating" of Linit powder so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary.

After the Linit Beauty Bath, the thin "coating" of Linit that is spread evenly and without excess, is so light that it cannot possibly stop the normal functioning of the pores.

To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath — bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

White is the natural color of Linit and there is no needless coloring or odor. Pure starch from corn is its main ingredient and being a vegetable product contains none of the mineral properties found in many cosmetics today.

Doctors who specialize in skin treatment, generally recommend starch from corn for the super-sensitive skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin
The Talkies Invade the Courts

(Continued from page 58)

motions of young Gladstones, and the confusing disagreements of verbose alienists, by settling back in chairs provided by the taxpayers and listening to the defendant, on the screen, tell why he drowned his wife's pet poodle or mistook her chin for the tenpin.

And no additional charge for first nights, either.

Before speculating on the competition the court-room might give your favorite cinema house a few years hence, and the sleuthing flatfeet the celluloid and recording disk might turn into soured file clerks, let us sit in on this police experiment which made talkie history and gave a theatrical touch to the court-room.

Judge Gordon was on the bench. The court-room was crowded with lawyers awaiting the outcome of this experiment of Director Lemuel B. Schofield, of the Department of Public Safety, the man who, after a political interval, stepped into the spotlight vacated by Major General Smedley D. Butler, of the United States Marine Corps.

District Attorney John Monaghan and his entire staff of assistants, criminologists from large Eastern universities, visiting police chiefs, lawyers and a sprinkling of judges occupied most of the seats in the court-room.

Director Schofield, of course, was there, for it was his idea. And, being a lawyer and former assistant district attorney himself, he knew that the future of his idea depended largely upon the judicial reception extended it by the jurist on the bench.

A week or so previously the police had picked up a milk-wagon driver who had robbed twenty-five homes in the Oak Lane section of Philadelphia. His name was Harold Roller, thirty-two, married and no previous record. As crimes go, his derelictions were worth only a perfunctory piece in the newspapers.

But it was about the time of Roller's arrest that Director Schofield had his idea. As a prosecuting attorney he had seen cases lost because defense counsel accused the district attorney of using third-degree methods, or, what is known in the law as duress, in obtaining the confessions.

Now every lawyer knows this is one of the stock arguments when they defend a client whose written confession is in the hands of the prosecutor. Many times, no doubt, it is a just argument. But just as many times, perhaps, it is an adroit bit of psychology on the part of the lawyer to sway the jury in favor of his defendant.

How on earth, it struck Director Schofield, could a defense lawyer complain of duress and third degree, if the confession of the criminal was filmed and recorded in a talkie which would depict the exact circumstances under which the confession was obtained? The idea gave birth to action and Harold Roller happened alone to play the leading rôle in the experiment; receiving, incidentally, enough press notices to warm an actor with the heart of Grant's statue.

Schofield summoned a Fox Movietone man to the next "stand up" of prisoners in the roll room of the detective bureau, a stuffy, smoke-filled inquisition chamber where the racketeers and murderers answer as untruthfully as they can the questions the detectives ask. And the talkie exhibited later in the court-room showed what the camera got.

You could have heard a pin drop when Judge Gordon concluded his opinion on the admissibility of that picture as evidence. It was supererogation for him to direct everybody to remain quiet while the talkie was being shown and to order court attaches to turn out the lights and draw the shades. Nobody was stirring anyhow, and attendants already were on their way to the darkening devices. For there was a drama the like of which no director on a movie lot ever constructed.

There was an instant of darkness, giving an eerie touch to the staid old court of justice. Then, from one side of the room, a narrow shaft of light expanded, spreading a picture on a sheet about eight by ten feet, on the other side.

On that screen was a man of thirty-

Badminton, a game resembling tennis but played with longer rackets, is all the rage in Hollywood these days. Eddie Nugent and Sally Starr, featured players at Metro-Goldwyn, have just finished a game and they're watching some other players try their luck.
two, an exact likeness of the hunched figure of the prisoner, who now sat, head hung, beside his counsel, never once looking up or paying the slightest attention to anyone, which was reverberating, bell-like, through-out the court-room. There were two other figures on the screen, those of Inspector Whitaker, head of the Philadelphia Detective Bureau, who was questioning Roller, and a young woman stenographer.

"I have made it known nor have I been beaten or forced into making this confession," the Harold Roller on the screen was saying. But the Harold Roller in the audience was still sitting dejectedly at the prisoner's docket, head hung lower, while the jury's attention was fixed now on the Harold Roller who was speaking.

"I am doing this," his voice, in its amplification, boomed to the jurors, "for my own benefit, so that when I get free I will be able to go straight again."

It took six minutes in all, this first confession ever to be talked from a screen in a court-room. The prisoner went through all the details of how he had found a master key to the houses he robbed, how he learned the habits of the victim, how he was stealing milk, and how he managed to call when they were out.

At the conclusion of the picture the interest in the trial seemed to wane. A likeness was shown, and it was like an intermission between acts. Everybody filed out. But in this "show" very few came back. The talkie was the whole performance. The screen had seen talkie and legal history made.

But it is said, however, that the talking of confessions is the strongest objections of an enterprising young lawyer, John Whitaker Lord, Jr. Already he has served notice that he will file an appeal, so sentence on his client, who was convicted in fourteen minutes, was deferred.

In a fervid plea Mr. Lord argued that the inaccuracies apt to develop in any recorded evidence would be manifold. He painted a picture of an unscrupulous district attorney, if he wished, ordering the film cut to suit his purpose. He pointed out how in melodrama, the whole screen portrays the same face acting, talking and singing, when in reality the composite the public gets of that face may be the face of one, the speaking voice of another, and the singing voice of still a third person. And he called motion picture experts to the witness stand to substantiate his pleads.

Judge Gordon, however, saw differently. He turned an attentive ear to the experts, who told how much leger- demain could be performed with celluloid and the recording disk, then asked: "In your opinion has the confession just exhibited been tampered with? Is the figure and the voice of the prisoner on the same picture as that of this defendant here?"

The experts were forced to answer "yes," and therein was the weakness of Mr. Lord's right to keep the talkies out of the court-room.

"I see no grounds to exclude this picture," said Judge Gordon. "Still photographs, when properly identified, always have been admissible as evidence. There are certain fundamental in talking pictures, both to the defendant and the Commonwealth. The courts of the land have always recognized the use of scientific inventions."

The appeal which Mr. Lord will file with the appellate courts is welcomed by the district attorney. Had the decision gone the other way and the talkie been barred as evidence, it was the intention of Director Schofield, through the district attorney's office, to have the case finally adjudicated in the higher courts.

The consensus among legal experts, however, is that Judge Gordon has made a judicious decision which will be far reaching in its effects, one that is likely to be sustained and will transform the court-rooms of the country into impromptu motion picture houses. Already Director Schofield has filmed the confession of a young man who is charged with the murder of his sweetheart, and, at this writing, that case is about ready to go on trial.

As to the future of the talkies in police work, who is there to predict accurately? For in this age today's wildest dream is commonplace tomorrow. But the talkies have unplumbed possibilities. And they are many.

Regardless of all master-minding with which Reuton has draped its favorite sleuths, any honest detective will tell you that the success he achieves can be measured by the number of stool-pigeons he knows. He gets his information from somebody who has seen, heard, or knows something.

Why not, then, give these stool-pigeons talkie cameras?

Take the detective trick of wire-tapping, for instance. A detective hears something, makes an arrest. The crook then corral an army of high-priced counsel who recruit an array of witnesses to call the detective a liar. But suppose that taped wire is hooked up to a talkie screen?

But how can you make a prisoner confess before a camera? You can't. Neither can you make him give an oral or written confession. But he can repeat a written confession on the witness stand. He could declare he did not say what he is purported to have said. Could he do that if his likeness and voice were on the screen?

Suppose he admits on the stand having made a confession, but that what he did say is falsified. Is it just true, that what he is saying now, on the witness stand, is the truth, and he swears by all that is holy that he did not feloniously assault John Jones.

The jury is impressed, perhaps, by his sincerity now. But the jury did not see him when he made the written confession which the district attorney has offered as Exhibit A. The jury has no way of knowing under what circumstances he gave it. Maybe he has been kept with out food, cuffed by detectives. The poor devil might deserve sympathy after all, he denies the truth of the statement.

But suppose, as the jury is filling its mind with the screen doubt, a talkie confession is flashed on the screen, showing the chief of police or the district attorney saying almost sympathetically: "Remember, anything you say can be used against you. Do you want to tell us about it?"

The jury’s doubt would soon flee as the drama on the screen unfolded before it, as the prisoner, looking a little more sincere on the screen than he does now on the witness stand, tells of how he made a confession with malice aforethought against one John Jones. Wouldn't it help you to judge?
Hollywood’s Gamest Troupers

(Continued from page 101)

Francis Ford, who used to co-star with Grace Cunard, as he is today. An able actor, he plays interesting roles with distinction. But he isn’t counted a star.

with Antonio Moreno for Vitagraph in 1918, ’19, and ’20. Then followed starring roles with American Films, in American Beauty Comedies. Her most recent work was with Nancy Carroll and Ford Sterling in “Chicken à la King,” in which she played a bit as the wife of Sterling.

ROY STEWART, former Triangle star with his own company, and serial king at Universal, who also starred for Goldwyn and Selznick, is playing smaller roles. He plays a bit in “The Lone Star Ranger” with George O’Brien and Sue Carol, and the part of the lieutenant commander in “Men Without Women.”

Rose Tapley was a star on the legitimate stage working until she became a Vitagraph star at the Flatbush studio. Her recent bit work in pictures includes “The Charlatan,” and “The Last of Mrs. Cheyney” with Norma Shearer, in which she played a guest at a garden party. In “East Is East” with Lon Chaney, she has a single spoken line as the wife of an English tourist.

Anne Schaefer, once a Vitagraph star, often plays bits with Corinne Griffith. When Corinne was breaking in as a frightened school kid in the old

(Continued on page 112)

Famous Motion Picture Writers Who Contribute Regularly to The New Movie Magazine:

Adela Rogers St. Johns
Rosalind Shaffer
Homer Croy
Frederick James Smith
Herb Howe
Grace Kingsley
Walter Winchell
Dick Hyland

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The New Movie Magazine

First Aids to Beauty
(Continued from page 104)

too, that it is used with discretion and taste. Any hair coloring, badly applied or used when it is not really necessary, only accentuates the lines on the face and throws the natural color harmony out of balance.

"WILL the use of lipstick thicken the lips?" Actually, of course, it will not. In practice, lip rouge, if applied too heavily, will spoil the contour of the mouth. Remember to follow the outlines of your lips when you use rouge. If your lips are heavy, do not apply the lipstick to the very edge. If, on the other hand, your lips are thin you may be generous with the rouge. The coloring of the lips should not overbalance the coloring of your eyes. Girls with light eyes should use a light shade of lipstick. Girls with large, dark eyes and naturally heavy lashes and brows may use more vivid coloring on their lips.

But the use of lipstick has nothing to do with the contour of your mouth, if you follow the natural lines. In fact some sort of lip salve is absolutely essential to keep the lips from drying or chapping, even if you use it so sparingly that it cannot be detected.

NOW for some superstitions about the hands. Women who are employed in offices or do housework complain that it is impossible to keep the hands in good condition. By which they mean that they cannot wear pointed nails or maintain a high gleaming polish. The rules for daintiness of the hands for women who work at home or in an office are quite simple. Every kitchen and every office should be kept supplied with some sort of hand lotion, a good nail brush, an orange stick, a nail file and a buffer. Women who are busy with their hands should not attempt an extremely manicured look. Long pointed nails are easily broken and nails of uneven length are most unattractive. The nails should be kept neatly rounded and rather short.

After a day's work, every business woman should scrub her hands thoroughly, clean the nails and apply a good lotion. For daily use she should use a light polish, which she may acquire with the buffer or by application of one of the liquid preparations. If she uses the liquid it should be frequently removed and renewed. The deeper tints for the nails should be reserved for evening use. Any extreme manicure is horribly out of place in a business office where cleanliness and efficiency should come before anything.

A NOTHER superstition that is even more popular with men than women is that a cold shower is the ideal bath. As a matter of fact, a cold shower without soap is not really cleansing at all. The average human being, living in the average dusty environment, needs a warm tubbing, with soap, every day. Cold water is not vigorous, tiring the body without cleansing.

The Ideal bath is a warm tub followed, if you like, by a cold shower or at least a cooler rinse.

Richard Dix
Richard Dix, celebrated R. K. O. motion picture star says:
"I have observed that the real beauties—the girls that quickly outgrow the 'extra' class—always seem to have that lithe, lustrous type of hair. It registers so well under studio lights..."

You, too, may have lustrous hair by using Hennafoam—the shampoo that contains a pinch of henna. Buy a bottle at your druggist's and send 10 cents for a generous sample to Dept. 2TO, The Hennafoam Corporation, 511 W. 42nd Street, New York City.

Follow the Guide to the Best Films—a monthly feature of The NEW MOVIE Magazine. It will keep you in touch with all the pictures you "simply must see."

They Act Their Age in New York
(Continued from page 71)

alive today if he had heeded the counsel of physicians and others and stayed away from the gay places. But Rudie, they will tell you, kept postponing his visit to the hospital until it was too late.

Other visiting players ought to take this warning to heart before it is too late to keep that schoolgirl complexion. They should remember that the supervisors and other cinema magnates have the last word. They can tell them how much money they will pay them, what billing they will get and what roles they can have.

When you are on top, you can do the dictating, even in the movies, but when you are skidding, as many of them do after a brief session before the fickle public, you take what they offer. Maybe that's why Mary Pickford, who still remains "America's Sweetheart," doesn't do her showing off in the night clubs or on Broadway.

The Hollywood stars who celebrate too much are as forgotten as the names of the lads who stayed up in a plane over St. Louis for 420 hours.

Next Month—

MARY PICKFORD'S REAL PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE
By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
Watch for it!
Vitagraph studio, Anne taught her all about movie makeup. She played a bit in "Prisoners" and "Lilies of the Field."

Many old ball players, stars in their day as Babe Ruth is in ours, bask in the uncertain spotlight of films. Mike Donlin, star with the New York Giants from 1904 to 1910, plays in many Bill Haines pictures. His latest role is in "Take It Big" with Van and Scherck.

Ethel Clayton starred with the old Lubin company, with Robertson Cole, and drew a salary of five thousand dollars a week as star at the Lasky lot. She plays the speaking role of the society matron in "Hit the Deck" and promises to be among the number of old timers whose stage experience will make her in demand for the talkies.

Greta Almroth, star of Swedish pictures when Nils Asther was making a humble beginning, was the Garbo of Sweden. She plays a bit in "Dream of Love" with Joan Crawford, as an infuriated revolutionist in a scene with Warner Oland.

EMILE CHAUTARD is really Hollywood's grand old man. You know him as the priest in "Seventh Heaven," the priest in "Tiger Rose" with Lupe Velez, as a soldier in "Marina" with Marion Davies, and as Père Goriot in "Paris at Midnight." He was identified with the Folies Bergère for ten years, writing and acting. He was associated with such men as Sardou, Paul Bourget, Edmund Rostand, and Henri Bernstein, as producer and stage director.

In addition to his bit work, which is done more for love than money, he is technical adviser and does French dialogue for many films. In his early days in Hollywood, he directed many famous people such as Jeanne Eagels, Pauline Frederick, Clara Kimball Young, Elsie Ferguson, Holbrook Blinn, Alice Brady, and others.

Charlotte Walker, famous stage star who originated the feminine role in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and many other productions, plays a bit in "South Sea Rose" with Lenore Ulric. She is the Mother Superior.

Barbara Tennant, former Universal, Biograph, Tannhäuser and Lasky star, played several bits in Sennett comedies recently.

Temmie Dugan, vaudeville headliner and featured actor on Broadway, plays a bit in Dolores Del Rio's "The Bad One."


Eulalie Jenson, old Vitagraph star, is still beautiful with her dark eyes and curling heavy hair; she played a bit as a canteen worker in "She Goes to War." Ed Cecil, handsome leading man with the old Biograph company, now plays bits in Westerns and serials.

Allen Sears, a very fine actor, from the same company as Cecil, is playing bits and occasional heavies at Universal.

Tom Nawn, old vaudevillian on the Proctor circuit, plays a bit in John McCormack's new picture.

Rosa Gore, for years teamed with Dan Cruinnis, her husband, in vaudeville, as Cruinnis and Gore, a star team, plays the talkative landlady in "Redemption" with John Gilbert. She also plays as a New England gossip in "South Sea Rose" with Lenore Ulric.

There is Charles Wellesley, an old-time English actor, famous in his day, who plays an officer in "The Sky Hawk." Mary Mersch, former leading woman in films, plays the nurse in "Christina." Then there is Sam Allen, a very fine actor, verging into sixty-five years; he plays eccentric types for bits. August Tollaire, from the French stage, demands and gets seventy-five dollars a day to play mayors with long white whiskers and striped trousers and high hats, with cutaway coats, in French villages. There is no one else who can play Tollaire's bits.

Character roles are often played by Edmund Breese;ars, a once starred in many plays, including "The Lion and the Mouse."

Mortimer Snow, who was the idol of the Eastern stock companies, around Troy and Scranton especially, and who originated a leading role in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," plays bits demanding a capable and handsome actor.

Fifteen years ago Claire MacDowell was starred opposite Frank Mayo in "The Bronze Bride." She played leading roles on both the stage and screen, especially with the old Vitagraph company. Her first big character role was as the mother of Novarro in "Ben-Hur." She played the mother of Eleanor Boardman in "Redemption" and played a bit in "Behind That Curtain."

DICK TRAVERS, famous at the outbreak of the war, has found that an ungrateful public forgets heroes. Travers was a leading man with the old Essanay Company at Chicago, and had been a very popular stage actor before that. After the war, to which he went as a volunteer, attaining the rank of colonel, he found himself forgotten. He had played leads with Mabel Normand. Recently he had a small role in "The Iron Mask;" he had a good bit in "Unholy Night" and played an English officer in "Men Without Women." The talkies may pull him out of oblivion, for he is a good actor.

Joseph Cawthorn came to the movies two years ago from a long and conspicuously successful stage career. Bits have helped Cawthorn break into better parts recently; beginning with a bit in "The Secret of Olive Borden, Two Girls Wanted" and "Strictly Confidential," he progressed to better dialect parts in "Speakeasy," "Jazz Heaven," and "Dinner and a Dance." Recently he played Gremio with Fairbanks and Pickford in "Taming of the Shrew."

And so they come. Every director, with an eye to old times, hires them when he wants real work done. And sometimes when he just wants to help for old times' sake.

Florence Turner was a famous star of the early motion picture days. Then went to England and starred for some years in British films. Now she is back in Hollywood, playing smaller roles. Above, as Lois Moran's mother in "Padlocked."
Their First Fans

(Continued from page 27)

after that, the maid taking the best of care of Janet always.

"She loved pictures always, and her favorite was Gloria Swanson. She never missed a Swanson picture. Also, for some reason, she adored serials. When James Cruze made 'The Million-Dollar Mystery,' I simply couldn’t keep her away from the theatre."

Gary Cooper

"T he older boys and girls in the neighborhood where we lived in Helena, Montana, nicknamed Gary 'Bubbles.' I explained Gary's mother to me, "I never did know why. It is very seldom that a nickname is given for any reason, or if there is a reason, it is forgotten, but the neighborhood children always called Gary 'Bubbles' as long as we stayed there."

Gary weighed eight pounds when he was born, he never missed sleep or nourishment, but was a healthy youngster.

"It was when Gary was eleven months old that he took his first step," his mother went on. "Arthur, Gary's brother, and I visited England at this time, and whether it was the excitement of the travel idea or what, at any rate it was the night before we left that Gary took his first steps. His father walked with him around the room once and then let him go it alone. Gary toddled all the way around the room by himself before tumbling into his dad's arms. He seemed awfully proud of himself and wanted to try it again, but we held him back.

"Gary adored his brother, Arthur, and would do anything his older brother told him. He would also fight for him at the drop of the hat. Once when Gary was only three years old, Arthur was about to have a fight with some bigger boys—boys of nine and ten years old. Gary was so mad that he stepped up to take the fight away from Arthur and clean up the gang himself! The little kid's nerve so amused the older children that they started laughing and forgot all about the fight.

"When Gary was four his one interest was in trains. The family hunted for hours one day for him, and found him finally down at the railroad tracks, a mile from home. He was just on the point of hailing a train from the vantage point of the middle of the track when he was discovered."}

Gary's interest was not confined to trains, however. The Indians near his home held a great interest for him. He became acquainted with some of them at the State Fair Grounds in Helena when he was a very little fellow, and from them he learned to make Indian garments—war vests and war bonnets. He got the materials, skins and beads and thread, from the Indians, and he would sit and sew with them while he listened to their stories and the little boy of whom they were very fond.

"He also learned to stuff birds when he was only about twelve years old," his mother said. "He bought a book on taxidermy, doubtless incited to interest in wild birds by the talk of the Indians, and he really turned out several very good examples of taxidermy. His subjects were eagles and white owls."

(Continued on page 114)
Their First Fans

(Continued from page 113)

His favorite dish when a child was oatmeal, and when he had had his, he would always say, "That's a much." Bill Hart was Gary's idol on the screen when Gary was eight. He used to sit up late at night to look at Gary's photograph in the paper so his parents could see a Bill Hart picture, in sitting through it twice!

Norma Shearer

YOUR ideals are not to be smashed

regarding at least one actress. Norma Shearer wasn't a red, speckled, ugly little baby. She was very pink and white and dainty, just as she is now.

"I was afraid to look at her," said Norma's mother the other day, as we chatted beside the open fire in her pretty bungalow living-room. "I just knew she would be ugly and red. But she wasn't, and I was so glad."

When the girls were little, Athole was considered the beauty of the family. The girls look very much alike, however. They were devoted to each other, but Norma was a tease. However, Athole always got even with her in some good-natured way. Norma was a little tomboy and liked playing with boys. She enjoyed all their games. She even played baseball when a very little girl, and no boy could beat her at climbing trees. And she was an expert at skating. Somehow she never had any accidents.

"One sport, though, she never seemed to master, and that was horseback riding. She always seemed to be afraid of horses. She would get on and ride sometimes, because her pride made her ashamed to admit that she was afraid, but she never became the horsewoman that her brothers were.

"But she was a wonderful swimmer, learning in the St. Lawrence River, near our summer home in Canada. By the time she was five, she was an expert at swimming and diving. All the children took to the water like ducks.

"I had only one fright about Norma in connection with the water. One day she and Athole decided to go sailing in a little boat we had. When they got out some way—that was on a small lake—a squall came up, something went wrong with their tiller, and the girls were at the mercy of the waves. Some lumbermen nearby rushed out in their boat and brought the girls safe to the little wharf.

"Although such an outdoor girl, Norma was also, and always from the time she was six years old, when she began to study the piano, she would practise four hours every day without being scolded.

"(I can just hear mothers reading this to their little daughters!)

Norma took all her musical examinations, passing with credit, when she was sixteen, and could have taken her conjunct examinations only that this would not be an unfair test of her talent.

"My mother was very straight-laced, and when Norma would say that she meant to be an actress, mother would frown. With a little girl who loved to dance, would turn on the phonograph and improvise steps, mother would tell her to stop nonsense.

"Even as a child, Norma took part in many entertainments for the returned soldiers during the World War. The school boys, many of them only fourteen, went to war, lying about their ages," Mrs. Shearer said. "One boy was much in love with Norma. He wanted her to kiss him good-bye when he went to war, but she wouldn't do it. Then afterward, when he had gone, she cried because she was sorry she hadn't kissed him.

Laura La Plante

LAURA LA PLANTE ran away from school the very first day in kindergart

ten! That doesn't mean, though, that she was a wayward child. Indeed, listen to the school report Card she ran away from school and right into another. Laura always was of a choosy mind, and maybe she wanted to compare the relative merits of the schools.

"At any rate," explained her mother, "somebody at the other school recognized her and brought her home before we had time to worry about her.

"Laura was a thoughtful little girl for others. She worried about the other children in the neighborhood if they hadn't proper care, and on one occasion brought a small, disheveled child home with her, declaring she meant to keep her. Only the arrival of the child's distraught mother, who threatened the tiny Laura with kidnapping, relieved Laura's mother from a feeling of terrible responsibility.

"Laura always mothered her sister Violet," said Laura's mother. "She worried more about Violet's feet getting into the most absurd misadventures than I did. When Violet's first teeth had to be pulled, it was Laura who comforted her and who gave Violet her most cherished doll to console her.

"Speaking of school, Laura learned so fast in kindergarten that she was soon teaching the other children! And she learned to draw and write at a very early age.

"Maybe Laura wouldn't want me to tell it, but the very first word she learned to say was the name of a boy in the neighborhood. She was about a year old, and the boy used to peel through the fence and call to her as she sat in her little chariot on the sunny porch. His name was Harold, and one day she suddenly spoke his name quite distinctly.

"Also she surprised us one day by rising by herself to her feet and walking out of the door. I don't know whether it was the vision of her elders didn't please her or what. She was only two and a half year old then. Maybe she suddenly decided it was high time she walked. She was an independent little thing like that—thought things out for herself.

"She weighed six and a quarter pounds when she was born," said Laura's mother. "I had a very pretty picture of a blue-eyed, blonde-haired girl over the mantel-shelf and used to look at it every day and hope that, if I had a girl, she would look like that child. And, believe it or not, she really does resemble that picture!"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., was a fat little baby, but rather pale and quiet. He was always a little dreamer. He and his mother were very great fans.

He was always ahead of other children at school, and he early showed an aptitude for drawing. When only nine years old, Doug drew a caricature of Raymond Hitchcock, which, on being seen by a showman connected with Hitchcock, was bought by him and was subsequently used as an advertisement for a Hitchcock revue.

His mother took Doug to Paris to study art, and the two came home when their money gave out, young Doug going into pictures.

Gwen Lee

BEFORE Gwen was born," said pretty Mrs. Lee, Gwen's mother, "I had a very pretty picture of a blue-eyed, blonde-haired girl over the mantel-shelf and used to look at it every day and hope that, if I had a girl, she would look like that child. And, believe it or not, she really does resemble that picture!"

We sat in the cozy little drawing-room of Gwen's Hollywood home and drank tea as we chatted. One reflected that the girl could hardly help as one glanced at her mother, being pretty and blonde.

"She weighed eight pounds when she was born," Mrs. Lee went on, "and was always a happy, healthy child. She cried a lot, just at first, but would always turn right around and smile.

"Gwen always loved music, and one of the first ways she played it was to sit behind a chair, put her hands through the rungs and pretend she was playing the piano. She began to study early and has become a fair musician. As she got older, however, she grew fond of acting and the theatre.

"Just once she ran away from home. She was a very little girl, and one day her two chums coaxcd her to run away and have her picture taken with them. We searched and searched for her, but finally she came home with her two friends, quite nonchalantly.

"Gwen always loved dolls, and though she discarded them at ten or thereabouts I saved them and still have them. She loved pets, too, and had one little Shitzu dog nine years. She lost him in Chicago—he wandered away from the house some way—and we never found any trace of him. Gwen was six when she was last seen and she refused to own another pet for years afterward.

"My daughter always wanted to go (Continued on page 116)
signed the contract, he saw that he had
held of a live wire and started immediately
for Hollywood where he made a
good contract.
Good news: she is not married.
The line forms on the right.
FREDRIC MARCH: I have had the
pleasure of introducing to you people
from many different trades and pro-
essions, but this is the first time I have
been able to introduce a banker to you.
So, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to
introduce Banker March.
At least, that's the way he started out.
Then he slipped and became an actor.
His family was a proud family, with-
out a blemish, and then along came Fredric.
Well, Mr. Ma just pretty nearly cried her eyes out.
Fredric started in to learn the bank-
img business in Racine, Wisconsin, with
his father and mother directors, and
a bank's teller once in a while in the
woodshed. After he had grown older,
young Banker March started at the
Racine High School where he graduated
and then attended the University of
Wisconsin, where he studied more bank-
ing.
In 1929 he graduated with honors,
winning a scholarship offered by Frank
Vanderlip, the great banker. Fredric
was thrilled—think of that! A chance
to work in a New York City bank!
 families his future. Fredric came to New
York—to find Mr. Vanderlip had
resigned and that the new boss didn't
want any Wisconsin help.
Out of work, but didn't want to go back
home after they had given him such a
big send-off, so he looked around for a
job and finally got one acting. Pretty
soon he was with the Theatre Guild,
and before long he was acting in
Hollywood.
He is now the only actor in Holly-
wood who can keep his bank book bal-
ced.
But, girls, don't get on the train and
start out to Hollywood just yet hoping
to keep up just for fun with Fred-
ric—his wife, Florence Eldridge, might
object.
And so that is the story of a young
man who started out to be a banker
and ended up a rich movie actor with
money in half a dozen banks.
WE will now turn our attention to
the Pride of Pueblo—GRANT
WITHERS himself. That's his real
name, just as William Haines is Wil-
liam's real name.
Grant's father was in the fuel busi-
ness and his mother's father was in the
lumber business, and so Grant became
an actor. And still some people believe
in heredity!
Grant was somewhat of a stepper in
those days and once stepped down the
aisle with a blushing bride clinging to
his arm, but that was soon over and Grant
was safely divorced before he was nine-
teen. At present Grant is unmarried,
but is keeping Loretta Young's tele-
phone busy.
Grant was sent to a military academy
in Booneville, Mo., where he wasn't
much of a student, but in dramas he
shone like the top star on a Christmas
tree. Acting got into his blood and the
first thing his family knew he had run
away from school and was in Holly-
wood.
The movies looked him over and de-
cided that they would have to try to
get along without him, and Grant got
a job as a reporter on a Los Angeles
paper, which—God knows!—pays no
moving picture salary. But the boy
had iron in him—real Colorado iron—
and made good.
His first assignment was to report
the funeral of Wally Reid.
At another time he spent five days
in the same jail with Bebe Daniels in
order to get the story of her jail ex-
perience.
But all the time he kept looking
through Hollywood. At last, he had his
chance and was an extra for Douglas
McLean. Soon he had a "bit" and then
a magnate asked him if he would sign
his name on a dotted line. Grant did
and made a house in Brentwood and
a Jap butler.
It just shows what a newspaper man
can do—when he gets out of the busi-
ness.
WILLIAM HAINES: Don't go
yet, girls, for I'm going to intro-
duce you to a man who has never
found the Right Girl. But you will
have to put on the best you've got and
step fast, for Polly Moran is hang-
ing around the waterfront when Polly
hangs around something is going to
pop. And it may very well be the
question.
Stand up, William Haines, and let
us see what a bachelor looks like.
William is a Southerner, suh, born
in Staunton, Va., which produced
another one, William, none other
than Woodrow Wilson. One Staunton
boy made good in Hollywood and
the other in Washington—that's the
difference between them.
William was born one bright morn-
ing about half past eight, thirty years
ago, the oldest of five children.
With this prodigal son ran
away from home, but instead of living
on husks and coming back looking
prett teeth and run down at the heel.
William got a job in the movies and
when he came back they met him with
a band and the keys to the city.
His first job, however, was in a pow-
der factory—gun, not face.
Leaving the powder factory to get
along the best way it could, he got a
job in a dance hall and remained there
until it caught on fire.
"I'm always thankful we didn't have
the fire in my first job," says
William.
Turning his back on the ashes, he
went to New York, but didn't set the
town on fire. In fact, any confirma-
tion William started could have been
put out with a sponge.
At this time there was a motion
picture contest and when it was over
William was the winner, and soon on
a train headed for Hollywood—and
now everyone furnishes and antiques.
But so far, he hasn't been able to col-
lect a wife. Who'll volunteer?
Ah, girls, that ain't fair—no pushing
and shoving.
Their First Fans

(Continued from page 114)

on the stage or be in pictures, and the first bit she did she wore my clothes in the picture—a part in which she was playing, as a child, that she was a 'grown-up lady,' just as she had played so many times in real life, outfitted in my clothes."

Vivienne Segal

It is the old story of the mother realizing her own ambitions in her daughter in Vivienne Segal's case. Mrs. Segal had always wanted to be an actress.

"No sooner," explained Vivienne's mother, "could Vivienne walk and talk, which was at the age of one year, than she could also dance and sing. She would take the center of the floor, raise her little skirts and sing 'Vere'll be a hot time in ve ole town tonight!' dancing as she sang.

"Our summer home was in Atlantic City, and all the Philadelphia dancing schools had headquarters down there and would stage entertainments during the summer. I took Vivienne down to see one of them, thinking it might amuse her. I turned to talk to my friend next me. Suddenly I heard wild applause, looked to see what it was all about, and found that Vivienne there in the middle of the ballroom floor was dancing! She had slipped away from my side and had become an entertainer.

"The instructor didn't appreciate my daughter's impromptu efforts as much as he should, apparently. At any rate, he picked her up and brought her back and asked me to please keep her as she was crabbing his show! But he begged to have her as a pupil.

"It was during that very same summer that she managed to slip away from her nurse one morning. We were frantic. I had visions of her falling off the boardwalk into the ocean; everybody in the neighborhood ran all over town looking for her. I was too hysterical to do anything. After hours of search, which seemed like months to me, one of our friends found her in a police station. They had her up on a table dancing for them, and she had the time of her life. She was brought home on the front seat of a bicycle with a fist full of money which the officers had given her for singing and dancing."

Dolores del Rio

"DOLORES was such a good baby! She always smiled. And she would coo, so that we called her pajareita, which in Mexican means a certain little bird."

"And she never called us father and mother. From the time she could say words, she always called her father chato and me mumii. They are Mexican words having to do with love, but you can't translate them.

"She weighed six kilos—that means twelve pounds—when she was born—such a fat, healthy baby!"

Mrs. Asunsolo, Dolores del Rio's mother, and I sat in the pretty drawing-room of Dolores' Hollywood house, after I had rung the bell at the big gate, and had made my way, following the butler, along the piazza past the garden, and into the hall, where I was welcomed by Dolores' mother.

"Yes, Dolores made up those names herself when she was a year old. She surprised us when she named us.

"Did Dolores have any pets?" we inquired, knowing her love for animals.

"Yes, she had a big St. Bernard dog, when the family first came to Durango and she was a small child. But they had left it, when they went to Mexico City, in charge of Dolores' tutor, and when the revolutionists came, they wanted to rob the house and they killed the dog, which was trying to defend the place. Dolores was heartbroken, but has always loved animals.

Dolores traveled, even when a small child, with her parents in Europe, and always asked a great many questions about everything she saw.

"And she always loved the theatre," her mother said. "Even as a tiny little girl she would get before the mirror, put flowers in her hair, drape shawls about her and dance. She loved the castenets, and when she was four years old we got her a tiny pair, which she immediately learned to use, and to which she would dance the old Mexican and Spanish folk dances she saw the peasants and servants dancing at their feasts and which I taught her in the theater. She was always in shows at the convent.

"She had many little girl friends, of course, but she was always my companion. It seemed a long day to me when she was at school before I might call for her in the afternoon.

"We owned an orchard near Durango, and when we were in that city, we would go out every morning—Dolores, her tutor and myself—and Dolores would dance and fence with her tutor, there under the trees in the sunlight, while I watched."

Dolores learned to sew when very young, and she did beautiful embroidery. When she was five she embroidered a pretty table scarf for her father as a Christmas present, and she embroidered a whole petticoat for herself when she was six.

"Every Christmas morning Dolores would go to church and would bring home some poor little girl, whom she would dress up—hat, dress, shoes, stockings, underclothes, everything. These clothes she would buy herself. Then she would select some little girl from among those she heard of as needy."

Anita Page

ANITA PAGE'S real name is Anita Pomares, and her mother is a pretty, bright little woman who married a Spaniard.

We chatted at the edge of the set the other day, when Anita was playing scenes with Buster Keaton.

"Anita looked exactly like a doll when she was a baby," said her mother. "She weighed eight and one-half pounds when she was born."

Wonderful, isn't it, how these mothers always can remember how much their babies weighed at birth. "She was a healthy child and never suffered from anything except the measles."

"Anita always had a great love for pictures, and she loved to draw. The first we really knew of her drawing talent was when she was about four. She

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rect. All women in Ireland don't wear shawls any more than all women in New York wear them. You see them over on Avenue A and on Tenth Avenue. Nowhere else. It's quite the same at home.

"You'll wear tweed suits, Alice, my girl... and the swagger little felt hats you women wear these days... with maybe a gay scarf about your throat. Country clothes."

It is hard to imagine anyone getting as excited over shawls as John was. He feels that his friends all over the world will go to see this picture because his name is on it and, therefore, he insists it be correct in every minute detail.

John is that way about everything he does. Whatever it is he is doing at the moment it's more important than anything else in the world. His genius, like most genius, lies largely in the well-known capacity for taking pains.

**W**hile the McCormacks were in Manhattan, before they sailed for California, I often stopped in at the apartment in the afternoon on my way uptown. It was always four or later, yet every time the maid opened the door I heard John at the piano. And often it was the lovely theme song or one of the other seven songs he sings in the picture that he was rehearsing. And Lily McCormack, his wife, would come in and he would sing it again for her. And, being a perfect wife, she would be as interested as though it was the first time she had ever heard it.

Mornings John walks miles and miles for the sake of proper breathing. That leaves his afternoons free for the actual work at the piano.

I wonder if beauty such as we know when John McCormack sings is ever born without labor.

There's a wise old Florentine saying which tells us, "There is only this minute. Therefore, live!" This should be emblazoned upon the McCormack crest, if a crest goes with the title the Pope has conferred upon this most dutiful son of his. John interprets this adage, not like the fool who says "Live today, tomorrow we die," but wisely. To every moment he brings the utmost in effort and appreciation. Therefore it is likely that his tomorrows will be richer because of the way he lives today.

I SHALL always remember John on the last several New Year nights when I've dined with the McCormacks prior to his singing over the radio in the Victor program. Every time he has been as nervous as a schoolboy about a recital. You would think to see him that he was a tyro instead of one of the highest paid and best beloved concert singers in the world.

The family never remind John that he has been through other similar throes before and then sung beautifully. They know it would be useless, the moment in which he finds himself being the only moment of any importance.

However, Mrs. McCormack is Irish, too. I doubt if she could endure the comparatively quiet days she would know married to anyone else. And certainly she is more than compensated for any strain she may experience. John has never forgotten romance to become a humdrum, prosaic husband.

The other night at dinner, for instance, several of us were discussing the picture and someone questioned whether or not the man John plays in the story really would forsake public life because he lost the woman he loved.

John pointed his finger at Mrs. McCormack at the other end of the table.

"If I ever lost her, I'd quit."

His brogue was intensified by his emotion.

The discussion was ended. There was no doubt left in any of our minds that the premise of the story was true.

You know very well that any wife who hears things like that after more than a decade of marriage is most fortunate, we women laying very great store by such things.

However, it all goes to prove what the wife of any Irishman will tell you. Being married to these children of Erin isn't an easy business always... but it's never a dull one.

And, having known John McCormack for years, I dare say he is one of the noblest Irishmen of them all. I am glad to have him for my very good friend.

**Watch for**

J. P. McEvoy

The Famous Humorist and Author of "Show Girl,"

In The New Movie Magazine

Again Next Month!

**"I use lipstick only once a day!"**

"My dear, I've discovered the most amazing new Kissproof Lipstick! I put it on once in the morning and know my lips will look their loveliest all day long, no matter what I do! You don't believe it? Here, try Kissproof, my dear—you won't need lipstick again today!"

Kissproof, the modern waterproof lipstick, is changing the cosmetic habits of women everywhere. No longer is it necessary to be bothered with constant retouching—to be embarrassed with ordinary lipstick that stains handkerchiefs, teacups and cigarettes.

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*Send for Complete kissproof Make-Up Kit* As a Special Introductory Offer we will send you everything needed:

1. Kissproof lipstick (Brass Case)
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5. Delica-Brow lash dressing (with camel's hair brush)
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All for coupon below and only 30 cents (to partly cover cost and postage). Non-refundable samples—enough powder for six weeks—the full size packages would cost over $3.00. All in artistic case—ideal for your dressing table. Please act promptly—send coupon before you forget. Only one complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit per person.
Donlin, who was a clever comedian, taught me how to speak them. We would read them over and over together.

And, for all this training, there was one week and a half of rehearsals! Yet I adored it. I was crazy about the stage. There was no indifference about my first work here. It seemed to hold everything for which I had been seeking. Work—the more there was of it, the better I liked it. Money—the salary just didn't seem to matter. I returned to Los Angeles more convinced than ever that the stage was my real vocation; that all of my picture work had been only in the way of training and establishing a reputation which might be a boon to me.

Eddie Foy said, "Bessie, you must have experience—lots of experience. You don't want to just go over. You want to be a big success. You can't do that unless you are trained and well trained."

Byron Foy, his son, now producing for Warner Brothers, was even more emphatic. "Do benefits. Sing over the radio. Take every chance you can get for personal appearances. They are all excellent training."

And I, who had always avoided benefits and personal appearances, started playing them as professionals play the theaters. It didn't make any difference what it was—a dog show or a church social—I was there with my dancing partner, Jerry Delaney. We prepared skits or impromptu acts, as the occasion demanded. Everything that two people can think up in advance or upon the moment. You've no idea how many benefits there are in a city until you start playing them. I found there was plenty of free work for everybody.

We were playing a Catholic benefit in Glendale when an Orpheum circuit representative saw us. I discovered that producers have scouts at practically all free entertainments! That was something I had never suspected. We were doing impromptu stuff. I was learning to "play up" to a seasoned performer. That particular night we went splendidly.

The next day the Orpheum representative sent for us and offered us a fifty-two week engagement. Forty weeks is the usual number. It seems strange, perhaps, that we did not jump to take it. But, by this time, I had learned it is wiser to think than to jump—no matter how big the proposition seems when it comes. Someone sent me to Fanchon and Marco, who engineered skits for movie houses, for advice. I talked with Marco. He offered me a contract playing picture houses! He also had seen us at one of our benefit performances.

"Which to take? The Orpheum was infinitely easier. It meant two shows a day. Picture houses meant five. But my objective was training—and then more training. In the same length of time I could get two and a half times as much experience by doing the five shows a day."

"I want to sleep on it," I hesitated. "Oh, you'd better sign now. I know women. They change their minds. Do it while you're here."

The challenge caught me. The five-a-day work might seem worse when I had slept over it. I broke my resolution and signed the paper before me. I never have regretted it.

My idea was correct. If you want experience, five shows a day on three-days-to-a-week stands will certainly give it to you. Whoopee! I never had so much fun before and never had so much fun, either; I felt I was getting somewhere at last—that I was laying a well-thought-out foundation.

A curious thing happened on that trip; just one more proof that fate does help shuffle the cards of life and that anything which you do to-day may prove a boomerang tomorrow. I had just made a picture for Columbia Pictures, called "Matinee Idol," and a short one for Warner Brothers. I hadn't been so interested in the latter, particularly because it was small, but my manager had said, "Oh, come on. It might prove good experience. You tell—some day you may start making talksies some day, and then you will have had experience. Besides, it's good training for the stage. You have to use your voice in both places."

That argument persuaded me. I laughed at the idea of other companies making talksies. And this was evidently two years ago. It's almost impossible to realize it.

This short was "The Swell Head" with Eddie Foy and, as luck would have it, I received really excellent notices in the New York newspapers. The Columbia one was good, too. And they had immediately preceded us in every town I played in person. I already was before the public eye. People had seen me on the screen. They came to see me in person. The pictures were advance agents for my stage appearance.

Then, one day, out of a clear sky, my manager wired me that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted me for a production called "Broadway Melody." I didn't pay much attention. My mind was too thoroughly rooted to the stage ambition.

Again, it was their persistence—as it had been Miss Albertson's for the first stage engagement—which brought me opportunity. My manager finally telegraphed me at Salt Lake City that to make a picture now would be just that much more good advance publicity. It would be released about the time I was ready to hit Broadway. That made me consider. These other two had certainly helped the vaudeville tour. It would be another good break to have one playing on Broadway when I headed that way. But would "Broadway Melody" hit Broadway? It was to be an all-silent. However, I'd told the world I was not leaving pictures. This would prove that I wasn't.

I returned to Hollywood to make it; this film definitely would be my last.

During the preparation period it was scheduled to be an all-silent picture. Then it was to have sound effects.
Another decision introduced some dialogue. And finally, when we were started, it was transferred into the first all-talkie.

Again I was ready, through chance, for a talkie. The vaudeville tour had proved about all I would have been frightened. One short was not enough foundation for an all-talkie picture. Still, "Broadway Melody" was still a program production, not a special.

One of the officials talked contract. Naturally, I listened. I am not one to refuse to listen to anything which means definite money coming in regularly. But I wasn't anxious. My ambition and decision were still both for the stage. The talkies seemed a transient phase of the business.

After the first few chats about contract, nothing further was said. I continued to think that they, too, had decided against it.

"Broadway Melody" was completed, except for retakes. I bought my tickets to New York for the very next Monday.

On Saturday afternoon Director Harry Beaumont said, "What are you going to do next, Besse?"

"Oh, I'm staying, leaving Monday. I have my tickets."

"Yes; but—"

He disappeared. The front office sent me a telegram:

I signed a contract which contained everything which I had been wanting so long from pictures! I didn't wait to go to other activities any longer. I intuitively knew I wanted to grin. I didn't want to go on the stage. I wanted to stay in pictures!

I flew still in them. And how! I still want to stay in them. Oh, I'm not opposed to playing a show if opportunity comes when I can take it. The stage will always be great training for the talkies. But pictures are home, I have that home-feeling for them.

True, I didn't want them in the beginning. It was money which undoubtedly would put me up. But when I turned on me, the stage was merely an alternative. I realize that now. It was just another branch of the theatrical business.

They have become a part of me. They get most people that way. It isn't the money after all. It isn't the lure of no hardship or anything which you can't very well express.

I have heard actors talk of the "old days" with longing, as though they'd like to go through the hardships and penalties all over again. It isn't that for me. I'd rather work and live in luxury any day, thank you. It's not a sentiment of my own which I'd part with work; a sculptor with his. Business men who retire while still young and active or those who have just had necessities, rare are the happy. They've given up a part of their very being. I always have thought it would be hard to divorce a husband. Two people become wedded by custom and habit. They may fight; they may hate for brief moments. A life work is like that. Although you may work sixty days a year, you'd rather face the ups and downs and face the end of the road together. To sever connection with the world which has made so much to mould you is like death. It takes one soul from you.

All up to now I had had no time for marriage! Naturally, I have had the opportunity for romance. I am a woman. No career can take the place of these things to a woman. I always have been in love. But I have always recovered from each separate feeling.

I am in love now! The life of a woman who cannot love and be happy—and sad—over it, is as empty as a room without either people or furniture in it. Her life is unfurnished.

But I have a peculiar feeling about these inner emotions. I have never talked about them to anybody. I have never run to mother and said "Oh, mother, I met so and so. I'm wild about him." I have never discussed my heart-structures with a single person.

I never cry. I have never let myself cry. It would kill me to have other people see me in tears. I would feel as though my soul were naked and that is worse than feeling that your body is naked when people are looking.

It isn't that I don't want to. It's that I can't. I've tried. I've tried to tell my private life for publication. I realize that people like to read about others' heart problems. I like to read them myself. But—perhaps it's a complex with me. Possibly it should be psychoanalyzed for. It's not I object morally, I don't quarrel with a pen just the cheapness and won't move when it comes to these subjects.

I am better to-day than I was as a child. I've told more for this story than I've ever told before in my life. I'll try and give you a brief idea of my engagements—since I have promised. The first lay-out would take not quite two days. The second not quite a month. The third—well! I have omitted my trip to Europe in the picture. There were like six trips of other people. I was in New York and discovered that there would be several weeks before I would start my next picture. I was in Hollywood. I met her. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't go to Europe?"

She wired, "I see none."

I went alone. It was a big adventure. I felt quite ready and I think my picture went to me.

On shipboard I ran into the brother of a friend. He was not of my profession. He had all of the charm of the English unknown. We sailed on the moon! It was as big to me as the sun must be to an ant peeping toward the heavens. To us, rather. The sea was the only real thing upon the soft ripples which seemed to bear them right to us. We were not ourselves. We were spirits in a new land; a land created by Mother and Father.

Paris sustained the illusion. My sitting-room looked upon a tower with green treetops swaying gently about it. As the ripples had played around the ship.

We secretly promised each other we'd never forget—we became engaged! We both had sense. We both realized that fairylands don't last and we must live in the land of practical everyday existence. And we didn't feel the same in the real world as we had lived in the dream one. A day and a half after we said "yes," we mutually said "no," laughed and started life all over again.

The same thing happened later in California. A non-professional man. Another spell cast upon us. Another realization that it had been a spell rather than a reality.

I have always recovered until now and now I realize what love is. But it is too sacred to talk about.

I have found the happy ending.
was sitting up at the dining-room table, looking at funny papers. She had a little pencil and some paper, as she often had, and began to draw. A friend of mine was there visiting us. This friend went and looked over Anita’s shoulder. ‘Why,’ she exclaimed, ‘the child can draw! This drawing has life!’ Anita had copied a picture of Happy Hooligan from the paper. After that, at school, she won medals for her art work.

“I didn’t let Anita go to school until she was eight. I wanted her to have a strong body. I taught her to read and count at home. She loved outdoor games.

“She once owned a dog when she was a very little girl. He was a bulldog. But she worried when we all went away and left him all day, for fear he would get hungry. So we rigged up an alarm clock to go off and release some dog biscuits which were tied to a long string, and after that Anita was content to go away for the day.”

Anita had a little brother, several years younger than herself.

“And she took care of him a lot. She was always crazy about babies,” said Mrs. Pomares. “When I found I was to have a child, I told her, and she was the happiest little girl in the world. She always begged to be allowed to take care of him, and she really loves him as much as she does me to this day.

“He got lost once. We were all frantic. He must have found one of the doors open and wandered out. His father and I ran about, but Anita was more sensible. She telephoned the police station and found they had a little boy there who resembled our son. She ran all the way there—many blocks—and carried him all the way home in her arms. She was ready to drop when she got home.”

Anita was an athletic child. She learned to swim when she was four years old, down at Sea Cliff, in Long Island, where her family spent the summers. Her father was an excellent swimmer and taught her.

“Anita was always in all the shows at school. Once she played in a little fairy story. The young prince charming was so struck with her beauty, when she was dolled up in fairy wings and white dress, that he forgot to speak his lines to the Queen,” laughed Anita’s mother. “And the Queen could cheerfully have beheaded him, I’m sure!”

The young actress believed in Santa Claus until she was a very tall girl. Somehow nobody disabused her mind. Once at school she was to write a composition along with the other children on “How I Know There’s No Santa Claus.” “I can’t write that, because I know that there is,” Anita told her teacher. “All right then,” said the teacher, “write a composition on the subject ‘How I Know There Is a Santa Claus.’”

And Anita must certainly believe still that there is a Santa Claus.

Dorothy Mackall

“A TYPICAL English lassie was Dorothy,” said her mother the other day. “A big, healthy baby. I believe she weighed eight pounds when she was born, if I remember rightly. She protested loudly a minute after she was born, without having to be spanked as so many babies have to, and she had been seeing to it that she has her rights ever since!”

“She got her teeth very young, walked early, began talking early.

“Her hair was blonde and had a slight wave. She was very affectionate and loved to be cuddled and rocked to sleep. I’m afraid, indeed, she was a little spoiled in this respect, for she wouldn’t go to sleep without holding my hand until she was well over two years old.”

Dorothy loved riding a bicycle when a kid. Once when she was about six—she lived in a seaport town in England—she rode her bike too close to the water, out on the wharf, and over she went into the sea, bike and all. Two men leaped in to save her, but she refused to leave the beach until her beloved bike had been retrieved!

Dorothy was a great tomboy, loving to imitate her brother, who was quite a wild little soul, and many were her escapades in stealing jam from the pantry—Dorothy and her brother were both inordinately fond of jam—in playing pirate, and such like kid tricks.

“He always talked like an actress, her idea when she was a tiny girl being that she would be a pantomime player, she being entirely intrigued by the Christmas pantomime ladies whom she, in common with other little English girls, always went to see during the holidays.

Alice White

It was Alice White’s grandmother who bought her up—a bright-eyed, handsome little lady who adores Alice.

“Alice was a tiny baby,” her grandmother said the other day. “Her hair was as light as it is now; it darkened as she grew up. It clustered in thick little golden ringlets around her head. Her eyes as a child were blue, but turned brown as she grew from babyhood.

“We christened her Alva, which was a family name, and she kept that name until she secured her first movie contract.

“She was always a cute, lively little thing. But she minded awfully well, despite her liveliness; she was truly old beyond her years in grasping things and working them out for herself.

“Alice was a friendly little thing, and always attracted people even as a mere baby.

“Alice caught the measles, the chickenpox and the influenza, and all due to curiosity! When any child was sick in the neighborhood, her family simply couldn’t keep her away from the house where the sickness was—she must see how they looked all spotted up! She was dragged twice out of the room of her playmate, a little girl who won a great deal of attention by getting measles the first of any child in the neighborhood.”

Never did Alice like being bundled up. Even as a tiny child she resented the warm cloak that was bought for her.

“And she’s just like that now—she just won’t wear many clothes!” her grandmother explained.
been trying to get a satisfactory portrait of her. Whole sittings have been torn up, because they simply didn't match her goodliness in the eye of the movie camera.

To go back to her story, which is quite worth telling.

Lillian Roth's mother was consumed by a wild desire to be a singer.

She departed somewhat from tradition, however, because she didn't want to be her mother's opera prima donna. Her ambition was to sing "blues" like Sophie Tucker or Blossom Seeley. She had it all figured out, she worked and studied and dreamed and planned.

But two things happened. She found out she couldn't sing blues—and she fell in love. So she got married.

Life before her hour of glory arrived on this particular planet, her mother had determined that she was going to be a great blues singer. The flame of ambition burned inward. All the things that had been so great to her, so stupendous, would come true for her baby.

I am no authority on prenatal influences, but it is an exploded theory. Maybe so. Nevertheless, the baby was a girl, and she was pretty. She has a voice, and how she sings.

Not that Mrs. Roth settled back and depended on Lillian's native talent. She wasn't the settling back kind.

The age of two, Baby Lillian had been taught to sing songs and do little folk dances.

"I daresay I was the curse of every neighborhood gathering," remarked Lillian Roth.

After that, Mrs. Roth thoughtfully added young Anne Roth to the family roster. You can't beat a sister act and Mrs. Roth was thinking of a career in show business. After the advent of Sister Anne, Mrs. Roth moved from the family home in Boston to New York. Quiet, conservative she was far from the way to rear a blues singer. New York was the Big Town.

Lillian didn't go into detail, but somehow her mother's impression was that first years in New York weren't exactly a bed of roses. Dramatic and dancing school bills add up the old first of the month total. But Mrs. Roth never faltered in her determination. Lillian went to dramatic and dancing school and to dancing school and Mrs. Roth stood by and saw that she had her way of practicing.

"She spoiled me about everything but that," said Mrs. Roth's daughter, "but on that—she was just plain stubborn. When Lillian had made her first picture over at Fort Lee, New Jersey. At seven, she was playing on Broadway with Helen Hayes in "Seven-teen." Then Mrs. Roth's foresight in providing Sister Anne justified itself. The Roth Sisters were famous all over the Keith circuit for three years, and Mother Roth was famous in another place in which the managers for the way she handled her act.

Willie Howard was what you might call the real Columbus of Lillian's young life. He was—and is—a prominent comedian in New York revues. He dropped into a vaudeville house one night and saw the little Roth girls.

He made no secret of his discovery and it wasn't long before Lillian Roth was being featured by Ziegfeld, George White, and various smart night clubs.

— in one of which Jessie Lasky, who had gone in to hear Maurice Chevalier, saw her and therewith offered her a movie contract.

In "The Love Parade" she has made one of those one-part hits which so often lead to fame. It was written chiefly for her, and in a way, she's done twice the work. I know she couldn't have had any such luck without her to push and help me and make me work.

She's lived in the life she wanted for herself. As far as I know, she's done twice the work. I know she couldn't have had any such luck without her to push and help me and make me work. She's lived in the life she wanted for herself. As far as I know, she's done twice the work. I know she couldn't have had any such luck without her to push and help me and make me work. She's lived in the life she wanted for herself. As far as I know, she's done twice the work. I know she couldn't have had any such luck without her to push and help me and make me work.

She stopped and smiled. For a moment she looked less than her nineteen years, though usually she looks older. When I told her I would have picked her for twenty-three or four, she offered to show me her birth certificate. There will be those who would accept that offer after looking into Lillian Roth's eyes, but I'm not one of them.

"Well, anyway, that's why I'm sore about movie starettes these days. In October I got fresh. Very fresh. Mother had always handled all the money, contracts, bills and investments. But I handled independently. I ought to learn about those things and that it was time I did it for myself. I learned, all right.

"I knew a nice young man in a brok-ers' office. He explained all about stock to me—it had to do with manufacturing something—and I bought it at two hundred. The day after it was sixty-one. That happened to me three times and now mother is back at the old stand.

"But you see, mother has worked very hard and hasn't had any idea what it meant to educate us or supervise every step of our careers. So I'd like to have enough money in the bank—not in stocks—to be sure that she would always have the things she wanted.

Then—

"You know, I'm not so strong on this career business. I'd like to do a real big show on Broadway. I like pictures and Hollywood all right, but oh, how I miss New York.

"But, once I've made enough money, I don't know what I'd do with it. Might even get married. I haven't seen any man around yet that I wanted to give up everything for, as they used to say. But I probably will. Most girls do.

"I've had pretty near a lifetime of the theater, already. Success in that field, or even in the movies, doesn't al- ways mean a dream of happiness. I like everybody else—I want to be happy.

"Anyway, with what the ticker did to me, it'll take me a long time to pile up enough pennies so I can feel secure about our future.

I know she was afraid of that. I'd hate to think the cinema audiences had found a girl who looks like Lillian Roth and can dance and sing like Lillian Roth, only to lose her.

Take in line with the doings of the stars—


to THE NEW MOVIE's mostly gossipy Hollywood.
more marvelous than ever when she talk in 'Anna Christie.' Her accent is charming. And her voice is low and hoarse—no, not hoarse—ect ees what we say rauque."

"AND Will Rogers?"

"I-o-O-V-E heem... that man!" cried Fifi, her eyes rolling hemispherically. "He call me 'froggie!'"

Hollywood

The shortie is on those who predicted the foreginers would find it tough in the talkies because of accents. Instead it appears to be the other way round: all the Americans are acquiring them. I can scarcely understand some of my friends since my return, so Frenchy and Spanishy have they become. Colleen Moore's brogue goes saucily Parisian in her latest picture, and Fifi assures me that Marian Davies' accent is vairee cute in "Marianna." And despite the horde of Mexicans here the first Mexican accent was produced by an Americano, Warner Baxter.

Even the writers—well, you should see my French dictionary since I heard Fifi sing "I Will Do It for You."

The most ambitious accent is that of Warner Oland wong-oing as Dr. Fu Manchu.

While driving Warner from my hacienda to his beach cabin the other night my car was stopped by immigration officers who police the highway looking for smuggled Chinamen. I never saw prison bars as plain since I was A. W. O. L. and when that cop looked at Dr. Fu Oland and then at me. "Me no smuggle, he stealee ride," I chattered from auto-suggestion. Hereafter the heathen walks—the big Swede!

The British film censor rules that Anna May Wong can't kiss an Englishman.

"Good," says Anna. "Don't want to."

You come right on home, Anna, where a man doesn't need a cue to kiss you nor a girl a passport for petting.

We kiss in all colors and languages; it's only the footage that counts.

One of our blah blonde ladies gets a divorce, alleging mental anguish. And have you heard of the toothless guy with a toothache?

There aren't any beauties in pictures excepting Corinne Griffith," said Gloria Swanson in Chicago, where she's evidently caught the recklessness of the town.

"The rest," said she, carelessly flpping her gat, "are just types."

The crack rang round the world, of course, and some predicted that on her return to Hollywood la marquise would be "taken for a ride" by some of the types.

Such a startling dictum from such a royal source calls for some sort of comment. The best I can think of offhand is the one of the American lady to the Queen of the Belgians: "You said a mouthful, Queen!"

It has been my custom to hold an annual revue and pick the ten most beautiful ladies of filmland:

("It is fitting for a lady to ponder on the beauty of a man, and for a man to contemplate that of a lady—"

—AGNOLO FIRENGUOLA.

Boulevardier from 1492-1546).

And every year la bella Corinne walks off with the wreath of orchids. To save expense I finally got a prop wreath, which la bella returns immediately after services.

I went prostrate at first sight of Corinne when I was press-agent on the Vitagraph lot ten years ago, and I've never passed a blind man since without dropping a coin and a tear in his tin cup.

Corinne, for her part, always accepts the wreath with a bantering smile and tells the audience that her reputation for beauty is due to a press-agent implanting the idea when she was at Vitagraph. This is the cue for me to rush on and execute a bow and maybe a couple of cartwheels. But this year, in view of the tap-dance vogue, I am going to ask Miss Griffith to join me in a little hoofing number.

Alley-Oop, Miss Griffith!

If press-agents ever so helped the blind to see, its honor should nevermore be questioned; and if mine were the first orchid to pelt her Diogenes need look no further for his man—the address is care this magazine.

The answer to the question, What is beauty, has depended in the past on the race, hue, religion and zoological denomination of the one queried.

Voltaire says: "Ask a toad what
The New Movie Magazine

beauty is. He will answer you that it is his toad wife with two great round eyes issuing from her little head, a wide, flat mouth, a yellow belly, a brown back. Interrogate a Guinea negro: for him beauty is a black, oily skin, deep-set eyes, a flat nose. Interrogate the devil: he will tell you that beauty is a pair of horns, four claws and a tail. Consult, lastly, the philosophers; they will answer you with gibberish: they have never had something conforming to the arch type of beauty in essence, the to kalon..."

But this, mon cher Francois, is not true today, for Hollywood has pierced the furthest jungle and set up everywhere the images of Griffith, Garbo, Swanson and the other Idols, with the consequence that many a good Guinea gal who was cherished for her oiliness has had to go and take a bath. She may never reflect the features of Corinne precisely, but with diet, prayer, diligent bathing and a nightly application of a clothes-pin to her nose she may grow to look like Nina Mae, lil' Afric Aphrodite.

As the conquering gods of the cinema have mopped up space and over-thrown the local idols, so have they vanquished time and the deities thereof. Venus might as well run put her teddies on for all time chance she has against Miss Mary Nolan. And no less a beau than Bull Montana says that if Helen of Troy walked down the boulevard he wouldn't give her a tumble. On the other hand, when Greta Garbo does the same we have what is known as tremblers.

WITHOUT being arbitrary I here-with submit my list of the ten loveliest queens of earth (subject to change without notice): 

Corinne Griffith, Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert, Ann Harding, Mary Nolan, Jeanette Loff, Dolores del Rio, Vilma Banky, Bebe Daniels, Billie Dove.

The two most distinguished: Greta Garbo and Gloria Swanson.

(The clappety-clap of galloping hoofs that you presently hear is your beauty judge outstripping Charlie Paddock in getting to sanctuary in the nearest mission—and it won't be the first time the padres have seen me arrive with gun-shattered coat-tails.)

Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 45)

took so little instruction and learned so much. A prominent local dancing teacher remembers well one evening when the cast of an Elk show (don't laugh, for the Elk shows in Helena were not the type you read about in the comic supplement), assembled for rehearsal. The dancers were being put through their steps. None of the girls could master a quick little cut-off that had much to do with the effectiveness of the number. She tells in her own words, "I took Myrna off into a corner and explained the step, giving a quick illustration of what I meant. She grasped the idea immediately and it was but a minute or two before she was helping teach the others."

School friends are not always kind in their remembrances of friends who have gone out into the world and earned success, yet in talking with her former associates, not an unkind word was spoken of Hollywood's newest star. Everyone had a kind word for her. They all agreed she was shy, never inclined to push her way into anything, and that of such a quiet charm that it was noticeable even in those younger days when one thinks and acts entirely according to inclination.

The belief is general among her friends in Helena that Myrna Loy's success was entirely dependent upon hard work applied to the natural ability of which she is possessed. Those who have been through the mill of breaking into the ranks of professionalism, let alone the sacred portals of the moving pictures, are prone to contradict all idea of luck playing any part in their work. They will tell you that luck or pull may play a part in getting a chance but that it takes ability to stay inside.

MARYNA LOY has danced her way into the hearts of many people and not the least enthusiastic of these fans are her former home town friends and associates. They are for her strong—and are looking for the day when she will reach the top pinnacle of fame. They are a loyal lot of home town friends.

Myrna Loy was a good student, teachers who remember her will tell you, and her grades were high. She is remembered by them as quiet and unassuming, talented and lovable. So many good things come from her friends who "knew her when" that it is a relief to find some one person in the world of whom nothing but nice things are remembered.
felt. He didn't want to be putty even in his wife's hands. We would laugh about the clippings; nevertheless, they made a wedge.

"RUDIE was frightfully sensitive. He couldn't stand the least criticism. And being an actor—a much finer actor than most people realized—he was pliant. If I shaped some of his convictions, I at least had his interest at heart. Others at the studio—the clippings-bearers, for instance—did not. They imposed on him in every way conceivable. They borrowed money, they took his time, they sold his stuff, and one of his closest 'friends,' I discovered, was speculating in the market with his money. A trusting soul, if there ever was one, it was dreadful to open Rudie's eyes to people who appeared so nice to him, who he thought liked him.

"I would kill off one crop of yokohants and—so help me!—the next morning there would be another. I never saw anything to equal it. They sprang up over night like toadstools. Only a person who has experienced Hollywood would believe me. They not only wanted to get in his good graces, each wanted to monopolize him utterly. And when they couldn't they said I did!"

"Oh, I tell you it was sweet for me," She laughed a little ruefully. "I can't understand now how I ever could have been so foolish as to let it wear me down. It did. You lose perspective. It's inevitable that you lose it. They force you out of your mind. Perhaps if you could go through it first and then go back ... but you have to go through it to know. You simply cannot keep your perspective.

"Another thing, I didn't want to go to parties. I'm not a particularly social mortal. I didn't care for society and didn't go before, and I couldn't see any reason for going after we were in a certain position. That of course did not endear me with people who wanted the Valentinos for show pieces at their affairs. I didn't care if I was unpopular, but it hurt Rudie to be. Deeply ingrained in him was the desire for popularity, to be liked.

"I remember the first day he came on to the set, I disliked him. At that time I was very serious, running about in low-heeled shoes and taking squints at my sets and costumes. Rudie was forever telling jokes and forgetting the point of them, and I thought him plain dumb," Natacha laughed. "Then it came over me suddenly one day that he was trying to please, to ingratiate himself with his absurd jokes. Of course I capitulated. 'Oh, the poor child,' I thought. 'He just wants to be liked—he's lonely...!' And, well, you know what that sentiment leads to..."

RUDIE was lonely. I never knew a lonelier man. He craved affection so.

I remember the first time he spoke Natacha's name to me. We had had dinner in his one-room-and-kitchenette apartment in the Formosa. He had engaged a woman to come in and serve for the occasion, and it was wistfully festive. I had done the first stories about him, he was deeply grateful. Of course I capitulated. 'Oh, the poor child,' I thought. 'He just wants to be liked—he's lonely...!' And, well, you know what that sentiment leads to...

New York recognized him as an artist in "The Four Horsemen." Hollywood sat back in its provincial smugness and had it all shown.

Rudie showed me some of his first notices proudly. While I was waxing sincerely fervent over his prospects, he tentatively ventured the name of Natacha Rambova. Had I heard of her? I hadn't. She was doing some really remarkable sets, he said. I thought her a fine artist. Perhaps my magazine might be interested in publishing some of her drawings to publish. His suggestion was so timorous I gave no importance to it. On another evening, some time later, as we sat until the revealing hours of morning over coffee in a downtown café, he told me:

"I'm a wonderful girl, very much alone like myself. I go to her house evenings and we talk about things that interest us, things that don't seem to interest many people here; books, new plays, the modern art movement, and of course our work. Our tastes are very similar. It is just a friendship, which I need very much, I don't know where it will lead. I hope it will keep on growing."

Then after their marriage: "There was nothing gradual or hysterical about our love. It commenced slowly in friendship, as I told you, and just blossomed naturally. She gives me companionship, for which I need very much, I don't know where it will lead. I hope it will keep on growing.

"It was Hollywood that separated you," I said to Natacha.

She only nodded.

"Do you think it possible for two people to succeed with marriage there?" I asked, "not just ostensibly I mean, but actually? ... or even with great friendship?"

"The only possibility, I think," she said, "would be if they kept entirely out of it all and recognized it for what it's worth. But ah—that's it. You are young, appearances are deceptive; you didn't realize you are losing perspective and being absorbed until you are swallowed up.

"Hollywood is a hot-bed of malice. It seethes and boils over, never a good word is spoken of anyone unless for publicity or to gain some personal end. Sweet words of flattery have vinegar on their breath. Eyes of malevolence watch you and even as you turn you feel the tearing tongues of back-
FEETACHE, HURT?

Pain vanishes in 10 minutes or costs nothing

FLAMING, ach'ing, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot callouses, pains in toes, instep, hall or heel—all ache in the ankles, call or knees—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken down feeling—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Pain will vanish in minutes when these amazing bands, 'Juntas' are worn. Stand, walk, or dance for hours, and your feet won't get tired. Just slip on—results are almost immediate.

One trouble starts with osteo-arthritic weakened muscles. Tiny bones are dis- placed. Pain follows.

2. A super-tactile band assists and strengthens the nerves and muscles, replaces lost bones. Pain stops instantly.

Trouble starts with osteo-arthritic weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.

"You'll have to go back, Natacha," I said solemnly. "You'll have to go back and find those costumes for them or they'll add thief to your string of names."

But Natacha was reduced to muttering astonishment and didn't need me. "I—I can't possess them to call me... How did they know where I was... My heavens!"

LAST year Natacha designed the sets and costumes for the American Opera at the Champs Elysées theater in Paris. They received the marked attention of artists and critics. It was suggested that she should return to the cinema as an art director. "You were ahead of your time, before," they said. Now I'm afraid of my time and getting kicked out for it," mused Natacha. "Never again!"

"No sir, I'm content sitting right here, glancing around her shop. "I am a business woman and I shall continue one until..." A transient shadow passed over her eyes, a trifle weary, and I knew the haunting spirit of Natacha and touched me—"until I can go on to live in an adobe shack with some books, at the end of the line."

She looked at me now, the amused expression she had maintained through the conversation faded out. We women are always more仁icks when they did, while the world still adored him. The death of his popularity would have been a thousand deaths to him. Of course he might have gone on, but I'm afraid. Today we have realism in pictures and on the stage. Rudie belonged to the age of romance. He brought it with him, it went with him. I think it was a climactic he would have wished.

"I'm sure of it," I said.

But it is in that fabulous dream of romance such as few men on earth have had, so the tragedy of awakening was averted. And I believe the last word he would have spoken were those that wrung our hearts in "The Four Horsemen," the words of Julio dying in a trench in France—"Je suis content."
achievement. All the United States government planes, which were used in the picture are equipped with broadcasting and receiving sets. This simplified matters for Capra. He was not forced to install apparatus on his twenty-eight planes. He simply used the material at hand.

Among the most recent innovations in radio communication is a mike that clamps on the throat just over the Adam’s apple. The principle of this instrument is to convert the vibrations of the throat into sound waves and record the human voice without the employment of sound. This device shuts off all foreign sounds and records only the throat vibrations. So far as this microphone is concerned the drone of the motors of the plane is non-existent.

Neck scarves worn by Jack Holt and Ralph Graves, or their doubles when it became necessary to employ such, successfully concealed the “mikes” attached to their throats. When they talked in the planes neither could understand what the other was saying, yet on the ground below each word was as clear and distinct as though it were spoken on a sound-proof stage.

The dialogue from the air was passed through the sound mixer. There it was combined with the roar of the motors in proper proportions to make the conversation audible. When properly blended and recorded on the film the results startled even the seasoned engineers.

A second technical achievement was the perfect synchronization of sound and vision when the photographs were taken at close range from a moving plane and the sound recording was accomplished by means of radio reception on the field below. Usually the mechanism that controls the speed of the film also controls the velocity of the sound-recording device, but in “Flight” it was impossible to record both visual sequences and sound by means of a single mechanism.

The demand for realism in such pictures as “Flight,” “Wings” and “Hell’s Angels” writes real tragedy into the history of the movies and fills the memories of pilots and cameramen with adventure and thrills.

Al (“Buddy”) Williams and Paxton Deane, two of the crew of aerial photographers that shot “Wings,” had the greatest thrill of their lives when they went up with Lieut. E. H. Robinson to picture a scene above the clouds and for more than half an hour were completely lost in a terrific sleet storm at an altitude of 11,000 feet.

“As I look back upon it now,” said Williams, “we were very fortunate to get out of this jam with our lives. On the day of this flight we held off until late afternoon because Director Wellman needed a background of great clouds for the sequence and these were missing when flying conditions were favorable.

“After climbing steadily we encountered the first layer of clouds at about 4,500 feet. Upon getting above them we found the light insufficient to shoot the scene, so we proceeded to climb to the next layer which brought us to an altitude of 11,000 feet, the absolute ceiling of the ship.

“Both of the ship’s motors were very cold, the temperature at that altitude being somewhere in the vicinity of zero. While flying through the peak of the clouds one of the motors stopped and the ship began to go down. The motor picked up again almost immediately, however, and we flew around trying to pick our way out of the clouds.

“Robinson finally realized it was futile to attempt to pick his way out, so he idled both motors and started down, only to fall into the heart of a cumulus storm-cloud in which violent convective currents were at work.

Soon our goggles were frozen to our faces and we were practically blinded. The camera, which was
mounted on the nose of the ship not five feet distant, was but a dim shape. Not knowing whether we were right side up, upside down, right tail spin or ‘falling leaf’ other than by feel, Robinson sought to keep control of the ship as we made our perilous descent. “Every time we would pry the goggles from our eyes and peer at the altimeter through the haze and sheet. We had descended 9,000 feet but no land was in sight. Robinson called to us that if no land was sighted within another 1,000 feet we were going to jump. Imagine a couple of inexperienced men taking to the parachutes. The thought of it sent chills down my spine that were colder than the sheet on my nose.”

“Just then we broke through the clouds and we found ourselves in the center of a small valley entirely surrounded by high hills. Another mile and a half in either direction and we would have crashed into the side of a mountain. Natives who ran out to the plane as we landed informed us that we had crossed the town of Cortezad, fifty miles from our starting point. We were soaked wet, numb from the cold and scared half to death, but with our feet on the ground, we were in mind of the ironical name of the town in such a predicament. We returned to the ‘Wings’ location by automobile, not by plane.”

LIEUTENANT RICHARD GRACE, an observer pilot during the World War, did many of the dare-devil stunts for “Wings,” “Lilac Time” and other air pictures. He has been injured many times, so often in fact that Alice White is said to have broken her engagement to him on the ground that he was too dangerous a matrimonial risk. Finis was written to his romance while he was in a hospital, but his broken heart mended almost as rapidly as his fractured ribs, broken leg and other injuries.

“What if we do die today?” is the cry of the dare-devil birdmen who, after facing the dangers of war in the air in France, do their thrilling stuff in the air films, “we’ll live in the movies tomorrow.”

The unsung heroes of the air of yesterday are the thrill makers of today. They “crack-up” planes for a picture with all the sangfroid, fatalism and dare-devility with which they used to climb into the air at the command of their superior and give combat to the enemy.

Al Wilson, one of these acts, went up in a Gotha plane with his mechanic, doubling for Jimmy Hall and Ben Lyon in “Hell’s Angels.” A wing of the plane broke while they were several thousand feet up and the mechanic was thrown from the plane. Wilson escaped with an injured ankle. The next week he was stunting again. Two other stunt pilots performing in “Hell’s Angels” were killed. They were Al Johnson and Clement K. Phillips. But other thrill makers took their places.

Recently the film world was shocked by the tragic death of Director Kenneth Hawks and nine members of his technical staff while making scenes for a new William Fox air special. Two airplanes crashed into the Pacific off Point Vincente while filming an episode of “Such Men Are Dangerous.”

Alvin Knechtel, known to Hollywood as “the genius of the camera,” was another obstacle to thrills. The cameraman and his pilot were killed when their plane crashed on an expedition for new stunt locations. Knechtel introduced many film innovations, including the double camera operated from a plane. It shoots two reels at the same time, and by using a long focus lens on one side and short focus on the other, it makes distance shots and close-ups at the same time.

Fîmland mourns for a time whenever there is a tragedy in the manufacture of entertainment, but it’s all in a day’s work. The making of flying pictures goes merrily on.

How Hollywood Entertains
(Continued from page 77)

Daniels, was in a wine-red velvet, very dignified and very becoming to her dark hair and black eyes. And Mrs. Lyon, Ben’s mother, wore lavender chiffon. Not only were the mothers there—but Bebe’s grandmother—Mrs. Grif- fen—came in late and went to the theater with us and later came back and talked Spanish for two hours with the beautiful Ann Harding, Miss Harding, by the way, looked in, in a large, gold and green chiffon and a velvet toque to match. Her husband, Harry Bannister, was with her, of course.

Tom Moore was among those present, but he is in the play with Ben Lyon, too, so had to dash away early with Ben, and Lew Cody was with him, looking quite his old self again. His recovery has been complete.

Bebe had three rows of seats at the theater and later everybody went back and ate the remains of the turkey, which was great fun.

The apartment was decorated for Christmas, for a great turk was made by beautiful tree strings of brightly colored lights, and enormous jars filled with flaming red poinsettias.
coming up behind us now. Gloria leaned forward, and whispered into the driver's ear, "Please go down Broadway."

"You are both perfectly crazy!" Mrs. Swanson informed us.

"This is going too far, girls," mother put in.

Smiling bows from us, and the attention of all who passed.

"Let us out of the car at once," demanded Mrs. Swanson.

"Or we can put our heads down out of sight," discovered mother.

As we drew up at our court, our mothers, very stern and very red in the face, both pronounced, "Never again!"

THE fun of dressing up to make ourselves ridiculous never palled. There was one occasion that I missed witnessing, for some reason I do not recall, but I think it well worth recounting.

Every Saturday night at Grauman's Theatre, in Los Angeles, used to be amateur night, and any of the audience who waited after the feature picture were apt to see the most extraordinary performances take place, which included singing, dancing and reciting.

Gloria had a great fancy to appear on one of these nights, and made a wager that she could do so without being recognized. She was at this time a star at the Triangle Studio, and all of her pictures appeared at Grauman's Theatre.

Her disguise, on the night of the occasion, was as follows:

Pink grease-paint on and around her eyes and eye-brows, causing them to appear much smaller, and expressionless; her nose artificially built up; a piece of paraffin under her upper lip, giving the effect of "buck" teeth; no hair showing under her hat, and her bust padded out with a towel. It was subtly enough done to appear quite natural.

When the amateurs were announced, Mr. Grauman was in the wings, and she told him she wanted to try out her voice, and try it out she did. Over the footlights she sang, and made her exit during as great a din of hooting and yelling as ever expressed a razz.

As she passed Mr. Grauman, he said: "Don't let that discourage you."

"I sha'n't," replied Gloria.

He did not recognize her, although he had dined at her home a few nights previous.

It is interesting to hear her new Victor records, her voice over the radio and in her new picture, and to know that she is in demand by musical comedy producers. This ten years later!

SHOPPING excursions with Gloria have been Alice in Wonderland ventures from the beginning; maintaining their high standard of quantity and selection set by her first orgy in the shops of Los Angeles. A visit from her can be entered as a prosperous week's business on the books of any concern—provided, of course, that she is pleased with their offerings. There is no such term as buying "a new gown" in her language. Complete outfits by the dozen are purchased at a time, and her shoe closet, with its shelves, and their rows of variegated colorings and shades, resembles nothing so much as an exhibit in the last word in footwear. I can safely say that if the time Gloria has stood for fittings was condensed into one solid span, it would cover a year of her life, to date.

GLORIA has a strange mixture of "Little girl afraid of the dark" and utter fearlessness. She worries about her health to the point of hypochondria, and is meticulous in the care of herself. She drinks only water, which she carries with her, even if she goes visiting; her food is simply and carefully prepared, and in train or hotel, she uses her own bed linen. Recently she told me of a frightful experience she had one night. It is typical of the way her mind works.

She arose from her bed, in her hotel, to go into little Gloria's room, and not having switched on the light, made her way in the dark. Suddenly she realized she was in her bare feet, and immediately this sequence of mental images took place.

"I can't see where I'm stepping—what if I fall into a hot water bath, and that is sure death—all the people who are dependant on me—what will they do?—the children—no mother—my nose is too big."

When she reached the light, she was in a cold perspiration.

None of this is strange, or unusual, considering what she has experienced. She nearly lost her life at the French Hospital in Paris, and she has had enough responsibilities to break the average person.

One night we drove to Hollywood alone, after attending a picture in Los Angeles, and we hadn't gone far when a car passed ahead of us, and as it did so a loud report took place. I saw what resembled a gleaming metal object, held out the side door. I thought it was a pistol, and daringly suggested that we give chase to see what was up. Gloria was driving and thought it a better idea to head for home as fast as possible. We sped along a wide boulevard, into a thousand lights of a car behind, which I at once decided was the same car following us, and thereupon changed my seat to the floor, rising up only long enough to tell Gloria to speed up, as they were still after us.

Mike and Meyer, otherwise Joe Weber and Lew Fields, perhaps the most famous of all comedy teams. They are inspecting one of the new sound cameras being used in their first talking picture, now in the making at the Metro-Goldwyn studios.
Hoot Takes the Air

(Continued from page 74)

when he could get them. Because young Hoot Gibson and his horse were going places he was not sure books reached.

Strong far beyond his years, he was soon the top hand. And then the best rider on the ranch. An unbroken brood was Hoot’s oyster. On a big round-up, when punchers from a dozen different ranches were imported, Hoot Gibson, at 13, won his spurs as the best rider on the whole darn sheepdog.

Cheyenne, Pontiac—the Valhalla of cowboys—called. And there, in that little Oregon town, in the greatest rodeo in the West, competing against the best horsemen in the country, Hoot Gibson attained the dream of many a good man. He won the diamond studded belt which proclaims its owner the best cowboy in the world.

That means something besides possessing a nifty trinket. It assures agility of the highest kind, courage which is so dominant that the man possessing it can roll over and shove a pummel through the rider’s middle. It means what might happen if the sunshining bronc he is taming should roll over and shove a pummel through the rider’s middle. It means co-ordination between the eye, mind and muscle perfected to such a degree that reaction is instant and correct.

It means the gent who has that belt, which says he is the best cowboy in the world, possesses the qualifications needed for a great stunt man in pictures.

So, when Hoot Gibson, at the top of his profession, still a youngster, looked around for more worlds to conquer, he saw Hollywood. He headed for it as he had headed for Pontiac. Hoot rode horses into raging streams, drove speeding motorcycles off cliffs, took falls from galloping ponies, allowed himself to be caught in the midst of milling, maddened cattle. He took daredevils to automobiles and from them to pavements. He doubled for stars who were too valuable to their companies to risk at such hazards, but, of course, he had no share in their risks for twenty-five dollars a day, plus hospital expenses and a decent burial, if required.

But Hoot Gibson got a break other than in his legs. The star he was doubling for took sick. Hoot carried on in his place.

Nervous, far more afraid of that grinding, merciless camera than he had ever been at the prospect of being thrown twenty feet by a bucking horse, Hoot took a chance—and made good. As he always had.

He, straight from the plains, not long off the round-up, a Western champion cowpuncher, was doing Western pictures. Hoot Gibson was back to his first love, and doubles were no longer needed if Hoot would do it himself. And get fun out of it.

Some motivating power in this smiling, placid gent seems to urge him in this direction. Danger has never daunted him. There was danger galore in those cow hand days, there was danger during his stunt days, there even has been danger since he became a star.

Which is indication enough that, as soon as Mister Hoot Gibson had the time, he would take to the air—where a broken wing strut would mean trouble with a big T. You can fall a lot farther from a plane than you can from a horse.

Every spare minute he can grab, every Sunday, every evening after work—Hoot dashes to Clover Field, a little airport in the South West, and rolls out his two-seater for a flight over Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica. A straight shot out through the sun, into the setting sun.

Location trips over a hundred miles are meat for Hoot nowadays. Into the mountains, the desert, far inland to the plains he formerly covered in a saddle, Hoot twists that little $9,000 plane. And many a landing is a precarious one on rough, uneven ground.

H O O T rode horses into raging streams, drove speeding motorcycles off cliffs, took falls from galloping ponies, allowed himself to be caught in the midst of milling, maddened cattle. He took daredevils to automobiles and from them to pavements. He doubled for stars who were too valuable to their companies to risk at such hazards, but, of course, he had no share in their risks for twenty-five dollars a day, plus hospital expenses and a decent burial, if required.

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Here is a little joke. Gloria Swanson tried out on the screen and stage star, Robert Warwick, in the old days. He came to take Miss Swanson and her friend, Sylvia Godwin, to dinner—and was astonished to find them in strange and eccentric costume. Read what happened in Mrs. Godwin's story.

old and sour, and began to bellow at her. She said:

"It is all right to give me a summons, but not for sixty miles an hour—simply couldn't be done. If you will agree, I'll come down here tomorrow morning, and let you drive this car. If you can get it up to sixty, you can have it."

The man took a good look at both Gloria and the car, and the hour was set. When I next saw her, I asked what the verdict was. She informed me the man couldn't quite make fifty. The next day he called on her with flowers and apologies.

It is a curious fact that any difficulties she has with people connected with her are always related to her work. Her household staff have been with her for years and have shown a loyalty and devotion seldom found.

Gloria is blessed—or not—according to the viewpoint—with a keen mind, which is deeply analytical. True, she reaches conclusions rapidly and is apt to be intolerant of blunderings. There is a side of her—lost to her screen audience—that predominate in her social contacts, and that is her mental energy—her wide interests and knowledge, and the clear manner in which she thinks, and expresses her thoughts. Had she not become an actress, she could have easily been a sculptress, artist, or inventor—her limited efforts in these fields having won her genuine acclaim.

After securing her release from Pathé Lehrmann, Gloria was given the leading role in a five-reel feature at the Triangle Studio and from then on she climbed consistently ahead. Probably the most momentous day in her career was the one on which she was summoned to the office of Cecil B. De Mille, and given a contract for "Why Change Your Wife?" Under his guidance, her talents were developed, and her flair for clothes had the right setting.

When her organization moved East, six years ago, Gloria purchased a delightful hill-top home at Croton-on-the-Hudson, and there her mother and her children lived, and she and Henry spent their week-ends. At this place they found complete relaxation, and I am sure their many guests felt grayer and younger when they departed. Old clothes were the rule, as games and sports were strenuously indulged in.

Early breakfasts, and the most exhilarating morning air—long wooded walks to the spot where Henry was building a log cabin by hand—days of tobogganing, and climbing back up the steep hills—especially the one on which I forgot my shoes, and the laugh Gloria had when she told me the pair she had lost was the Chinese sock's—

the red rid of the Chow dogs against the snow—Heifetz, and his accompanist, Mr. Akron, wildly playing tether-ball—June Walker and Eileen Pringle trying to turn tables on the world's worst joke, Sport Ward—Little Gloria and Brother tramping through the hills with the governor—Brigadier-General Stewart (Superintendent of West Point) and Mrs. Stewart, teaching us how to shoot straight—archery—croquet—barbeques—excellent chop-suey—charades, and profound discussions in front of a roaring fire. I am sure Gloria must have felt a pang when she sold Croton and moved back to California.

The day my husband and I selected for our wedding was ushered in by torrents of rain which continued without pause. Gloria left work and came out to the little church, in the back country of Westport, Connecticut, in all the downpour, to stand up with us. We had invited but a dozen relatives and friends to attend, and didn't imagine many people knew of the event. But before evening, a newspaper was out in Westport, with prominent headlines, announcing that Gloria Swanson was maid-of-honor at a wedding ceremony there. Somewhere through the article it was mentioned that a girl named Sylvia was married to an artist named Frank Godwin.

It was soon after Gloria returned from Paris as the Marquise de la Falaize de la Coudray that my baby girl was born in New York. Gloria was as thrilled over the prospect as I was and asked how soon she could come to the hospital. I told her I thought visitors would be allowed in two or three days.

About two hours after I had come down from the operating room, the door softly opened, and two guilty-looking figures crept in.

"Don't let them put us out," whispered Gloria, as Henry stood looking uncomfortable. "We didn't ask—we just came on up. Where is the baby?"

Knowing hospitals, I still wonder how they got past all the eagle eyes—but then—Gloria had decided to get in.

Motherhood has been to Gloria an endless joy. Her children have given her a motive for her attainments. She is never long apart from them, and has rigidly adhered to her policy of keeping them away from the limelight, with the result that they are natural and unspoiled.
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Accurate and readable comments upon the important new films.

First Aids to Beauty..........................................................Ann Boyd 102
Advice and rules for charm and attractiveness.

Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor
Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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MUSIC of the Sound Screen
The New Movie’s Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

The outstanding musical film event of the month was Metro-Goldwyn production of "The Rogue Song," starring Lawrence Tibbett, the Metropolitan Opera House character baritone. It is natural that the important phonograph record releases of the month are selections from this celluloid light opera.

Victor, for instance, is issuing two Lawrence Tibbett records. One presents "The Rogue Song" and "The Narrative," from this sensational film, while the other offers "The White Dove" and "When I'm Looking at You," two more numbers from the picture. Personally, we like "The White Dove" best. Possibly because it is one of the surviving Franz Lehar numbers from the operetta, "Gypsy Love," upon which "The Rogue Song" was based. Tibbett's voice is heard to particularly charming effect in this number.

Nat Shilkret and his orchestra have prepared very danceable fox trot versions of "The Rogue Song" and "When I'm Looking at You," for Victor. This makes one of the best dance records of the month. The Columbia Photo Players have made good fox trot versions of these same two numbers from "The Rogue Song" for a Columbia record.

You will like Dennis King's new Victor record, presenting "Nichavo!" (Nothing Matters) and "If I Were King." You will soon see Mr. King in Paramount's million-dollar film, "The Vagabond King" and you will want this record for your collection. "Nichavo!" which Mr. King sings in the Paramount revue, "Paramount on Parade," is a splendid number and Mr. King gives a fine rendition of it. "Nichavo!" was written by Mama Zucca.

All lovers of "The Love Parade" (and who isn't?) will want Maurice Chevalier's new Victor record, presenting the two Victor Schertzinger numbers from this lovely and lively film operetta. These are "My Love Parade" and "Nobody's Using It Now." This is one of the best records of the year, without question. Be sure to get it.

Richard Crooks, the tenor, has made an interesting Victor record, giving "Rita" from the Bebe Daniels musical picture of that name and "Only a Rose," from "The Vagabond King." Both are delightfully done.

If you saw the Duncan Sisters in "It's a Great Life," you may want their new Victor offering, presenting "I'm Following You" and "Hoosier Hop." from that musical film.

Columbia has a popular record in James Melton's renditions of "The Shepherd's Serenade" from "Devil May Care" and "The Sacred Flame" from the picture of that title. Mr. Melton's tenor voice is heard to excellent effect in the Ramon Novarro number.

The Hot Air-Men offer a jazzy Columbia record with "Navy Blues" from the Bill Haines picture of that name and "Harlem Madness" from the film, "They Learned About Women."

The Revelers, popular male singers with orchestra, have a fine Victor record, with "Chant of the Jungle," from "Untamed," and "Waiting at the End of the Road," from King Vidor's "Hallelujah." "Lord Byron of Broadway," an otherwise mediocre singing picture, possesses a swell number in "Should I?" Victor Arden, Phil Ohman and orchestra have prepared a tuneful Victor record with "Should I?" "A Bundle of Old Love Letters," another number from "Lord Byron," is the other side of this record.

Another outstanding number is "Cryin" for the Carolines, the big song hit of the film, "Spring Is Here." Warner's Pennsylvanians have an excellent Victor fox trot rendition of this.

Jeanette MacDonald, who appears in "The Love Parade" with Maurice Chevalier, has made a popular Victor record with two of her best songs.
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Group A

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. Metro-Goldwyn.

Lumino. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. United Artists.

The Love Parade. The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jennette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. Paramount.

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—today. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. Warner Brothers.

Welcome Danger. Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. Paramount.

The Taming of the Shrew. Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks' first appearance in films together. A roughhouse version of Shakespeare's comedy with many a broad laugh. United Artists.

Rio Rita. A gorgeous and expensive production of the famous musical comedy of the Southwest. Bebe Daniels' voice (a glorious natural one) was the big surprise of 1929. John Boles sings superbly, too. Radio Pictures.

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. Fox production.

The Trespassers. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. United Artists.


The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children, Daring and Sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. Paramount.


Bulldog Drummond. A swell talkie melodrama that you can't afford to miss. With Ronald Colman. A Goldwyn-United Artists production.

Group B

This Thing Called Love. A racy and daring study of marriage and divorce with Constance Bennett and Edmund Lowe giving brilliant performances. Pathé.


Sally. Delightful eye and ear entertainment, with Marilyn Miller won over to the talkies. Miss Miller is altogether delightful. Warner Brothers.

The Vagabond Lover. Rudy Vallee, the idol of the radio, makes his screen debut as a young bandmaster
trying to get along. He does well, but Marie Dressler runs away with the picture. You will find this entertaining. Radio Pictures.

The Kiss. Greta Garbo’s last silent film. All about a young wife on trial for murdering her husband. The jury does just what it would do if you were on it. Well acted, particularly by Miss Garbo. Metro-Goldwyn.

The Thirteenth Chair. Margaret Wycherly in her old rôle of the fortune teller of Bayard Veiller’s popular stage thriller. Well done, indeed. This will grip your interest. Metro-Goldwyn.

The Virginian. Gary Cooper giving a corking performance in an all-talkie revival of Owen Wister’s novel of pioneer days. Mary Brian and Richard Arlen excellent. A fine panorama of the West that was. Paramount.

Gold Diggers of Broadway. A lively, jazzy musical show, in which Winnie Lightner runs away with a hit. Color photography above the average. You’ll like this. Warner Brothers.


The Awful Truth. Ina Claire’s talkie début in a piquant comedy of two young people who think they want a divorce. Miss Claire is delightful. Pathé.

Disraeli. George Arliss and his famous characterization of the great British premier jelled into colorful celluloid. An intelligent picture, tastefully acted. You owe it to yourself to see Arliss. Warner Brothers.

Three Live Ghosts. Three British soldiers return to London to find themselves to have been officially (Continued on page 127)
Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have a surprise for even their most faithful admirers in this tender musical romance, bubbling 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," "I 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.
The popular young star on the doorstep of his home at Toluca Lake, near Hollywood. Here Charlie lives in bachelor freedom.
THE opening of "The Rogue Song," starring Lawrence Tibbett, will set a mark for every other opening to shoot at. Lately, the picture stars have been growing at bit tired of the wear and tear of openings — with the crowds packed outside—and have been staying away. But everyone was so anxious to see the debut of the grand opera star that they couldn't wait.

Mr. Tibbett himself was absent on concert tour, but Mrs. Tibbett arrived in time to attend and gave a big theater party for a group of intimate friends. She wore a black evening frock, with a huge corsage of gardenia. Catherine Dale Owen, the leading lady of the picture, also entered the studio with a theater party. Miss Owen is always beautiful but she never looked lovelier than in the gold and green lame frock worn that evening. Among her guests were Will Hays, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille and Miss Cecil de Mille.

I saw Laura La Plante in white, wearing jade and silver slippers—Mary Nolan, also in white, with a gold brocaded evening wrap—Marion Davies in white, with a long full skirt—Lilian Tashman in a striking frock of pale blue crepe set off by a sash and slippers of brilliant flame color—Blanche Sweet wrapped in a sapphire blue velvet wrap with slippers to match—and Evelyn Brent, her sable coat covering a gown of sand-colored velvet, with sable bands.

Openings are the place to see evening wraps, for no one gets much opportunity to see frocks when the ladies are seated. Most of the coats the other evening came to just above the knees, and were caught up in the front, to give room for the long skirts.

K NOW why Bill Powell is an expert actor? Because he spent years in Leo Ditrichstein's stage troupe.

Charlie Chaplin says he will never make a talkie—and that's that.

Charlie Chaplin says he will NOT make a talkie—which is the same thing Lou Chaney let on. But Lou is gonna and Charlie—well, he might, too. Vaudeville.

BUDDY ROGERS has moved his family to Hollywood from Olathe, Kansas. They have a nice new house and Buddy lives with them.

RAMON NOVARRO had a very lovely opening of his new picture, "Devil May Care," at the Cathay Circle Theater. It was so like Ramon in that while it was light, a strain of solid dignity could always be detected beneath the spunk of laughter.

His mother, Mrs. M. N. Samaniego, was crowned in chiffon velvet, and wore a black velvet wrap trimmed with white fox—which was most effective in setting off her sparkling Spanish eyes. Ramon's sister, Miss Carmen Novarro, wore blue chiffon; Miss Dorothy Jordan, participating in her first opening, was ravishingly petite and charming in a French frock of peach soufflé de soie. Brillants adorned the bodice and sleeves and the skirt was even longer.

Nils Asther, out of Metro-Goldwyn, is making a vaudeville tour.

Lawrence Tibbett, who is knocking them all dead with his grand opera voice in "The Rogue Song," received a whole of an ovation when he showed up at the Hollywood opening of Ramon Novarro's "Devil May Care."

CECIL B. DE MILLE speaking:
"It is funny how ideas, practices, habits, almost everything changes with the times. I was looking at an old picture—one shot about ten years ago—the
FRANCES MARION, who was and is the highest priced scenario writer in pictures—and deservedly so—got married. She was Mrs. Fred Thomson, wife of the Western star, until his death over a year ago. Now she is Mrs. George Hill. George is a director. He and Frances write stories together and he directs 'em. They have worked together for fifteen years—ever since he was a cameraman on one of Miss Marion's first stories. Now they can work and play, too. Which makes it nice.

* * *

Morgan Novarro writes some of his own songs. In "The House of Troy," his next picture, he collaborates on two. They are "I Love You" and "Smile, Comrades, While We May."

* * *

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon are serious. Hollywood molded its sage old head and smiled when the engagement was first announced—but for once Hollywood was wrong. If Bebe can squeeze in a few weeks vacation after her next picture she and Ben will jump off the deep end then. If not, she has promised Ben, and herself, to make RKO give her a vacation after the following picture—which will have been four tough ones in a row.

And you can believe it or not, but neither one of them has ever been married before.

* * *

June Collyer's real name is June Hewins—New York Dutch. Miss Collyer has the prettiest pair of dimples in all Hollywood. Boy, when she smiles—!

As a rule figures do not mean anything but here are a few which knocked our eye out.

They have to do with "Hell's Angels," the epic of the air made by Howard Hughes of the Caddo Films. To begin with, Howard Hughes is rumored to have an income of three hundred thousand dollars a month. His father invented the bit with which oil wells are bored and Howard Hughes gets a royalty from every producing well.

"Hell's Angels" is due to open in New York in April—two months shy of three years from the time the story went into preparation. The first actual shooting took place in October, 1927.

It will cost just over four million dollars by the time it is seen on Broadway.

It was started as a silent picture, with Greta Nisso as leading lady. Then came the talkie, and as Greta is Swedish, Hughes threw away two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of interior scenes taken with this young lady in them.

He then signed Jean Howard and spent seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars on interior scenes with her in them.

Two years were spent in making the air stuff, among it a most perfect technical reproduction of a German air raid on London.

The aeroplane shots cost two million dollars.

A Zeppelin sequence cost five hundred thousand dollars. Hughes could not get the loan of a real German war Zepp so he went out and had one built—one third size but practically and expensive.

On one air sequence, taken in Oakland, California, Hughes spent twenty thousand dollars a week—for five months! He had forty planes on this location.

Eighty-seven planes were used on the picture, at one time or another. This means used before the camera.

Hughes used two hundred pilots. Three of them were killed.

Hughes spends more money on his pictures than any other producer would dare do—for two reasons. One, it is his own dough; second, he is fanatically accurate and thorough. He could have faked the Zepp stuff, for instance, but preferred spending a half million to be real. He's as thorough as Erich von Stroheim.

He is not so mad, either, this Howard Hughes. He made three other pictures, "Two Arabian Nights," "The Mating Call," and "The Racket," and spent more money than he should have on those also. But the first and the last received Motion Picture Academy prizes and made one hundred percent on what they had cost—and the other one made fifty percent. Not bad.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD is glad Milton Sills is on his feet again. Mr. Sills has been away from films for nearly two years. Much of this time was spent in an Eastern sanitarium, recovering from a nervous breakdown.
CATHERINE DALE OWEN was making a picture. An actor named Davis was working with her. He was supposed to walk through a door and speak to another man. He was late in coming through the door. The director yelled at him—knowing that Catherine Dale was on the other side of the door with him—"Stop talking to her and come on!"

"I wasn't talking to her," said Davis, "I was only looking at her."

Such is the power of beauty. It can stop men from working.

* * *

Harold Lloyd is at work upon another picture. Hurrah!

* * *

A SCOUT belonging to this department saw Gloria Swanson and Laura Hope Crews at Palm Springs, rest place and health resort, besides being a quiet hideout whereat you can work. Two ginger cookies against a used match they talked about La Swanson's next story.

* * *

DOLORES DEL RIO doesn't go in much for society but, when she does, you remember that she used to be one of the leading hostesses of Mexico City.

In honor of La Argentina, the Spanish dancer, Miss Del Rio gave a reception in her Beverly Hills home and it was a very distinguished event. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks were there, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert (Jna Claire), Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Claire Windsor and Buddy Rogers, Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell, Julanne Johnston, Lois Wilson, Marion Davies, Charlie Chaplin, Ramon Novarro, Lila Lee and John Farrow, Carmen Pantages and her brother Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante), Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Sir Charles and Lady Allen and Ambassador Moore.

IRENE BORDONI, star of "Paris" and stage big leaguer for some years, has applied for citizenship papers.

* * *

ZELMA O'NEAL, newcomer to Hollywood but a favorite in musical comedy, and Anthony Bushnell, actor for RKO, have been married several years. Recently Zelma was operated upon for appendicitis and was not recovering as quickly as she should. Her doc decided a transfusion was needed. So Hubby Bushnell gave a pint of his blood to his wife. She is recovering.

* * *

Doug Fairbanks is the worst golf bug in Hollywood. He will stop work and travel miles to see a topnotch foursome wallop that little ball around.

* * *

AN ex-film cowboy star was put in the Los Angeles bastile when he could not pay a $150 fine after being convicted of having likker in his possession. Things looked bad.

Then Harry Carey, another film cowboy, who has just finished making "Trader Horn," heard about the chap's difficulty. He called the man's attorney.

"Get him out. I'll pay it," said Carey.

"He wants to go to Mexico," said the attorney.

"Okay. I'll get the ticket," said Carey.

So the ex-star is in Mexico and Harry Carey has another white mark on his book. He helped out a friend when help was needed.

Can you remember when Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, Daphne Pollard and Gloria Swanson were all at Mack Sennett's?

* * *

WILLIAM HAINES opened his new house in Hollywood one Sunday afternoon this month. It's really his old house done over—but so beautifully done that no one would even recognize it. There will be no argument with anyone who has seen it that it is the most delightful small house in the film colony.

The tea party was such a success that half the guests remained for supper. Among
Dorothy Mackaill has taken up bicycling as a means of keeping in training.

**The Who’s Who of Hollywood—and what the**

them Bebe Daniels, in soft black chiffon with a black chiffon coat and a black maline hat, accompanied by her fiancé, Ben Lyon. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilian Tashman) came, Miss Tashman wore a severely three-piece creation of black crépe de chine and bright Chinese red. Others were Mrs. Peg Talmadge, Norma, also in black, with white trimmings and flowers, and Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton. Polly Moran, Hedda Hopper, very smart in a tailored suit and dress of faun broadcloth, Eddie Goulding, Roger Davis, Mrs. Carol Van Veckten (Panya Marinoff), Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone (Odette Begere), Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert (Ina Claire), who wore black, with a white blouse and a black and white hat; Mrs. Mack Sunday, John Colton, Jobyna Howland.

Aimee Semple McPherson, evangelistic maiden who needs no introduction, is about to make a motion picture depicting her life.

**THE movies are okay. Dr. Joseph L. Holmes, professor of psychology at Columbia University, says, “The theory that films incite either adults or children to crime is all wrong.”**

Anna Q. Nilsson is in the Orthopedic Hospital in Los Angeles. She is in a plaster cast from her toes to her neck and will remain in it until the end of March. She was put in the durn thing in January after the does had removed part of her shin bone and grafted it onto her hip. She was crushed when a horse she was riding threw and kicked her. Drop Anna a note, children, she'd love it.

And now a couple on Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Mary is chairman of the Actor’s Fund Committee in Hollywood. Said fund being a charitable organization for the benefit of needy actors and actresses. Some of them got needy. The Fund needed money. Mary decided to get it by calling a meeting of all the members in Hollywood. A telegram was sent to each one. It read: Can you have lunch with me at twelve o’clock Tuesday. It was signed, Mary Pickford, Chairman, Actor’s Fund Committee. Douglas Fairbanks, United Artists Studio, Hollywood, received one of them. Very formal-like.

He sent back his reply: Sorry, already have luncheon date Tuesday with my wife. Douglas Fairbanks. And that is that.

A few days later our family member, Adela Rogers St. Johns, was having tea with Mary. They discussed Mary’s niece whom Adela had never met. A moment later in walked Douglas and the niece in question. Introductions. Smiles. Murmured, “Pleased to know you.” Doug whispered to Adela, “Speak loudly; she is a bit deaf.” He whispered to the niece, “Yell your head off; she is deaf as a post.”

Adela, being polite, says with gusto, “Mary tells me you have a baby twenty months old.”

Niece, knowing that deaf people sometimes are unconscious of the fact that they are speaking a bit louder than the usual, thought Doug was correct. Adela was deaf. So she hollered, “Yes! and I heard you have a new one also.”

Mary finally gave it away by laughing. It’s a honey. Try it on your friends sometime—and then duck.

Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes are going to be teamed again. This time by RKO. Last time First National did it. They are a sweet looking pair, as a pair. As good as any.

Marie Dressler is just beginning to come into her own. She almost steals the picture in Garbo’s “Anna Christie”—as much as anyone can steal a picture in which Garbo has a part—and is worth the price of admission all by her lonesome. That gal can act.

Jack Warner, one of the Warner Brothers, was in Vienna. The producers and exhibitors there gave him a banquet—at which speeches were made and celebrities introduced.

When it came time for Mister Warner to get to his feet and be looked at, the toastmaster gave him a sendoff by saying he was the man who produced Jack Barrymore’s many motion pictures.

There was a deadly silence. The name of Barrymore meant nothing to the Viennese.

The toastmaster then said, “Mister Warner also produces the pictures made by Rin-Tin-Tin.”

He was cheered to the echo. They know their doggies in Vienna, even if they may be a bit shy on their knowledge of popular American actors.
ALEXANDER GRAY can speak French, Italian and German, besides English. At least enough so that he would not starve to death in a foreign eating house because he ordered something the orchestra was playing.

***

NORMA TALMADGE told one on herself. Robert and Joseph Keaton, age five and seven, or seven and five, one way or the other, are her nephews. Seeing as how Natalie, Norma’s sister, is married to that flat-panned comedian, Buster Keaton. The kids were giving a party. They were talking over who they would invite.

After a considerable number of youngsters had been named, Norma said, “Aren’t you going to have any girls?”

“Girls!” snorted Robert. “Nix! No sissies are coming to our party.”

“But I’m a girl,” said Norma. “Can’t I come?”

Robert was stumped—but only for a moment. “Well,” he said, “you can. But you gotta wear pants.”

***

LIDO ISLE, a picturesque island off New York Beach, not far from Hollywood, is being boomed as a pleasure resort where folk can frolic, says a Los Angeles newspaper.

***

WONDER how it feels for some poor actor, broke, struggling, barely eating, to get cast to play a small part as a millionaire? On the set he is dressed up, lordly, with servants at his command, comfortable chairs to rest in—and the inference that a full pantry is at his disposal. He walks off the set to a three-dollar-a-week room and coffee and doughnuts at a lunch stand.

***

VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE was formerly married to Jack Dougherty who was married to Barbara La Marr. Now Virginia is married again. This time to Howard B. Worne, Jr.

***

Lil Tashman gets better every picture she makes.

***

GRETA GARBO pulled one of her usual stunts again. She sneaked into the Hollywood showing of her picture, “Annie Christie,” and was recognized by no one.

By the way, Greta and Fifi Dorsay are great pals. They play tennis every day.

MARIA CORDA, the blonde Hungarian honey who played Helen of Troy, is in on it, too, has started proceedings against her hubby, Alexander Korda, the director. Charges cruelty, sullenness. They’ve been married ten years.

***

SALLY O’NEIL and Molly O’Day, known in their youths as the Noonan kids, were riding in Sally’s automobile. A car drove up alongside, there was a bang! in Sally’s ear, a whiz! by her face, and a crash! as the windshield splintered. The strange car careened off into a side street and disappeared. In it were two men.

Sally says she does not know why she should be shot at with all the bad people there are in the world running around loose. Molly does not know, either. So Sally had her tonsils taken out two days later. She’s better, thank you.

***

WHO would you take out if you were offered the choice of a date with Corinne Griffith, June Collyer, Marion Davies, Gloria Swanson, or Norma Shearer? Or, be you the other kind, with Buddy Rogers, Dick Arlen, Gary Cooper, Charles Farrell, Ramon Novarro or George O’Brien?

Marion Davies weighs 115 pounds.

***

GRANT WITHERS chartered an airplane, grabbed Loretta Young, flew to Yuma, Arizona, got married, flew back, got into an automobile accident, wrecked his car and got banged up himself. Meanwhile, Loretta’s mother protested about the wedding and his first wife started suit against him for increased maintenance money for their child. Despite protests, Mr. Withers and Miss Young insist they’re happy.

Mr. Withers’ ex-wife asks that the sixty bucks a month she gets from him to keep their child be increased to three hundred.

***

In Los Angeles a theater owner gave away autographed copies of Maurice Chevalier’s picture with every ticket. The gals flocked in.
The BEST STORY About MARY PICKFORD Ever WRITTEN

The greatest woman the screen will ever know tells you her philosophy of life. Here is a story every girl should read

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

NO WOMAN living today has known the fame which for years has been Mary Pickford's. Perhaps no other woman's name has ever been known to as many people as the name of Mary Pickford. Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth of England, Florence Nightingale, Joan of Arc—not one of them occupied during her lifetime the position in the eyes of the whole world which Mary Pickford has occupied.

There can never be another Mary Pickford. Let Garbo become the screen's greatest actress, as she undoubtedly will. Let Clara Bow draw more money into the box office in one year than any other star has ever drawn.

Still, they cannot stand where Mary Pickford stood. She was the first and the greatest and to her belongs a unique distinction. Her life has covered a span of experience before which the imagination falters. The poor little girl who came from dire poverty to be the idol of nations, who acquired riches and fame beyond any other woman of our generation, who built herself a throne and sat upon it—she is a figure of glamor and drama.

To me, that woman must be of extraordinary interest. I am overwhelmed with wonder as to what all this has meant.

WHAT is her philosophy of life? What has living taught her of life and death and love? How important are the fame and the money, and do they bring happiness? Are they worth while? Do sorrow and joy have different meanings and different values once fame has altered the trend of existence?

In thinking of her, I felt an overpowering desire to know just what Mary Pickford thinks about all these things now that she has definitely left girlhood behind her and become a woman.

She has just returned from a trip around the world. The tenth anniversary of her marriage to Douglas

"I feel that we of the screen do a great work in the world," says Mary Pickford. "I believe with all my heart that motion pictures have brought much happiness into many lives. Beauty and truth and laughter are spread through them."
"I don't think fame has ever touched me," Mary Pickford told Mrs. St. Johns. "I have been grateful for favors, for courtesies, for opened doors, for attentions. But on the other hand, I have been denied many simple, normal things because of it."

Fairbanks approaches. The last year has brought her the greatest blow of her life in the death of her mother. In her work, she faces new conditions, trying competition, a fight to keep her great place in changed circumstances.

I found her as I have always found her—Mary, the never-defeated. And from her heard the conviction that all joy and all sorrow are common to all mankind. The problems of the rich and those of the poor and the obscure, but they are just as vital, just as difficult to meet. Perhaps, from the point of character and of growth, they are more difficult, for the soul is stifled by too much as often—more often, all the great teachers have told us—as starved by too little.

In Mary Pickford, you find a woman who has been upon the heights, had everything and been everything that the world can offer. But who has thought her way to the belief that happiness doesn't come from any of these things, that it cannot be given from within, but must come from within.

"There is a song," she said, slowly, "which is called 'The Best Things in Life Are Free.' That is true. Perhaps it is easier to know it when you have had all the things that are not free and seen how little they are worth. But I have seen them, and I do know. The real sorrows and the real joys of life are fundamental. You can't buy the real joy and money cannot keep you from real sorrow.

"Everyone who has had fame and wealth knows that they are burdens for which you pay a very high price. They carry great obligations, they raise continuous difficulties. The more of them you have, the more complicated life becomes.

"Every motion picture star knows the dangers to which such a position is exposed. Blackmail, extortion, the clouds cast by the acts of others, the gaze of the world upon every act, the misinterpretation of innocent things said and done. The constant effort to keep faith with the public in everything. All these are the price of the joy that comes from being loved by the public.

"To the thinking person, wealth is also a great responsibility. It must be wisely handled to help the world. Yet unreasonable and impossible requests are always a part of its possession. No one per-
"You can’t buy joy—money can’t keep you from sorrow"

To Mary Pickford, work is a necessity. There has been talk now and again of Mary’s retirement. There is no reason why she should not retire if she desired to do so. But she does not. She feels that work alone justifies existence. More than that, she has learned to work in such a way that she has time for philanthropy and study, for travel and social contacts. But she would not now, in the full bloom of her intellectual powers and her beauty, dare idleness.

"I have always worked," she said quietly. "I am not happy when I do not work. I never had any childhood, of course. Audiences were my toys, the theater my playground. I didn’t go from a normal life of play and study into work. I worked—and I learned to take my fun out of that. Since my first memory, it has filled the large part of my life.

"Mere social existence is not to me. I love travel, but I become homesick for my own people, my own place. I want to study, but I find I do finer work when I use study as a relief from my work. I love my own people, love to be with them, am part of them.

"In the last few years of travel, I have met wonderful people in every walk of life. The great and royal names have become names that mean character and sweetness and humanity to me. I have found philosophers everywhere. But the motion picture people are my own. I think they love me but even if they didn’t, I would still love them. You know, you don’t get away from your own people in this world.

"I feel, too, that we do a great work in the world. There is so much suffering and sorrow. I believe with all my heart that motion pictures have brought much happiness into many lives. Beauty and truth and laughter are spread through the motion picture. I have tried and will go on trying to bear hard you have tried or how earnestly you strive, you are blessed above everyone in the world if you love your work.

"The gospel of work is a hard one, but in the end it is a satisfying one and it is open to every man and woman, no matter what they are doing. It is fun to make pictures, but sometimes its more arduous than those outside can believe."

There is no bitterness in Mary Pickford. Above all things, she has gained a wide tolerance. Naturally, she abhors evil. That is plain to any student of faces. It is plain in every action of Mary’s life from the time she was a little girl.

There was a time when Mary withdrew the hem of her garments. That is changed. Life has taught her better things.

"Who are we to judge?" she said gravely. "How do we know what the other fellow’s problem has been and how far he was equipped to meet it?"

"Not many years ago a man did a certain thing to me in a business transaction. I thought it dishonorable and lacking entirely in any right sense of obligation. For a long time, I was inclined to think very harshly of that man.

"But now I have come (Continued on page 107)"
LAUGHS of the FILMS

WELL, SHE FOUND A HORSE-HAIR ON MY COLLAR, "N' WENT OUT 'N SHOT THE HORSE!

"HOT FOR PARY!"

IS YOUR WIFE JEALOUS?!

HERE'S $10. BURY FIVE OF 'EM!

MR. STAGE-MANAGER, I'M HORSE-LEGS WHAT'LL I DO WITH MY THROAT?

"IT'S A GREAT LIFE!"

LADY, COULD YOU DONATE $2 TO HELP BURY OUR PIANO-PLAYER?

"IT'S A GREAT LIFE"

YOUR WIFE'S GONNA CALL THOSE THREE QUEENS WITH A HANDFUL O' CLUB?!

"NO, NO, NANETTE!!"

BUT IS THIS A HUNTING SUIT?

"GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL!"

SURE! WE'VE BEEN HUNTING THE PANTS FOR TWO YEARS!
ADVENTURES in INTERVIEWING

By JIM TULLY

As an interviewer, I have never looked directly at a person. Even a puppy is not natural while conscious of too close observation.

The American public is taught that a man who does not look another in the eye is dishonest. A normal human being, I never had an illusion about being honest. But I learned early that staring fixedly at people will embarrass and confuse them.

I have a bar-room education. I learned repartee, the ways of life, and the tragedies of mankind as a frequenter of saloons.

As men who do not love Volstead will remember, the saloon always had a long mirror in front of the bar. Men looked in this mirror, and talked. I soon discovered that it was not necessary to look directly at them. I watched their faces in the mirror, and caught shades of meaning which would have frightened them. I learned then that people are easily bored, that only drama interests them for a long period. Through life I remember not to gaze too steadily at men. Much is said and written about the art of conversation. To one trained in hard and definite observation, as an interviewer should be, there is little of the artistic in conversation as it is generally practiced.

A lawyer learns a few tricks with words, a doctor a few others, and so on down the line. It must be remembered that the interviewer is the one who feints for the openings. An intonation, the lift of an eyebrow, a slight twitching will betray the speaker. The man interviewed must be forever on guard. And any man on guard is under a strain.

My first interview of importance was with Elinor Glyn. My job at the time was to write a feature story each day. My salary was not worth mentioning.

Madame Glyn was the queen of the studio. Everything revolved about her as the earth does about the sun. A familiar figure on the lot, she had often swept by me, imperious as the Queen of Sheba an hour late for Solomon.

I was assigned to do a story on Madame.

She graciously consented to receive me. Tremendously busy, as befits a woman of genius, she would grant me fifteen minutes the following day.

After framing ten questions, I approached the great lady.

In her face and manner I saw that which I had seen in a thousand women all along the troubled road. A man learns to read character by hundreds of composite impressions tucked away in the subconscious. I linked Mrs. Glyn with all I had seen—fortune tellers, crystal gazers, religious leaders.

She did not ask me to be seated.

Her eyes fascinated me.

"The color of evaporating marsh water suddenly exposed to the sun" was my description of them.

As always in interviewing, I adopted a diffident, bashful manner. No beggar at the gates of culture could have been more humble than I before the great lady.

Glancing at her only occasionally while she busied herself with my

Drawing by Ken Chamberlain

"I have always adopted a diffident, bashful manner," confesses Jim Tully. "As an interviewer I have never looked directly at a person. Even a puppy is not natural while conscious of too much observation."
questions, I lingered less than ten minutes with her.
She dismissed me in the grand manner. I had made so little impression upon her that after the publication of the interview, which irritated her beyond measure, she did not even remember me.

I WAS not allowed to publish the article while working for the studio. When I was no longer in its employ, the manuscript went the rounds of the magazines. None would accept it. At last it was purchased by a film magazine. For two years nothing further was heard of it. George Jessel, Nathan was then writing for the same magazine. He became interested in the article. Vanity Fair had rejected it. Later I sold them a short story. Nathan then told the youthful editor of the Glyn interview. Vanity Fair bought it from the film journal, giving five times the amount of the original purchase price. This may cheer some struggling writer who had long been told that a manuscript of merit can open the purse strings of any editor. Sometimes they don't know. Sometimes they are afraid.

In a long experience as a professional interviewer, I found but one man who could utterly defeat me. A few years older than myself, he has been waiter, circus roustabout, itinerant actor, rover in Alaska, worker with a medicine show, all the various misfit callings which should teach a man humility. His name is James Cruze.

I first interviewed him a half dozen years ago. He was so frank that I dared not use his answers to my questions, for fear of giving the editor apoplexy. And neither do I dare use them now.

Cruze has learned somewhere that there is no hidden road through the valley of truth. He whipped me by direct. George Jessel analyzed my writing for the same reason.

In all of them he was severely criticized. His comment always was, "You've got to make them black and white."

NEXT to James Cruze in honesty and directness I would rate Erich von Stroheim. I have criticized him severely. I am deeply fond of him. A consummate showman, he is naive, belligerent, ruthless, and very kind. With ego that would strangle a weaker man, there comes over him at times a cloud of modesty. Sadistic as an artist, he is yet deeply religious. His patron saint is the one who helps you to find lost things. I have forgotten his name.

His closest friend is a Catholic priest. Another friend is Zasu Pitts, of the same religion. These two listen with patience to the troubles of the lovable, bullet-headed Austrian. His heart is always full of them.

Von Stroheim is capable of earning two hundred thousand dollars a year. Either mad or a great artist who cannot conform, according to one's individual viewpoint, he is always in debt. When I last interviewed him, he owed for the furniture in his home. His wife and many of his friends tried to guide him in the way of financial virtue.

He recently appeared in "The Great Gabbo." His salary for eight weeks was forty thousand dollars. James Cruze was a director. Two more vital and dissimilar men never worked together. Although the film was a mistake on the part of Cruze and added little to the dramatic reputation of von Stroheim, the two men actually parted friends.

Sometime fly-paper salesman, track walker, and life-guard who could not swim, there is in von Stroheim an intensity that touches the edges of madness. While filming "Greed," some overly fastidious person removed the odor from a livery stable. Von Stroheim arrived, sniffed a few times, missed the well-known atmosphere, and ordered it returned.

There is in him a gentleness that will baffle and defeat the unwary interviewer. A fine actor, he is eternally playing the part of the hurt child. That he builds the fire which burns his fingers does not occur to him. He is very human.

INCIDENTALLY, foreign film players have a vanity less sensitive than Americans. Usually they have a better training in the technique of their profession.

After I had been ruthless in my criticism of Emil Jannings, that admirable fellow invited me to dinner as "a man—not afraid."

I wrote of Pola Negri with a cruel honesty. She sent me a telegram of appreciation, ending with "Maybe now the producers will get me a good story."

The man who gave me the greatest feeling of sadness was David Wark Griffith. I visited him at the Astor Hotel in New York City.

He sat in the midst of disarray. Old books by first-class authors were scattered here and there. A wardrobe trunk stood in one corner.

Gaunt to the verge of the cadaverous, he filled the little room with melancholy. A supreme sentimentalist, he is a man whom life has hurt. Without detachment as an artist, he is yet gifted and intelligent.

His pictures, conceived on a gigantic and tawdry scale, were criterious of his limitations as an artist.

But as he talked, there was no cocksureness or mediocrity about him. Conscious of invisible forces, he wasted no strength in verbal battering.

He had long ago said that the average intelligence of a motion picture audience was that of a nine-year-old child. He looked as though he had just discovered this upon the day I met him.

There is a force in Griffith (Continued on page 120)
GWEN LEE
See the WONDERS of the Movie Colony with the HOLLYWOOD Boulevardier

Herb Howe takes you on a personally conducted trip thru the Modern Bagdad

When you read Herb Howe's tour of Hollywood on the following pages, you can check up your trip on this map of the Los Angeles Metropolitan district. This is the heart of moviedom.
Left, the new and exclusive Embassy Club, adjoining the Montmartre Restaurant. It is for members only. Here the stars can dance and dine unseen by the public. The membership is limited to three hundred. Rupert Hughes is president and Charlie Chaplin is vice-president.

Right, the Brown Derby Restaurant, conducted by Wilson Mizner, the famous wit, writer and adventurer. It is on Vine Street in Hollywood and right now is one of the highly popular luncheon places for star members of the film colony.

Left, the Montmartre on Hollywood Boulevard. Huge crowds of sightseers gather outside the entrance on Wednesdays, the day the famous players always come to luncheon. Unless you are a star or the guest of a star, it is well nigh impossible to get inside the sacred portals to observe the stars in close-ups.
A TOURISTS' GUIDE to HOLLYWOOD

The Boulevardier takes you for a flight in his airplane and shows you more than you would see if you went there

By HERBERT HOWE

Are you ready to take off?

Never mind packing, you don't need any clothes in Hollywood.

Oh, well, a bathing suit, Aunt Het, but trunks are enough for Uncle Hector. Grandma may want a sweat shirt for the beach and certainly some tennis togs. And grandpa will need golf knickers and a beret, being bald. But you'd better wait and get those things in Hollywood because you can't get them wild enough anywhere else. Ted and Teen don't need a thing, not a thing but a coat of tan, and they'll get that there.

Zoom!

It's best to get your first wink at Hollywood from the sky. You'll never get closer to heaven once you've landed. He who lands there leaves heavenly hope behind, but you'll not mind because no one ever dies in California anyhow, at least not a natural death, and, if you should get playfully shot at a party you wouldn't go to heaven anyhow and wouldn't feel at home if you did.

It used to be that good Americans so lived that they could afford to die in Southern California. They passed their tottering winters in Pasadena to get acclimated to paradise proper. But now they don't come to await the angels, they come to see the movie stars who are a lot more exciting, having it. (Have you your smoked glasses, grandpaw? . . . the sun is blinding and so's Chra Bow.)

Look down! Every highway leading to Hollywood streams with tourist caravans. Verily the whole world is Hollywood-conscious, as the realtors and Rotarians say. It's the mecca for every pilgrim who can get here a-foot, a-Ford or a-flying. You'll get an education in geography just reading license plates.

All Highways Lead to Hollywood—

Soon or late, folks gas up the old bus, strap a mattress on behind, dog on running board and kiddies on back seat and trounce over the Rockies to Hollywood where childie may unseat Davy Lee and doggie chase Rin-tin-tin into the hamburger business. And pilgrimages are not confined to auto-camp patrons. Sleek-motored society also convenes here and nobles other than Shriners. Royalty and

(Continued on page 36)
The New Movie's Own Map of Beverly Hills:
Find the Home of Your Favorite Film Star
diplomats, arriving from Europe, pay an impatient call at the White House, grab a snack and then rush out to Pickfair; those arriving via the Orient call at some movie palace first and, having snacked, never do make the White House. ... Who care'sh 'bout ol' Whi'sh House anyhow?

Remember What Nietzsche Said!

During the exuberant era of Hollywood when society went in for shooting affrays, fear was expressed lest the civic future be nipped, but astute Mary Pickford, knowing the value of headlines, declared that scandals would make the town and went right forth and bought real estate. Result:

Population, six years ago: 35,000.
Population, 1930: 150,000.

Evidently a lot of people feel with Nietzsche that the thing to do is live dangerously.

Hollywood started out in life as a ranch of apricots and figs, centering at the corner of what's now Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevards. It was owned by Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wilcox, who gave it the name Hollywood Ranch, and the name was handed on to the town.

It's future as a city was assured when a golf course was laid out in 1906. Three years later it was voted a municipality by the overwhelming majority of 88-78. There were seven hundred people then, but evidently most of them were playing golf election day. (It's the same day today.)

An Airplane View—

We're skirting the coast first. That's the ocean below us, Balboa titled it the Pacific before the bathing beauties took to exciting it.

Hollywood originated at the foot of that range of hills ten miles back, but now splatters all over the valley out to the sea and over the hills into San Fernando valley beyond. Actually a suburb of Los Angeles, it steals the whole show through its movie importance. There are studios in Hollywood but there are also studios in Culver City, Westwood, San Fernando valley, while most of the players live in Beverly Hills, with beach houses on the Santa Monica strand below us. All these suburbs flow into one another, making one great omelet, which is Hollywood so far as you're concerned.

Santa Monica Beach—

Look at the beach below. Note the flag rippling from a pole in front of a Georgian mansion that looks as though it were the American legation? That's Marion Davies' little beach place. It's a sort of Western White House. Kings and queens, diplomats and nabobs yearn to be invited there and most of them are, Marion being democratic. In the same row facing the sea are the beach homes of Bebe Daniels, Norma Talmadge, Connie Talmadge (Mrs. Townsend Net-cher), Jesse Lasky, Louis B. Mayer, and also the Swimming Club, the Beach Club, Deauville and others, where high-salaried forms may be seen for nothing.

Several miles farther along the beach is the Malibu settlement where, on week-ends and 'tween pictures, the movie stars rough it in cabins with every convenience.

In the distance you see Catalina Island where companies often go for location shots. Mr. Wrigley owns it and everyone gets a stick of chewing-gum with his boat ticket. That's where stars like Barthelmess, Barrymore, Gilbert and Corinne

Hollywood isn't satisfied with ordinary gas service stations. The trend is distinctly Egyptian and Oriental and the effect always is new and striking.
Griffith, who own their own yachts lost out; only passengers on Wrigley boats get free gum.

Beverly Hills—

Nosing inland we pass over Santa Monica, then Sawtelle, where the Old Soldiers' Home is, and now Westwood. Back on the hills roosts the new university, and there next the boundary of Beverly is the Fox Movietone studio stretched over vast acreage. No, Aunt Het, that's not an earthquake shaking the studio, it's Fifi Dorsay doing her dance.

Here's Beverly Hills, with star palaces that make Buckingham look like something the Specialist built. It slopes up gradually into the mountains and each curving drive is bordered by a different species of tree. The bigger stars take to the hills. The higher the salary, the higher the hill, and mebbe the hat.

Note Pickfair on the hill neighboring Charlie Chaplin's. And that's Falcon Lair, Valentino's home, clutching the hillside like an eagle and threatening to crash down on John Gilbert's, John Barrymore and wife, Dolores Costello, live slightly below Jack in the Mexican home King Vidor built. The largest estate of all, with winding stream, old mill, barbecue pit, gardens, hand-ball court, tennis courts and golf links belongs to Harold Lloyd, richest of stars, rated fifteen million. Adjoining is the hacienda built by the late Thomas H. Ince, now the home of Carl Laemmle, Universal's president. That low-sprawled Mexican house on Chevy Chase that appears to be hiding behind the bushes is Greta Garbo's lair—but she's moving now because they raised the rent when they found out who she was; not even the publicity boys know where she lives, but I do... stick with me and you'll see everything.

The house on Bedford Drive from which you hear screams issuing is our own Adela Rogers St. John's and Dick Hyland's; Adela's interviewing a star in there... Note the ambulance at the door. No, that's not an old mission you see on Santa Monica Boulevard, it's the Church of the Good Shepherd, where Father Mullins united Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, May McAvoy and Maurice Cleary, and said the last rites for Valentino.

Beverly Hills is the Eden of today, with more beautiful gardens, Eves and serpents than the original... You'll have to see more of it by car when we land.

Beverly Hills and Westwood merge imperceptibly. The boundary is marked on Sunset Boulevard by a double-headed eagle—one face toward Hollywood, the other toward Beverly. No, the two-faced bird is not the symbol of Hollywood, it's merely the sign of the Russian restaurant, conducted by General Lokiensky, late of the Czar's Imperial armies, now of the Hollywood battalions.

Wings Over Hollywood—

Now we are over Hollywood Boulevard, which edges the mountain range that separates the town from San Fernando valley. Mulholland Drive winds along the top of the hills, and homes climb up to it and spill over the other side. Father Junipero Serra and the padres traveled through Cahuenga Pass on the very road the movie producers took when they went to found Universal City. The highway is called El Camino Real, The Royal Road, in honor of them—the padres, not the
producers. The good fathers halted on a hill to set up a cross and say some prayers, with the presentiment perhaps that they'd be needed.

Hollywood Boulevard is rapidly becoming the most famous and luxurious street in the world. Its shops, theaters and cafés are unique, and its motor cars are high-powered as any that course Fifth Avenue or the Champs Elysées.

We’re Landing!

We land in the Glendale airport. Glendale is over the hills from Hollywood. It was the home of stars before they migrated to Hollywood and thence to Beverly Hills. Some still live there.

Don’t be frightened by the roar, Aunt Het; it’s not the airplane motor or the Metro-Goldwyn Lion; it’s mywinsome pal, Bull Montana, practising an aria for his next film opera. That Spanish house is his—“swell Spinach joint,” Bull calls it. And that’s de Boo himself you see tipping up a wine bottle under the banana tree in the patio.

Here we are. The airplane taxis along the ground to the station entrance. Attendants whisk our baggage into waiting cabs and we speed over ribbons of asphalt that tie Glendale to Hollywood in a continuous line of buildings.

Holiday Hollywood—

Your first impression of Hollywood is holiday. The lighting effect has much to do with this. Have you ever noticed that every place has its own particular sun? In Venice the sky is a bright blue satin, overstrewn with powder-puff clouds that turn to pink at sunset; the sun of Hollywood permits no trespassing of clouds in a heaven that’s almost white.

People and buildings continue the illusion of gayety. Hollywood is a city of youth irrespective of age (If Ponce de Leon had come here instead of to Florida he’d be living yet—and this is no bribe from the Chamber of Commerce.) You may be hoary when you arrive, but before the week is out you’ll check your whiskers with the barber and be skipping about in panties and sockies. The sun very sensibly permits no color in the sky because there’s so much below.

Youths with shining hair flit like brightly colored birds beneath the palms and peppers.

Girls—Oh, Mahomet’s paradise!—in fashions preceding Paris or, more frequently, in tennis togs with little socklets and bare leglets or, even occasionally, in brief bathing suits, some puffing cigarettes at the wheels of gas-eating chariots.

Boys—old or young, their plumage is equally gay—in riding breeches, corduroys, floppy flannels and golf pants showing sturdy calves; sweaters, leather jackets and polo shirts of crimson, green and canary yellow, bulged with bosom and bicep.

In this physical flow you glimpse a cowboy with jangling spurs, chaps, red shirt and broad hat. ... Peter the Hermit with white locks flying and bare feet pattering ... ducal characters with a bumber crop of whiskers (marvelous climate, grows anything) which they’ve raised for pictures ... gobs from the fleet who hope to see fleet favorite Clara Bow ... Filipino servant boys and Japanese doll-girls ... fokes, once of sideshows now of studios ... types from all quarters of the earth. Jap, Italian, Russian, Zulu, Afghan, Hindoo, Mexican, Turk.

These are not all movie folk by any means, though it’s more fun than cross-word puzzling to pick out those that are.

The Whole Town’s a Movie Set—

Buildings are equally fantastic in their architectural garb. A department store, which might have been shipped fresh from New York, next an Ivy-traced manor with leaded bow windows housing a clothing store. Across the street a Spanish arcade with a chop-stuy parlor. Structures in the ultra-modern lines with shops faced in silver, crystal and black lava. Buildings Moorish, Tunisian, Oriental, Egyptian and pure (Continued on page 101)

The sad canine is a mask for a chili-hot dog station. Leave it to Hollywood architects to hit upon something a bit new.
Catherine Dale Owen was born in Louisville, Kentucky. She always has played leading roles -- in her first High Schoo' play, her first dramatic school effort, her first professional stage drama and her first movie.

Why STAGE STARS FAIL

Catherine Dale Owen says the screen players are better able to meet the perils of talkies than are footlight actors

By DICK HYLAND

THERE are few people nowadays who have definite character.
Nothing your friends can do surprises you because they seem to be swayed by moods, emotions, surroundings, circumstances—until you can hardly recognize them two days running.
Catherine Dale Owen is Catherine Dale Owen always. She has definite character; she is consistent.
She is ruled by her head, not by her heart or unreasoning emotions. In this she is unlike most women.
What she wants, she will fight for, stubbornly; she will not be bothered with things she does not want.
If Catherine Dale Owen does something, it is because she wants to do it, has thought it out, and is willing to take all consequences. But when she is through thinking it out the chances are great there will be no unpleasant consequences.

If Catherine Dale Owen refuses to do something, you can rest assured she has a reason. And in most cases will not tell you what that reason is. Which is very annoying.
She is smart; besides being beautiful, she thinks.

THE talkies have brought a great influx of stage people to Hollywood. Aside from Ruth Chatterton no stage actress has made much of a success in pictures. Many have failed miserably and returned to New York, soured on Hollywood.
They did not get over; they do not know why. Catherine Dale Owen can tell them. She told me, and it was an entirely new angle. One I had not heard before, one which proves that Catherine Dale Owen is observant enough to walk into (Continued on page 123)
"I'm in a creative fever, daddy. I'm writing a movie, daddy. All talking, all singing, all dancing. A backstage original, with a smile and a tear and a heart-break and several big scenes in color."
DADDY, I want to write movies.
Shut up, Rollo.
But I do, Daddy.
No.
Epics, huh, Daddy?
NO!
A colossal special. Huh, Daddy? One tiny little Titan?
You'll get a good push in the face in a minute.
Aw, Daddy, you don't let me have any fun. Johnny's daddy lets him write movies. He writes all of Clara Bow's.
I don't care.
But he does, Daddy. And Bobby just finished a new one for Al Jolson.
Which Bobby is that?
You know, Daddy. Bobby Bloop.
I told you not to play with Bobby Bloop. He's half-witted.
He writes good movies, Daddy.
Shut up.
But he does, Daddy; honest. He can get more boop-a-deep into a movie than any of us kids.
That's all right with me. Run out and play now, and don't bother me.
Aw, gee, Daddy... You heard me.
Maybe just a little program picture, huh, Daddy?
All talking, all singing, all dancing?
Will you shut up?
About backstage, maybe. Huh, Daddy?
Now why can't you play with that new Mechno set Daddy got you for Christmas. Be nice.
All right, Daddy.
There. Don't you see? Isn't that more fun? What are you making?
I'm making a stage, Daddy. You see, this is where the hoofer meets the swell broad from the Follies, and throws his little pal for a big loss. That's where the first theme song comes in, see? Little Pal. Little Gal—huh, Daddy?
Rotten.
Sez you.
Sez me.

Oh, you've been going to the pictures, Daddy. That's in "The Cock-Eyed World."
Aren't we all?
Oh, Daddy, that's philosophy. That's a honey, Daddy. Can I use it in my movie, huh, Daddy?
Use what?
That line, Daddy. "Aren't we all in the cock-eyed world?" I could make another song out of it. Let me see—where could I use it, Daddy? Maybe after the hoofer gets his big chance in the Follies' New York premiere, and the swell broad takes a run-out powder on him, and the little bimbo sitting up in the balcony goes into a clinch with her weakness who has followed her from afar all these years but never hoped to scale the giddy heights.

What the hell are you talking about?
I'm writing a movie, Daddy. A backstage original with a smile and a tear and a heart-throb and several big scenes in color.
Oh, yeah?
Yeh. And if you're not going to help, the least you can do is to stop your belly-aching. I'm in a creative fever now, Daddy....
All right. But don't make so much noise about it. I got an idea for a big sock finale, Daddy.
Uh, huh.
Do you want to hear it, Daddy?
No. You see, it's on a trapeze, Daddy—and the little pal and the hoofer and the bimbo and the broad are all up on a trapeze, and they're all mad at each other and have sworn to kill each other. But when the time comes for their act, and a hush comes over that vast assemblage, and the lights gleam upon their satin tights, and there's a roll of drums, and they start to do their quadruple somersaults with five full twisters—and there's no net, either, Daddy—and it's right over the audience—then, instead of dropping each other, as they had planned to do, they suddenly remember The Show Must Go On.
Then what?
That's all. That's the end.
Are you sure?
Sure. I'm sure.

(Continued on page 113)
An unusual home study of the popular Mr. Dix. Next you will see Richard in a lively talkie called "The Roughneck Lover." Unusual interest centers in this picture because Lois Wilson once more plays opposite the popular star.
The New SCHOOL for STARS
The Movie Favorites of the Future Will Come from the Studio Choruses of Today

By ROSALIND SHAFFER

WHEN the worried gentlemen who control the money bags of the motion picture industry first realized that the talkies were here to stay, little did they realize that they were going to have to give till it hurts, to dancers. The modern picture with dance ensembles—and who makes any other kind, except dramatic stars—costs a little over double the total of the non-musical films. What the lovely legs and rhythmic kicks of dancing girls have cost the industry since first the talkies began to dance, can be roughly estimated at a million and a half dollars in the last year.

This represents dancers' salaries, also the salaries of dance instructors, but not the enormous expense of the huge sets used, nor the elaborate costumes used. That no one can calculate without getting pop-eyed over it.

The movie revues, which started with the rage over the M-G-M Hollywood Revue, the Movietone Follies, Warner Brothers' "On With the Show" and Universal's "Broadway," have practically sapped Broadway of its stream of new chorus material—its dancing troupes and dance instructors. Dance directors from Broadway are now coming to Hollywood to get choruses. Larry Ceballos took forty of his Warner Brothers-First National dancers to New York to play in "Fifty Million Frenchmen" and from week to week similar things are happening. The dancing center has changed from Broadway to Hollywood.
DANCING was little used as such in silent films. One wonders why; there have been a few examples, often in foreign films, of splendidly trained dance troupes. In "Michael Strogoff," a French production, the court ball with its intricate figure dancing was shown. In "Ten Days That Shook the World," a Soviet film, the troops from the Caucasus are shown dancing their native dances in joy at the outbreak of the Revolution. In our own famous "The Four Horsemen," the dancing of the tango by Rudolph Valentino was one of the things that brought him fame; but the talking picture has overwhelmingly established the importance of dancing in films, both in large formation numbers and in solo work.

Practically every studio, with the exception of United Artists and Universal, keeps a trained troupe of dancers under contract, with dance directors to originate new dance routines or formations as they may be needed.

Warners keep one hundred dancing girls under contract at all times, with Larry Ceballos and Jack Haskell as dance directors. First National shares with Warners in this arrangement. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has forty girls under contract, with three assistant dance directors, working under Sammy Lee, Ziegfeld's old dance man. RKO has twenty-four girls, in addition to sixteen show girls and sixteen chorus men. Pearl Eaton is the dance director, with her assistant Marnie Sawyer.

Fox has one hundred and twenty girls under contract at present, with three dance directors and one dance instructor, and three ensemble directors. Directors are Danny Dare, Max Scheck, and Maurice Kusel. Eddie Tierney is dance instructor, and Seymour Felix, Eddie Dolly and Hassard Short are ensemble directors. They estimate at Fox's that the daily rehearsals cost $2,000 a day, for dancers' salaries and directors and instructors. Lights and music would run it up a possible $500 a day.

This is for dress rehearsals. Regular rehearsals run from four to six weeks before shooting.

PARAMOUNT, under Jack Bennett, its dancing instructor, keeps sixteen girls for dance numbers at all times, and at present has thirty-six special chorus girls under contract for six months for "Paramount on Parade." Paramount's serious bid for attention in musical revues.

Wages for contract dancers range from fifty to seventy-five dollars a week. The show girls draw top money.

A rough estimate on salaries being drawn by contract dancers and directors right now in Hollywood would run as follows: This is a weekly wage estimate.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Studio</th>
<th>Weekly Wage</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paramount</td>
<td>$4,120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fox</td>
<td>8,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warners' and First Nat'l</td>
<td>12,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M-G-M</td>
<td>8,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. K. O.</td>
<td>4,640</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

United Artists does not hire contract dancers, as they are mainly a group of dramatic (Continued on page 114)
LAWRENCE TIBBETT was born in Bakersfield, California, which, if one is headed for the Metropolitan Grand Opera, is about as far away as it is possible to be. But he made it, and how! . . . . His first training was learning to plow a straight furrow, some accomplishment when one considers that furrows run up and down over the California hills . . . . Undoubtedly, many of the kids thought Lawrence was crazy when he preferred to play and sing rather than go swimming or something. He was . . . . simply crazy about music. . . . He sang the entire "Prologue from Pagliacci" in Italian with perfect accent and did not know the translation of a single word . . . . He can sing best when there are a few pretty girls in the front row of his audience. Strange, isn't it?
THERE was great excitement in the middle apartment in Bostwick row on North Fifth Street in Keokuk, Iowa, on March 16, 1897. For that day Conrad Nagel was born to Dean Frank Nagel and Frances Murphy Nagel.

The gods were kind for they gave the baby rare gifts. Conrad was destined to succeed, first as a schoolboy actor, then as an actor in a stock company and, in recent years, as one of the foremost players on the screen. They gave him health, happiness, and the friendliness which characterized the boy in his youth, and which has marked the man.

Friends of Conrad Nagel in Keokuk recall the many times that he has been called in from play to recite for grownup audiences—and how willing he was to do it. They recall too, how unaffected he was, how natural and how he carried off the plaudits of his audience with none of the silliness which marks the precocious child. In fact, his friends in Keokuk say that Conrad Nagel was just a sweet-tempered, happy, real boy—with a boy's taste for cookies and German coffee cake; a boy who spent vacations roaming the hills and glens across the river from Keokuk, or swimming at Lake Okoboji in Northern Iowa.

CONRAD Nagel was named for his paternal grandfather. His father and mother were students of music in Moberly, Mo., where their romance began, according to members of the Nagel family. They went abroad to study and were married in Eiffel Tower in Paris. Dr. Nagel's parents accompanied the young people when they went to Europe.

Returning to Keokuk, Dean Nagel opened his studio of music and he and his bride went to live at 510 North Fifth Street, in the house known to Keokukians then as the Bostwick Row. It is still standing in one of the most popular residential districts in the city. It was here that Conrad was born, and lived until he was two years old, when his family moved to Des Moines. But vacations were spent in Keokuk and in his grandmother's home in Warsaw, Ill., across the river and five miles down from Keokuk.

FROM his mother, a concert singer, from his father a pianist, teaching and giving recitals, from his mother's father, a Baptist minister, and from his ancestor, Roger Williams, early Colonial religious firebrand, Conrad Nagel inherited that gift of expressing himself which was to take him far on the road to fame and wealth. His adaptability for the profession which he followed was shown in his early boyhood, according to Mrs. R. A. Dollery, at whose home Conrad visited frequently with his parents. When he was just in the primary grade, Mrs. Dollery recalls that he learned to speak "pieces" and was always willing to recite for company. One time, she recalls, he sat down in his mother by giving one long quotation, accompanied by gestures which interpreted the words to a nicety. Inquiring later where he had learned to do this he replied that he had watched his mother and had practised the words and gestures when she was out of the room.

A "real boy" is the way his cousin, Mabelle Nagel, of Warsaw describes him. He was happy, healthy and strong, keen for the sport of bicycle riding, loved swimming, ice-skating, and roller skating, and excelled in all of these. He took dancing lessons, and was a beautiful dancer, his cousin recalls, and he kept up with music in his piano lessons. But with it all he was first of all a real boy. When the family lived in Des Moines, it is recalled that the Nagel yard was the meeting place for all of the youngsters of the neighborhood. Conrad has a younger brother, Ewing, and the two boys and their friends gathered daily in the Nagel yard to play.

WHEN it was time for them to come in from their play Dean Nagel would whistle, and this call could be heard for several blocks. It is recalled that the whistle was seldom disobeyed, the boys having been trained to mind. When the family first moved to Des Moines, Dean Nagel was the dean of music in Highland Park College, a position he held for many years. Conrad attended kindergarten and later regular school. In the kindergarten days he showed marked aptitude for expression, both dramatic and musical.

Like all normal boys he looked forward to vacation days, and they were spent in most delightful surroundings. At Arnolds' Park, Lake Okoboji, The birthplace of Conrad Nagel, in Bostwick Row, Keokuk, Iowa. Conrad's father, Dean Nagel, then conducted a music studio.
Conrad Nagel and his Boyhood Days in Iowa

By FREDERIC C. SMITH

Managing Editor of The Gate City of Keokuk, Iowa.

Photographs loaned by Mabelle Nagel.

the entire family spent many happy days in the summer months. They had their cottage, and a sailboat which had been christened the "Falcon." Conrad became an expert swimmer, and could sail the "Falcon" like a veteran.

So good was Conrad at swimming that he entered an endurance swimming contest at Des Moines in the Des Moines river one season. The other part of vacation times was spent at Grandmother Nagel's beautiful old home. "Cedarcroft," at Warsaw. It was while on his way to or from her home that he stopped in Keokuk for several days at a time at the Dollery home.

On an Indian pony, whooping with all the abandon of a cowboy on the Western plains, he used to wake the echoes of the sleepy old hills around Warsaw. He and his dog, "Nip," were inseparable and they roamed the hills and valleys of this section of Western Illinois discovering things. And, like every normal boy, grandmother's kitchen held great fascination for this lad who in a few years was to become the idol of thousands. His grandmother's "Kuchen," or coffee cake, was always to be found ready to appease the appetite of this lad. Although he always called it "kufen," there was no mistaking his desire. Just about a year ago, his cousin recalls, he wrote to Warsaw for the prize kuchen recipe.

CEDARCFROTT, the home of the Nagels at Warsaw, was an attractive old house, surrounded by cedars and with other trees in the rear. Conrad used to climb these trees to the thickest branches and call to his dog, who used to bark and whine frantically under the tree in his endeavor to locate his young master. The trees perhaps were frontier fortresses, or the swaying masts of big clipper ships in the days of make-believe of the young lad.

Back of the house extending for miles were beautiful old hills and in between the hills were glens and gullies, just right for exploring, for digging caves, and for racing up and down, with "Nip" at his heels. In the autumn the trees yielded generous crops of nuts, and in the spring the hills and valleys bloomed with wild pansies, blood-roots and columbine.

A love of the beautiful as shown in nature's many moods and many seasons was instilled into the boy Conrad and his brother, Ewing, as they played and roamed the hills of their grandmother's estate. In Winter the hills were right for coasting or for tracking rabbits and squirrels, whose tell-tale footprints were easily discernible in the snow. These vacations in the open helped to build a strong healthy body and emphasized a love for nature which was inborn in the young lad.

O NCE, when he was about fourteen or fifteen, he came to Keokuk to visit, and displayed proudly the gun which he brought with him. He explained to his friends how well he could handle it, and even demonstrated on a few inanimate targets in the Dollery backyard. Imagine the surprise of his hosts, however, when it was learned that the gun was brought without the sanction of his parents. It had been loaned by a friend for the occasion. Nevertheless, it showed the real spirit of boyhood and adventure which Conrad later was to capitalize in his appearances on the stage and in the films. He was proud of his boyish strength and physique, and like so many other boys of that age delighted to roll up his sleeves and have you "feel his muscle."

Christmas vacations were (Continued on page 119)

NEXT MONTH: The Home Town Story of Norma Shearer
Louise Dresser at sixteen, before she left for a career. Miss Dresser's first job was in the Peruna factory, stamping envelopes.

"Oh, yes, I shined shoes as my first job!" "Sure I worked in a cannery to earn my first money!" "I was a printer's devil—and how!"

Don't imagine your favorite picture star has always been living in a marble house with golden doors. Instead, they will tell you with cheerful frankness and gusto about those old days of their early struggles.

Billie Haines

The popular William Haines started out his money-making career by carrying milk for a neighbor down in Staunton, Virginia.

The neighbor, a Mrs. Bear, had two cows, and Bill carried the milk every morning to twelve customers.

"I received the great sum of twenty-five cents a week for my work," smiled Billie, the other day, "I had to get up at six o'clock in the morning, in order to get all around before school time."

I had to delve into the reason for such terrific energy. It just didn't seem natural somehow. Sure enough there is a reason. Billie was in love at the tender age of ten, like the true Southerner he is.

"Mrs. Bear had a little ten-year-old daughter with whom I was in love. I carried the milk both to earn the precious twenty-five cents—at the end of two months I bought myself a pair of stodgy shoes—and in order to see Mrs. Bear's beautiful daughter. I don't know whether she returned my passion—I was too bashful to try and find out—and I squandered all my first twenty-five cents on candy for her, so that I had to wait another week to buy my $1.75 pair of shoes.

Bessie Love

My very first job? Let me see—I did a lot of things to earn money during my summer vacations.

"Oh, yes, I know," smiled Bessie, as I caught her having tea with another bride, Frances Marion, the writer, in her dressing-room over at the studio. "I pitted fruit all summer in a canning factory just outside of Los Angeles. I was having a little vacation out there in the country, but was thinking and worrying a little about my school clothes for next year.

"Of course, my hands were all cut up at the end of the season, but I think the work really did me good, as we worked mostly out of doors in the fresh air. At the end of the summer I had enough money to buy a nice pair of shoes. I thought that was great—until I got to thinking it over—then I decided that I had done an awful lot of labor for one pair of shoes."

George Bancroft

George Bancroft put one over on his parents, at the age of nine, by working as cashier in a store when he was supposed to be at school.

"Another boy and I decided that we wanted to work. That was in Philadelphia, you see. So we went to Wanamaker's Department store and got jobs. I'd leave home in the morning with my books, as if I were going

Long before he thought of directing "Ben-Hur" and other films, Fred Niblo was a minstrel—and a merry one, too.
Their FIRST JOBS

to school, but instead I'd go to my chum's house, put on a pair of long pants that belonged to his older brother, and go down to work at my job.

"I earned two dollars a week. I saved up until I had $102, I remember—so that I must have worked nearly a year—and then I took the money home and gave it to my mother. She cried and kissed me, but told me I must go back to school."

Joan Crawford

JOAN CRAWFORD waited on the table to work her way through boarding school! That was her first job, but as she got no money for it, she doesn't feel that it was a real job.

Her first paid work was selling dresses in a department store in Kansas City.

"I got twenty dollars a week, and I spent every cent of it on clothes for myself," explained Joan. "I always adored clothes, but never had been able to afford nice ones. I worked a month, and by that time had a fairly decent outfit of two dresses, a coat and a hat. I felt very luxurious indeed.

"One day a famous actress who happened to be playing in town came in. A thought struck me—why shouldn't I become an actress? I had always loved to dance, had done some theatricals at school, and was good at imitations. I resolved to go to New York and seek my fortune."

James Cruze

WEEDING an onion patch and milking six cows a day was my first job," announced James Cruze.

"I earned twenty-five cents a day, and I was fifteen years old.

"I was working on a farm in Utah," said Jimmy, reaching for a cigarette, clad as always in his white flannels when he remained at home, as we chatted in front of the big fireplace in the hospitable Cruze home.

"I had been reading books of adventure, and, as I bent my back over the onion patch, it seemed to me I must do something to see the world.

"One night I decided to run away and seek my fortune. I tied some things up in a little bag, got up before daylight and was on my way. I bummed my way to San Francisco, meeting up with tramps and other aimless wanderers, slept on top of box-cars and in box-cars, and finally was in Frisco.

"The water front fascinated me, and I decided to go to sea. I was down to my last cent, and one thing that prompted me to ship aboard a freighter was peeping through into a cabin and seeing a table laid for dinner.

"I came back from my trip around the world with a fortune of $300."

Louise Dresser

AND the distinguished Louise Dresser once worked for the Peruna Company!

"That was my very first job," said Louise, "though afterward I worked at different things before I went on the stage.

"It was the Winter after my father died, and I felt that I must do something. I was fourteen years old, and felt that I should be helping to support my mother. Father had been killed in an accident, and mother was ill.

"The Peruna factory was located near where we lived, in Columbus, Ohio, and I went one morning and applied for a job. There didn't seem to be much that I could
do except to stamp envelopes, and I was set at that task, my salary to be $3 per week.

"But alas, I was fired at the end of three days! I simply wouldn’t use the patent device for wetting the stamps, insisting on licking them, and I was so slow that they decided to part with my services. But I came home with my dollar and a half for the three days, and gave the money to my mother."

Charlie Mack

"M Y first job," grinned the genial Charlie Mack, who is one half the brace of Two Black Crows, you know," was selling newspapers. I was only six years old and didn’t know how to make correct change if the customer handed me more than a dime!

"I made about fifty cents a week. I had a husky voice even then and knew how to slur words so as to make it sound as if I might be calling news of a great disaster or something sensational like that. I sold papers until I was eleven.

"I was in a strike of the newsboys once. We struck for more papers for less money. Say, I settled that strike by intimidation! The publisher of the Tacoma Ledger always wore a tall silk hat. I stood behind a signboard every day and threw vegetables, mostly soft tomatoes, at the hat, as he came by. He finally discovered me, dragged me out, scared to death, but I must say he was a good scout. He conceded to the newsboys’ request when I tremblingly explained. I suppose he felt he must save the cost of high hats!"

"I became a messenger boy when I was eleven, and worked on a percentage basis, earning about three dollars a week.

"I used to sing around different clubs and such places to earn a little extra money."

Ramon Novarro

If Ramon Novarro hadn’t happened to pull two teeth at a time, instead of the one he was supposed to pull, he would probably still be working as a dentist!

"My father was a dentist down in Mexico," Ramon narrated, as we sat in his dressing-room while he made up. "My mother was very anxious to have me follow in his homely footsteps, said he needed help, and that together we could make a fine living. I was to receive five dollars a week.

"So I went in and learned the laboratory work. My fingers were deft and I soon learned to do all the work there. I was about fifteen then.

"But I hated to see people hurt, to tell you the truth, and shrank from working at the chair. But finally the day came when father said I must begin to do practical work on patients.

"An old lady came in that day to have a tooth pulled. She had just three teeth in her head. Two of them were together. I got to work, and I did my job all right—too clean, really, for when I got the forceps out and looked at them, I had taken out two teeth instead of one! I don’t know how it ever happened.

"Crestfallen I made a leap for the laboratory and closed the door. The astonished old lady hadn’t time to recover before father, with quick wit and tact, told her that both teeth were bad, and that he had told me to take them both out.

"But I decided dentistry was not for me."

Dorothy Mackaill

"M Y first money was earned on the stage. I had always been crazy about the stage, even in my obscure English village," said Dorothy Mackaill.

"Finally, wrapping up a few clothes, and taking what money I could get hold of, I ran away from Hull in England, to study dramatic acting at the famous old Thorne Academy on Wigmore Street, in London.

"I hoped that when my money ran out my parents would send me some more. But they didn’t. I got down to my last ha’penny, so that I hadn’t even anything to eat but a few biscuits, and then decided I must have a job that would give me free time for studying drama at the Thorne school.

"One day, when I had tramped about and was almost discouraged, I met a chorus girl through another friend of mine. She took me to the dance director of the Hippodrome chorus. I had studied dancing, but the director was hard-boiled. He declared I was a ‘terrible oof,’ but let me do a song and dance for him. That decided him in my favor, and I got a chorus job. They hid me in the back line, but soon decided I had improved enough to lead a number. That number presently was chosen as part of an International Revue in Paris."

Monte Blue

"I WAS a funny little figure, I guess, as I came forth from the orphan asylum that had sheltered me ever

Dolores Del Rio, at six. Miss Del Rio was going to school in Mexico then with not a thought for Hollywood or movies.
All About Their First Jobs and First Earnings

since I was a tiny boy, after my father died. I was wearing the orphanage clothes, and was tall and lanky. I was sixteen, you see.

"Truth to tell, I felt pretty scared at having to go forth into the world to earn my living. It was a cold, wintry day, with snow three feet on the ground, too, which didn't add to my cheerfulness. But go I must, because a man who had once been in the orphanage himself had a job for me, and at sixteen you had to leave the institution. My job was to be printer's devil—that means 'kicking press,'—meaning in turn running a small printing press by means of hand and foot."

I was having dinner with Monte Blue and his wife in their beautiful new home in Beverly Hills, and we were surrounded by beauty and luxury. Monte has come a long way since those homespun days in the Indianapolis orphanage.

"The work was terribly hard on my unaccustomed muscles. Ever see anybody kick press? They have electric motors to do the work now, but in those days, for printing handbills and such small jobs, a boy stood constantly at a machine, keeping the foot piece going with his foot, and feeding paper into the press with his hands. Ten hours of this will tire out anybody not used to it. Of course I grew accustomed to it."

"I earned about three dollars a week, and saved my pennies to go to the theater. I used to hang around the stage door and try to get work, too, after the show. It was a long way to the theater from where I lived, and I used to walk there and home again."

Norma Shearer

"I WENT to work in a music shop, to play the piano and sing the new songs," said Norma Shearer. "No, not for fun—because I had to work."

"I stayed in the shop three days, and never drew any money for my work because I hadn't the nerve to go and ask for it. I was supposed to get ten dollars a week. I consider that man still owes me $5!"

"Guess I didn't like the work very much, after all. And mother found out I was working. You see I hadn't told her. She didn't like my working there. I don't really think I was much of a success," laughed Norma.

"It seemed to me that every time I played a piece for a customer, he or she didn't buy it!"

"Then we sold the family piano and went to New York, mother, my sister, and I. I was sixteen then. I wanted to go into musical comedy, but couldn't get a job. Finally my sister and I got into a picture, playing sister roles."

Edmund Lowe

"I SOLD papers at the age of four—but not in the usual way, no-sir-ee!" exclaimed Edmund Lowe, when I asked him about his first job.

"I was more enterprising than most youngsters, you see. So I collected all the old papers I could find in the house, folded them as nicely as I could, and sold them to passersby. Some of them were as old as a month. Some of the papers we took were never opened at all, and those were a cinch."

"I was doing very well when my father rudely interrupted my business. He said the neighbors were complaining that I sold them old papers. But I made around three dollars before I got into trouble."

"My next job was working in a cannery during vacation time. I carried boxes of fruit, and did all sorts of odd jobs around the place. I earned about nine dollars a week."

Louise Fazenda

"W HEN I was fourteen, my family met with such financial reverses—though we were never wealthy, heaven knows—that I had to stop school and go to work," says Louise Fazenda.

"I thought it would be fun to work in a candy factory, and so I went to Bishop's and hired myself out. I earned $4.90 a week—no, I don't know why it wasn't an even five—but I soon inquired around as to what work paid the best there, and found out it was the chocolate dippers. So I applied for that work, and finally mastered it. It is rather a delicate business, and it takes a while to acquire the knack. I earned about twelve dollars a week."

"While I was working there, Mary Pickford came through the factory, and I remember how thrilled I was at her visit. Next day I came to work with my hair in long curls. I bought my first store dress while I was working at Bishop's. I have it yet."

"I always remember the first day I came home from Bishop's. I was all elated over my job, but when I came into the yard. I found my beloved little pet dog which I had had ever since I was seven years old, dying in the front yard. A neighbor's dog had injured him. It was years before I could have another dog."

(Continued on page 126)
The HOLLYWOOD

The Famous Hollywood Wit Visits the Sick Folk of Moviedom, Listens Entranced to Greta Garbo's Talkie Debut, and Approves of the Revival of Westerns in Sound Pictures

SEATED in a box with Greta Garbo for a performance of La Argentina in Los Angeles—thereby fulfilling my astrologist's prediction that this was to be a big year for me—I was witness to the workings of Swedish witchcraft upon the local folk. Nowhere is idolatry so fanatical as among the idols, and it is plain that Greta has her Hollywood allez-oop.

There was no clamor about her entrance or her dress; she wore a turban of brown silk tight to her head and a mint wrap which for some occult reason she had strapped about the waist with a thin leather belt—a precaution perhaps against it being snatched as a souvenir by some admirer.

Despite her wraithy entrance the audience sensed her apparition and was entranced. Opera-glasses were levelled, necks stretched to snapping. I tried to speak to friends Ernst Lubitsch and Manuel Reach a few seats off, but their eyes were glazed as if on the angel of death. Movie stars hopeful of her recognizing glance, gazed with the yearning of chimpanzees implores the toss of a peanut. Indeed the entire audience seemed to evolve backward into monkeys. Had Greta chosen to use her hypnotic power she could have had fundamentalists parting one another's hair and scampering up the proscenium arch.

No boasting, but I know the ape who would have been first up.

"AND how did you like Argentina?" someone asked next day.

"Oh, was she there too?"

The secret of Greta's sorcery is her aloofness. Women of history are women of mystery. Greta is idol of the idols because not one with them. Self-sustained and undefined, she has the mystifying apartness of an altar. (See Psalms iv, 3: The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself.)

I HAVE traveled about with several stars and seen how adorers prove Darwin's theory, but always with a giggly hysteria that denoted consciousness. Knowing they were goofy they tried to be spoopy. But when Garbo trances them they stay tranced. A cat may look at a queen and still meow, but anyone looking at Greta is paralyzed peep-less. Fortunately we have in Hollywood a physician, Dr. Cecil Reynolds, who can hypnotize patients out of paralysis even as Greta puts them in. With Greta roaming at large, he is one man who should weather this year of prosperity quite nicely.

Greta at last has sounded off from the screen and Lord help us all, she's twice as dangerous. I was audience of her "Anna Christie" in the M-G-M projection room, and at first swirl of her throaty voice the audience was won.

Those who feared for Greta's future because of her Swedish accent have little idea of her Swedish tenacity. She learned English so well she had to study Swedish to get back her accent. When you hear her say "yust" for "just", don't be fooled, she's acting.

With the same resoluteness she has improved as an actress when she might have thrived on her personality alone.

I predict the time's not distant when critics will need Garbo restraint to keep them from dusting off the old Duse-of-the-Screen appellation. She has the brooding nature and restrained emotion of the great Italian. But Signora Duse was incomparable. And so is Fröcken Garbo.

Most of us, however, will be content to chant the new song hit from Europe: "I Dreamed I Kissed Greta Garbo."

Not since Valentino has an idol enthralled such capture. The funny thing about it all is that while Greta awes them, she herself is awed. The reason of her aloofness is, principally, in one word—shyness. Diffidence and a melancholy peculiar to the Scandinavian make social communion impossible. While others drink cocktails in drawing-rooms and prattle of Art and Beauty, Greta sits inarticulate on a rock by the sea, drinking a sunset. For all her sex-appeal (and don't the word!) she conveys to the mind a being incorporeal,
the misty wraith that presides over waters. The ineffable thing called "soul" is attributed ineptly to wax dummy faces with shining glass eyes, whereas it is the burden of those mortals who suffer a vague nostalgia, those to whom the earth is never quite home.

OLD debil doublin' is still rampant in Hollywood. Anyone can sing who can afford a voice. They're even doubling for themselves, thus adding to their salaries by getting overtime. I mean to say they're not always singing when you see them singing. Sometimes they sing the song the night before and only make lip movements for the camera next morning. No, it's not because of a hang-over or because "Sweet Adeline" sounds a lot better the night before than the morning after. It's because the temperamental mike is jealous of the camera, wants all the attention.

For instance, Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, which is as expansive as Paul himself, play the numbers for Universal's "The King of Jazz" for the mike at night and for the camera next day. The reason is that one mike can't hear it all. To avoid confusion, each set of instruments has a mike of its own—strings, brasses, drums. If the camera were let in she'd show them all up, and so the deaf old gal is only permitted to watch the show after the mike is recorded. It's twice the work for Paul but he needs exercise.

Eddie Cantor's suing a manufacturer because he says his advertisements carry a likeness of him. This gave Bull Montana an idea and he's hot after...
the big collar advertisers—says he doesn't wear 'em, gets his from Firestone Tires.

THE BOULEVARDIER has been the Samaritan this month and having a swell time eating fruit at bedside. Sickness affords an opportunity for the social creature until friends come to see you when they're down.

Anna Q. Nilsson who suffered a crippling fall from a horse two years ago has been sentenced to a cast for three months in the Orthopaedic Hospital. Courageous Anna Q., on whom the charity workers of Los Angeles depend. She wouldn't take time off for an operation until friends made her. Visiting her, I found her room so filled with flowers it looked like an opening night. That's as it should be! Anna never looked lovelier and is giving the finest performance of her life.

With Lew Cody I motored to Monrovia where, high in the hills, the sun is coaxing back the smile of brave little Mickey Normand. Lew's car was so filled with flowers for Mabel that in Pasadena we were stopped and asked if we wanted to enter our float in the Rose Tournament. After seeing the fan mail stacked at Mabel's door I don't believe in the fickleness of fans. She can't answer it personally and feels a secretary is too impersonal, but she wants it known that she answers with her heart. Generous, loving Mabel—there's irony again—the greatest heart in Hollywood getting the worst breaks.

I VISITED George Stewart, Anita's gallant brother, in the same sylvan retreat of the Monrovia hills. Mabel had sent him flowers for his bungalow, and he was busy reading rose- and violet-scented notes from more-than-sympathetic girls. "It's all a gag, playing sick," I said. "It's just a way of getting people to declare themselves." Whenever Mabel gets in headlines because of illness, the Western Union makes more money than on Mother's Day. I accused her of cooperating with President Hoover in cutting down expenses: when Mabel takes sick the government doesn't need to take the census, they just count the telegrams to her.

The Wampas, press agents of Hollywood, gave a dinner to celebrate Lew Cody's return to life after a nine months' illness. He's the real boulevardier of Hollywood, mascot of the Wampus, husband of Mabel, most popular and philanthropic man-about-town. He has a faithful colored man named James, who is all that Friday was to Crusoé. When asked how Lew was, James said: "Well, he's off the liquor but he's on the 'phone."

I found Fifi Dorsay confined to her appartement in the Villa Madrid with another attack of laryngitis. With her was her sister, who speaks perfect English. I suspect Fifi could speak it better if she tried, but she wouldn't have any use for it anyway. French is the language of love.

"My mother, she couldn't speak English," says Fifi, very sadly. "She could only say 'yes'.... and she didn't know what it meant, poor thing.... God rest her soul."

AIRPLANE casualties are not the only ones to rob our local society. Willis Goldbeck, dashing millionaire scenarist, went to the train to see Mary Duncan off to New York and never has returned. Friends fear he suffered a sudden heart attack as he is susceptible to them. With his whereabouts unknown, though "somewhere in New York" might reach him, I'm trusting to the Boulevardier. It's about your sister, Willis—Elizabeth Goldbeck, the writer, you know. She's living in your isolated beach house above the Malibu, and on eerie nights she's been writing mystery stories and scaring herself to death. Her condition is really alarming.... though Dennis King may get a laugh. Elizabeth wrote a story about him entitled, "He Breaks His Own Heart." Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.

I have seen "The Love Parade" three times. Two visits more and I hope to have my laughs timed perfectly instead of exploding two hours later over a vacant subtitle.

With sly, diabolical cunning, Ernst Lubitsch is a key-hole humorist. If you so much as blink, you miss more than by sleeping through most shows.

Bounce the bootlegger and try Ernst's stuff. The effect is exhilarating and lasts for hours. You can't call it champagne because you're still brimming chuckles the morning after and never need a bromo.

I have with petition that my title be changed from Boulevardier to Love Parader.

IF there be an artist more resourceful or a fellow more engaging than Maurice Chevalier he has yet to be ushered on.

Both in voice and pantomime Chevalier is the master of finesse and nuance. But it's by warmth of personality—the quality simpatico—that he establishes an intimacy with his audience as no other player can. With a smile like a handshake he comes out of the screen and there you are feeling clubby.

If you have the satisfaction of liking yourself for liking him, where with other stars your regard is sheeplike, it's because he lacks the coarseness that blunts the charm of most performers. In other words, this Frenchman is not a parvenu. Oui, it looks like we owe another debt to France.... Chevalier, here we come!

W HEN in need of sleep it has been my custom to attend a screen revue. No opiate is so quieting to the nerves as the indiscernible beat of hoofing feet and the rhythmic repetition of their convolutions.

With somniferous intent I arrived in the Universal projection room for Paul Whiteman's "King of"

(Continued on page 131)

Herb Howe says he wouldn't be surprised if the next best big star discovery were made in the heart of brunet Africa by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson.
You next will see the bride of Doug Fairbanks, Junior, in "Montana Moon." After that another flapper rôle, with another song that the movie folk hope will be as popular as "Chant of the Jungle."
Little Janet Gaynor owes her motion picture stardom to her stepfather, H. C. Jones, who died soon after she achieved success. However, he lived to see his dreams come true. Mr. Jones always believed she would succeed on the screen. An early letter still exists, saying: "She has personality and a great deal of dramatic talent, and a very dependable asset is the fact that she will work and give the best there is in her to whatever she undertakes—and that means a near approach to genius."
WRITTEN
in the
STARS

Janet Gaynor's Step-Father Always Believed She Would Become Famous

By BIO DE CASSERES

(Bio De Casseres, now the wife of Benjamin De Casseres, the essayist, was the first wife of Harry C. Jones. Mr. Jones married Janet Gaynor's mother—and became the beloved step-parent of the future movie star. It was Mr. Jones' faith in her abilities that enabled Janet Gaynor to become a star. Janet always called him her "Jonesy."

After her marriage to Benjamin De Casseres, Mrs. De Casseres still maintained friendly relations with her first husband and "Jonesy's" second wife, Laura Gaynor Jones, the mother of Janet Gaynor.

Although Mrs. De Casseres has lived in New York for the past ten years and "Jonesy" and his wife, Laura, and Janet have lived in Chicago and Hollywood in all those years, the correspondence between the two families has been regularly kept up. Now that "Jonesy" has passed away, after living to see all that he had dreamed and worked for in his latter years come true—the success of Janet Gaynor, the correspondence between Janet and her mother and Mrs. De Casseres has become even more frequent, for all three, "Jonesy's" Mrs. Gaynor Jones and Mrs. De Casseres—have prayed and worked for the same end for years—the success of little Janet.)

MOTHER, may I speak to him—see, there goes Mr. Jones, and he is always alone. Mother, please let me ask him to sit with us!

A warm little hand stole across the darkened aisle of the motion-picture theater in Chicago and tugged at a disappearing coat. The next instant a man's hand clasped the little hand—and Destiny clicked.

It was in this way that Janet Gaynor and her "Jonesy" came to know each other in a more intimate way. Perhaps it was she who played the part of Cupid and made him an adoring step-papa. The letters that he wrote to me about her at that time are fresh in my memory.

"She has personality and a great deal of dramatic talent, and a very dependable asset is the fact that she will work and give the best there is in her to whatever she undertakes—and that means a near approach to genius. You would love her—you couldn't help it. She has big, brown eyes and reddish-golden hair. And the beaux—she isn't out of High School yet, but her mother has an awful time driving them away."

And then one day the tiniest little girl came to see me, accompanied by a very severe-looking aunt. She was the quaintest being I had ever met outside of a fairy-story book. As she sat and talked she seemed to dwindle in the big chair and to be playing the part of a grown-up. She had a dramatic personality, and even then I could not help but think what a lovely Mary Rose in Barrie's play she would be.

When she was a youngster, her mother has since told me, she would never let go of the latter's hand in public. She was like a little chick that was always seeking the protecting wing. To her strangers were anathema. So it seems that that sweet smile of hers must have been cultivated in her sleep while talking with the angels, as mothers often say.

JANET was eight years of age when she left Germantown, Philadelphia. In those early years she had gone to the A. C. Harmer School; then to the Graham-Stewart School in Chicago and also to the Lake View High; but it was from the Polytechnic High School in San Francisco that she graduated when she was sixteen years old.

Hilary, her sister, who was four years older, was just the opposite in disposition and made friends readily with everybody. "Lollie," as Janet was then called—a name she had given herself before she could pronounce names correctly—could run the gauntlet of strange eyes if her fingers were wound tightly around Hilary's plump little fists.

One of the tragedies of her early life was the mysterious disappearance of a fur neckpiece. And I might add that ever since that time stoles went out of fashion for Janet, and I (Continued on page 112)

"Janet Gaynor is wise beyond her years—a pocket Venus with the brain of Minerva."

Janet Gaynor at the age of fourteen. She was a tiny child with a quaint, but dramatic personality. She was always shy, disliking strangers. But at school she was one of the most popular girls. Beaux haunted her mother's doorstep.
Yes, They’re Human

Lincoln, Ohio—When I finished reading my first copy of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, I had made a great discovery, namely, movie actors and actresses really and truly have a human side. Relying upon the descriptions furnished in other movie magazines, I had come to believe that all the inhabitants of Hollywood were about as stiff as a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware, and that they were as human as a seasoned old bank president who has just been approached for a hundred-thousand-dollar loan without security.

W. H. Snyder, 1700 Lowell Avenue.

Salutes the New Movie

Washington, D. C.—Mentally, visually and financially, I salute you in behalf of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. To the thousands of “fans” who have an ear to the ground for a good word of their favorites, the sight, sound and price of your brain-child is most appealing. To capture Walter Winchell, with his almost unique insight into Broadway, and Adela Rogers St. Johns, who makes you see people and life in the movie colony with a clarity that thrills old “fans” like a spring tonic; to say nothing of Herb Howe, beloved of all, predicts for your magazine great prosperity in friends and fortune, for you certainly have “hitched it to a star,” assuring us, who love the art of make-believe, the best in that fascinating realm. Good luck to you!

D. C. Herbert, 3413 Thirteenth Street, N. W.

Wants Short Comedies

Kansas City, Mo.—Soon after the speaking screen became firmly established, I saw several excellent short talking comedies, and at that time I predicted that a great field of entertainment had opened up so far as the short farce was concerned. However, the majority of the larger theaters today are presenting stage shows along with the feature film presentation, with the result that there is no place on the program for a comedy. Personally, I hope that some of the so-called stage revues will, in the near future, be shortened, and that the two-reel talking comedy will be substituted for them.

Paul S. McCoy, 712 Linwood Boulevard.

Praise from Kansas

El Dorado, Kansas—Certainly surprised to get such a good magazine for so little. It’s a lot better screen magazine than the ones I’ve had to pay $25 and 35 cents a copy for. The pictures are good too and lots of them. I like the ones of Clara Bow, and of course, our Kansas actor, Buddy Rogers.

M. B. Kirkman, 414 N. Denver Street.

Those Dixie Accents

Portsmouth, Virginia—The Southern accent in “The Virginian” was wrong and unnatural. We do not talk like Gary Cooper interpreted the Southern accent in this picture.

Atma Clend, 24 Washington Street.

Take a Bow, Mrs. Winslow

Pittsburgh, Pa.—The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE should be congratulated on its courage in presenting an article as uncompromising and as scorching as “Came the Yawn” by Mrs. Winslow. This reader is elated to find a motion picture magazine so utterly unbiased and liberal in its policy.

Mrs. Ida Chatterton, 5437 Ellsworth Avenue.

And Sit Down, Thyra

Enid, Oklahoma—For goodness sake who is this Thyra Samter Winslow? I am sure Hollywood can get along very well without her. If the stars didn’t have brains, and plenty of them, they couldn’t draw the large salaries she speaks of. I hope you don’t let her take up any more space in your book.


What a Quarter Does

Denver, Colorado—I am not earning any money of my own. A month ago, I used to have to choose between seeing a movie and buying a magazine for the price of twenty-five cents. If I chose one, I lost (Continued on page 115)
BEBE DANIELS

Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach
HELEN TWELVETREES
If you saw Claudette Colbert in "The Lady Lies" you were captivated by her performance. It instantly made her a film favorite. Miss Colbert is twenty-four. She was born in Paris and, as a child, played in the Luxembourg Gardens. She came to America with her parents and was graduated from Washington Irving High School in New York. Further details? Her dark bobbed hair is brown. Her eyes are brown, too. She weighs 103 pounds and—honestly—has to eat potatoes in order to keep her weight up.
Introducing Claudette

How Miss Colbert Changed Her Ambitions from Art to Acting—and Became a Screen Favorite

By MARGUERITE TAZELAAR

SOME fifteen years ago a little French girl called Claudette, whose family lived on the Boulevard Raspail in Paris, used to go to play every afternoon in the Luxembourg Gardens. There, in the brilliant sunshine, she listened to the old French men and women gossiping; rolled hoops with the other children while their mothers or nurses kept an eagle eye on them through flying knitting needles. And she sometimes ventured into the galleries themselves, absorbing the color and life of the rich masterpieces hung there.

An imaginative child, these early impressions must have been unconsciously at work shaping in her mind a need to one day express in some form, life, which even then she found so vivid and stirring.

For several years later discovered her enrolled in an art school in New York City, determined to become an illustrator, “to be on the covers of magazines.” But fate, a mischievous rascal, decided that while she might appear on magazine covers, it would not be as the creator of them but as the product of somebody else’s art. Which means, in brief, that Claudette Colbert was destined to become an actress instead of a painter. It was more or less of an accident, however, which brought her to the stage. But once having smelled the grease paint, felt the magic of that sea of white faces beyond the footlights, there was no keeping her away from the theater. Yet her hobby still is sketching.

While both people and circumstances tried hard to keep her from the footlights, this young actress in the course of some five or six years has achieved success that is likely to take half a lifetime to secure, and she has achieved it through hard work plus a native intelligence and personality. At twenty-four she has seen her name in electric lights on Broadway in hits that have had a year’s run. She has starred in London in one of those hits—receiving the same acclaim she did here. She delved into the movies last year at the same time she was playing in the Theater Guild’s “Dynamo,” as a kind of experiment, with the result that she recently signed a five-year contract with the Paramount company at a salary that only first-rank performers are able to wheedle out of the picture magnates, with a clause in it saying she shall be free to play on the stage between screen assignments. Such are the energy and ambition of that talented actress who has played leads in as widely assorted footlight pieces as, “The Barker,” “Dynamo,” “See Naples and Die,” and the talking picture, “The Lady Lies.”

Being with her, as she sits in her dressing-room putting on her make-up, or as she waits for her cue to go on in a scene at the studio, helps a little to understand this amazing energy and achievement. For it reveals those qualities which the strong, buoyant, dominant people of the earth possess—indeed, self-confidence without conceit, a large perception. Yet, the artist must have more than these sheer heady traits; he must have emotion. And it is this combination of intelligence and emotion that you sense in Miss Colbert, despite her easy, friendly manner, her practical lack of affectation, her sharp reserve. For suddenly a spark will pierce through her conversation full of vehement feeling that reveals the always smoldering fire beneath the surface of that smooth, calm, logical mind. It was this thing that made her so magnificent as Lou in “The Barker,” so perfectly sympathetic as the mistress in “The Lady Lies.”

She is the “black and white” type described by the modistes and fashion designers, which means that she appears to best advantage in gowns in which only black and white materials are used. Her heavy, dark bobbed hair, which is waved usually, her fair skin and large brown eyes, suggest, it seems, to creators of style this combination, which has taste, sophistication and dash. She has a trim. (Continued on page 109)
Joan Crawford, above, in her new Catalina suit designed to secure the proper amount of sun tan required by the new décolletage neckline of afternoon and evening Summer attire. The evening frocks of 1930, in fact, demand a complete back tan. This bathing suit meets that demand.

Stripes will be worn with plain trunks, as indicated by the new bathing suit of Anita Page at the right. The delicate stripes are of red, it should be noted.
The Newest in Bathing Suits and Beach Pajamas

The newest in backless and sideless bathing suits demonstrated just below by Virginia Bruce. This suit of red and white is the ideal California sun tan attire.

Above, Jean Arthur in her new sun and sand pajamas. These come in egg shell, beige and brown satin. The blouse is backless. The trousers are pleated and widely girdled as are all smart pajama costumes this year. The beige hat in rough straw is trimmed with many hued cords of yarn.
What They Will Wear at the Beaches This Year

Bathing suits with cute little skirts will be the thing this season. At the left, Virginia Bruce shows a knit costume in yellow jersey that is belted at the waist line and boasts a circular skirt of flattering cut.

At the right, Jeanette Loff poses in the prettiest of beach pajamas made of navy blue silk pongee with white silk pongee blouse, trimmed with red chevrons. The broad bottomed trousers have a real salty flavor and distinguish all beach pajamas that are to be seen this year.
Miss Howell was a member of Roxy's Gang (S. L. Rothafel's nationally known radio broadcasting organization) not so long ago. Now she is playing leading roles in Metro-Goldwyn films. You will see her with Ramon Novarro next.
The three musketeers of Hollywood: Dick Arlen, Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper. This modern musketeer story is the romance of three boys who started together at the foot of the ladder and climbed to fame and glory in the films. It is one of struggle, hope, intrigue, triumphs and disappointments. The three boys started practically at scratch in “Wings”. They became buddies during the making of “Wings,” while on a month’s location trip in Texas. That was the beginning of a 1930 version of “All for one and one for all,” the old battle cry of Dumas’ immortal musketeers.
THE THREE MUSKETEERS

of HOLLYWOOD

by Dick Hyland

"All for one and one for all"

ATHOS

PORTHOS

ARAMIS

HE Three Musketeers of old—Athos, Porthos and Aramis.

The Three Musketeers of Hollywood—Arlen, Rogers and Cooper.

In the bygone days of France, the story was one of wine, women, song; of intrigue, war, death and lovable braggadocio.

But no matter what came, the gallant musketeers fought "All for one and one for all."

In the modern days of Hollywood, the story is one of three boys who started together at the foot of the ladder and climbed to fame and glory in the films; one of struggle, hope, intrigue, triumphs and disappointments.

The motto is the same: "All for one and one for all."

The Cardinal—if you remember Dumas' great story of the "Three Musketeers"—tried often to defeat the combination, to separate them in one way or another. His most tempting offers were laughed at. Not one of them would leave to advance himself; they went together or they didn't go.

It was great and grand and glorious, in those days of treachery, mad ambition, great rewards, sword-play and sudden death, to find three men who loved each other with a sincerity which forbade any one of them to gain fame and fortune without trying to take the others with him.

IT'S just as great and glorious today to find three young Americans who place friendship and loyalty above everything, to see them advance steadily side by side without rancor or jealousy or envy, each trying to give the other a break instead of taking it himself.

The Three Musketeers in the reign of King Louis of France were powerful and successful because each threw into the game his own special talent for the service of the others. The great strength of Porthos was always at command. The beautiful character and high thought of Athos was there to direct them in times of trouble along the right paths. Aramis' talent for intrigue, his ability to gain favor with great ladies, was employed to further the ends of all three of the musketeers.

Thus they wrote a glorious page of romantic history and made immortal those ringing words, "All for one and one for all."

Hollywood is repeating history today.

That same undying loyalty, that same throwing into a melting pot of the ability of each one for the benefit of all, is before our eyes right here on a studio lot.

They are not sentimental about it, these three modern musketeers. The chances are they have never thought about it. If you mentioned it, they would probably laugh and say, "Bunk! Come down out of the clouds and get your feet on the ground."

But there are certain facts and feelings I have been noticing for a long time and Misters Arlen, Rogers and Cooper cannot laugh them off.

THERE was a time—but I will give you a bit of background first.

Hollywood, several years ago, was suffering from a dearth of leading men. Young, clean fellows who could step into leading parts and act like human beings. Every studio was scouring the highways and byways, holding contests, combing the studios of Europe, the stages of New York—all for young leading men.

Among those making a bid for this favored spot were three inexperienced youths—Dick Arlen, Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper. Oddly enough, they all "clicked" in a picture called "Wings." And one studio, Paramount, had all three of them under contract, at very small salaries. Which was all they were worth in those days, being unknown and knowing very little about the acting business.

(Continued on page 127)
These are the first pictures ever made of the wonderful new estate of Harold Lloyd in Beverly Hills. They were made by special permission of Mr. Lloyd for THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Above, a close-up of little Gloria Lloyd's new playhouse, built for her special and exclusive use. Here she spends most of her afternoons. Gloria's name is carved on the doorway of the house, which is of light-colored stone, with a real thatched roof. Inside, there is a real fireplace.

At the left is Gloria's own garden, especially designed for her. Grownups are never allowed inside. The wrought iron gates carry the invitation: "Come into my garden and play." Gloria is just going to open the gates to one of her little friends.
The PLAY YARD that LAUGHS Built

It brings happiness to little Gloria Lloyd, daughter of the comedy king, Harold Lloyd.

Top right: Gloria, in the colonnade entrance to the Lloyd mansion, starting out for a drive. For the information of mothers with six-year-old daughters who wish to be in the latest mode, Miss Lloyd is wearing a black velvet coat with a small ermine collar and a soft velvet hat trimmed with ermine to match.

Right, little Gloria in the formal garden of her daddy's home. The Lloyd house is the most beautiful yet built by any motion picture star and it occupies a hilltop with many acres of grounds surrounding it in Benedict Canyon, just back of Beverly Hills.
The Edmund Lowes Give a Charming Dinner Party

By EVELYN GRAY

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGG

bright wood fire. Here a tête-à-tête is always in progress, whether it happens to be an engaged couple or two well-known directors or writers in discussion about art or the movies.

THE dining-room seats twelve guests comfortably, but when more than that are invited Mrs. Lowe resorts to the hostess' greatest boon, the informal camaraderie of the buffet supper.

The other evening followed this plan. The table against the wall held the most marvelous array of dishes, and the guests helped themselves and enjoyed not only the food but the exquisite china and silver, which are Liliyan Tashman's hobby.

Then the groups gathered about small tables or in corners to eat. Dolores del Rio—who doesn't go out a great deal—was there with Larry Kent. She looked very lovely, in a frock of apricot colored satin, made with a skirt of three long ruffles. It was noticeable that every woman in the room wore the new popular long skirts.

William Haines, his sister and Edmund Lowe are caught by THE NEW MOVIE photographer having a chat outside the door of the attractive Lowe home which you can locate on our own map of Beverly Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. EDMUND LOWE entertained at dinner.

That announcement always means one of the most interesting and beautifully arranged evening's in Hollywood.

Of course, you know that Mrs. Lowe is Liliyan Tashman and is famous as a hostess. Her latest evening was quite one of the most delightful she has ever given.

In the first place, the Lowes have a charming home for entertaining. It is small, but beautifully arranged, with a large drawing-room where twenty or thirty guests can mingle or separate into little groups by the fire or the piano or on one of the large davenport.

Just off the drawing-room is a little enclosed sun-porch, with a corner fireplace, where, on cold evenings, there is a

Mrs. Lowe herself wore a new model which might well be entitled the hostess' delight, so exactly suited was it to the needs of looking perfectly at home and still formally dressed. Of sheer black chiffon, the dress followed the natural contour of her figure. The skirt just cleared the floor. The sleeves reached from shoulder to wrist and then extended down the back in long flowing wings that trailed for several feet on the floor.

Mrs. Lowe has followed a custom which many girls are now adopting. Having found a model

Mrs. Lowe has an elaborate collection of fine china. Two of the plates used in the dinner: left, a beautiful specimen of English Copeland, with exquisite gold edge and featuring two tones of blue. Right, an exceptionally fine piece of Wedgewood.
that she enjoys and that is especially becoming to her, she is having it made in several colors and making it distinctly her own.

Beautiful little Barbara Bennett was there with her new husband, Morton Downey. Barbara is a sister of Constance and Joan Bennett and has just come back to Hollywood. Personally, I think she is by far the most attractive of these three sisters and, with her talent as a dancer, should go far. She wore black lace. By the way, she is one of the few brunettes who can do that successfully. Her eyes are really black and not brown. Her husband sang several times during the evening and was received with riotous applause.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen DwAN were there. Mrs. Dwan had on a frock of flat crepe in that new shade of powder blue that seems so popular this Spring. She brought it from Paris and it displayed to perfection the new draped skirt. Allen and Sol Wurtzel, one of the head executives of the Fox organization, sat in a corner and discussed pictures, politics, and football.

Roger Davis, possibly the most sought-after dinner guest in Hollywood, gave everybody a (Continued on page 131)
"Mr. HOLMES, MEET MR. VANCE!"

Here you have the old and the new in detectives: Philo Vance, S. S. Van Dine's now famous sleuth as played by William Powell, side by side with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, done by Clive Brook. If there is light or heavy detecting to be done, these are the boys to do it. You will see Philo and Sherlock in some amusing moments together in the coming screen revue, "Paramount on Parade."
Above, Dolores Costello Barrymore, L. E. Geary, the designer, and John Barrymore looking over the plans of the Barrymore yacht, the Infanta. The Infanta is 120 feet long, has a 9 foot draft and has quarters for 8 guests and a crew of 12. Right, Mrs. Barrymore smashes a bottle of—er—mineral water as the Infanta is christened. Below, the launching.

Launching the INFANTA
SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGG
The first camera study of Walter Huston as Abraham Lincoln in the all-dialogue film spectacle based on the life of the Great Emancipator, produced by David Wark Griffith. It is Griffith's ambition to make this talkie spectacle of Abraham Lincoln as epochal in the annals of the audible screen as was "The Birth of a Nation" in the history of the silent films. From all the players on stage or screen, Griffith selected Huston for Lincoln. Stephen Vincent Benet, the poet, is writing the story and dialogue.
Greta Garbo speaks for the first time in Eugene O'Neill's drama, "Anna Christie," and loses nothing by the vocal revelation. Indeed, with the addition of speech, Miss Garbo is going on to new and greater successes. Be sure to see and hear her— in "Anna Christie."

George Arliss, below, as the Rajah of Rokh in "The Green Goddess." Maybe you saw Mr. Arliss in the silent film version. The talkie is even better. At the lower right, William Powell in "Street of Chance," in which he hits new histrionic heights. His performance of the master gambler is a remarkable one.

The Month's BEST PERFORMANCES
HERE IS YOUR GUIDE TO

BEHIND THE MAKE-UP—Paramount
Another backstage yarn and yet a good one. The romance and tragedy of an egoist who thinks he is a genius. A happy-go-lucky vaudeville star meets the last of a long line of Italian pantomimists and, between the slap-stick of one and the skill of the other, they work out a variety act that becomes a big hit. The Italian takes the hoofer’s girl, marries her and breaks her heart. He steals all the glory for the success, but in the end tragedy crushes him. Bill Powell gives an astonishing performance of the Italian. Hal Skelly is excellent as the hoofer, Fay Wray is colorful as the stolen sweetheart.

SON OF THE GODS—First National
Richard Barthelmess has yet to give a poor talkie performance. Here—in this story by Rex Beach—he plays the son of a Chinaman. Everywhere in America he is confronted with racial prejudices and he flees to Europe. There, again, he comes face to face with the barrier of race. We will not tell you how this problem is solved, but Dick gets the girl, after all. The young woman, by the way, is splendidly played by Constance Bennett. Hers is a corking performance. Dick gives a fine characterization, of course. As a story, this isn’t up to one or two of his recent pictures.

THE BISHOP MURDER CASE—Metro-Goldwyn
Another one of S. S. Van Dine’s swell mystery stories comes to the screen. Since this was made by Metro-Goldwyn and Bill Powell is a Paramount star, they had to find another Philo Vance. Basil Rathbone plays him well—but his performance doesn’t equal Powell’s characterization. The production is excellent and this story of wholesale murder to the accompaniment of mysteriously worded nursery rhymes is absorbing in movie form. Excellent performances by Neil Hamilton, George Marion and Leila Hyams. You will miss Bill Powell, but this mystery film is well worth seeing.

PLAYING AROUND—First National
Not Alice White’s best picture by any means, but not a bad movie yarn, at that. She plays the daughter of an old store clerk who plays around with a bad boy of the underworld without realizing his real character. Of course, there’s an honest lad who loves her, but she spurns him for the time. When the evil youth shoots and robs her dad, she realizes things. There is no undress to the star’s role in this film. The nearest to décolleté comes when Miss White wins a leg contest in a big cabaret. Billie Bakerwell and Chester Morris are prominent. Morris is the best of the cast.

IT’S A GREAT LIFE—M.-G.-M.
The Duncan Sisters aren’t for the screen. That seems to be pretty definitely proven by their first talkie. “It’s a Great Life.” Here—in the screen story—you have two sisters who have worked and struggled for success. When one falls in love, the other does everything she can to break up the match. She is jealous and lonely—and wants love to fly out the window. Vivian is the ingenue in love with the piano player, Lawrence Gray, while Rosita is the comic sister who hates the intruder. All this is pretty dull, unless the hard-working comedy antics of Vivian get you.
THE NEW MOTION PICTURES

THEIR OWN DESIRES—M.-G.-M.
A problem play with Norma Shearer giving a pleasant performance. A boy and a girl meet and fall in love. Then they find that the father of one is having an affair with the mother of the other—and the affair is breaking up both homes. The girl feels she ought to stick by her wronged mother—and the young folks' dreams are on the edge of going to smash. Only when they are wrecked while canoeing do they realize their love. The situation does not work up into anything of dramatic power. Robert Montgomery plays opposite Miss Shearer. Lewis Stone is the philandering husband and Belle Bennett the suffering mama.

SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE—Paramount
A tender and moving talkie, thanks to the splendid performance of Beryl Mercer. When the World War comes along and enmeshes the sons and husbands of all her old cronies, a London scrubwoman invents a son at the front. She writes letters to herself and almost believes her fabrication. Then, when a real soldier bearing the name of her mythical son turns up, she is baffled. He, it seems, is on the verge of desertion, being sick of bloodshed. But, when he meets her and comes to see her faith and courage, he goes back to the trenches. Gary Cooper is delightful as the soldier.

ANNA CHRISTIE—M.-G.-M.
She comes, she talks, she conquers! Garbo fans can forget their worries. She is as great, or greater, with her speaking voice as she was in the glamorous silences. Her voice is deep and throaty and she uses it to splendid effect. "Anna Christie" was written by Eugene O'Neill, usually rated our foremost native playwright. As the girl, broken by life, who seeks refuge on her old father's coal barge, Miss Garbo is singularly effective. She has come to hate men—until a survivor of an ocean tragedy floats out of the fog off the New England coast. This stranger and her father fight for her love. That's the story.

THE STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount
Likely to be the best melodrama of the screen year. Anyway, it is a swell yarn of the half-world, with William Powell giving his very best performance today—and that's saying a lot. Oliver H. P. Garrett, ex-newspaper man, took the now celebrated Rothstein murder and developed a logical and gripping story of gamblers, racketeers and the picturesque code of the underworld. Powell plays Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and greatest gambler on Broadway. Natural never cheats—until the future of his kid brother is at stake. Swell performances by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey, too.

NEW YORK NIGHTS—United Artists
This marks Norma Talmadge's talkie début. Her voice is attractive, but her rôle in this racketeer melodrama doesn't fit her and the story itself—a combination of underworld and backstage—is trite. It revolves around a liquor-loving song-writer, his faithful wife and the attempts of an underworld power to win away the woman. Miss Talmadge plays the wife who tries to save her husband and then wavers before the attentions of the boss racketeer, well done by a stage newcomer, John Wray. Gilbert Roland is merely fair as the alcoholic composer. The only interest of this picture lies in Norma's début.
The New FILMS in REVIEW

THE GREEN GODDESS—Warner

Some years ago George Arliss did a silent version of William Archer's melodrama of the Himalayas, where the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh rules over the rocky wastes. The Rajah is an Oxford grad with an undying hatred of the white race and, when three British subjects drop in his midst in a defective plane, he proceeds to deal with them according to his standards. Mr. Arliss, who was so delightful in "Disraeli," is superb in the new talkie version of "The Green Goddess" and Alice Joyce, who also was in the previous silent version, is excellent again as the one woman of the castaways. You are sure to like this.

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—M.G.M.

This story of a ruthless philandering composer has a swell theme song—"Should I?"—but it has little else. The producers assembled a cast recruited from the stage and the result is a film almost utterly lacking personality. The one good bit is turned in by the screen actress, Gwen Lee. The story had real possibilities. The composer writes song hits about all his romantic philanderings—and then goes on to new loves and new songs. All of which might easily have developed into an excellent single—but didn't. The producers never will cease experimenting with stage players when they have plenty of Hollywood talent handy.

THE ROGUE SONG—M.G.M.

This is the musical film event of the month—and it may make Lawrence Tibbett, recruited from the Metropolitan Opera Company, into an idol. Anyway, the critics all declare his voice is brimming over with IT. "The Rogue Song" is based on the Lehár operetta, "Gypsy Love," but most of the musical numbers are new and Hollywood written. The story revolves around a dashing brigand of the Caucasus who takes what he wants when he wants it. The bandit falls in love with a beautiful princess, kidnaps her and—But why tell the story? Catherine Dale Owen is the princess.

NOT SO DUMB—M.G.M.

Marion Davies' second talkie, based on the successful play, "Ducle." Ducle is one of those exasperating dumb-belies who pulls Pollyanna bromides and tries to turn everybody's affairs into personally conducted channels. The film loses a lot of the original stage comedy's spirit. "Not So Dumb" is pretty weak and it isn't likely to add to its star's reputation as a comedienne. The honors are capped by Donald Ogden Stewart, the writing humorist, who proves that acting is something anyone can do with a little concentration and confidence. All this is very, very mild, indeed.

MEN WITHOUT WOMEN—Fox

This comes close to being harrowing. The action takes place in a crippled submarine on the floor of the China Sea. You are given the reactions of the crew after a freighter sends it careening to the ocean bottom. From cool courage to hysteria and madness, the members of the ill-fated crew run the whole gamut. The cast is entirely masculine, save for some sequences in the naughtier streets of Shanghai. This is grim and startling theatrical fare. Don't go to it anticipating a light evening's entertainment. However, "Men Without Women" will tear at your emotions. It has loads of cumulative suspense.
Loretta Young and Grant Withers, photographed especially for The New Movie Magazine after their recent runaway marriage. Miss Young’s mother objected to the match—and, for a time after the ceremony, it appeared that her wishes would rule. But now Mr. and Mrs. Withers have asserted that nothing will separate them. Mr. Withers has been married before.
The meeting this month seems to be an international one, for looking down the line my eyes rest upon the cheerful countenance of Monsieur MAURICE CHEVALIER.

But first I'll tell you how to pronounce it: "She-vahl-yay." And be sure to give yay due attention, for it is a very sensitive little yay and hates to be slighted in public.

Maurice made his first public appearance in a bedroom in Menilmontant, a little suburb of Paris, his parents being poor people. This was in 1893. When he was still a little child his father died, and Maurice had to go out and earn money. He became a painter of dolls, but francs were few and far between. To make extra money he sang songs to anybody who would toss him a sou, and at last got a try-out at a neighborhood theatre, and brought home so much money that his mother thought her boy had gone apache.

Maurice continued to dance and sing—it sure beat putting eyebrows on dolls—and has been at it ever since. But one day his dancing and singing was interrupted—War.

Maurice was packed up and sent away to the front and gave the other side as good as he got until one day a bomb dropped into a shell hole and snuggled up to him—and the next Maurice knew he was bumping along in an ambulance. When he looked at the driver he saw that he had the wrong kind of helmet on—and when the driver dumped him out it was at a German prison camp. It was while in this camp with a fellow English prisoner that he learned to speak English. And which accounts for the fact that now and then his English sounds a bit doncher-know.

Maurice finally escaped and got back to France and, for his war experiences, they gave him the French Military Cross.

He danced for a time at the Folies Begeres with the famous Mistinguett, and people said, "Watch out, something's going to happen," but instead he changed dancing partners and married the new one, Yvonne Vallee, no relation to Rudy, and can't even play a saxophone.

LENORE ULRICH: Here's a star who sometimes, on account of her accent, is listed as French, sometimes as Spanish, and occasionally as Italian—and now we'll tell the truth about her. She's just plain good old Minnesota German, for she didn't know a word of English until she was six years old. Stand up, LENORE ULRICH, and let 'em see you.

As I say, until the age of six she could speak only German—and now she can cuss out a director in German, English and French, with little touches here and there of Swedish, too.
US TONIGHT

By
Homer Croy

Drawing
by Herb Roth

The town where the event took place was New Ulm, Minn. But if you want to find it on the map you'll have to get out a big one and put on your glasses. The name she came into the world with was Lenore von Ulrich, the “von” having been brought over from Germany by her grandfather, but soon Lenore ran a pencil through it and it was verlos gesuakat.

When der storek brought die leetle Lenore to New Ulm her father was in the army, but he was raising an army of his own, for the same storek brought six children, and so Father Ulrich resigned, not wishing to run competition with the Gov'ment, and got a job as drug clerk. He and Mutter von Ulrich now live in Milwaukee, but the rest of the army are scattered to der four winds.

Lenore got some face powder from her father and went to New York to become a famous actress—and had to take a job in a store on Third Avenue selling candy!

During the day she sold candy and at night she went to the theater. At last, she got a job as chorus girl in an Eddie Foy show. David Belasco saw her and shoved a paper in front of her, and soon an electrician was putting up her name in electric lights.

Lenore is married to Sidney Blackmer, actor.

Lenore is small—five feet and two inches, and weighs 117 pounds, which just goes to show how over-rated cabbage and sauerkraut is.

**RICHARD ARLEN:** Let me introduce to you Lieutenant Richard van Mattimore of Virginia. Well, if you don’t know the next speaker by that name, let me try another—Richard Arlen. Ah, that’s better. Right well known name, that is.

Richard was born in Charlettesville, Virginia, September 1, 1899, which according to the Gregorian calendar makes him thirty-one when Labor Day rolls around again.

When Richard was a lad his parents gave up eating Virginia ham and moved to St. Paul, Minnesota, taking Richard along with them as he was too young to resist, and there he was fed on Gold Medal flour.

He attended St. Thomas College, but when the war came along he enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps and went to England where he served as pilot in taking planes to the front. And that’s why they call him Lieutenant.

After the war was over he came back to St. Paul, and looked around for a job, but jobs were not growing on every bush, and so Lieutenant Mattimore got a place as swimming instructor in the St. Paul Athletic Club. But his heart was not in the swimming-pool; it was in Hollywood, and between swims he would dash out to the theater to a picture show.

At last he wrung out his bathing suit, turned in his locker key and left for California, but to California he was all wet, and he couldn’t dive into a good job to save his life. But he did the next best thing—got a job as motorcycle boy, carrying films for one of the laboratories. But this was not to last forever, and finally he got a job posing in films instead of snorting down the street with them in a motorcycle.

Luck had turned. In 1927 he married Jobyna Ralston. That was only two years ago—and now they have a patio, a lily pond and a guest house.

**RONALD COLMAN:** We’ve had so many American guests here tonight that I think it’s about time to look around and find somebody a little (Continued on page 125)

Another Big Movie Banquet with Our Homer Croy, The New Movie’s Ambassador Extraordinary to Hollywood, heading the table.
The new home of the John McCormicks (Colleen Moore) in Bel Air possesses both charm and beauty. Left: The living room. The chair upon which Miss Moore is seated is covered with needle-point work which required two years to make. The chest of drawers is 17th Century Italian. The tapestry is a Beauvais.

Right, the Siesta room, which Miss Moore uses as a sleeping porch. The walls are covered with old English print linen and the covering for the bed is made of the same material. The floor is of small hardwood blocks fitted together. Note the absence of curtains and the use of shutters.

Left: the Loggia or sun room. The floor is of Mission tile. Brangwyn, Pennell and Zorn etchings adorn the walls. The chandelier is nothing more than colored oil lamps fitted with electric lights. From the windows one looks out over a large expanse of lawn to the swimming pool.
Above, a view of Colleen's house from the swimming pool and sport house. The wing to the left is Miss Moore's private theatre, fully equipped for the projection of sound films. Left: the tennis court looking toward the swimming tank.

Right, the exterior of the guest house, La Casa de Amigos. This house is charmingly furnished. The curtains are of creton, trimmed with organdie ruffles. A painting of the old Irish countryside hangs over the fireplace and the living-room is graced by a ship's piano. The carpet is modern French.
The boop-boopa-doop girl with the baby voice is out gunning for a new boop-boopa-doop melody. Already she has quite a few hits in the bag—between successes in the talkies, vaudeville, night clubs, and with phonograph records. "Sweetie" and "Pointed Heels" were her last two films.
Dearest Misspent half of my life:

Just where in the contract of life and strife do you find the right to bawl me out for taking a shot or two? Just when did you go Volstead?

I never see you passing up anything that looked like it had a whirl of pep in it. Who always had to hide the bottle in our palace of burnt food and squeaking relatives? Not you. You never even saved an overnight shot to take the dog hair out of your fur-lined talk factory the morning after. Why we even had to go without one of those new fangled refrigerators so as you could have cracked ice in big chunks for that old bean of yours when the milkman woke you up with the dumb waiter bell around noon.

You and your squeak about my liquoring up reminds me of Joe Francis, when he played the part of a collar-reversed dominie in a den of lions. Both you and Joe's girl were and are due for a hanging on the line to dry.

Joe and his eye-soothing piece of calico-wearing actorine were working for the old Boastwick outfit, back in the days when silence was what was wanted in motion pictures. B. C. old thinkless, Before Commotion pictures. Boastwick had a troupe of animals if you should care to remember back that far. And they was wild animals too, though they was supposed to be trained. Yeah they was trained all right—trained to hop on you the first chance they got. And sometimes they forgot to wait for the chance, they made it to fit the occasion.

The trainers that Boastwick sent out with the brutes was all foreigners, Heinies, Frogs and Limeys with only one he-American in the outfit. And they was all two-handed hustlers of the stein and wine glass, though they did lay off the hard liquor more.

So as to make the hired help more happy and also more careless they had a saloon on the opposite corner to the old Chutes Park, where the tourists and the gyps could give the "Greatest Collection of Man-Eating Animals in Existence, all for the sum of one dime, the tenth part of a dollar," the once-over.

Betty, that was Joe's idea of what should be getting out his carpet slippers for him every night, had joined the troupe that was making dramatic serials on the lot. She and Joe was to be spliced in the Spring, providing they could save enough dough and that Joe would stick on the seat of the sprinkling cart.

Joe had just been let out by the Universart for some fast foot work when the head propertyman's back was turned. He was up against it plenty for the necessary to meet the insurance policy and for the weekly deposit at that place you never seem to find, the savings bank. I was handling the business end of the troupe that was doing Stanley in Darkest Africa. We was way behind on animal picture releases so Howelsy, the big boss, decided to make the animals pay dividends. He would put on another troupe and work the animals and the trainers every day. That was Jake with us, we would not have to try to make actors of these furriners and be held up all day.

Joe was scared to death of the animals. I can't blame him much. I never felt like kissing one myself. But
Comic Adventures in a Wild Animal Studio

Betty insisted on his taking the job of assistant director, said it would do him good and she didn't want any coward for a husband. Besides that Joe was scared of goose teeth. He would either take the job or forget the Lohengrin music. Then too, if he was on the lot with her she could watch that he didn't get into bad company over at the bar-room. That was one place he was not going to visit, if she had her way. He took the job.

The first day the new troupe went to work they was using the third cage for a shot of the pumas with Madame Ottowa. One of the kitty-cats got ambitious and crawled along the top of the cage and in the shade of the fake trees until it was right above where Joe was standing. Kitty puma forgot herself and thumped her tail so hard against the wire netting that it caused Joe to look up at her just as she was ready to make the leap.

Joe had just got hisself a new suit, one with the stripes running up and down. And he was proud of that suit. He looked at kitty. He thought of that new suit. He wondered if it would shrink if wet. Then kitty crouched a bit lower to the top rail. Joe did a back flip and into the six-foot tank of water that was planted in front of the camera house just as the puma hit the border of that concrete bath tub. And cats big or small don't like water. He dived under the partition and came up right into our cage. His suit did shrink.

Just as he was getting his breath back who should wander by the cage but the insurance man, out to collect Joe's monthly payment. We had an old lion in the cage, Numi, who was too lazy to even chase a darky, and lions would rather have a taste of brunet meat than anything else. The wisecracker insurance man hollers into Joe, "If I catch you in any more cages with animals, your policy is cancelled." Gee, if he had been there two minutes sooner when Joe took his Saturday night bath ahead of time what would he have said? Well, I got Joe into my dressing room. I loaned him some of the trainer's clothes and got one of the boys to hustle him a drink of Hoetch. It was darn cold and then he needed something for his nerves. Who should come tearing into my room just as Joe downed a big hooker but Betty. I tried to explain, but she just wouldn't listen; she had heard the commotion and thought Joe had been drinking when he went into the cage. Well, after I had got her director and about half of the stuff to quell the riot that she started she decides to give Joe one more chance. One more drink and out he went from her life, like a railroad man's lantern when you have to use it.

The next day Joe had to arrange for a wedding in the lion's cage. Just a cute idea that hadn't been done but about twenty times. But the scenario writer had never seen one of those scenes shot and here was a good chance to have that lack taken care of. I had got the street car company to haul out about 2,000 orphans to see the big show and the old man, generous like, gave them the show free. He only saved about $1,000 that way. But do you suppose he would give them peanuts and pop corn, not on your life. The old bartender across the street came through though like a trouper. He made the brewery salesman stand the gaff for the ice cream.

They shot the scenes of the crowd in the morning and then had lunch. The light was just right in the cage about two o'clock. Joe had hired a ham actor by the name of Watson to play the preacher. Gay, who now runs the lion farm out at El Monte, was the groom. Madame Ottowa was the bride. They were going to use three lions in the scene. Each lion was to be on a pedestal, the pedestals arranged like the points of a triangle. The cage was a half-circled affair with quarter inch bars about four inches apart. It was probably thirty feet across in its widest part, just big enough so the trainers outside the cage couldn't reach any of those brutes with the rods that they use around the cages.

The three cats they was going to use had never been together before in their lives. That was a nice situation for what happened afterwards. They was each from a separate bunch of animals. And those animal trainers are more temperamental about their
in B.C.—Before Commotion Motion Pictures

"Babies" than any mother that ever lived. You couldn't hire one of them to touch the other's animals, they wouldn't even go in the cage with them unless it was a case of necessity and then they hated to do it.

Bonded, the baby of the three cute little kitties, only weighed about 400 pounds. But he was the best of the bunch. Captain Jack had trained him from a baby. He wasn't lazy, he just wasn't interested unless the captain was working him. Peter, the next in size, came from Mrs. Batti's group of cats. Talk about your rounders, that he-devil was the champion sheik of Liondom. And how he loved to show off before the females of the group. They was each placed on the pedestals at the side. Peter spent most of his time trying to reach Bonded with his paws. Bonded would just have slept soon if it hadn't been for Peter's flashing paw and lashing tail. Leo, the biggest lion in captivity, and no press agent bull either, was on the point of the triangle away from the camera. He belonged to Gay's group and while fairly quiet nobody knew what he would do.

They set up the camera for the marriage scene just so the lens was inside the iron bars. Then they brought in the cats from the back of the cage. One at a time they was able to get the cats on their pedestals but couldn't keep 'em there. It was all too strange to them. Finally after about half an hour they gets 'em sitting pretty. Then Montague, the director, decides that Leo should be set up higher, they couldn't see him from the camera. So in goes the trainers again—out goes the cats and in comes the carpenters to build up Leo's throne to a good five-foot while the others were just about four. Again the cats come in but thank fortune they know their places and climb up without much fuss.

Right there Joe's troubles started for fair—it had been all fun up to then. He had been outside the cage all of the time. Watson was called for the set.

Gay and Mme. Ottowa was standing right at the emergency exit watching the cats. Batti, Teats, Arthur and all the rest of the trainers except Captain Jack were outside with their prods in their hands and with revolvers, loaded with blanks, in their right hands. The kiddies by this time had had about all the thrills they expected and were quiet as mice. They called Watson again. Monty paced back and forth like one of the animals, the sun was slowly sinking down behind the high fence of the adjoining baseball park. They had to get that shot soon or wait until the next day.

JOE, who had been busy as a skater on thin ice, finally decides to hunt up Watson himself. He found him all right. Watson was in his dressing room, too, right where the boy had said he wasn't. But Watson was slumped over in a big chair drinking whisky that the librarian on his night off. He had been making half-hourly trips over to the corner all day. Every time he landed in the palace of spigots and brass rail he would have a big snorter of high-powered whisky to keep up his courage. He had just acquired too much courage, that was all or else he had acquired enough to tell the boss he wasn't going into any lion's cage. Which he did in stuttering but not uncertain terms.

Lucky for me I had just torn a finger half off getting out of the road of a leopard that wanted a taste of Irish ham. I was bandaged up like King Tut. As a substitute for Watson I was a flyer. Watson is not a minister, even a motion picture one, all bound round with tape. No, they would have to look further for a man to wear his collar backwards. They tried every place, they phoned, they cussed but no minister could be found to play the minister.

No minister, no wedding, so Joe does the usual assistant's job. He shakes Watson loose from his black clothes and dons them. Of course they don't fit. Watson is about twice as large as Joe, but that don't stop the show. We help Joe into the outfit but he looks too young. So I grab a stick of white grease paint and grays his hair while Monte and the cameraman line his face with the neck stick. When Joe steps up to the cage he looks old enough to be his own grandfather. Geez, but I did wish for Betty to see her little boy friend right then. But she was out on location so missed the get-up. Monty noticed that I had forgot to put white on the back of Joe's hair so I had to daub it on in gobs.

Joe couldn't find a book to use as a prop Bible. I hustled over across the street and bought one—a real one as I afterward found out.

(Cont. on page 7)
MEMORIES of SILENT FILM DAYS

Above, Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson in Cecil De Mille’s domestic epic of 1920, “Why Change Your Wife?” Neither Miss Daniels nor Miss Swanson had thought of singing in those pleasant old days. Or maybe (judging from the scene) Miss Swanson had started to sing. Right, a scene from “A Romance of the Redwoods,” one of Mary Pickford’s popular Artcraft releases of 1917. Elliott Dexter is the mountaineer opposite our Mary in this scene.

Remember Wallie Reid in “The Affairs of Anatol,” released back in 1921, when Wallie was the idol of all America? Colorful Bebe was one of the affairs in this visualization of Arthur Schnitzler’s drama of a Viennese play-boy.
Recollections of the Pre-Theme Song Era of Motion Pictures

Back in 1919 Cecil De Mille filmed Sir James Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" as "Male and Female." This production went a long way toward making Gloria Swanson a star. In the scene at the right you see Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan, who played Crichton, and Miss Swanson.

At the left is a dramatic scene from Famous Players' "Over the Border," produced in 1922. It presents Betty Compson and Tom Moore. Only recently Miss Compson has been doing a smashing come-back in the talkies. She is just as lovely today as eight years ago.

Maurice Tourneur made an interesting screen adaptation of Joseph Conrad's "Victory" back in 1919, with Jack Holt and Seena Owen in the leading roles. Director Tourneur is now in France making pictures. Mr. Holt has been staging a remarkable come-back in Columbia Pictures, and Miss Owen still is doing steadily good work on the screen.
WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver. If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Renee Adoree
George K. Arthur
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
John Mack Brown
Lou Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Phyllis Haver
Leila Hyams

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conlin
Gary Cooper
Kay Francis
James Hall
Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Frank Alberston
Mary Astor
Ben Bard

El Brendel
Dorothy Burgess
Sadie Carroll
Sammy Cohen
Marguerite Churchill
June Collyer
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Janet Gaynor
Lola Lane
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
William Bakewell
John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
Ina Claire
Junior Coghlan
Diane Ellis

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.
Richard Barthelmess
Doris Davson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes
Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackail

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
Barry Norton
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Mitton Sills
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Don Terry
Davey Lee
Lila Lee
Myrna Loy
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers
Alan Hale
Ann Harding
Jeanette Loff
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees.

Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Donald Reed
Thelma Todd
Alice White
Loretta Young
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez
Jacqueline Logan
Ben Lyon
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier
Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler
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When the Ten Best Pictures of 1930 Are Chosen

CHARLES BICKFORD brings a vivid reality to the rugged character of the sea-hardened mate who learns the tenderness of love from Anna Christie.

GEORGE F. MARION recreates for the talking screen the hardy role of Old Mott, the unforgettable powerful characterization he made famous in the original stage production.

MARIE DRESSLER has made the world laugh with her gaves—and now she shows a new and amazing dramatic power in the role of Martha. A portrait of the talking screen you will never forget.

CLARENCE BROWN has directed many mighty entertainments for the screen but the greatest of all is his superb picturization of O'Neill's soul stirring drama.

GRETA GARBO
IN HER FIRST ALL-TALKING PICTURE

ANNA CHRISTIE

Adapted by Frances Marion from Eugene O'Neill's play “Anna Christie”

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION
Charles Bickford  George F. Marion  Marie Dressler

This soul-stirring drama of America's greatest playwright, Eugene O'Neill, will surely be selected for Filmdom's Hall of Fame! Greta Garbo sounds the very depths of human emotions in her portrayal of Anna Christie, the erring woman who finally finds true love in the heart of a man big enough to forgive. A performance that places her definitely among the great actresses of all time. Don't miss this thrill!

METRO-GOLDFWYN-MAYER
"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
Hollywood in lozenge tints of Nile green, rose, saffron and azure; some severely white with green shutters and others of shades of pinkish-red. The sculptured plaster with balconies of wrought-iron and brilliant awnings stretched to iron spars like a Persian's shrine. The whole town resembles a movie set, and Beatrice Lillie declares she harks for a director to yell "Strike!" — and then the story is over. Opposite the Ambassador hotel the Brown Derby restaurant, inspired architecturally by Al Smith's has scored in Ventura highway near Universal City a huge cave of papier mache that would deceive any rock, out of which boys dart in orange coats and caps to serve you saucers and dishes at your car. The Zulu Hut, thatched with palms, the property of actor Raymond McKee, where a Zulu savage dances and jabs French and you eat chicken with your fingers in the light of candles thrust in antique whiskey bottles. A Mexican ranch house in a garden of cacti, tables under the ramada where the olla swings, offering Spanish and American dishes. Against the hillside The Cliff-Dwellers' Inn of adobe and eucalyptus beams. An enormous tambour dispensing tamarinds, enchiladas and chile con-carne. The Tam O'Shanter Inn with everything Scotch except the drinks. Oil stations like young Tunisian mosques with minarets and shining domes of colored tile, wraithed about by shrubs and flowers. And, most voluptuous of all, the open-faced markets in every conceivable fancy, some with mission bells and others with towers that serve as lighthouses to the motorist, façades jeweled with tile and counters tiered with tropical fruits, flowers and vegetables.

Theaters are shows in themselves. Among the more pretentious feats of architectural magic are the theaters.

The Chinese Theater is an emblem of the pagoda temple. Tours go from the roof and in the forecourt fountains play in tropic fumes. The great plush palms fan the sky, and the entrance is flanked by the Chinese dogs of heaven from the Ming dynasty. In the pavilion are the sacred prints of hands and feet indent-ed by Doug and Mary. Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and others gods and goddesses. Inside the foyer incense burns and oriental images nod their heads and puff their cigarettes in ivory holders—so life-like you are liable to request a program of them instead of from the ushers who are identically garbed in Chinese vestments. In the Egyptian Theater Cleopatra would feel at home enjoying the love-making of Chevalier instead of Caesar. Its forecourt is lined on one side by shops and on the other by bamboo, strollitizia, bananas and vines scrubbing a wall.

White and slightly ruffled, the Carthay Circle Theater resembles a swan with its long-necked tower, rose-crested at night when a searchlight sweeps the hills to the sea.

These are the most spectacular theaters but there are many others along the boulevard.

Let's Eat!

The most gracious building in Hollywood was built by the late Fred Thomson, horse-man star, and his wife, Frances Marion, scenarist. It stands in a veil of peppers on Sunset boulevard and is called the Court of the Olive. Entering its Castilian magnificence through a pointed arch you come into a patio of grass-grown bricks centered by a well over which an iron bucket drips. Geraniums in glazed pots edge the steps that lead to the offices above and in front of the shops that border the court are dracena palms, agaves, papyrus, cedars and the old gray olive tree that gives the name to the court when the sun has it you may lunch at tables under a canopy; in the evening dinner is served in the Mary Helen tea rooms where players are often seen.

A crowd invariably gathers around the entrance to the Montmartre on Hollywood Boul'vard. One day the players do their public eating, though they may be seen in lesser numbers on other days too. The addition of the Embassy by the way, allows the stars to dine and dance unseen by the public and so I predict it will not be popular, stars making poor audiences for stars.

Denied the Embassy, you may go any night to the Blossom room of the Roosevelt hotel on the Boulevard or to Coconut Grove in the Ambassador on Wilshire and see your favorites in their various little movements. The orchestras are the finest, the decorations gaudy and the tables expect of a hotel. The Coconut Grove no longer suggests the jungle of your swinging ancestors but a garden of blossoms under a tropical sky.

There are two Brown Derby restaurants. The original is opposite the Ambassador, the other—not designed after the Al Smith crow but of Spanish motif—is on Vine street in Hollywood. The latter is conducted by Wilson Mizner, the noted adventurer, in association with Herbert Somerton, once prince consort to Gloria Swanson. This is the most popular luncheon place with the film set and its guests.

Pulling a cigar designed from a Zepp, corpulent Henry Bergman, friend and body-guard for years of Charlie Chaplin, moves from table to table in Henry's deli-catesen-restaurant on the Beverly drive. Vine Stars, writers, directors and extras snack here, as well as others who hope to catch the eye of one of them (particularly good around midnight).

The favorite lunch-and-gossip place of players in the pioneer days was Betty's and Hatty's Come-On-In, a little brown bungalow under the giant trees on Gover. It still holds a loyal clientèle and its walls are a gallery of autograph- ed faces, a Who's Who and Who Was; many of these are famous today, some just missed and others have faded after a few close-ups. "They come and go," says Betty, the character-wait-ress, but we go on forever." Try to get Betty to talk (try to stop her!) and you'll hear many anecdotes. Hatty is the queen of the (Continued on page 38)

This little blue Dutch windmill with revolving sails turns out to be a Hollywood bakery. Inside, girls in Holland caps serve you.
FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

By ANN BOYD

Because the movies, in a thousand pictures, continually emphasize the most important features in fashion and beauty culture, it is best in an article of this kind to illustrate with examples which you may find on the screen.

As you know, before the stars and featured players are selected for any production, considerable attention is given to their appearance. It is to the advantage of a producer to obtain from his players, not only their best acting ability, but to emphasize their most attractive personal qualities. Sometimes, in fact, this stress on beauty is almost overdone, but the public seldom complains on this score because it is accustomed to looking to the screen not only for story entertainment but also for beauty hints, fashion tips and lessons in interior decoration.

When an actress, for instance, is cast for an important rôle in a picture she is usually given a preliminary costume and make-up test. Even the stars who have been before the camera for a long time make these tests because every new character requires some slight change in facial make-up, a more drastic change in head-dress and, naturally, a completely new set of costumes. All these differences in the physical requirements of a rôle must first be tested before the camera to make sure that they register well.

Then the intelligent director carefully studies the facial angles of the members of his cast. Because the success of a director depends on the attractive way he presents his players, he wants to make the feminine members of the cast look as beautiful as possible. He is; after all, an artist and he wants to achieve balance, harmony and charm in his picture.

The experienced actress has learned, by long study of her camera possibilities, what are her best angles, what idiosyncrasies of dress and make-up she must avoid and what physical qualities she must stress. The newcomer to the screen must learn these points from her director or cameraman—or else by hard experience.

Now you, even though you are a non-professional, can give yourself a screen test. Let us see how the process works. Take the case of Jeanette MacDonald who plays opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." Miss MacDonald is quite tall for a screen actress and this is not always an asset. But Ernst Lubitsch, her director, cleverly made the most of her height. All through the picture you will find that Mr. Lubitsch has stressed the fact that Miss MacDonald has a beautifully graceful walk. Miss MacDonald walks miles through the most elaborate settings. Her grace of movement gives life and vivacity to a score of scenes.

If you have seen Miss Helen Morgan on the stage or in the talkies, you probably have noticed her fine, eloquent hands. Miss Morgan knows that her hands are just as important as her voice. They give her an impression of fragility and daintiness and helplessness that is most appealing. Even though she is not particularly fragile, she creates the illusion by her hands.

(Continued on page 111)

Jeanette MacDonald demonstrated the correct way to sit. Lower left, cross the ankles, if you will, but never the knees. Relax against the back of the chair but do not slump. A restful posture may be achieved by placing the feet together, as at the lower right, with the shoulders touching the back of the chair.
"It is the inevitable result of the combined action of effective detergents," said the bachelor Professor.

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Watkins, mother of four.

"It's extra help!"

Mrs. Watkins doesn't think much of using long, strange-sounding words in talking about an old friend like Fels-Naptha. "Effective detergents, indeed!" says Mrs. Watkins. As though she didn't understand better than a college professor why Fels-Naptha made those smudges on his shirt disappear—and without hard rubbing.

"Here," says Mrs. Watkins, respectfully, but firmly, "take this bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell it. That's naptha, and plenty of it.

"Naptha and good soap working together—that's what makes Fels-Naptha give you extra help every time. I've washed clothes every way there is to wash them—boiling, soaking, and now in these new washing machines. For ten years Fels-Naptha has helped me to get clothes clean, and no hard rubbing either.

"I use Fels-Naptha for washing woodwork and linoleum, windows, and dishes—in fact, just about everything that needs soap and water, and Fels-Naptha never hurts my hands.

"Oh, do you have to be getting back to your work, Professor? Well, mind, now—any time you think any part of your washing needs extra help, you can be sure it's getting just that! For as long as I'm here—so is Fels-Naptha!"

© 1930, Fels & Co.
Miss O'Neal comes to sound pictures from high success in musical comedy. She created and sang "The Varsity Drag" in "Good News" and first did "Button Up Your Overcoat" in "Follow Thru." You will first see Miss O'Neal in the revue, "Paramount on Parade." Miss O'Neal is the wife of the young English actor, Anthony Bushnell. When Miss O'Neal was dangerously ill in Hollywood recently and needed a blood transfusion, it was Mr. Bushnell who gave his blood to aid his wife.
immaculate white kitchen, prepares the best American food on earth, I claim.

There are many claimants to social position in Hollywood but, unless they know Betty and Hatty, they are not of the old aristocracy.

Outside France the best food in the world is to be had in Southern California—and the least expensive. You'll find it in all sorts of bungalows and wayside stands. There's Willard's round house far out on Pico where for a dollar and a half you can eat the best chicken that ever roasted and as much of it as you can encompass. You'll probably have to wait in line at the Carolina Pines for the sixty-cent lunch and eighty-five-cent dinner. Roscoe Arbuckle's place on Le Brea is popular with the general public with dinners at eighty-five cents, a dollar and a quarter and a dollar and a half. On the Boulevard, McHuron's Grill, Musso-Frank's the Elite, the Pig's Whistle are all good and reasonable. Downtown in Los Angeles you must visit Victor Hugo's, whose French and Italian cuisine is world famous; it was a favorite dining place of Valentino. In Hollywood and its environs you may eat in all languages, the Spanish and Mexican being particularly fluent.

The chief hotels of the Hollywood quartier are the Ambassador, Beverly-Wilshire, Beverly Hills Hotel, the Roosevelt, the Hollywood Plaza, Hotel Gilbert, the Christie and the memory-haunted old Hollywood hotel of Mission architecture expansively seated over an entire block in the shadow of palms, peppers and pointsettias, with a small scene of pioneer gayeties when the Thursday night dance was the big night of the week and stars who are now extras danced among extras who are now stars. There is a rumor that the enriched dowager who owns the hotel and still manages it actively intends to bequeath it and its gardens as a park to Hollywood, which was a hamlet when she came.

The town throngs with excellent and hospitable little taverns offering rooms and bath at rates as low as a dollar fifty. And you may take your architectural choice of apartments ranging from a modest duplex to villa, chateau and pagoda. Or you may fancy the bungalow courts which California originated: bijou houses built around a common plaza, among the most enticing being the French, English and Mexican villages.

Homes of Films and Fossils—

Hollywood offers everything to the tourist. If you're interested in fossils you may visit the L Brea asphaltum pits, but don't waste in them or you'll become one. The studios are suspected of getting some of their gags here. The fossiles are fashionably parked among hibiscus blossoms on Wilshire Boulevard. You can pass them on your way to the Fox Movietone Studios in Beverly Hills or to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, the Hal Roach and the Pathé in Culver City.

Studios are not great sights from the outside, and it's almost as difficult to get within as to date up Greta Garbo if you do. The Fox studio is beautifully walled in the Spanish mission manner. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is pure Greek—at least I think it's Greek and as imposing as the late Czar's Winter Palace. Pathé dwells among in a Southern Colonial mansion with broad sweep of lawn.

(Continued on page 110)
ALICE WHITE

The jazz baby of the First National lot isn't going in for Chinese drama. She merely is posing as a jade princess for the studio photographer.
to see that he didn’t have the equipment to deal squarely. What he did have was just that smart-dealing, self-protection, getting a little bit the better of the other fellow. That was the best he knew. I don’t blame him any more. I am sorry for him. And when not so long ago he had to come back and needed help, when I could have had caught up with him, I was able to give it gladly—without any sense of triumph.

“Now one, perhaps, is naturally patient and forgiving and forbearing. Yet every woman has to learn to be all these things.

It has been the same about some of the girls in pictures who are foolish, careless of their reputations and their ways of living. I used to be critical of them and angry because their actions cast a shadow upon the whole motion picture industry and cost the rest of us both our good name and our profits.

But since my great sorrow came to me, I do not feel that way. I remember all that I had in my life. My mother’s continual and constant guidance and protection from time to time could think. I remember how she watched over me and tried to show me with love and wisdom the better path to take at every crossroad. At times it made mistakes, terrible mistakes, she was always within reach to give me understanding, companionship, all the results of her great experience of life and knowledge of people.

Yet I know that I am not the woman I wish I might be, not as fine as she was.

"Then what can be expected of girls without fathers and mothers, without guidance and protection from time to time for the rest of us. I pray that they will grow to see things differently. I pray daily that the heart of the world may grow to see that "man's inheritance of the earth and sense to man" may be changed to man's brotherhood. I don’t believe it is possible to show too much love in this world. Everyone needs it so. If we could do away with all greed and envy and revenge, don’t you think the world would be a better place? And can't we each try to do away with it in our own hearts?

She turned that strangely luminous gaze of hers upon me—there is a violet light underneath the hazes of Mary's eyes that is unlike anything I have ever seen in any other woman's eyes.

With all their softness, they carry a conviction. Mary Pickford is the kind of a crusader, never a martyr. Essentially modern as she is, with a super-developed sense of humor that is a natural Pickford characteristic and which has been cultivated by years of marriage to the film colony's most accomplished practical joker. Mary is nevertheless a timeless person. By that I mean that her most marked traits are those which have been in the nature of all women, all women from the beginning.

She has a clean something about her that nothing can change. It is the same quality that made Lindbergh stand out.

Mary herself doesn't talk about it much, but she believes absolutely and devoutly in prayer. In God, as a loving father, and not as some theological principle or distant force. As she has grown older, the religious side of her nature has become intensified.

Once when she was desperately unhappy, she said to me, "I couldn’t go on if I didn’t believe in God."

I reminded her of that the other afternoon when we sat over the teacups in her pink and crystal boudoir.

"Do you still feel that way?" I said. She thought a moment.

"Yes, more than ever. You see, if you believe in a purpose back of the scheme of things, it makes you able to endure. If you believe that everything works out in time, that sorrows and troubles are just passing tests, to strengthen and broaden and teach you, they don’t seem so bad. It is useless and senseless suffering that breed rebellion and bitterness."

"I know now that things do work out, in time. I know that we are given some sort of protection, in that everything passes. We grow more and more simple, as we grow deeper and deeper into the meaning of life. We regard the inevitable with some serenity, without the constant protest and restless anguish of everyone who cannot be taught the eternal law of compensation.

"The greatest lesson in the world to me is to learn to be happy in adversity. Once, I wanted everything just right, before I could be happy. I was always planning—when this comes true, when I have done so-and-so, when I have more money, when mother is well again, when I have made a great picture. Now I know that the time never comes in anyone’s life when the scheme of things is absolute perfection, when everything is exactly as we wish it to be."

And so I have learned to be happy for every beautiful thing that comes to me. To realize that there are ‘a number of things’ always, and that most of them are good, and I don’t lose the joy they might give me because some other one isn’t just as good as I would have it.

All living is a continual adjustment. And I know, too, that we most often defeat ourselves. We think someone else does it, or some outside circumstance, or some difficulty. But it isn’t so. We defeat ourselves, because of our wrong mental attitude toward things. It isn’t the thing that happens that is important. It’s what we think about it, our reaction to it. It isn’t the other person who matters—what he does or what he thinks about us. It is what we think about him. The whole game is in our own hands, and we throw it away so many times.

I remembered then something which Charlie Paddock, the great runner, once told me about Mary.

It was the night before the finals in the Olympic games in 1924. Charlie was facing the toughest competition of

(Continued from page 26)

a scenario of comfort for men

(Choose your own theme song)

Time . . . . . . . . Any morning
Place . . . . . . . In front of your shaving mirror
Cost . . . . . . . . . You, in person

(Author’s note: In the midst of comedy and slapstick, we present this moving drama of home life—unique, with a cast of only one man. Our dear, clever Public will readily see that this is a new-fashioned picture in spite of its moral ignorance—which is: There's nothing new in that old jar!

ACTION — CAMERA — MICROPHONE


Step right up, boys, and join the “Vaseline” cast—buy a jar or tube for your personal use. And remember when you buy that the trade mark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesbrough Mfg. Co., Cons’d, 17 State Street, New York.

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his career and he was painfully nervous. Douglas Fairbanks, always vitally interested in great athletic events, had invited Charlie to come down to his hotel and have a quiet dinner, to get away from the continual talk and atmosphere of the training camp. Charlie went. During the evening he had a talk with Mary and she infallibly sensed his nervousness as she listened to his talk.

Then, very quietly, she said, "You are defeating yourself. You are thinking in the wrong channels. I don't know anything about running or athletics. But I do know that you are allowing a lot of things to enter into this that have no business there. You are giving yourself a lot of unnecessary opponents. You think because you are older and are up against a lot of youngsters that you may be beaten. You think people are saying you are through. You have accepted the thought of defeat. After all, you have just one thing to do. Go out on that track tomorrow and run as fast as you can. It's very simple, isn't it?"

Charlie said it did sound simple, and that it cleared up all the tension under which he had been laboring. He went out the next day and ran one of the greatest races of his life.

Few women think—few women have disciplined minds. Mary Pickford is the rare exception.

It is very plain now that Mary has been through the valley of the shadow. Her mother's death was more than a great loss. It shook her life to its foundations, tore away part of herself, attacked her faith in its most vulnerable spot. For a time she crashed down into a dark and bottomless pit.

Not until that very last night did she believe that her mother would go. For years, while Mrs. Pickford grew steadily worse, she forced back her fear behind a wall of faith, and prayed with all the reverence and humility of her heart that her mother might be spared. When the deed was done, she walked alone in darkness, as every soul must. No hand could comfort, no written or spoken word could make her believe. The tough women down upon her—as it does at some time upon everyone—and rebellion and fear kept her company.

But the light came. Life had done its very worst to her and she had survived and been consoled. From it she rose with sadness in her eyes, with a wounded heart, but with a strong and courageous spirit, a new and proven faith. Tried in the furnace of those days when she watched her mother suffer and could not help, brought low by irreparable loss, she found a stability of thought which will never desert her. "I used to wake up in those first nights after my mother left me," she said, "and my only comfort was that this thing could never happen to me again. Grief numbs at first. Then, with realization, comes pain. But if we ask for light, there comes from God that measure of help and uplift without which the world couldn't survive one day."

"I know now surely—oh, so surely—that the same God who gave my mother to me will keep her for me. I know that if I live to be ninety, she will be beside me every day of my life. Not in any form, but in the love she proved to me and the things of her mind which I knew so well. Her love isn't gone from the world because it goes into every act of mine all day long."

"Even in this life, we are separated from those we love, by differences of opinion, by work, by distance, by time. That is the way my mother and I are separated—by different planes of consciousness. I am only afraid that I will do something here that will keep me away from her high plane longer than need be."

FEAR has left me in a large measure, because I have faced it. All the great teachers of the ages have told us that we must never cling too strongly to any one thing. A materialistic sense of possession is the most terrible thing in the world and brings the most dreadful results. Love must rise above that, or we become the victim of fear at once, and fear as everyone knows is the most destructive force in the world.

"Have you ever noticed that great happiness often brings fear? When we are miserable or unhappy, we don't fear much. When we are happy, it beats in our heart that our happiness might be taken from us. You must love life to fear death, you must love someone deeply to fear loss, you must love beauty and luxury to fear poverty. Yet we want to love, we can't get much happiness in our lives today without caring about things. Maybe the great saints and sages could, but it is hard for us.

"So we have to feel somewhere inside us that if we try to eliminate selfishness, to love without possession, we will be protected by some power greater than we are."
Introducing Claudette

(Continued from page 67)

slender figure, sometimes described as the most decorative on the American stage, yet she admits she eats potatoes. She has to strive, in fact, to keep her weight, which is around 103 pounds, up to normal, which is 110 pounds.

It is in Miss Colbert’s face, alive and vivid, with shifting moods, that her temperament is most betrayed. Eager, impressionistic, her reactions are quickly registered there, though a natural poise and restraint belong to her as an actress. She likes the outdoors and would go camping if the family was invited.

The way she happened to begin her career is no more proof to her, she says, of the determination of fate in one’s life. Because both her father and mother—there is only one brother besides—were against the idea at first. They belonged to a conservative French family in which no taint of the stage had ever been known. Mr. Colbert was a business man, and it was only the complete crash of his...
In Hollywood, R-K-O and Paramount are Spanish neighbors. Warner Brothers' on Sunset resembles a state capitol and flies a flag. First National is over the hills in Burbank, and Universal City is appropriately "Mission" in San Fernando. If the good padres traveled along El Camino Real today they might turn into a building that resembles a Mission and be thrown into confusion by Mack Sennett's bathing girls.

Don't try to rent one of the attached English cottages on Le Brea avenue in Hollywood because they are offices masquerading Charlie Chaplin's lot.

Most of the studios have been created with beauty and the lots landscaped like parks. Their commissaries, where the players eat when working, serve excellent viands, the Fox Café de la Paix being exceptionally pretentious. Some of the stars have "dressing bungalows" that could house a royal family in comfort; Marion Davies' and Cecil B. de Mille's are walled castles with huge living rooms, dining rooms, kitchens, libraries and sleeping quarters.

Hollywood Holidays—

Hollywood is always holiday, as I've said, but some days more than others. If you drop down in December you'll find the sophisticated Boul' yclept Santa Claus Lane. It is hedged with spangled Christmas trees that flower the evening with bouquets of light. Music themes the air as if the whole town were wired as a tinkle. Boys in uniform serenade you from the deck of a bus hung in banners. You may sniff the fragrance of a thousand flowers and still not miss the home-town snow, for little flakes are gently falling from an airplane overhead, and they'll not melt to mess you up because they're bleached corn flakes. The entire city has become a forest of light and the ancient eucalyptus on Pico boulevard in the center of the valley is a proud old monarch decked with jewels. On Christmas day the chilies gather round a tree to await Santa's descent by parachute, a sleigh being impractical in these parts.

The music of Christmas has scarcely ended before the symphony of summer begins in the Bowl. In a natural tureen of the Cahuenga hills, where the Indians once held their ceremonials, the musicians of the world foregather in symphonies. From a shell of soft glow that forms the stage the strains of Beethoven, Bach, Brahms and all the masters waft upward to the stars, like the smoke from the Indians' pipe typifying the ascent of prayers to God. Leaning backward on the hills and looking upward to the stars you may poetically believe you are listening to the spheres. While against the sky on a neighboring hill a crucifix burns to the glory of God and Father Junipero Serra.

California, like Spain and Italy, is a natural locale for outdoor plays and fiestas. The Pilgrimage Play around Father Serra's cross is gaining yearly, and the Mission Play at dreamy old San Gabriel a few miles distant is a famous institution. On New Year's Day everyone motors to Pasadena for the Tournament of Roses and the football game, and in midsummer to Santa Barbara, a hundred miles up the coast, for the Spanish fiesta, when the days of the dons are revived with pageant, music, sports and dancing.

Beauty parades, boat races, horse shows, floral expositions, golf and tennis surge the year-round season.

Salzburg has its music festival, Oberammergau its Passion Play and Spain their various religious fiestas, but Hollywood has certain celebrations indigenous to the movie—its Premiers. With the opening of the pictures at the Chinese, Carthay and Warner Brothers' Theaters, night actually outblazes day and the spectacle eclipses the latter and lifts the Venetian or royal palace. Giant ares wipe the stars from heaven in favor of those below, and searchlights send their rays a mile into heaven. On the occasion of Lawrence Tibbett's debut in "The Rogue Song" at the Chinese, a dirigible broadcast his voice from the sky throughout the afternoon. At night paths of light converged above the theater, which was bathed in a ruby and emerald glow.

Everyone with a car or pair of shoes turns out to squirm the boulevard on such nights, while the bed-ridden and those insufficiently endowed dwell here turn on the radio to hear the blessed ones coo "Hulloo Everyb'dy." Truly, the Field of the Cloth of Gold where King Richard III sat an Old Timers' Picnic compared with the pompous night of the cloth of silver when star meets star in ermine.

When the外国人 are not crossing their rapiers of light in the sky, the oil stations and markets are. Even these have their grand openings with parades and bonfires and fireworks. The opening of a mosque of gas and oil at the corner of New Hampshire and Wilshire was distinguished by the personal appearance of the Keaton, Norma and Constance Talmadge, the mosque with its iron-grilled gates and tiled dome being a property of Caliph Schenck. It is fitting that the city which provides nightly entertainment for all the earth should be itself a city of gala nights. Hollywood celebrates everything and when there's nothing to celebrate we are so relieved we celebrate that.

Sitting by my studio window on a dead night not long ago I beheld the searchlights suddenly blaze out in a veritable barrage. They were not concentrated from a single spot as for a theater or oil station premiere, but swayed, crossed and re-crossing one another, the entire length of the boulevard. Swiftly donning my fiesta costume I always keep handy, as the fire-chief does his hat, I hastened downstairs to my waiting motor. The boulevard was so congested with immobile cars that it appeared to be an auto show. As there was no room for my Hispano, I descended to try my fate in the hooping mob. Through a bewildering of siren screams and horn blasts I made my way until I stumbled over the form of a winded newboy.

"What's all the racket for?" I asked.

"It's for the city elections," he replied.

"What's the celebration for?" I inquired.

"Bigger and Better Hollywood Night," he screamed, and was swept off into the gutter.

And so, mesdames et messieurs, having completed our tour, I ask you could any nights be bigger and better than Hollywood's? No is the answer, not even the Arabian Thousand and One.
Be sure to read Catherine Dale Owen's comments upon stage stars and the talkies, on page 39. Above, Miss Dale and her charming mother, Mrs. Robert W. Owen, at New York City.

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

CATHERINE DALE OWEN in "The Rogue Song" has an exquisite profile. Her director, Lionel Barrymore, saw that she often presented her side face to the camera. Her hair-dress, too, and the necklines of her gowns were designed with the idea of emphasizing the piquancy of her profile.

This shrewd trick of the screen can be used by the average woman to advantage. If she has even only one good feature—attractive, wavy hair or fine eyes—let her make the most of that feature. Let her be a little vain about it and let her dress to emphasize her best point. Often it is unsafe to advise a woman to dress to conceal any defects she may have of face or figure. Too often this means that a woman will go to such lengths to conceal, let us say, the fact that she has heavy legs that she only succeeds in emphasizing the fact. The best thing to do about defects, if they are irreparable, is to ignore them.

But there are points of beauty that any woman may have. Every girl can cultivate a good walk; a graceful poise, an easy carriage. And nearly every woman, in this day and age, can have a reasonably good skin. These points of beauty are merely the result of good health habits and the woman who lacks them is too often merely careless.

INQUIRIES

Mrs. J. L. K., Detroit, Mich. It is not advisable to shampoo the hair more than once a week. Every ten days or two weeks is even better, provided of course you keep your hair in good condition between treatments. For an informal luncheon for eight women, all of whom are friends, it is not necessary to send written invitations, although may invite them by note, if you wish. However, it is easier and also good form to extend your invitations over the telephone.

Dorothy S., Brooklyn, N. Y. Fashions in color really mean very little. Girls ought to wear the shades that are most becoming to them. White, or the offsets of white, is always good for evening wear. Under artificial lights certain shades of blue and brown do not show to the best advantage.

Miss K. M. B., Minneapolis, Minn. Your diet has been a little drastic, so no wonder you couldn't keep it up for more than a week. In attempting to reduce, it is much better to begin by leaving a few fattening articles out of your diet than to try to cut down too much on your eating—and not succeed. Limit yourself to one helping of meats and vegetables and avoid starchy foods, potatoes, white breads and heavy cream sauces.

NOW for a mere ten cents you can buy a rouge that blends so perfectly with the skin the most observant eye is deceived. It is fine in texture, absolutely pure and harmless to the most delicate skin. And from year to year, from New York to Hollywood, its numerous shades never vary. It is the rouge so many beautiful women now regard as indispensable to the perfect toilette. At any 5 and 10-cent store ask for Heather Rouge, and from the six shades select the tint that flatters your particular type of beauty. Popular for 25 years. Try it. Compare!

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure

HEATHER

10c everywhere

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(10c in Canada)

Other Heather Products of fine quality and low price are: Lip Stick...Cosmetiko, a mascara...Eyebrow Pencil...Eye Shadow...Powder Compacts...Puffs.
Written in the Stars

(Continued from page 57)

John McCormack, the tenor, visits Janet Gaynor at the Fox Studios. Janet always has been the singer's favorite movie star.

doubt now whether she would ever be able to wear one because of that early fear-complex.

The fur belonged to sister Hilary, then fourteen, who was beginning to put on ladylike airs in her manner of dress. She had scrimped and saved by passing up numerous ice-cream cones to be able to purchase this longed-for bit of finery, which was only to be worn on very great occasions.

One day when Janet was in a gay mood she looked yearningly at the fur necklace and finally prevailed upon her mother to let her wear it. Hilary need never know, for she would have it nicely tucked away in the drawer before she arrived home.

She raced merrily out to meet Sue Carol, for they were chums. (How little she guessed they would both shine so resplendently in the cinema heavens of today!) Sue was the proverbial rich little girl who lived in a great big house. She used to call for Janet in a luxurious car with a chauffeur, who had strict instructions from Sue's mother to take them for a drive and not let them out of the car. Then these queens in embryo would order him to drive down Sheridan Road and let them out at the beach. The chauffeur would argue in vain; they were deaf to everything but the shouts from Hogan's Alley, the name for a favored strip of the beach on Lake Michigan where a nondescript group of youngsters collected. There was nothing for the chauffeur to do but to hang around patiently until their romp was over. After hours of waiting, two tired, play-spent little girls would sink back in the cushioned car with, "Home, James!" and a roguish look from Sue would say: "No tellin'!"

However, on this particular day with the bit of mink fur thrown royally across her shoulders she went out to greet Sue with shining eyes. Hand in hand they walked toward a thrilling goal. Soon they were dancing, chattering, laughing, and the precious necklace was forgotten. Too late they discovered that it had been lost. It had slipped from Janet's shoulders as she leaped along. They retraced their steps again and again until Janet was in a perfect panic.

It was Hilary's dearest possession. There was nothing that could be substituted for it. Hilary's mink fur! Lost! Gone! Why, this was the crack of doom—and there wasn't anything in the world as terrible as this! She couldn't ever go home again—she'd telephone; it was easier to telephone the dreadful news—she couldn't speak it out face to face even to her mother.

Excited and weeping and with a great deal of urging from her little friend Sue, she finally whispered the awful news over the telephone. She was prevailed upon to return home. They would advertise, the fur would be found, and Hilary need never know it had been lost.

Then came anxious days of watching the papers and looking for the answers that never came. Fortunately, there was fine weather. Each morning her first thought on arising was to find out about that, and then a reassuring look would pass between her mother and herself. But there came a day!—a stiff wind and winter chill in the air and the brooding feeling of disaster. Hilary went from room to room, turning everything upside down in a determined search for something. The suspense was almost unbearable. Finally she appeared in the doorway as irreprovable as Fate and asked of Janet,

"Where is my fur? Where has it gone?"

Janet reeled towards her and would have fallen at her feet had not her mother caught her in her arms. "Kill me!" Janet cried. "Kill me if you will! I lost your beautiful fur and have been too cowardly to tell you!" The tension was strained to the breaking point, Janet and her mother clinging to each other for support; then Hilary broke into a laugh and said: "Who do you think I am? A terrible Turk? Marshall Field will have a sale some day and I'll get another one. That one was too small. I want something that will show up more; so you two dry your eyes and forget it."

TRAGEDIES of youth—but nevertheless very great tragedies at the time.

Another episode that furnished a few intimate onlookers some hearty amusement was when Janet came to New York and, in the preparation for a picture that she contemplated making at that time, went to work for one day in Gimbel's store. The manager was the only one in the store that was in on it. Had the secret got out Janet would have packed the place with curiosity seekers and stopped business. Therefore, every precaution was taken that no one should know. She wanted the experience of coming in contact with life in one of the busiest stores of the city. She is wise beyond her years—a pocket Venus with the brain of Minerva.

When the store opened she was waiting, dressed in a cheap blue dress she had purchased the day before in the juvenile department. To the regular girls she was just one of the extras taken on in a rush. But to the observing eye she stood out like a rare Sévres vase stands aloof from a lot of crockery. She looked tinier than ever in the flat-heeled shoes and the dress that would have fitted a two-year-old. Even in this inconspicuous garb there was a rare sweetness about her. One customer looked her over with surprise and asked:

"My word! What is a girl like you doing in a place like this?" When Janet answered that she had to earn her living, the woman smiled a knowing smile and said, "Take it from me, girlie, you're in the wrong berth. With your looks there isn't anything you couldn't have on Broadway." At that time Janet's name was written in big electric lights on the gayest and most brilliant street in the world.

After she had been working for hours one of the salesgirls sidled over to her, looked her up and down appraisingly, and said, "Say, dearie, you've got some drag here, all right, all right. I can't figger it out, but you've got some draw, dearie, and you can't fool me!" One straight and honest look from the depths of Janet's brown eyes and the girl walked away ashamedly.

DURING the late afternoon when she was beginning to think the day a perfect fiasco, she lost her composure when a customer turned to her in surprise and exclaimed: "Do you know, you're the dead image of
Janet Gaynor! You certainly gave me a start. I thought it was Janet herself. I have seen her only in pictures, but there's something about her that's different. Did any one ever tell you that you looked like Janet Gaynor? Why, it's remarkable!—you certainly could pass for her sister?

Janet was too frightened to reply, and the woman passed on. If she had turned back for an instant she would have seen Janet taking a deep breath of relief, for a few moments more and she might have attracted the much-to-be-dreaded crowd that had almost mobbed her one night in the theater. Janet was in the juvenile dress department, where many small women came to buy. A caneey head of children's coats seeing her gracious manner in serving others and the way her sales checks were mounting crossed the room to whisper in her ear: "I'm going to ask Mr. — if I mayn't have you in my department tomorrow. You're a wonder for a new girl!"

At five o'clock on a pre-arranged plan from the manager of the store she went to the cloak-room, donned her hat and coat, and went straight back to the department where she had been working. The manager called his sales-force together, and introduced the modest, earnest little worker to the amazement and dumfounded group. There was nothing they could say; they were taken too much by surprise and something of awe and embarrassment fell over them. If they had only known!—that was the thought written on their faces—if they had only known! Janet thanked them in her winsome way for being kind to her and hoped they would be as kind to all other strange and lovely young girls.

Now Janet is not always serious and tragic, as her best pictures have made her out to be. There is a wealth of comedy in her make-up that has never been drawn upon. She is a born mimic and as funny as Charlie Chaplin at times, and, like that rare artist of the screen, she can mix the laugh and the tear. I would like to see her do a Sis Hopkins some day.

I HAVE one of her letters before me, the letter she wrote a few days before she sailed away to the Hawaiian Islands on her honeymoon trip.

And now for the Big News! I am sailing for Honolulu accompanied solely by one Lydell Peck! Oh! It is dreadfully wonderful, isn't it? I'm thrilled and scared and I happy and panicly and I want to and I don't all at the same time. But I've talked to lots of experienced people and they say every one feels that way before the fateful step, so it's some consolation to know I am normal and not really daft. Anyway, that's what is going to happen. The studio is doing its best to keep this a secret because I want to avoid any interviewers. Goodness knows, it's hard enough getting married, but when you have to talk about it that's still worse! I am terribly in love!

And besides that letter there is another from Janet, written years ago, which has become a prophecy:

"And so, dear Jonesy, you want me to become a movie queen! I will have to meditate over the matter."

And in closing she wrote, "Here's a grand big kiss for you, and remember it's from your Movie Queen-to-be!"

Rollo Does an Original Talkie

(Continued from page 11)

Well, that's just dandy. Come here, Son.

What do you want?

Come here just a minute. Closer.

I'd rather not, Daddy.

Come on. I won't hurt you. Come here."

I think I'll go out and play, Daddy.

No, I want to talk to you. Here, wait a minute."

Hey, Daddy. Why are you locking the door.

What are you doing? Don't point that gun at me, Daddy—it's loaded.

Sure it's loaded.

Stop your fooling, Daddy.

I ain't fooling, Son. (BANG!) Once more, I must be sure. (BANG!) Daddy....

Yes, Rollo.

I'm dying, Daddy.

I hope to tell you about my visit to Paris."

Yes?

Ain't this a swell plot situation for a theme song, huh, Daddy? (BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!)"

Coming soon to this theater—How to Make Adaptations—By J. P. McLeod.

HOME TOWN STORIES

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is presenting a series of intimate stories of the motion picture stars from the home town angle.

These stories will tell what the home towns think of their famous sons and daughters. They are being written by newspaper men who live in the home towns, using all the facts out of reach of the Hollywood interviewers. Here—and here only—you will be able to read what the stars' friends, schoolmates and teachers thought of the famous folk when they were unknown boys and girls.

Next month—Norma Shearer.
The New School for Stars

(Continued from page 44)

stars, who would not go in largely for revues. Harry Kiehnman in his "Puttin' on the Ritz" did their largest revue. Universal, too, has not made a feature of revues, though it has produced some important ones.

Dance troupes often called for in specialty numbers are the Albertina Rasch Dancers, the Ceballos Dancers, Maurice Kusel's Troupe, the Fanchon and Marco Girls, the Markert Dancers, and others as well. Tiffany Stahl has hired Norma Gould's classic dancers under a year's contract to make twelve short subjects, interpreting classic music, mainly symphonies.

Adagio teams and specialty dancers draw from $350 a week down to $150 weekly. Stars like Marilyn Miller draw salaries in the tens of thousands; but we forget, there is but one Marilyn Miller.

T HE Hollywood chorus girl is something of a contrast to the New York type. For one thing they are as a class much younger, and more beautiful of face. This must be true; for while the stage girl must have a good figure and be passably good-looking, the screen girl has to be more slender and more beautiful, as the camera eye is quite different from the audience eye of the theatre. Make-up puts older girls up to thirty in stage choruses but there is no fooling the camera.

Fox has perhaps the youngest girls. One is as young as fourteen and only one is over twenty. Chaperones accompany them at all times about the studio.

Pearl Eaton at RKO says: "No hard-boiled Broadway chorines are working for me. They are all Californian youngsters, unspoiled, protected, with tutors to complete their education on the sets. Their beauty is absolutely fresh and unsophisticated. There are no stage door Johnnies to spoil them and distract them from their work." The extreme youth of all these girls is bound to impress anyone watching them at their daily workouts, dressed in gingham rompers and tumbling about on mats with their acrobatic work or vigorously going through bar routine or new steps. One might easily imagine them to be a group of carefree youngsters in some girls' school gymnasium, not girls drawing salaries that sometimes support their families or younger sisters.

Some of the important qualifications at Paramount are: first their ability to dance and sing; their teeth; personality; whether or not they are home girls, with good breeding and adaptable to direction. The matter of being home girls emphasizes the type sought. Flappers do not interest a company seeking talent for contracts, as a jazz hound is apt to be pert and hard to handle, to keep late hours when she needs every ounce of strength for her exacting routine of work.

W ORK for a studio contract player is much more strenuous than for a Broadway show girl. The stage chorus girl works for weeks, rehearsing, and then all she has to do is her evening show and matinees. A movie girl has working girls' hours, with daily exercising and drill, rehearsals, finally the actual shooting, while perhaps learning new numbers for the next shots.

There is very rarely any let-up. They go from one number into another. Fox officials devised the interesting system of drilling their 120 girls in squads of forty, in identical routines, so that one group may readily substitute for another, thus saving time on costume changes and when the girls are tired from re-shooting too often.

Girls are selected according to size for various specialties. The smallest girls are usually selected for tap numbers. Also for hot struts; this means a height around five feet. The taller

(Continued on page 116)
Dollar Thoughts
(Continued from page 58)

Can't Hear the Gags
Baltimore, Md.—I was thinking, when I saw a recent talking picture which contained a number of good laughs, how much better it would be if they could space their humorous gags so the audience would not be laughing when the next words were spoken. In other words, just as an actor on the stage will wait for his laughs so the audience will catch what he next says, is my idea.
Joe Jim Jone, 2650 Harlem Avenue.

Likes Home-Town Stories
Ann Arbor, Mich.—One of the best features is “Home-Town Stories of the Stars,” which gives us an insight into their real life, makes us better acquainted and more appreciative of them and their work. Do they know how we, the public, appreciate their hard work to amuse us? If we are tired, we go to the movies; if we have no place to go, we go to the movies, and come away rested and with new inspiration.
Waneta F. Shultz, 330 South Fourth Avenue.

For Buddy
Meridian, Miss.—May I offer a suggestion? In regard to the article, “Buddy Seeks a Girl,” couldn’t we have more on the same subject by the other male stars? I am sure that men and women alike would be interested.
Miss Floy L. Cooper, 1064 Twenty-sixth Avenue.

—And Against Him
Wheeling, W. Va.—Really I think that Buddy Rogers is the most conceited and selfish person I have ever heard about. It seems to me he must think a great deal of himself to think a girl should be made especially to suit all his whims.
Miss Edna Elliott, 89½ Sixteenth Street.

Thanks, John D.
Ypsilanti, Mich.—I have always thought that a ten-cent movie magazine would be a knockout on the news-stands. Why shouldn’t it be? Rockefeller made the price famous to start with, and with such a publicity director it would have to go over big.
Rena S. Pierce, 313 Pearl Street.

Tawdry Advertising
Casper, Wyoming—“The Lady Lies.” “And how that baby lied!” “The truth about love-nests!” In this tawdry fashion we are invited to see and hear what I considered one of the finest dramas since the inception of the talkies. Other lines, too, in the same vein, the ads embellished by sketches of a tall, sinuous female figure arrayed in the prevailing pin-sister mode, hand on hip. “Another one of these cheap sex pictures, hardly worth our while,” one sneered. Until we were urged by friends not to miss it, and were assured that the picture was not at all as one would gather from the title and the advertisements. What an insult to an intelligent public to assume that such a top-notch picture would find it necessary to appeal, in the ads, to sensation-seekers and low-brows like ourselves.
Dave Rohn, 315 East Eighth Street.

Those Garbo Fans
New York City—New Movie Magazine is great. In fact, it is better in our estimation than some of the twenty-five-cent movie magazines, for it gives us what we want, and we want Garbo. Yes, sir, if you want to satisfy the greatest number, give us pictures and news items concerning the great Greta and we will be satisfied.

The only improvement we might suggest is that it be published more often. A Gang of Garbo Fans.

A Dollar for Your Thoughts
THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE wants interesting letters from its readers—bright, concise and constructive. One dollar will be paid for every letter used. Write what you think about the stars, the pictures and THE NEW MOVIE.

Address your letters to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts Editor, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Millions buy them at the
"5-AND-10"

JUST think! You too can get generous sizes of finest quality Jo-Cur Beauty Aids at most 5-and-10-cent stores! These three preparations will add to any woman’s loveliness. Jo-Cur Waveset, for example, makes finger-waving easier and pleasanter. It is beneficial to hair and scalp, is not greasy or sticky, does not discolor blonde hair, and leaves no powdery residue. That’s why it outsells all others.

Jo-Cur
Beauty Aids for the Hair

And for a shampoo, just try Jo-Cur Shampoo Concentrate. You’ll find it cleanses thoroughly, rinses easily, and leaves the hair easier to finger-wave. Then, to complete the coiffler, use Jo-Cur Brilliantine.

Jo-Cur Beauty Aids for the hair are of the finest quality obtainable—regardless of price. Yes, you’ll find them at most 5-and-10-cent stores.

Curran Laboratories, Inc.
485 East 133rd Street
New York, N. Y.
girls around five feet five, are usually used for graceful dancing, waltz numbers, kicks, and soft shoe dancing. High kicking looks too easy when a small girl does it. Pearl Eaton uses no pony girls, and Madame Rasch prefers them about five feet five or six. They feel the smaller type is becoming passé.

Child ballets are popular. Gus Edwards recently produced a child version of the Passing Show, Fox used a child scene in “Sunny Side Up!” and in another forthcoming revue.

The money side of talking shows versus Broadway shows leaves the talkie girl ahead in her bank balance, as her usual contract calls for forty weeks a year. Twenty-five weeks on Broadway is a good run.

Chances for advancement in talkies are good, though the grade is harder to make. The competition between stage girls and screen girls is keen in the talkies, as many girls appreciate the chance to live a regular home life, with their evenings for fun, to go to shows, and see their friends. Living in one place with a real home, with a yard and a pet dog is possible, with roses in the garden, or perhaps a tiny romantic place hung like a bird’s nest on the side of a mountain, is a real thrill to a New York girl. If the stage girl screens well, and passes the voice test, all right.

REWARDS for success are great in talkies, for a girl with talent may be selected for a specialty number. She may even get some lines. Lita Chevret, one of the most gorgeous show girls in Hollywood, who graced the Underseas Ballet in the Fox Movietone Follies, is now under contract at RKO and has been given a talking part in “Radio Revue.” With these ambitious girls, there are lessons—dancing lessons, voice lessons, dramatic lessons. The old rhyme:

“The elephant worked all night,
The elephant worked all day;
And every cent
The elephant earned
Went to buy the elephant hay.”

That was the case with Lita, and is with others. The gals must make hay while the sun shines.

The Fox studio has instituted an interesting system; the girls are given free lessons in everything, and make weekly screen tests showing their progress in singing, acting and dancing. This system has already brought aid to Raymonda Brown and Helen Mann, two contract dancers, who are now advanced in specialty numbers. All Fox players are given dancing lessons and voice lessons. You just gotta be able to pick ‘em up and lay ‘em down and agitate the knees gracefully to stay on the Fox roster. One is moved to picture Will Rogers and John McCormack in a snappy toe dance number.

Tryouts are held at some studio every week. When Pearl Eaton was assembling her company, she spent ten months and tried out 2500 people. The net result includes specialty dancers, adagio teams, and solo dancers, thus RKO never needs special troupes. They hire special numbers like a colored troupe, or extra men for some needed scenes as in “Hit the Deck,” but they have practically everything they need right under the roof of their $12,000 rehearsal hall.

An interesting thing about talkie dancing is that it is not possible to copy stage routines always. Many of them are not effective on the screen. A solo dancer, who uses a series of steps in a circle is a poor screen subject, for his face is away from the camera too long. Stationary tap dancing is also not satisfactory. The routine has to be pulled out sideways, so to speak, to satisfy the eye. Hence new routines must be created with screen needs in mind.

THE most effective dance scenes for pictures are the chorus formations. As Eddie Tierney expresses it, in these numbers, “the steps don’t mean so much, they just get ‘em into their place in the formation.” The screen can gain effects with chorus formations not possible on the stage. This is because of the vast number of technical tricks, including camera angles. A group of girls moving in graceful unison leaning back simultaneously and photographed from above, is always good in films. The Albertina Rasch dancers specialize in such things; an example is in “The Rogue Song.” This simple trick with all its variations would be impossible on the stage. Other camera tricks make possible terpsichorean effects that are going to make stage managers turn slightly gray about the temples.

What is great for the public is that any small town can now see something that Broadway cannot offer.
When Joseph Schenck, about two years ago, added to a roster of producers, when movie houses were half empty, "You have got to make your entertainment better; you have got to make something of your business or a man will get up out of his easy chair, put on his shoes, leave a good radio program or book, to go to your theater." He realized that the talkies were just around the corner ready to do just that.

This business of dancing in the talkies is not confined to the chorus girls. Chin music won't raise the producers' ante any more quickly than shin music. Wise leading men and stars are making pictures by what is pretty accurately called 'burlesque.' But lessons, and how. No one will ever be able to count the number of new dance schools sprung up in Hollywood this year, but they are all making money. A day's visiting around at schools that advertised in local Sunday newspapers discovered Persian rugs and antique furniture, vases of narcissi, suave appointment clerks, side entrances that remind one comically of family entrances, with stars whisking you out and hoping not to be recognized. Why, God knows! The schools are all the same with walls lined with pictures of screen celebrities, with teachers carefully coached to avoid mention directly of having taken dancing lessons; voice lessons and dramatic lessons they speak of, but none seem to know that they were not born possessors of original Spanish routines, a mastery of castinetas, tambourines, trick tap, Waltz clogs, and what have you not.

RAMON NOVARRO has been calling his dancing "acting," as a dancer in a part in his next film, "The Singer of Seville," he and Rene Adoree will dance. Novarro started in films as a member of a troupe of Marion Morgan dancers; Renee, in traveling shows as a child with her family, danced. Charlie Morton as a child did a dance routine with his parents; the Muggs Mortons, musicians in vaudeville.

Joan Crawford, then Lucille Le Sueur danced in Ernie Young's Revue in Chicago, in 1922; then in New York in "Passing Show" and the Winter Garden.

Hedda Hopper worked as a chorus girl under her own name of Ella Furry, in shows with Louise Dresser, and Lew Dockstader in "The Passing Show." She was leading man for the Old Mount Vernon Stock Company.

Leila Hyams, the daughter of Leila Noyes and Johnny Hyams, danced in vaudeville with her parents as a child.

Mary Doran sprouted from the chorus girls of the Broadway, in shows as "Rio Rita" and the "Ziegfeld Follies."

Marie Dressler came from dancing and comedy stuff in the circus, in music halls and in vaudeville.

Dorothy Jordan was in the chorus of "Twinkle, Twinkle" and "Fun Funny Face."

Dorothy Sebastian first got her break in show business in the chorus of George White's "Scandals."

Edward Delannay danced in a cantina in Mexico before pictures found her.

Gwen Lee was a dancer in Omaha in 1928.

Nina Mae, colored heroine of "Hallelujah," began as a hot stroller in "Blackbirds of 1929."

Folly Moran danced and sang in a chorus of De Wolf Hopper's, "Eddie Nugent was a hoover at Grauman's."

Sally Starr was with the "Scandals" for six years.

The Duncan sisters helped themselves to success with comedy dance routines, along with their singing. They played in vaudeville and then in "Tip Top" with Fred Stone.

Blanche Sweet at a tender age, toured with the Gertrude Hoffmann Dancers, and with Chauncey Olcott's company as a dancer.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO first worked with Joan Sawyer in a dance act in vaudeville, and worked for a prologue for Sid Grauman at the old Million Dollar with Clarke Seymour, as his dancing partner.

Virginia Valli was an interpretative dancer in theatrical work in Chicago before coming to films, via Essanay.

Claire Windsor danced at charity benefits and at other social affairs before her picture work began.

Billie Dove hails from the "Follies" and the "Midnight Revue."

Jeanette MacDonald started towards her spectacular vaudeville career as member of the chorus, dancing and singing in Ned Wayburn's Revue at the Capitol Theater. This was followed by much musical comedy work, singing and dancing. She supported Mitzi Hajes in "The Magic Ring."

Lillian Roth, slated for big things in Broadway, started in revue work for the Shuberts, and did hot spot numbers in the "Vanities" and the "Follies." She danced comedy stuff with Lucio Lane in "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

Lupino Lane, who has made his own comedies for Educational for so long, and who is in demand as a comedian for big productions, started out as a dancer, a member of the famous English stage family of Lupino.

Nancy Carroll stopped lively in "The Passing Show" and other revues and musical comedies in New York.

Helen Kane appeared in revues, night clubs and vaudeville, and in "A Night in Spain" in New York, before Paul A. Spotswood found her. She used her voice, and started out instead of the dance stuff.

Olive Borden first attracted film attention by her dancing at the Holly- Wrote Writers' Club. Then a dance-she did in "Yellow Fingers" at Fox's made them sure she had something, and gave her a better contract. She never had a lesson.

CORINNE GRIFFITH was visiting a friend in Los Angeles, and while on a pleasure party at one of the pier hotels on the ocean front she won a dancing contest and a contract with Vitagraph Company.

Buster Keaton did eccentric dance routines with his parents in vaudeville for years, billed as "The Three Keatons."

Barbara LaMarr was a most successful stage dancer in New York, and in vaudeville and cabaret work on the Coast before pictures signed her up.

Marguerite De La Motte was a dancer in San Diego.

Katherine MacDonald, later famous as the most beautiful woman in America, was a chorus girl in a musical show for a few weeks, before she became Bing Crosby's leading lady.

Sharon Lynn, one of Fox's new bets, was one of Belcher's dancers (Continued on page 118)
Director Chuck Riesner introduces Benny Rubin and Buster Collier, representing 1930, to the famous old-timers, (left to right): De Wolff Hopper, Josephine Sobel, Louis Mann, Marie Dressler, William Collier, Fay Templeton, Lew Fields, Joe Weber, and Barney Fagan. This is a scene in M.-G.-M. revue, "The March of Time."

The New School for Stars

(Continued from page 117)

before her film work began, and was in Dillingham's "Sunny."
Dorothy Burgess, whose auntie is Fay Baker, started out at three as a clever little dancer.
Mae Clark was a dancer at Atlantic City, then in "Gay Paree."
Marion Nixon was a chorus girl in tank town shows for some months.
Dixie Lee sang and danced at the College Inn in Chicago, and later in "Good News," in the Varsity Drag number, in New York.
Lola Lane toured as a member of Gus Edwards revues, and later in the chorus of the "Greenwich Village Follies."
Maurice Chevalier danced as Mistinguett's partner before his sunny smiling songs won him fame.
Lupe Velez danced and sang in Mexican cabarets and on the stage; she came to Santa Barbara in a Mexican company's show "Rataplan" and then worked as a dancer in the "Hollywood Music Box Revue."
Lena Basquette, a Belcher dancer, came from the "Follies."
Dolores Del Rio was a favorite dancer of Spanish dances in society circles of Mexico City when Edwin Carewe saw her and offered her a film contract.
Fanny Brice as a kid did eccentric dance routines along with her songs, finally landing in the Musix Box Revue" after big time in vaudeville.
Lilyan Tashman came to films from the "Follies."
Harry Richman played vaudeville, night clubs and cabarets, using a dance routine along with the voice.
Gilbert Roland as Luis Alonso, was a successful cabaret and night club dancer in Los Angeles.

A RMIDA was plucked from a Mexican cafe on North Main Street, off the Plaza in Los Angeles by Fanchon Royer where she was dancing the lively dances of Spain. Gus Edwards took over her contract.
Lila Lee as Cuddles Edwards was a child star and dancer in Gus Edwards revues.
Madge Bellamy started her career as a dancer at the age of thirteen in Elitch's Gardens, a cafe in Denver.
Ronald Colman did revue dancing on the stage when he was breaking into the business of being an actor after the war in England.
Marion Davies was a dancer in "Chu Chin Chow" in 1916 and went to the "Follies" also as a dancer.
Lois Moran danced at Paris and London cafes as a young girl, and in the Follies Bergere.
Jack Oakie danced in "Artists and Models" and in "Peggy Ann."
Mae Murray started as a cafe dancer in Murray's Cafe, New York, then in the "Follies of 1908" as the Nell Brinkley girl.
Mary Eaton and Marilyn Miller are outstanding examples of what heights a dancer may reach in films.
Dolores Costello worked in the chorus of "George White's Scandals," and it was while playing in this show in Chicago that one of the Warner Brothers, Jack, put her under contract, with her sister Helene, also in the show.
Eleanor Boardman played in the chorus of "Rock-a-Bye Baby" for the Selwyns for three months on Broadway before she was given a contract for film work.
Marion Byron played in choruses before coming to films as Buster Keaton's leading lady.

Two Sensational Features in The New Movie Next Month

HOMER CROY writes about Stan Laurel and Olive Hardy, the screen comedians, at their serious job of being funny. This is a hilarious story.

MARGUERITE CLARK as she is today. Here is an absorbing interview with the popular screen and stage star of other days. Be sure to read this.

IN THE NEW MOVIE NEXT MONTH
always at the home of Grandmother Nagel, where in the big living
room of the home there was the huge
Christmas tree. Here Conrad, with his
brother, Ewing, and his cousins, Rich-
ard Simpson and Mabelle Nagel, would
dance around the tree, while his father
played some of the old German Christ-
mas carols on the piano. His grand-
mother was very fond of these old folk-
songs and delighted in the happy group
gathered about her hospitable fire-side
in the big house overlooking the
Mississippi and pointing to the site of
the old Fort Edwards, built to guard
this part of Illinois from the Indians.

ALTHOUGH he had shown a talent
for learning poetry and prose
passages and an unusual ability for re-
citing these, it was really his taste for
music which put him into college thea-
tricals and started him on his career
as an actor. He had attended High
School in Des Moines, and then entered
Highland Park College, where his fa-
thor was dean of the music department.
His voice, inherited from his
mother, a concert singer, and his taste
for music inherited from his father,
pianist and composer, made him a wel-
come addition to the college theatricals.

His part in the first one was so out-
standing that some professionals who
attended the performance were struck
with his ability and urged his parents
to give him every opportunity to de-
velop that talent. So insistent were
these professionals of the stage that
Conrad showed talent for this sort of
work, that his parents entered him in
the school of oratory at Highland Park
College, thus definitely starting him on
his career on the legitimate stage. His
boyhood talent for reciting laid the
foundation, undoubtedly, for this ca-
reer and his memory work stood him
in good stead in memorizing his parts.

It was his constant and untriring efforts
to improve that brought him final
success.

He played in Des Moines in stock at
the old Princess Theatre for a time,
and then went East into more preten-
tious things. When he came to Keokuk,
years later in “Youth,” he was widely
acclaimed by his old friends here, and
his pictures are always greeted by a
friendly audience, many of whom re-
member him as the bright-eyed, Friend-
ly little boy who toddled away from the
old home here many years ago.

CONRAD NAGEL’S mother died in
1921. Although she lived to see
much of her son’s success, she was not
spared to see him in the full measure of
his film popularity. That has been the
fortune of his father, however, who is
now living in Hollywood. Dean Nagel
was a familiar figure in Keokuk for
years, for, like his son, he visited here
frequently. His best years were spent
in Des Moines, where he was one of the
well-known musical critics and com-
posers of the state.

Memories of Conrad, the youth, are
shared by many people through the
entire community of Keokuk. Perhaps
no young star of the stage has had
more quiet interest shown in his career
than this young man. There has been
little of the “hurray!” and “hubub-
type of maudlin hero-worship given
him from these old friends in Keokuk
and Warsaw, who recall the sunny-tem-
pered little lad of other days. But
they have watched him succeed with
a quiet pride indicative of real interest
in him and gratification over the fact
that the boy they knew has his name
embazoned in the rolls of those who
have climbed the dizzy mountain of
achievement and reached its summit
without losing their dignity or poise.

Who Is
THE AMAZING MOTHER
of Hollywood?

Next Month Adela Rogers St. Johns will tell you all
about her and how she reared her now famous
screen family. It is an astonishing and moving
story—of absorbing interest to motion picture fans.

WATCH FOR IT NEXT MONTH!
Adventures in Interviewing

Continued from page 29

however misdirected. At times I feel that no successful man is an accident, even in films. Griffith has sentimental chaos in his soul. His intelligence was strong enough to guide him into middle-class success. It was not keen enough to keep him from making that epic of the Ku Klux Klan, "The Birth of a Nation."

He is a showman first, a half artist afterward. A complete artist, giving the truth in that film, might not have been the indirect cause of greater hatred for Negroes in the South. But Griffith's mind and heart are saturated with the Civil War period. He is before all else the child of a Kentucky General, called, if I remember correctly, "Hell-Roaring Jake." The son of a man with such a moniker could scarcely be expected to be an Anatole France.

CONTRARY to popular opinion, Cecil B. De Mille is more appreciative of kindness shown by an interlocutor than any other director of the first class. If his films represent middle-class ideas of luxury, it may safely be said that he knows his public. No man in the entertainment world is more sure of himself.

That he can shift suddenly and still hold an audience is shown by his direction of the box-office success, "Dynamite." Containing all the ingredients necessary for cheap melodrama, it also has something more—the deft, sure touch of able direction. De Mille is the Balasco of the films.

When I called upon him the stage was set carefully. I stepped into a large room, furnished in bizarre manner. The head and skin of a striped tiger stretched across the immediate entrance. Everywhere was the paraphernalia of bad taste. Apparently oblivious of my presence, De Mille stood behind a large, highly polished desk, which needed only silver handles to make it complete for burial. For some moments he stood, quite silent, to all appearances sunk in the deepest of thought. It did not seem likely that I had been ushered into the room without his knowledge. Without looking up he reached for a paper on the desk and scanned it carefully. In abstracted manner, he reached for an ornate fountain pen. He signed the paper as though it were the Emancipation Proclamation which would make all movie extras economically free.

I waited patiently. With a mind to the business at hand, I observed the room closely. Whether or not this was Mr. De Mille's object, I do not know. There was nothing else to do, at least. Finally he looked up. Started beyond measure, he came from behind the desk and walked toward me with hand outstretched, enunciating slowly, "I beg your pardon."

Mr. De Mille backed up all statements concerning his films with box-office reports. Unlike many lesser charlatans, he had nothing to say about art.

A former actor, he is theatrical even in silence. He stood at the end of his desk, his arm folded, long flaccy fingers slid into the room. Silent as chaos, he started to glide out again. His foot caught in the deceased tiger's mouth. He sprawled in utter abandon.

This commotion did not even break the sentence which Mr. De Mille was arranging with definite precision. Neither did it stop.

When the Oriental had limped painfully from the Great Presence, he leaned forward slightly. With an effort he picked, I have book. It was the second I had written.

"I haven't gotten to it yet."

He rolled the words with regret. "It's the thing on my list."

"That's very kind of you, Mr. De Mille. I'm so flattered."

He went on to weightier subjects.

The interview when published evidently pleased him. He had thousands of copies printed and distributed over the nation.

I had written of him, "If he has ridden to fame on a spavined horse, he is aware of it."

He repeated the words to me a year later, smiling, with no comment.

It has long been the habit of callow and humorless young writers to attack De Mille. The man has no pretensions. He knows exactly what he wants.

If De Mille were assured that the great mass of people was ready for highly sophisticated film plays, he would be among the first directors to produce such entertainment.

His one great failure, perhaps, was "The King of Kings."

Though he began each day with prayer while filming so-called Biblical epic, the prayer was not answered at the box-office.

Becoming less reverent he directed "The Dynamite."

Many writers in Hollywood have complained of the lack of gratitude displayed by film players to whom they have been kind.

Knowing with the great French maker of maxims that gratitude is but the expectation of favors yet to be received, I have worried very little over such matters.

Long known as "the most hated man in Hollywood" I can truthfully affirm that I have also been a source of strength to many players bitter and worn with the struggle.

Until a year ago I had written about every person of importance in the film city. The interviews had appeared in a dozen national magazines.

Five of the number sent letters of appreciation. They were Virginia Valli, Clara Bow, Louise Dresser, Cecil B. De Mille, and Irving Thalberg.

All suspicious-looking packages were sent to the War Department.

Three leading members of the RKO beauty chorus: left to right, Estelle Etherro, Mary Jane Halsey, and Lita Chevet. They all appeared in "Rio Rita" and they may be future stars, as intimated by Rosalind Shaffer on Page 43 in "The New School for Stars."
Letters of a Property Man
(Continued from page 95)

When I got back Gay and Mme. Ottowa was already in the cage. Joe was outside waiting for the book. He had to go through the inside one before he would be in the cage. He was a bit white around the mouth, but still had one eye, and the nerve left to ask for a ring. Props handed him one and he put it in his vest pocket. Then he shook hands with me and said, "Don't tell Betty or let her near the set." Baby, that kid was game. I wouldn't have gone in there if they'd have given me the whole trainload of animals.

Gay was standing with his shoulder about even with Peter's mouth and on the camera right, while Ottowa, who was pretty short, was standing just under Bondedi's nose. But both was far enough away to be fairly clear of any paws. Joe had to go between them, back up to Leo's pedestal and face the camera with Leo licking his chops right over the back of Joe's head.

"Back up, little more, Joe," whispers Monty. Joe backs up a step. "Some more, he won't bite you," says Monty. Inch by inch Joe backs up until Monty says, "We won't need to rehearse this, you all know what is done at a wedding, CAMERA."

"Raise your right hand, Joe," says Monty, "and read from the book." Joe starts all right then quiets and fumbles for the ring. Gay had on his spangles so he had to carry those. He handed the ring to Gay, who puts it on Ottowa's finger. "Read from the book again," calls Monty. Perhaps Leo thought he should do the reading cause he eased a bit forward and right over Joe's head. Darned if he didn't look like he was reading too.

Joe afterward told me that he could have seen the cameraman tipped him off, how he don't know unless it was that he turned white as a sheet. Then Joe spotted Monty, giving the trainers the washout sign, out of the corner of his eye. Monty, who is as dark as an Indian, turned pale as a ghost. An absolute hush came over the set. Joe had been watching them and he didn't make no sound. He handed the ring to Gay, who puts it on Ottowa's finger. "Read from the book again," calls Monty. Perhaps Leo thought he should do the reading cause he eased a bit forward and right over Joe's head. Darned if he didn't look like he was reading too.

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The first I knew of it was when Joe's voice came out real loud and he was reading that Bible like he was the exhorter at a camp meeting and trying to save some souls by talking the loudest. I looked around real quick and there was all the trainners white too, with their pros all set and one or two with their guns ready to shoot. The first thing that I thought of was, "Darn those blanks." I knew there was trouble but what, I couldn't guess.

Then I got a little more of Leo. That big hunk of a lion was greedily licking the grease paint off the back of Joe's neck. And even you thinkless, know how that a tough bit between the blood any lion will go cannibal. Joe was shaking maybe, but he still sure could talk. He was starting on the second chapter and reading louder by the minute.

Then Gay, who had been facing the camera like a trapper, took a side glance at Joe. He tried to speak calmly: "Stand still, Joe. Don't make a move. You'll be all right.

Joe just sort of smiled ghastly and read all the louder. Ottowa noticed Gay; then saw Leo. Gay signaled her to leave the cage. She quietly glided—and that word is right—over to the exit. As soon as Gay heard the door click he called to Leo, "Bravo Boy. Come, Leo." Leo looked at him just the fraction of a second, took another taste of the grease paint, licked his chops again, turned slowly toward Bondedi as much as to say, "Well, I've had my fun for the day," and jumped down. The gate for the runway opened and Leo was gone. It took but a few seconds to get the other cats down from their seat and out of the cage. Joe was still reading and his voice was nearly at the cracking point.

The crowd of kiddies let a whoop out of them that brought in all of the cops within a mile but the danger was over by then. We find out how those kids got out of the place. But they were real trouper at that, not a peep from a single one while the big act was on. We all called to Joe but he couldn't stop reading. His nerves were all shot.

The poor devil was actually paralyzed from the hips down. We had to carry him out and shove a rag down his mouth to make him stop yammering. I got a whole bottle of Hootch in a hurry and called the doctor. Joe drank the bottle in one gulp and didn't even feel it. Old Sawbones came soon after and we finally got a shot of sleepight into Joe's arm and laid him down on a cot. He laid there like he was gone to the place where the book wouldn't do him any good.

We had just got things all nicely straightened around when Betty's gang drove into the yard. We all tried to keep out of her sight, but finally she came in and started out her dressing room. Bill stuttered so she didn't get very far there. But the poor darned dope had to take her into where Joe was laid over at first and there was a waft of his breath and she was out of that dressing room like a shot.

Joe tried to square it. I tried to square it with Monty, the cameraman, and yeah, even the old man tried to reason with that dumb dame. "No, I said that if Joe took one more drink I was through with him for good—and I am."

She quit as soon as the picture was through. Joe is now production manager of a large studio where animals are not used. Betty, oh yeah, she married—to the champ drunk of Hollywood. I'll see you when Prohibition goes into effect.

As ever, JACK.

You will find more LETTERS OF A PROPERTY MAN in future issues of THE NEW MOVIE.
finances and business interests that drove him with his family away from their beloved France to start life anew in America. There in New York City, where Claudette finished her education, going first to grammar school in Fifty-seventh Street and later completing High School at Washington Irving. By this time the family straits had been ironed out a bit and she was able to attend art school.

One afternoon at a tea she met Anne Morrison, the author of “The Wild Westcotts.” Miss Morrison was arranging to put the piece on, and being struck by the dark-eyed girl’s personality, asked her if she would not like to have a part in her play.

“I was thrilled to pieces,” Miss Colbert said, “and hurried home to tell my family the good news. But it didn’t appeal to them at all. My father stormed, and was sure that actresses couldn’t possibly be nice. He didn’t want a stage-struck daughter.

“But I went ahead anyway. It seemed to me I must try this thing. I had only three lines to speak, but did I study them? Did I try them various ways for effect? And did I thrill on the opening night when it came? My turn to go out and say them? I’ll say I did. The show, however, closed soon, and it looked as though my acting career were at an end. My people were still opposed to the idea; I had never had a day’s training in any dramatic school; I had never played stock, was just a momentary, inexperienced and didn’t know a soul in the theatrical world.

Yet, I was sure of one thing, and that was that I wanted to be an actress more than anything else in the world, that I could act, and could, given proper opportunities, act well. I knew this in the back of my mind as clearly as I knew my own name. I didn’t even have to convince myself, it was a fact that had always been there. Though I hadn’t felt this way about things before, I had always, rather, been nervous, afraid my efforts weren’t very good, even when my teachers had said they were ... I thought they were just trying to be nice to me. But here on the stage, without encouragement or notice, I felt I belonged, and that I would get on.

“I heard that Brock Pemberton was looking for a girl who looked like an Italian. After eyeing myself carefully in the mirror I decided that I looked just like one and scurried over to his office. As luck would have it he seemed to think so too, and gave me the part as lead in “The Marionette Man,” which opened out of town and, alas! never got as far further than Washington.

“Coming back to New York, I heard that they were casting for an out of town company for ‘We’ve Got to Have Money.’ By this time I was beginning to learn better the ropes about lining up jobs, and so trotted over to the casting office where I found that Vivian Tobin’s part was open. To my great surprise it was given to me for the Chicago début. We opened alright, but closed almost right away. For all our brave title the money we’d got to have we didn’t get. If you’ve ever been in Chicago in February, broke, you know what a dismal experience it can be. No marble halls, as I had once imagined actresses always trod, rather a dingy, cheap little hotel, constant rain, loneliness, and the loneliness of being a stranger.

But bad things come to an end as good things do. Finally I landed back in New York, jobless, but too happy to be with my family and to see familiar faces again to much care. However after rounds of the casting offices and almost immediately got the leading part for a road company of “Leah Kleeshna.”

It included Boston and Chicago, the two places where Miss Morrison, with William Faversham, Arnold Daly, Helen Gahagan, and every night while we played I used to stand in the wings and watch these actors, study them, compare their performances. This, I believe, is the most helpful thing for a beginner, especially if he knows his part as well as I. I never played in stock, I hadn’t come from a long line of theatrical people, what I learned I had to teach myself, and this experience on the road, with seasoned and amateur audiences often in different towns, I think helped me more than anything else has.

After a nine weeks run which included Boston and Chicago the play closed and I found myself back again in New York for the Summer, during which I did nothing. This was in 1925. In the fall I happened in the Al Woods offices and found they were looking for an English girl to play the lead in Frederick Lonsdale’s “The Faker.” Having a grammar school education, I was born in the Isle of Jersey, where I had often gone to visit, I felt quite free to offer myself as an English candidate, and after talking with Mr. Lonsdale who was very familiar with the Island of Jersey, I got the part.

After rehearsing for weeks, on the day of dress rehearsal having my final fittings, I got word to come at once to the Woods office, where I was told abruptly that Mr. Lonsdale preferred someone else in the part and I was withdrawn. It always has seemed to me a needless and cruel thing for him to have done, practically on the opening night. But I never really knew why he did it. I was given the alternative of becoming understudy and going to Washington with the show, and, swelling my pride, I went.”

The show failed, but whether Mr. Woods admired Claudette Colbert’s pluck in “taking on the chin” this way, or whether it was just to jolt the routine, in any case, he gave her the lead in Avery Hopwood’s play “The Cat Came Back,” which he was producing at the time, and in Chicago and Pittsburgh. It closed on a Saturday night and on the following Monday she stepped into “High Stakes,” which played until she was also out of town. During this Summer her father died. This broke up the little family, and made Claudette more than ever the staff of her mother’s life were.

For she was the only daughter and was now beginning to help considerably with the family budget.

“You see I worked especially badly,” she said, “because my father had been so hurt at first by my going ahead

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Between scenes of “The Bad One,” in which Dolores Del Rio plays a daring role far afield from her recent mild screen heroines. In the picture are Miss Del Rio, Director George Fitzmaurice, who made “The Bad One,” and Edmund Lowe, who appears opposite the Mexican actress.
Why Stage Stars Fail

(Continued from page 29)

a new situation and keen enough to size it up.

I had just made a statement concerning the inebriate of stage actresses before the camera and the marvelous work done by the screen stars in acquiring voice culture. Catherine Dale Owen challenged that statement without fear or favor.

"It is quite true," she said, "that most of the successes in the talkies until now have been made by the old screen stars. I do not wish to take any credit away from them—nor could I.

"But there is one angle to that stage versus screen star business you mention that I would like to point out. It has apparently been overlooked in the wave of enthusiasm for home talent which the success of the screen stars has incited.

"THE motion picture actresses who had to become a 'talkie' or to acquire what is equivalent to the work of the speaking stage, had the way made very easy for her, if she would work. Excellent singing teachers were available and could be hired for long periods of time, for coaching on the set, for work with the voice every single day.

"Some of the girls, you know, take a singing lesson every day and not only work on the part they are singing in a picture, but have their teachers present on the set when they are before the microphone."

I did not interrupt her, but I remembered Colleen, Gloria, Mary, and others. Catherine Dale Owen was right, in this instance.

"Also," she continued, "it was possible for these movie girls to hire trained Broadway actresses, famous for their dictions, to teach them how to speak lines. A number of the movie stars who have made successful talks worked for weeks on the speaking part of their performance with such well known stage women as Laura Hope Crews and Helen Ware. They were coached well and thoroughly.

"Please understand I am not taking from these girls the praise due for their hard work and the intelligence they must possess to enable them to assimilate teaching. I am merely saying that the screen star, with nothing to learn except to manage her voice, had her way made easy."

SHE stopped and looked at me, a challenging look which dared me to say otherwise. I had no desire to do so. Those eyes are a powerful argument, even if she had not been right in what she was saying. Seeing no sign of fight in me she continued.

"On the other hand nothing even approximating such help has been available for the stage star who is suddenly, without warning, thrown into motion pictures. We had our voices—but that was all. And all the things we had to learn: camera angles, the delicate art of 'timing' scenes—which does not exist in stage work—and the close-up, which is so difficult and which no stage actress has been forced to face. Yes, it is true that the stage actress could handle her voice, could speak lines, but she had to learn things, most important things, that to the experienced screen actress were so well known as to be almost second nature.

"And there was no one—and is no one—to teach the stage star these movie tricks and needs. Time cannot be taken by a director during an expensive production to give lessons in these arts to backward stage stars. He can explain a scene to an actress and give her a certain amount of help. But he can't coach her, teach her, instruct her as these girls have been instructed in voice work.

"I would be willing to pay for lessons in the art of acting before a motion picture camera, but there are no coaches, no teachers, available."

THAT is why I say that the stage actresses, too, have difficulties in adapting themselves to the talkies, just as the older screen actresses have. And those difficulties have not the same solution. The movie actresses can be taught and coached; the stage actress can learn only through experience, there being no one to teach her. And the thing she must learn is the more difficult of the two. You can practise your voice at any time and anywhere—almost; but it is impossible to practice camera acting anywhere except on the set."

She is a born leading lady, this Catherine Dale Owen. Has never been anything else. She had the lead in her first High School play, the lead in her first dramatic school play, the lead in her first stage play, and the lead in her first motion picture.

Her mother, born in Louisville Kentucky, is quite as beautiful as Catherine Dale. And she is Southern, friendly, hospitable. Miss Dale, too, was born in Louisville.
with this stage notion. Then gradually he began to get used to it. My mother, long before, had fallen in line, when she saw that my whole life was wrapped up in the idea of becoming a good actress. Once she surrendered she was all for it, insisting only that I make a good job of it, now I had thrown my luck in that field. But with my father it was different. He never really surrendered, though he would cut clippings out from the papers about me to carry about in his vest pocket, and when I wasn’t there, would show them, I guess a little proudly, to his friends."

THAT same Summer Mr. Woods went for her to do the French girl in "The Kiss in the Taxi." This was the first time she had played a French part, which of course, she was superbly fitted to do. She had refused before to do French parts, those of French maid and others, because she did not want to be associated in the theater with solely French characters. It should be noted here that Miss Colbert speaks American, it is truer to say American than English, better than most American actresses speak without any provincial accent. It is then particularly interesting to hear Maurice Chevalier, with whom she co-starred in "The Big Pond," the new film made in both English and French, remark that few persons, French or otherwise, speak the beautiful and perfect French that she does. Having been born in France, she spoke French until she reached her teens, when she started school in America and quickly picked up the language of this country, slang and all. Having a sensitive ear she managed to do what most American children fail to do, make the language her's without its flaws of dialect.

Needless to say that given a part which demanded a French accent Miss Colbert was in clover. And the part, she says, was made for her. Her opening night in New York, the first one she had had there as star, by the way, reaped for her glowing notices from all the critics. Arthur Byron played opposite her and the piece ran for a year before going on the road. "It fixed me in New York," she said. "It was showy and it was suited to me. I could hardly have helped making good in it."

It was at this time that she signed with the A. H. Woods office what she described as "that fatal contract." It was a five-year agreement, not a few of which proved stormy to them both. Miss Colbert believed that she was too often put into unsuitable roles. But it is all over now she says with a certain relief; the Paramount company having bought up the contract in its last year.

Following a trip to Paris after "The Kiss in the Taxi" had closed, she returned that Fall to Broadway in "The Ghost Train," and later in "The Pearl of Great Price."

Now, however, came "The Barker," for which the Woods office lent her to Edgar Selwyn for the part of Lou. As soon as she read the script she wanted to play Lou, she said, "because the girl was so real, so honest, and because I had never played a bad woman before and always had wanted to, especially at this time when I was so fed up playing Virtue and looking like a little fool." The play lasted for over a year on Broadway and Miss Colbert's notices were enough to puff anyone's head... yet, they didn't, for she is a sensible and intelligent young woman.

DURING that year she and Norman Foster, who had played the clesus Barker's son in "The Barker," ran off back East and spent a little Massachusetts town that no one but themselves know the name of, and they won't give it away. They kept their secret for almost a year until a New York columnist broke the news of their elopement while they were both playing in London in "The Barker." Miss Colbert was afraid it would break her mother's heart if she found out Claudette had married. Even now Miss Colbert (with her mother) and Mr. Foster maintain their separate New York apartments in true modern matrimonial fashion.

"Tin Pan Alley" followed the London engagement of "The Barker," then Miss Colbert made her first talking picture for Paramount, "The Hole in the Wall," while she was also playing in Eugene O'Neill's "Dynamite." She said she liked immensely working with the Theater Guild and thought "Dynamo" a marvelous play. O'Neill is her favorite playwright and she thinks "Anna Christie" the greatest play she has ever seen. "The Crowd" is her favorite film, by the way.

See NAPLES AND DIE" marks her most recent appearance on Broadway and was followed by the film "The Lady Lies," in which she appeared with Walter Huston and which won great praise for its beautiful performances by both Miss Colbert and Mr. Huston. Having since completed "The Big Pond," both in English and French, she is now scheduled for "Young Man From Manhattan," Katherine Brush's novel, to be made into a talking picture by Paramount. Following this, plans for her are that she will make "Manslaughter," by Alice Duer Miller, in Hollywood. She has never been further west than Chicago and is looking forward eagerly to her visit to California.

In buying up her Woods contract and signing her for five years with the intention of starring her, Jesse Lasky, first vice-president of the Paramount company, has said: "We are convinced that Claudette Colbert is destined to be one of the outstanding figures on the audible screen of the near future. She combines rare native dramatic ability with unusual beauty and a thorough knowledge of the technique of acting. Our plans for her include a number of important featured roles in the immediate future with stardom as her ultimate goal."

And so, a little girl playing in the Luxembourg Gardens hitched her wagon to a star of vague inarticulate longings, the charming young woman who shaped them into actualities for herself by perseverance and hard work, but also by a steadfast belief that dreams may come true.
We Have With Us Tonight

(Continued from page 89)

different. And there he is, sitting quietly behind the second most famous moustache in the world—the most famo- us, by the way, is Colonel. He is none other than RONALD COLMAN. Ronald Colman had his first cup of tea in Surrey, England, February 9th, 1891. He was quite a young man, and even marmalade until he was twenty years old, when he went down to dear old London and got himself a job in a department store. When the war came along he enlisted as a private and gave 'em hell until at Ypres a high-explosive shell dropped in to talk things over. He was invalided home, and was now Leutenant Colman, if you please, and a gentleman.

But he slipped and became an actor. One night a Jimmy saw him act in London and said, “I’ve seen you act, and now I don’t mind going back to the front.”

While he was still sending men to the front, he married Thelma Ray, but the Dove of Happiness didn’t come and coo on their doorstep, and after a time they separated, and now Ronald is Hollywood’s most sought after bachelor. But so far no girl has yet made him mumble in the moonlight.

One thing that was receded and thought Vilma Banky was going to pour his tea for him, but it never came to a boil. Ronald has a lovely box of mint 1902 Mint from Hollywood, and there’s not a powder-box in it. He lives with a friend, Charles Lane, the actor, and a Filipino house-boy named Tono, and not a woman in the house isn’t a crying shame? But don’t become too confident, girls—he gets 20,000 fan letters in a week.

And still some people think women don’t like moustaches.

WILLIAM POWELL: We’ll stop for a moment to look at another moustache we have with us tonight. A very nice and debonair moustache, too. That’s the old LILADAY POW- ELL. William, stand up and let us see it.

William Powell was born one smoky morning in Pittsburgh, Pa., the same being July 29th, and the year 1892, which makes him thirty-eight years old, come July. His father and mother still live there, but William himself was very young then and wanted to go west. So a young man, and his parents did take him west, to Kansas City, in the good old state of Missouri where so many—fine people come from. William went to Central High where they said he’d never amount to much, and now all those who knew him believe that he told them to tell what great friends and intimate pals they were with William.

His first job was in the office of the Rockefeller Company, where he helped the girls get the wrong numbers. He finally resigned, as there didn’t seem to be any future in giving wrong numbers. He then went to work for various companies, including the library, the newspaper, and the hotel, and then went to New York and attended a dramatic school. The first time he stepped on the stage was dramatically, "Excuse me, please," and didn’t know until the show was over that he had made a mistake. It just shows what slaves of habit people become without noticing.

He married Eileen Wilson, but the wedding was a great success, and then they were invalided. There’s one son.

But that is now all over and a matter of history, and William is footloose and fancy free, and has two Jap servants who say they haven’t enough to do. You know, girls, that isn’t right.

And now we have the best ser- vants in the world. Really, something ought to be done about it.

One more point: his salary is bigger than the salary of the President of the United States. It just shows the possibilities in the telephone business.

BEBE DANIELS: We have been jumping around over the map, and now we’ll give another yump. This time it is to Dallas, Texas. Meet the best card fortune teller in Hollywood—none other than BEBE DANIELS herself. When there is a party the guests are always sure to flock around Bebe and ask her to tell them of the future, and some of the things that Bebe sees and tells send the people home in gasps of astonishment. Also don’t get mixed up in a bridge game with Bebe, because Bebe simply hypnotizes cards.

Dallas, Texas, and the date was January 14, 1931.

Her mother was a Spanish senorita and her father was an American. Mother Daniels insisted on naming her and that is how she got the name Bebe, right from childhood.

Many of the girls introduce to you have been stenog, waitresses, chorus girls, telephone operators and so forth in their early days, but here is an exception. Bebe has never been anything else but an actress, and hopes to die with a jar of cold cream in one hand and a towel in the other.

The first time she ever looked a Kluger in the face was at the age of eight, and the old Selig company which has been transferred to Hollywood, then exalted. She was in and out of pictures all during her early days, and in each of them, but the die was cast, for once a Kluger, always a Kluger on you, you are never the same again. Her first screen part of any consequence was as the charming girl to Harold Lloyd’s comedy in his pioneer one-teasers.

The Spanish in Bebe still comes out, in addition to those flashing black eyes and olive skin, for it shows in the broadswords, cutlasses, rapiers and gal- leons which decorate the walls of her home. And when she gives a party and puts on the castanets and dances a fandango the green fire of jealousy leaps from the eyes of the ladies and the men get down on their knees and recite poetry.

Bebe lives with her mother and grandmother, and the number is 802 North Roxbury Drive, Hollywood, but because he, careful—Ben Lyon is probably there and he has been at Bebe’s house so much that swinging a cutlass comes as naturally to him as chop-sticks. It’s sort of a joke on him, I guess I must of got the wrong number,” and walk briskly toward the street.

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Their First Jobs

(Continued from page 51)

Alice White

"My first job was as stenographer in a real estate office," explained lively little Alice White.

"You see, I was in Hollywood High School, where I was studying the commercial course. The call came to the school for a typist, and I was sent to take the position.

"The name of that real estate office I shall ever keep dear. But I'll tell you this: My boss had a jealous wife. She also wore the trousers of the family. I lost my job. It had lasted exactly three weeks.

"I held several secretarial jobs after that, and finally landed a job as a script girl in Charlie Chaplin's studio."

Fred Niblo

"When I was fourteen I found it necessary to go to work. So I went and got a job as an office boy down in the wholesale district of New York. I earned $3 a week, and had to pay $1.25 of it for a furnished room. On the rest I managed to eat, though eating was rather slim sometimes. The room was way up under the roof, and terribly cold in winter, as there was no heat provided. I nearly asphyxiated myself when I rigged up a contrivance to try to heat my room with gas."

"It was Fred Niblo recounting his experiences.

"I walked the four miles to and from my work daily. I didn't stay there very long, but got another job as cashier, or rather assistant cashier in a restaurant. There I earned four dollars a week and my lunch. I had to be there to open up the place at seven o'clock in the morning, and I seldom left before eight o'clock at night."

Corinne Griffith

"When I was fifteen I sold my first painting," says Corinne Griffith.

"It was a bowl of roses and for it I received $50. From my earliest days I had been torn between a desire to become an artist and a handkerking to be a classic dancer.

"As a child in school, I used to make sketches in colored pencils on the margins of my books. My father was connected with the old Vanderbilt line railroad in Texas, and we used to travel about a good deal, and sometimes a private teacher went with me. From her I studied art. Twice I received honorable mention at art exhibits, once in Texas and another time in New Orleans.

"But the great blow to my art ambitions came when my family went back on me with regard to them. When I was sixteen I became interested in painting portraits. I painted a life-sized nude figure of a young girl and gave it to my mother as a birthday present. It was to be a surprise. But as it turned out, the surprise was largely on my part. For the family was shocked, and insisted on chiffon draperies for the figure. Then they hung the painting in a back room, without framing it, but spiking the canvas with four nails. The corners of the canvas finally curled, and that was the end of my art career, I being a sensitive soul. I gave away my paints and brushes to my artistic friends.

"Soon after, my family met with reverses, and then my father died. It was terribly hard for us all. We came to California, my mother and I, to try to sell our California real estate.

"One night I went to a public dance pavilion in Santa Monica with some friends to dance. Quite unknown to me, a contest was being held, with a prize to be given the best dancer and the prettiest girl. Suddenly a man stepped up, stopped us, and told me there was a silver cup for the winner. He went over and got it, handed it to me, and I was supposed to bow to the crowd which I did.

"One of the judges of the contest turned out to be Roland Sturgeon, then director at Vitagraph. He invited me to come to his studio the following morning for a test."
declared dead. An odd character comed y in which Beryl Mercer runs away to get the best of it in the race for better things.

Later, when stardom, which is the ultimate aim of every screen player, seemed within the grasp of at least one of them—which one couldn't be determined—it would have been quite natural if each one of them had gone out on his own, determined to win the prize if he could. Studios are just as full of politics as the Senate and these things do happen. I have seen girls—but that is another story.

There were plenty of times when one of these lads might have benefited by throwing the others down; when he might have gained favor for himself or a chance for himself at the expense of someone whom the world would regard as a rival.

None of these things happened.

Instead, Arlen, Rogers and Cooper, having become buddies of the first water on a month's location in Texas during the filming of "Wings," decided to form a combine and to stick together. They were friends. They would behave like friends. Either they could all go up together, giving each other all the help they could, or they wouldn't go at all.

J ust the old "All for one and one for all."

They figured out what each had to give and started from there.

Buddy gives to the others the benefit of his business ability and his financial sense, which are considerable. He coaches them and fronts for them when anybody has to talk money. When there are dealings with the producers about salaries, Buddy goes in and does the talking for the three. Producers are business men and it is part of their job to get the players for as little money as they can, while it's the player's business to get as much as he can out of the producers.

Gary Cooper is the big, silent immovable balance wheel. Once anything is decided and he thinks it's right, he will stick until you put Lake Michigan in a tea-cup. There is force to Gary's look, to his silence. Where Buddy and Dick, emotional kids, both of them, can be swayed and persuaded, this Cooper bird cannot. Just to see him standing there, grim and determined in the background, is enough to scare anybody—and him. The trio hasn't always stayed out of trouble. In fact, they went looking for it down in Texas, and Gary's additional reach and extra weight told quite a bit.

Dick Arlen has the real picture mind of the musketeers. He knows about stories, about casts, about directors. In the "shout talk" which is a necessary part of the actor's career, he takes the leading role. He may not be a better actor on the screen than either Rogers or Cooper. He knows more about it. And he, since his marriage to Joby Ralston, has provided the home center, the social side, of much of their lives.

When they get together they form a pretty powerful assortment of brains, strength, business and artistic sense. And since they usually act together, that has to be taken into consideration.

Just to show you how it works.

I walked onto the lot one day and there they were, the three of them, out in the middle of a large, open space together, talking. The very fact that they had chosen that spot for an important conference proved that one of them had a touch of Aramis' power for intrigue. No one could hear them there. (Continued on page 129)
Their First Jobs
(Continued from page 126)

away. Promise you won't do that,' he said. I promised. He took me, and I was quite mad with joy.

"My particular part of the performance was to let the magician take my head off! The job paid fifty cents a day for three shows, and with my first day's earnings I bought not only the much desired Jew's harp, but a bag of bananas, some candy, and from a boy I knew a pocket-knife with two half blades and one whole one.

"The magician remained in our town a week, and I became so proficient at having my head removed that I was offered the job for the whole summer, traveling through the small towns of Oregon, Idaho, Washington and Montana."

Mary Nolan

"YOU'RE a great big girl, fourteen years old, and you ought to be earning your own living!"

"That's what my grandfather, with whom I was living in New England, said to me. Grandmother was kind, but I couldn't forgive that stingy rebuke, and I ran away to make a living for myself. I had two pairs of shoes, one a Sunday pair, and the other old, and I never put on the good ones except when I expected to see somebody of importance.

"Of course, I went to New York, where I was just a frightened child. I looked for work everywhere, but seemed unable to land anything."

It was Mary Nolan speaking. "On a street-car one day—I was about down to my last nickel, but the place I was going to that day was too far to walk—I noticed a picturesque looking man looking at me very attentively. It made me nervous to have him stare at me so, but finally he came over and spoke to me. He said he was an artist, and would I like to pose for him? I was pretty scared. He gave me his card, and next day I went to see him. He really was an artist, and he really gave me work.

"I posed for Arthur William Brown, Harrison Fisher, Childs Hassam, James Montgomery Flagg, Charles Dana Gibson and other prominent artists. They helped and encouraged me to go on. I shall never forget the five dollars I earned for my first half day's work! Nothing I have ever earned since has seemed so big."

Hoot Gibson

"I BROKE my arm earning my first money!" exclaimed Hoot Gibson.

"You see, it was this way. My father told me if I would break a wild mustang pony, he would give me a dollar. I was only ten then, but I went at it with zeal. I was to break the colt to bridle and saddle. I broke the colt all right, but in turn it threw me into a pile of rocks and broke my arm.

"Knowing the way of mustangs, I get up and climbed on and rode him until the pony was glad to stop, but it was pretty hard on me. I was laid up with my arm for a long time, but when it finally got out of the sling, father gave me the promised dollar—also the mustang!"

William Powell

"WHEN I was going to school, I felt it was necessary to earn money for my clothes," said Bill Powell. "So, when I was sixteen, I took a job as salesman in the gents' furnishing de-

partment of the Emery Bird Thayer Dry Goods Store in Kansas City. I earned fifty dollars a month, working after school and on Saturdays.

"I didn't like the job very well, but was I guess was successful, as the manager offered to make me a buyer within a year, if I'd stay."

Richard Arlen

"SOMEBODY gave me a bicycle, and I thought I ought to use it somehow to make money," Richard Arlen told me. "So I went on paper routes. That was when I was eight years old. I lived at Manitou Island, and every morning I rose at five thirty and supplied 165 houses with papers. My salary was eight dollars a month."

"The next winter I got a snow route. That means that I had a certain number of cents in snow, and from these I got five dollars per winter each.

"About five or six years ago, I decided to come to town for pictures. At one time I lived on fourteen cents a day, while I searched for work. Finally I got into a film laboratory."

Reg Denny

"I GOT my first stage job and earned my first money when I was six years old," Reginald Denny related.

"My father and mother were in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in England, and whenever there was a little child needed, or could be thrust in, that little child was myself.

"A funny thing happened to me when I was eight years old. I was always standing about listening to the plays, and I was soon familiar with every rôle. One of the cast was ill, and an understudy was reading his lines. I forgot the play, but I remember that I dashed onto the stage, without realizing what I was doing, and told that actor his lines! The audience went wild."

John Barrymore

"MY first job lasted just fifteen minutes! During that time I was cartoonist on The New York Telegraph. My first sketch was also my last. But I never have thought, just between you and me, that it was such a very bad sketch."

John Barrymore was relating his working experiences.

"You see, I always wanted to be an artist rather than an actor. I went to Europe to study, but with my brother Lionel. But the money ran short, and we had to come home.

"So I thought I'd try the stage. I was just twenty-one, and played the part of Max 'Magda,' in Chicago. I think I was terrible. So discouraged was I with my acting ability that I quit the stage and went to New York to try to find work as a cartoonist. That's when I landed my short-lived Telegraph job.

"But I tried another journal with more success. I did weird sketches to illustrate editorials.

"On the night of a sensational murder I was inadvertently absent from my desk. The editor sent searchers for me, and finally found me in a Broadway café. I drew a picture to a company."

While John McCormack was making his big singing film for William Fox he occupied this lovely thatched cottage, erected especially for him at the Fox Movietone Beverly Hills studios. It was designed in the true Irish spirit of the film.

(Continued on page 130)
The Three Musketeers of Hollywood
(Continued from page 127)

The ordinary reaction when secrets are to be discussed is to hide away in some room or corner. They here, it seems, planning their campaign.

According to their joint figuring, it was about time for a little raise in salary. This was the general idea to the contracts, but when those were made they hadn't begun to come up in popularity and drawing power. They felt that it would be wise to ask for more money, and then readjust the whole on a more equitable basis.

They would make the demand as a unit. They were getting the same salary, but they would ask for the same increase for all of them. No one would sign a new contract unless the others were given the same. They believed the reason they were not paid more was that they had not had any final answer from the silent men. He'd just see what he could get.

The producer in power at Paramount may have smiled at himself, when he heard what the three had done. This was a chance for them to prove that they intended to be fair about the thing, because most producers are, especially when the money is coming in at the box office. But certainly he didn't want to buck all three of the best masculine bets on the lot.

There were their new contracts—on their own mutual terms.

Then it so happened that Buddy Rogers forged ahead in box office value. Paramount wanted to star him. He talked it over with the other two.

"Go ahead, big boy," they said. "We'll be right with you." They would allow nobody more to do with their arrival there than Buddy, who was plugging for them every minute.

When Gary Cooper starred in "The Virginian" he needed a good man to play the part of Steve. The director and the producers all agreed that Dick Arn was the ideal person for it. But he had just been starred himself. He wouldn't be expected to play second fiddle to another man star, Gary Cooper. It just wasn't done—never is done, in pictures.

But when Dick Arn knew what was going on, he forgot all professional pride, all the rights accorded him by his contract, and stepped in to support the idea of the star. The three had grown too close to star Gary Cooper. It just wasn't done—never is done, in pictures.

The Three Musketeers wanted it to be a good one. It was—and largely because of the great performance Dick Arn gave in the vital role of Steve.

It looks almost as though the hand of destiny insisted upon drawing the lives of these three boys together. It deerved that none of them should be content nor find success until they came together. It was an everyday, two-fisted American boy, who came from the wild oil fields of Texas, where he had migrated after being discharged from the U.S. Army. He had joined the Mexican army during the conclusion of the war.

Lonely, without finances, the going was tough. A broken leg, received when in studio truck knocked him off a motorcycle, put him in pictures. Experience, gained through years of tramping from studio to studio as an extra finally got him a small contract with Paramount. But this was heartbreak, because he failed miserably in his first big role, a lead with Bebe Daniels. He was taken out of the picture after eight days, because of his failure. Then, the fact that he has a hatred of being licked kept him from returning to the oil fields.

A nor unheralded, good-looking young kid, named Buddy Rogers, was sent out from the Paramount school in New York to the Hollywood studio to try his luck. He was walking about the lot a week or so after he arrived, when he spotted another young fellow getting his shoes shined by Sir Oscar, the dark-hued polisher of Paramount, who is one of our local landmarks. Buddy decided he'd like to know this gent. Liked his face. First time he hadn't felt lonesome since he landed. He climbed into the seat next to him and started talking that makes you a practical expert in 50 days.

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Their First Jobs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128)

an editorial on the murder. The caption read, "As the picture will show." The picture didn't show anything except that the artist had not been at his best. The editor called for me. "Young man," he said, "your family is closely connected with the theater, isn't it?" I agreed, "Did you ever think that you might become an actor?" he went on. "I've been thinking that every minute since you first sent me," I answered.

Gary Cooper

"MY mother knew a woman who wanted two birds for her hat. So I went out and shot them and stuffed them. I always thought I could do it, and I really did it, first time I tried. I got a dollar for the work. I knew a taxidermist, and his shop always fascinated me. I used to go and watch him and see what he did.

"When I was ten years old I got enough money to send for a course in taxidermy. I worked at it after school and on Saturdays. I shot my own birds and eagles. I lived in Helena, Montana, and used to go out into the country on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays. I sold the birds to different people in Helena. Sometimes somebody's pet would die, and its owner would want it stuffed.

"I was taken about that time to England, but was hurt in an automobile accident, and came back to Montana to regain my health. For two years I lived the life of a cowboy, but later decided to go to college at Grinnell, Iowa. Then I went back to Helena, and thought I would like to be a cartoonist. I got a job on a Helena paper, but grew restless, and came to Hollywood with my sketch-book under my arm. I didn't get any cartooning to do, but I did get a chance in pictures."

Betty Compson

"MY fiddle brought me my first money. I was about fifteen when the manager of a picture house in Salt Lake City chose me from the school orchestra to play in his orchestra. I was much thrilled, of course, and got fifteen dollars a week." That is Betty Compson's story.

Frank Albertson

"WHEN I was seven years old, I got a job in a Puyallup, Washington, carrying reels of 'The Birth of a Nation' from one theater to another. There was only one print in town, and they were showing it at three houses, so they had to rotate.

"I staggered from theater to theater, the reels were so heavy. I didn't really get any money, but they let me into the theaters to see the show. There was a serial running at the same time called 'The Black Box,' and the souvenirs given out were little black boxes. I got one, and father gave me a penny to put in it. I have it and the penny."

Frank Albertson and I were chatting on the set between scenes.

"After that I taught in school. I sold papers on the street. I couldn't read the big words in the headlines, so I had to ask the other boys what to holler. I used all the money I earned in going to shows."

Buddy Rogers

"I WAS a good sweater at the age of six," declares Buddy Rogers. "You see, at that tender age, I used to go down every morning to my father's paper, the Olathe Mirror, in Olathe, Kansas, and sweep out the office before I went to school. That wasn't all I did, either. I fixed up the desks of the two reporters, sharpened their pencils, and did various odd jobs for father.

"Father gave me a dollar a day—a munificent sum for a small boy. I saved some of it, too. After school I delivered father's papers around the neighborhood, and that was included in the dollar-a-day job.

"I went to the University of Kansas afterward, and it was during that time I became interested in the glee clubs and music."

Polly Moran

"MY hair caught fire and threatened to end my career before it was begun," reported Polly Moran.

"And, believe it or not, my first job was carrying a spear in the classic drama!"

"We lived in Chicago, and my mother was always crazy for me to become an actress. One morning when I was ten years old, my mother read an ad in the paper in which Robert Mantell was advertising for a lot of little children to come on the stage in a couple of scenes, and carry spears in 'Macbeth.' Mother hurried me off down to the theater, and I got a job to get fifty cents a night for the week.

"During one of the scenes, torches were being carried by some of the supers, and my hair caught fire! They had to ring down the curtain while they put my hair out, and I was hustled home."

Marie Dressler

"FROM church entertainment to burlesque was my hectic experience," said Marie Dressler. "My mother, there in Philadelphia, was always getting up church entertainments and charity bazaars, and I was always doing little songs and dances and recitations in them.

"Finally when I was fourteen I decided to go on the stage professionally. After some trouble I got into the chorus of a music hall in Philadelphia, earning $8 a week. That was the first money I ever earned.

"Later, oddly enough, after that old theater had long been torn down and replaced by a smart new theater, I played the same house in musical comedy and received $800 a week. Ten years later I played again, at the same theater, at $3000 per week."

Archie Stout, cameraman of Buddy Rogers' new air film, "Young Eagles," takes a last check-up of his camera before the ship leaves the ground to film a big flying battle sequence above the clouds. William A. Wellman, maker of "Wings," is the director of "Young Eagles."
The New Movie Magazine

How Hollywood Entertains
(Continued from page 75)

The Hollywood Bouvardier
(Continued from page 54)

Jazz." In the act of inflating my pneumatic cushion, my breath was caught by a flash of magic beauty; before I could recover it, Director Anderson had winked and gestured by the other from his prestidigitator's box. My cushion poofed down and is now offered at greatly reduced price to anyone coveting bald sockets.

Director Murray Anderson of New York's Greenwich Village Follies is the ringmaster Hollywood needed. He holds a whip in one hand and a wand in the other. With one he flicks the chorus and with the other he makes sets appear and vanish. Scenes are timed with a stop watch. Dancers whirl on and off. You no sooner fall for a gag than another picks you up. Even the sets move to the baton of conductor Whiteman.

Prof. Anderson has one and the same time, taken the air out of my cushion and the wood out of Hollywood.

CRITICS have much to learn. I regret I criticized Catherine Dale Owen for doing nothing but blink her eyes while Lawrence Tibbett held her tight and sang her Rogue Songs.

"How could she help but blink with those blinding lights and everything," protested Adela Rogers St. Johns.

"Yes, and you have no idea how these romantic lovers spit when they sing," said Mary Nolan.

The screen will develop its own opera. It will not be the antique overstuffed kind that creaks at the Metropolitan, big and as plausibly to the eye as to the ear. Nor will singers perform in the manner of operatic windmills, relishing about in anguish until you wish they'd put their fingers down their throats and have it over with.

WOMEN seem to agree that Lawrence Tibbett affects their temperatures with his singing in "The Rogue Song." They say he breathes the hot Sahara that simply wilts them. However, some contend he'll never be

and his wife were among the guests. Mrs. Lubitsch was all in white, a tight bodice and a long, trailing skirt, the outer drapes of net over a tight under-skirt of satin.

The supper was varied and Mrs. Lowe has one of those cooks for whom the Ritz Carlton would have been glad to have her services. Beefsteak and kidney pie, roast turkey, and chaffing dishes of lobster (after some recipe of Bubus' own) made up the table, and formed the main part of the repast.

And, for dessert, there were coconut cake and large fresh strawberries, smothered in whipped cream which had been flavored and chilled.

There are never any games at Lilyan's parties—not even a table of bridge. Conversation always is the order of the evening. Everyone seemed delighted, because it was two o'clock before the party broke up.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone were there. Mrs. Rathbone, who used to be Ouida Bergere, the writer, also wore black, very severe at the neck line, with a long white skirt, and an exed a web of diamonds. Ernst Lubitsch the director who has scored the biggest talkie success to date with "The Love Parade,"
The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 131)

kisses, wish you were here”—had better listen to their audiences instead of their screens. While viewing a catalogued version of Ziegfeld’s “Glorying the American Girl” in the little town of Ventura I heard a female-fan remark, “Well, if that’s what Ziegfeld gives New York he had better stay there; he wouldn’t get by in the sticks.”

I’m glad to hear the ring of horses’ hoofs in the distance. Westerns are coming back. Personally I prefer galloping horses to galloping chorus boys; they get you somewhere. Just the same, with a little vaqueiro leaps aboard his pinto to rescue a maid in the nick of time. Among the new ones I don’t care to have him suddenly turn and sing a fragment aria to a rose while I sit facing the horse’s tail. I was kicked in the eye and that horse-shoe never brought good luck.

Since Lindbergh flew into the heart of womanhood there seems a tendency for ladies to prefer blonds too. Not since Valentino had the Nordic had a chance anywhere in the world. Last year, however, sees the elevation of such golden idols as the starwnt blue-eyed Maurice Chevalier, the grey-ordred Montovair, the stately Yank Valley, the robustous California Law-rence Tibbett, the Texan Boles and the haggis-inhaled Jack Oakie, who are growing chases with airplane, lariat, saxo-phone and baritone to the slack, side-buried and stilletttoed jeans. The new blond is more, the black-and-white he was just a faked brune. Yeah, it looks like ladies were preferring blonds this season.

Quick, Watson, the peroxide.

"JES" a minute there, boss,” I hear the languorous voice of Mistah Stefan Petroff. “What’s this yere blond talkin’at?"

Considering “Hallelujah” and “Hearts and Dixie” I must say interest has been lessening south. I wouldn’t be surprised if the next big star discovery was made in the heart of Africa by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. They equator boys are!" -

After hearing Mrs. Martin Johnson imitate wild animals in the news reel I’m going to be on the listen for voice-doubling in their next animal picture. There’s a rumor that the Metro-Goldwyn lion had to be doubled because he lisped and the roar is Louis B. Mayer’s recording to an actor who asked for a raise.

There’s irony in Buddy Rogers’ con- version to a tea party caddy after he soared in the champagne bubbles scene of “Wings.” That scene is stored among the best vintages of my memory. Immune of vulgarity, it was the intoxica- tion of joy more than the old prologue numbers. In fact, instead of eliminating pro- logues, the producers eliminated the movies and gave us snapshots of the prologues. But the screen can’t get by doing a mail order business for the stage, and those producers who think they are begging the folks in the pas- sages by sending them animated post- cards of Broadway shows—“love and

Herb Howe intimates that Bull Montana wears specially constructed collars and here is Herb’s idea of their source.

The roaring success of the roistering Winnie Lightner only proves how fam- ished we are for the good old slapstick. Seeing a picture of Louise Fazenda in the Sonnet fogs she used to wear when the geese chased her, I had the same sentimental convulsion as when looking at our family album.

Sound from the screen is all very well but we in the audience like to pro- duce a little ourselves, as we do when Laurel and Hardy appear or Mack Sennet’s comedies start jabbering in on a family feud. My extremely musical ear now yearns for the soft, sibilant squish of custard against kiss.

I’m wondering whether the popular Brown Derby restaurant. I’m afraid it may go Hollywood. Boys in sweaters have been refused admittance, I hear, and that’s a mistake because a sweater has always been as good as a snob jacket out here and, besides, supplies California atmosphere. The other noon I was asked to wait in line all the va- cant places being reserved. I used to wait in line for chow in the army, but I don’t carry a mess kit any more. If I’d had a movie cutie with me all would have been sesame. Even at that I’m not the one to forge ahead of other hungry peasants. Wilson Mizner, the proprietor, is a democratic cuss if there ever was one and the brown derby the
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It isn't at all surprising that many thousands of women—and men—have found the solution to the troubling dandruff problem, in a 50¢ bottle of Listerine.

Dandruff, many authorities contend, is a germ disease. Full strength Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), the stubborn germs used by the U. S. Government to test germicidal power, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000.

Listerine first dislodges and dissolves the tiny scales which are the outward evidence of dandruff, then it soothes, cools, and heals the troubled scalp. If infection is present, Listerine attacks it. The flesh tingles and glows with new health and invigoration.

If you have any evidence of humiliating dandruff, begin with Listerine at once. Remember that it is entirely safe, and douse it full strength on the scalp. Then massage the latter vigorously with the finger tips. Keep the treatment up as a part of the regular soap and water shampoo, or independent of it. If your hair and scalp are exceptionally dry, use a little olive oil in conjunction with the treatment.

You will be delighted to find how quickly Listerine overcomes ordinary cases of loose dandruff. When dandruff persists, consult your physician as the condition may require expert attention. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

NOTE TO MEDICAL AND DENTAL PROFESSION:
When prescribing a mouth wash for germicidal purposes, make certain that it is a germicide, and not merely a preparation which is only deodorant and astringent.

LISTERINE for dandruff

10c size on sale at all Woolworth stores
THE success of the popular tenor, John McCormack, in the Irish talkie drama, "Song o' My Heart," in which he sings eleven numbers, will add to the demand for this favorite's always popular Victor records. You will find quite a few of the "Song o' My Heart" numbers recorded—and charmingly recorded.

Victor has just issued another Maurice Chevalier record. One side carries Victor Schertzinger's "Paris, Stay the Same," one of the hits of "The Love Parade." The other is devoted to the number, "You've Got That Thing," the Cole Porter hit of the musical comedy, "Fifty Million Frenchmen." You surely will want this record for Chevalier's piquant "Love Parade" number.


For Columbia, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians have a lively "Puttin' On the Ritz" fox-trot record, carrying "There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie" and "With You." Both carry vocal refrains.

Irving Kaufman sings two "Puttin' On the Ritz" numbers for Columbia, "There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie" and "Singing a Vagabond Song."

Fannie Brice's musical film, "Be Yourself," gets a strong play from the record makers. Miss Brice herself sings two numbers from her film for Victor, "Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love" and "When a Woman Loves a Man."

Bernie Cummins and his New Yorker Hotel Orchestra have made a good dance record of these two numbers for Victor.

For Columbia the Ipana Troubadours have made a special "Be Yourself" fox-trot record, carrying "Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love" and "Kickin' a Hole in the Sky." For Columbia, too, Jan Garber and his Greater Columbia Recording Orchestra play a fox-trot version of "When a Woman Loves a Man." On the reverse side is "Puttin' On the Ritz," Mr. Berlin's highly popular number.

A TUNEFUL dance record comes, via Columbia, from Ben Selvin and his orchestra. It carries "Happy Days Are Here Again," from "Chasing Rainbows," and "The One Girl," from "The Song of the West." The Rondoliers, also, have made a good vocal rendition of "Happy Days Are Here Again" for Columbia.

Waring's Pennsylvanians have made a danceable version of two "No, No, Nanette" numbers for Victor.

Victor has another charming number from Maurice Chevalier. This presents "Paris, Stay the Same," from "The Love Parade," along with another piquant song.

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

- "Paris, Stay the Same"  
  Maurice Chevalier (Victor)
- "Puttin' On the Ritz"  
  Reisman Orchestra (Victor)
- "Cooking Breakfast"  
  Fannie Brice (Victor)
DID YOU KNOW THERE'S A NEW LAUNDRY SOAP THAT SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER THAN THEY CAN BE SCRUBBED?

WHY, MARY, THAT SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE!

IT'S TRUE! THIS GRANULATED SOAP SAVES SCRUBBING AND BOILING

HOW THAT MUST SAVE THE CLOTHES! I'LL TRY IT NEXT WASHDAY

NEXT WASHDAY

YES, MARY, I USED RINSO TODAY. YOU WERE RIGHT... I NEVER SAW SUCH A SNOWY WASH! AND WHAT SUDS. THICKER EVER!

Read what women all over the country say:

"I have done my last gray, dingy wash!" says Mrs. W. E. Stockton of 2234 Scotten Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. "How white and clean RINSO makes the clothes!"

"RINSO makes such creamy, cleansing suds in our hard water—the dirt just soaks out," writes Mrs. A.C. Pitts, 3260 Gough St., San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. John McCrossin of 218 West 20th St., New York, N. Y., says, "There's no scrubbing to wear out the clothes—they last much longer now." And Mrs. Frank Penny of 4412 Sheridan Road, Chicago, says, "The RINSO way is wonderfully easy on my hands. They're scarcely in hot suds at all."

Millions use RINSO. Thousands write us letters like these.

The whitest washes in America are not scrubbed—not boiled

...washed snowy by these safe, active suds!

You see them on the line everywhere! Snowy-white and sparkling in the sun. So sweet and clean you can smell their freshness!

And these whitest washes in America are just soaked clean. Not scrubbed. Not boiled. Just soaked in famous RINSO suds. No wonder clothes last much longer!

All you need on washday

Even in the hardest water, RINSO is all you need for the week's wash. No bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners—just RINSO. Its thick, creamy, lasting suds loosen dirt. See how much whiter clothes come from tub or washer. See how your hands are spared.

And RINSO is so economical! Granulated, compact, one cupful gives more suds than two cupfuls of light-weight, puffed-up soaps.

Great in washers, too

The makers of 38 leading washers recommend RINSO for safety and for whiter clothes. Get the BIG household package and follow the easy directions for best results. Use RINSO for dishes, too—for pots and pans—and for all cleaning!

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

THE GRANULATED SOAP FOR TUB OR WASHER
GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

Group A


The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rohk, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You're sure to like this. Warners.

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. 'Nough said. It's great. We mean Greta's voice. Be sure to hear it. Metro-Goldwyn.

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. Metro-Goldwyn.

Lummox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. United Artists.

The Love Parade. The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. Paramount.

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. Warners.

Welcome Danger. Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. Paramount.

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fif.i Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. Fox.

The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. United Artists.

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! Fox.

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. Paramount.


Group B

Men Without Women. The action takes place in a submarine trapped on the floor of the China Sea. The harrowing reactions of the crew face to face with death. Grim and startling—and full of suspense. Fox.

Seven Days' Leave. The tender and moving story of a London charwoman in the maelstrom of the World War. Beautifully acted by Beryl Mercer as the scrub-

"Disraeli," with George Arliss in his fine characterization of the great British premier, has been one of the favorite motion pictures of the past six months. This was intelligently told and adroitly directed—and it was glorified by Arliss' fine work.
woman and by Gary Cooper as the soldier she adopts. Paramount.


This Thing Called Love. A racy and daring study of marriage and divorce with Constance Bennett and Edmund Lowe giving brilliant performances. Pathé.


Sally. Delightful eye and ear entertainment, with Marilyn Miller won over to the talkies. Miss Miller is altogether delightful. Warner Brothers.

The Vagabond Lover. Rudy Vallee, the idol of the radio, makes his screen debut as a young bandleader trying to get along. He does well, but Marie Dressler runs away with the picture. You will find this entertaining. Radio Pictures.

The big moment of "The Rogue Song," when the roistering Cossack brigand, played by Lawrence Tibbett, invades the boudoir of the Russian princess, acted by Catherine Dale Owen. Mr. Tibbett does some robust singing in this screen operetta based in Franz Lehar's "Gypsy Love."

The Kiss. Greta Garbo's last silent film. All about a young wife on trial for murdering her husband. The jury does just what it would do if you were on it. Well acted, particularly by Miss Garbo. Metro-Goldwyn.

The Thirteenth Chair. Margaret Wycherly in Bayard Veillier's popular stage thriller. Well done, indeed. Metro-Goldwyn.
WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Renee Adorée
George K. Arthur
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Jean Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Phyllis Haver
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Janis
Dorothy Jordan
Kay Johnson
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Robert Montgomery
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Alleen Pringle
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Sally Starr
Levis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Pay Webb
El Brendel
Dorothy Burgess
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
Marguerite Churchill
June Collyer
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Janet Gaynor
Lola Lane
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
Barry Norton
George O’Brien
Paul Page
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Milton Sills
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Armida
John Barrymore
Betty Bronson
Joe Brown
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris
Davey Lee
Lila Lee
Winnie Lightner
Myrna Loy
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Marion Nixon
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
Ina Claire
Junior Coghlan
Alan Hale
Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees.

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.
Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes
Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Donald Reed
Vivienne Segal
Thelma Todd
Alice White
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston
Jacqueline Logan
Ben Lyon
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels
Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Virginia Bruce
Nancy Carroll
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Kay Francis
James Hall
Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
David Newell
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Ruth Taylor
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Beth Laemmle
Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Jeanette Loff
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Barbara Worth
Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Vilma Banky
Walter Byron
Ronald Colman
Lilly Damita
Frank Alberston
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
DOROTHY SEBASTIAN

Gallery of Famous Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine
BLANCHE SWEET
Photograph by Richee

GARY COOPER
JEANETTE MACDONALD

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee
Miss Gish now is at the crisis of her career. She makes her talkie début in Molnar's "The Swan," a flashing high comedy of royalty from behind the scenes. How will she fare in the audible films? These are trying days for the film famous.
MR. AND MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE took a great interest in pictures during their recent trip to Los Angeles. They were Mary Pickford's guests at the Breakfast Club and afterwards Mary conducted them through several studios. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, where they spent an entire afternoon, they were luncheon guests of Louis B. Mayer and Miss Pickford and met most of the stars. Later they watched pictures being made and got as much kick out of it as the usual studio visitor. Marion Davies, making "The Gay Nineties," occupied the best part of the time, and the former President and First Lady got an enormous thrill out of listening to words and songs they had just heard, "played back" to them a few seconds later from the big horns on the wall. They were photographed with Miss Pickford, Mr. Mayer, Miss Davies and Will Hays and also made a short movie at the Breakfast Club. On leaving Los Angeles they went to spend six days at William Randolph Hearst's famous ranch, "The Enchanted Hill," at San Simeon, about two hundred miles north of Hollywood.

For the Breakfast Club and the studio tour, Mrs. Coolidge wore a sport suit of brilliant orange, with a brown fur and a small brown felt hat. Everyone was much delighted with her gaiety and the fact that she seemed to be having the time of her life.

Do you know that Beverly Hills, thanks to it being the home of so many stars, receives 12,000,000 pieces of mail a year? That in spite of the fact that it is a very small community and sends out only 5,500,000 pieces a year.

MARIE PREVOST gave a big party in one of the private dining-rooms of the Roosevelt Hotel in honor of Buster Collier's birthday. Small tables were arranged around the wall and the supper was served buffet style. A dance floor was left bare in the middle and Marie had a special colored orchestra to play for her guests. The hostess wore a gown of emerald green chiffon, which touched the floor, and a corsage of gardenias. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue—the latter in a frock of eggshell georgette.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cohn; Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton; Mrs. Mae Sunday, in a trailing dance dress of purple chiffon; Debe Daniels, in a new creation of pale yellow, with flowing sleeves and cape; Mrs. Phyllis Daniels; Margaret Livingston, looking stunning in a tight-fitting affair of print, bright red and green figures against a background of cream taffeta; Kathryn Crawford, in a backless evening gown of soft blue satin, with a girdle of crystal; Catherine Dale Owen; Jeannette Loff, in bright pink crepe de chine; Doris Arbuckle; Louella Parsons, in a print chiffon with soft flounces that touched the floor; Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Mrs. Dwan in black satin and pearls; Dan Danker, Wesley Ruggles, Norman Kerry, Joe Schenck, Lew Cody and Wallace Davis.

Marie had everyone send Buster wires of congratulation, and a little black boy in buttons arrived about every five minutes with a yellow envelope—some of them very witty.

Hoot Gibson, Reggie Denny, Wally Beery, Ben Lyon and Clarence Brown, the director, all own and pilot their own planes.

THE Embassy Club continues to be the most popular place to lunch among the feminine contingent of the film industry, with the masculine element strong for the Brown Derby.

Dropping into the Embassy at different times this month, we saw Lilian Tashman Lowe, in a sport suit of chartreuse, having luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wasserman, of New York. Mrs. Jack Gilbert (Iva Claire)
All the News of the Famous Motion Picture

Betty Compson: With her husband famous for hospitality at Flintridge.

was lunching with Mrs. Barney Glazer, both in severe black, which is Ina Claire Gilbert’s favorite for both daytime and evening. Marion Davies was present with her sisters, Rose and Renee. Mrs. Basil Rathbone, with Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett and Lilian Kemple Cooper, of stage fame, Dorothy Dalton (now Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein II) with some friends, and Dorothy Mackaill, the only woman at the famous Bachelor’s Table, where any day you will find Barney Glazer. Herman Mankiewicz, Gene Markey, Harry d’Arrast, George Fitzmaurice, John McCormick, Carey Wilson, and Al Hall.

When you see “Hell’s Angels” you will be looking at something which cost $33,333.33 for every minute you watch it.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage—Frank directed “Seventh Heaven” and other successes—had a farewell dinner party for Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick, just before the famous Irish tenor and his wife and daughter, Gwendolyn, left for Ireland. The Borzage house was decorated in green, and the centerpiece on the dinner table was a huge Irish harp, in reality a cake. After dinner there was dancing, bridge and music. The guests included Mary Lewis, Virginia Valli, Fania Maranoff, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Love (Lilyan Tashman) Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Mr. and Mrs. Lydell Peak (Janet Gaynor), Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hovey, Edmund Gouling, Eddie Sutherland, Charlie Chaplin, Charles Farrell, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Quigley.

Trained mice get two dollars a day in Hollywood.

No party ever given in the Hollywood folk colony could rival the house warming of Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick, for charm, interest and beauty, as well as for distinguished guests. Mrs. McCormick, of course, is Colleen Moore, and while she hasn’t time to do a great deal of entertaining, when she does she is a charming hostess.

The new home of the McCormicks in Bel-Air is remarkably well suited to entertaining, with its big drawing-room and stately hall, its gay sun porches and balcony dining-room.

Almost a hundred guests were there on this special Sunday evening, and small card tables were placed all over the house in most attractive fashion, without giving an air of crowding.

After dinner, Colleen presented a marionette show in her own little theater—a show personally directed and supervised by the star herself. Little acts had been specially written for the occasion by Carey Wilson, and included humorous incidents about many of the guests present, including Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, Elsie Janis and her mother, and Sam Harris, the New York stage producer. These efforts were greeted with loud cheers by the audience and the subjects of the gay jests seemed to enjoy them as much as anybody present.

The skits were entitled “The Private Life of Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire,” “Seventh Heaven as Charlie Farrell would have played it with Virginia Valli instead of Janet Gaynor as Diane.” “Elsie and Ma.” and “Sam Harris Goes Hollywood.” It is doubtful if anything cleverer has ever been presented in a private home anywhere.

The house was brilliant with great jars of early spring flowers, arranged to match the color schemes of the rooms.

The most effective gown of the evening was worn by Hedda Hopper, a stunning affair of gold and blue and henna brocade which trailed for several feet on the floor, and was held in place over the arms and at the waist with heavy, jeweled chains. Colleen herself was in a simple frock of printed murano in green and beige. Mr. and Mrs. George Hill (Frances Marion), Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein II (Dorothy Dalton), Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy (Edna Murphy), Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice. Bebe Daniels, Carey Wilson and Carmelita Gerharghty, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Quigley, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert (Ina Claire), Harold Grieve and Julianne Johnston, Blanche Sweet, Elsie Janis, Mrs. Janis, Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Harris, Paul Bern, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Glazer, Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante), Ben Lyon, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons), Dorothy Mackaill, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hobert (Oliver Tell), and many others.

Jack Oakie’s legal name is Lewis D. Offield.

Bebe Daniels opened her big beach house one day last month to entertain for many of her old friends from New York—Julian Bach, Everett Jacobs and
Percy Mendelsohn. Mrs. Daniels was ill and Bebe was held up late at the studio, so the party had to start without either hostess, but little Marie Mosquini substituted efficiently. Those things will happen in Hollywood society. Bebe's guests included Joe Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn (Frances Howard Goldwyn looked lovely in a chiffon dinner dress of brilliant red just from Paris), Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wolheim, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, and Kathryn Crawford (Miss Crawford has a favorite model evening dress which she wears, in several colors of soft satin. The back is cut to several inches below the waist line, the front is a tight bodice, held in place by a girdle of costume jewelry and the skirt just misses the floor, in a series of trick drapes), Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hobart (Olive Tell), Virginia Valli, and others.

THE best Hollywood opening of the month was that of "Happy Days" at the Cathay Circle Theater. Many new gowns—of the prevailing Spring mode—were in evidence. We saw Joan Bennett wearing a long ermine wrap trimmed in sable over a pretty girlish gown of eggshell chiffon. Fifi Dorsay came in a black lace gown and an ermine wrap. Patcy Ruth Miller wore the popular débutante color—eggshell—in satin. Jeannette MacDonald had on a beautifully cut wrap of blue velvet, and a gown of blue chiffon trimmed with pearl gray fox. Miss Armida, the new Spanish idol, draped a vivid Spanish shawl over a flaming red taffeta. Norma Talmadge had a new black velvet cape, knee length, with a huge collar of white fox, and a gown of her favorite white satine. Sally O'Neill wore a color scheme which was lovely under the lights: a light rose chiffon dress, and a draped wrap of velvet in a deeper shade, trimmed with mink. Mrs. Antonio Moreno was all in red, chiffon dress and velvet cape to match. Mrs. Harold Lloyd looked smarter than ever in chartreuse satin, with a short wrap of summer ermine. Julia Faye came in heavily beaded chartreuse satin, and ermine. Vera Gordon, all in black, a black crépe dress and a long black velvet cape.

Lila Lee is going to do a Western picture called "Under Western Skies." In it, she must ride a horse. Despite all her years in pictures, Miss Lee could not ride. So Lila trundled herself up to Bill Hart's ranch north of Hollywood and spent a couple of days getting pointers from the famous two-gun man and practising under his instructions.

A LOT of Hollywood people have been taking early Spring vacations, and have been missed around the Hollywood parties. The Barthelemess have been in Europe for months but have returned. Tales of a gorgeous New Year's Eve party which they gave at Saint Moritz have been going the rounds here. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny have been spending the month at Reggie's wonderful cabin near Big Bear. Mrs. John Robertson has been down at La Quinta, Indio, and Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert joined her there for a week. Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson have been away at Palm Springs. Richard Dix took a two-week lay-off between pictures and spent it at Arrowhead. Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook—who are busily re-modeling and re-arranging the old home of Wallace Reid which they recently purchased from Dorothy Davenport Reid—also drove up to Arrowhead for a week. William Haines and Roger Davis drove up to the gorgeous ranch of George Gordon Moore for a few weeks, where they played polo and tennis to their hearts' content. Janet Gaynor has sailed for Honolulu—and thereby hangs a tale told in another place. Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge) and Mrs. Peg Talmadge have been down at Agua Caliente. And next month things are bound to be a little quiet because Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe are leaving for New York for a month—and Hollywood will miss Lilyan Tashman's gay dinner parties very much.

Mary Brian and Dick Arlen have worked together in seven pictures.

THE engagement of Edith Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, to William Goetz has caused Hollywood hostesses to start busy plans for entertaining. Miss Mayer is one of the most popular girls in the film colony and report has it that the wedding will be quite the grandest thing we have yet witnessed. Bessie Love, Carmel Myers and Leatrice Joy are announcing showers and luncheons, and many other affairs will be planned on short order, for while no definite date has been set, the ceremony will take place within a month or two, it is understood. Miss Mayer was a guest, with her father and mother and sister, Irene, last year at the White House, where they were entertained by President and Mrs. Hoover.

A PARTY with a most tragic finale was the little surprise birthday gathering arranged for Lew Cody by some of his
friends. It was one of the first social events Lew has attended since his recovery from his long illness and came as a surprise to him. For, when he arrived home after a trip to the sanitarium at Monrovia to see his wife, Mabel Normand, he found a group of friends waiting to wish him many happy returns of the day. Just after midnight, the guests were shocked and the gay effort to cheer Lew up a little was turned to tears by a telephone call that Mabel had passed away quietly at a little after twelve. Those who had arranged the party were Norman Kerr, Cliff Edwards, Jack Gilbert, Marshall Neilan, Walter O'Keefe, Jack Pickford and Hoot Gibson, all old time friends of Lew's.

George Fawcett, the character actor, has written a lot of poems. What is more they have been published. Dozens of 'em.

No one really knows Hollywood unless they spend an occasional Sunday at the open house suppers of Jimmy Cruze and Betty Comson at Flintridge. The most interesting people in the film colony drift in and out. Stimulated by Jimmy's wit and conversation and Betty's ease and tact as a hostess, the affair gains the color of a smart salon in Paris.

MOTION pictures started it, talkies helped it along, and now the new color pictures have added to the general mess. We refer to the words which Hollywood has added to our language—or slang.

No sooner had we become used to hearing cameramen, emerging from their sound-proof cells, call "the shot" just made in golf terms—"That was par—or a birdie—or an eagle" as they judged it, than a whole new vocabulary came into existence for the color films.

A few of the newer ones are:

FILTER: A colored prism placed in back of the lens of a camera, through which the scene is registered on the negative.

STRAWBERRY: Red filter.

MINT: Green filter.

LEMON: Yellow filter.

SWABBER: Gent who cleans the color camera.

PRIMER: A color light. (They are hotter than the gates of Hades. Actors melt under them.)

"Clean 'em up" means to remove filters from the cameras and wipe off dust which gathers from rapidly turning film. This must be done every 500 feet to preserve clearness of photography.

MAIN SPRING: The delicate spring, accurate to .0001 of an inch, which holds the filters in place and prevents blurring of the colors.

FURNACE: Color set on a hot day.

BATTERIES: Rows of colored lights.

LILY: A wilted color.

ASTIGMATISM: Colors overlapping on the film.

SUBTRACTIVE COLORS: Those obtained by removing a color from some other color. Such as removing yellow from green and getting blue.

JELLY: A thin piece of gelatin placed over a sun-arc to slightly dim the light.

BLUE MIRROR: New mirror with border of different colored lights which actors must use when making up for color pictures.

A flower stand near the Paramount Hollywood studios did $2,000 worth of business in one month from the studio alone.

A DOCTOR in Hollywood has a machine which tells you what kind of a person you are. Said machine showed that Vivian Duncan, who always plays the nice, quiet, sad little girl, who is happy but occasionally is the liveliest of the sisters. And that Rosita, who plays the laughing, cut-up Topsy parts is really the saddest of the Duncan sisters.

LAURA LA PLANTE and Universal have come to the parting of the trail, after being together for eight years. Laura still had two years to go on her present contract but asked for her release. She hasn't been any too happy about her roles. She and her husband, Bill Seiter, popular director, are planning a trip around the world. After that Laura will start thinking about the future.

The first motion picture in Los Angeles was shot twenty-two years ago last month. The studio was a building and yard which had just been vacated by Bing Loos, Chinese laundryman. Tom Santschi played it.

All of "Tin Pan Alley" is trekking to Hollywood and the flow of golden dollars for song writers which the talkies started. But further, the talkies are raising merry Ned with the stage—the New York stage. All the actors who were formerly tickled to death to get a part in a New York production are now in Hollywood, trying to break into pictures. This makes it tough on the New York producer who has to look high and low for his casts.

Maybe it's a little late to call Gloria Swanson "the dark lady of the Sennetts"—but it's a good line, anyway.
BARNEY DAVIS, ten years old, hiked from Arizona to Hollywood. Arriving, he looked up Sue Carol, whom he had met and admired when she was on location in Arizona. She took him in, fed him, had a conference with her hubby, Nick Stuart, and the result was that Barney was sent back to Arizona, where his newspaper selling activities are the sole support of his mother.

Al Jolson goes to the fights staged by the Hollywood American Legion every Friday night. Bill Haines, Alan Hale, Richard Dix and Lew Cody can also be seen there most of the time.

HOLLYWOOD had some noted visitors last month. Prince Joachim Charles Guillaume Frederic Lepold, nephew of the former Kaiser, and his friend, Baron Frederic Cerrini, came to town. The Prince said he wanted to meet all the stars but that his main reason for coming to Hollywood was to see Marie Dressler. "She is the only one in Hollywood I know," said the Prince. "I met her in Naples and think she is more fun than anyone I have ever known." That sentiment will receive unanimous support from the picture colony. The Prince wears a monocle.

The average talkie takes twelve to sixteen days to make once the shooting starts but, in that time, fifty percent more film is used than was formerly needed for the old silent pictures. The cameras turn over faster and more of them are used.

KAY JOHNSON, who registered such an enormous hit in Cecil De Mille's "Dynamite" was in a recent automobile accident. Her coupé was side-swiped by a car coming in the opposite direction and turned over three times. She received a bad shaking up but escaped real injury. She is fully recovered.

NOAH BEERY, villain of villains, was operated on for appendicitis a few weeks ago and for a long time was in grave danger. He finally pulled out of it and is okay now. You may remember that he and his wife, separated after seventeen years of marriage, were recently reconciled.

Buddy Rogers made a whale of a hit when he was giving personal performances at the Paramount Theater in New York. And when Buddy and Rudy Vallee both played the same bill at the Brooklyn Paramount—well, the reserves had to be called out to enable Rudy and Buddy to get out of the theater.

LOS ANGELES had an auto show. In it was an auto. Said auto being twenty-two feet long from bumper to bumper. Cost of said auto being twenty-one thousand five hundred dollars. It was a Mercedes.

Al Jolson saw it and told the salesman to wrap it up and send it home for a present to Mrs. Jolson—the former Ruby Keeler.

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis were married for seven years straight on February eleventh.

BEBE Daniels' mother, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, was slightly hurt in an automobile accident. Her car was hit and turned over on its side. Her chauffeur was unhurt, Marie Mosquini, a close friend of both Bebe and Mrs. Daniels and former leading woman in comedies, received a concussion of the brain, two broken ribs and cuts and bruises.

Will Rogers is a tough guy to work with because he makes up his lines as he goes along. These impromptu lines generally make the other actors laugh when they are not supposed to laugh.

MERV LEROY, director, took a trip from Hollywood clear to New York, just to see one performance of the stage play, "Top Speed," which he is to direct. He was in New York only a day and a half.

O. O. McAlpine, the columnist, says that "Dissent" is the best talkie made to date and that the best silent picture ever made was "The Covered Wagon."

BUCK JONES is going to make sixteen "hoss drummers"—Western pictures—for the Tc-Art studios. Two million dollars is involved in the contract. Which does not mean that Buck will get that much dough-day but merely that they will spend that much on the sixteen pictures. Buck used to be a Fox Western star—and considerable matinee idol. Everyone hopes that Buck scores.

Dorothy Revier had been married for a year to Charles Johnson, former husband of Katherine MacDonald, and no one knew it.
The Real Peg Talmadge Whose Daughters, Norma, Constance and Natalie, Became Famous Film Players

MY secret ambition in life is to spend three months on a desert island with Peg Talmadge, the mother of the famous Talmadge sisters.

The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that it is a worthy ambition.

At the end of those three months I would have material for seven novels, nineteen short stories, four biographies, and several books of advice to old and young, male and female. I would know more about Hollywood (especially if Peg thought there was a chance we might never be rescued) than anyone else alive.

The only disadvantage would be an enlarged diaphragm, rather like an opera singer’s, from excessive laughter.

I mean, if Anita Loos got all her inspiration and a good many of her best lines for “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” from Peg on a mere four-day trip across the continent, three months on a desert island ought to give anyone material for a lifetime.

In Hollywood the trouble is that everyone else feels the same way about Peg.

If you call her for lunch, she has a week’s dates ahead with Mary Pickford, Frances Marion, Marie Dressler, Bebe Daniels, Lillian Tashman, or one of her daughter’s husbands. If you want her for dinner, she’s probably week-ending at Agua Caliente or taking a trip to New York with Fannie Brice.

If you meet her at a party, it’s as difficult to get her alone as it would be to have a friendly chat with Grant’s Tomb. The gang is usually three deep and your only chance is to follow her into the ladies’ dressing room and grab a few words as she powders her nose.

Maybe some day one of her daughters will be able to equal Peg in charm and wit and popularity. But that day is not yet, in spite of the fact that they are young and beautiful and Peg is neither.

Probably she never was beautiful. It wouldn’t make any difference, anyway, because ten minutes after you start talking to Peg you don’t know what she looks like.

It is necessary to stop and think before giving a description of this woman, who has been the prime moving factor in the success of her three daughters, because Natalie Talmadge Keaton is just as successful in her chosen field as Norma and Constance are in theirs.

As Peg says herself, “It takes more brains to be a good wife and a good mother than it does to be a motion picture star.”

“Boredom is an admission of mental inferiority.”

“I’d rather you’d have a little remorse in your old age than a lot of regrets.”

“Life is greater than theories, than people, than beliefs.”

“Money doesn’t mean a thing, but the lack of it means a lot.”

PEG TALMADGE’S ADVICE TO HER DAUGHTERS

PEG TALMADGE

Mrs. Talmadge is actually a short, dumpy woman with a broad face and little, very bright eyes. Her hair is slightly gray and she has long since ceased to bother about such things of
The AMAZING MOTHER

All her Life Peg Talmadge has Stood like a Rock, Fought, Worked, Sacrificed for her Children

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Peg Talmadge with her daughters, Norma and Constance. With Constance is her husband, Townsend Natcher. Seated is Gilbert Roland

lacking the mental capacity to understand, the emotional capacity to enjoy. I haven't spanked you in a good many years, but I'd be apt to do it quicker if you started being bored than for any other reason.

"GET everything decent you can out of life. If you've got any sportman ship in your nature you won't want to do anything very wrong. And I'd rather you'd have a little remorse in your old age than a lot of regrets. It's better to say 'I wish I hadn't' and try to even up your score by doing something big and kind for somebody, than to say 'I wish I had' and whine about it."

Nobody ever puts anything over on Peg. Her wise little eyes look straight at you when you are talking and if you talk straight they are inspiring and appreciative. Peg doesn't like dullness, but she can be kind to it. The only thing she won't put up with is pretense. Try to get by with any kind of a bluff, and you will find yourself called in a dry, definite way that leaves you as limp as a last year's dishrag. As she loves life without finding it necessary to mask it with illusions, so she loves her children without having to look at them through the rose-colored glasses of mother-love.

(Continued on page 124)
"C'est MON HOMME"

Maurice Chevalier is First a Philosopher of Laughter and Secondly a Frenchman

BY HERB HOWE

ON soir, m'ieu, voulez-vous promenader avec moi ce soir?"... Sirens cooing in the shadows of the chestnut trees along the Boulevardes.

That's the French girl to most overseas Americans. Am I right, buddy?... member the battle of Paris? You tell the cock-eyed world, big boy!... Them French mamas sure am hot, no-o-o foolin'!

For the folks at home she is the eye-oscillating, high-hat kicking hussy of the musical shows. Just as

the Frenchman is either a comedy or a wax-mustached, top-hatted boy with ogling eyes and frantic fingers. Or was, until Maurice Chevalier came along.

"It is my dream," said Maurice intensely, "that America should know the French girl as she really is. Always she has been presented the crazee ooh-la-la girl, jumping at mens, kissing them."

I put my fingers in my ears. I felt my reason would totter from its throne if he said she was a good girl. Le bon Dieu knows we have no illusions to spare. There's little enough wickedness left in the world. We who secretly cherish the old-fashioned sins cling to the idea of Paris as possible refuge against that day when the law enforcement beaguer decide to shoot everyone in the land and start afresh—clean.

No. I swear by the blot on the ancestral scutcheon, this feeble pen shall ne'er depict the French girl in a Salvation Army bonnet.

Unplugging the auricles and swallowing hard I was relieved to hear Maurice saying:

"... She is no more like that than the idea the Frenchman he is. The silly, opera bouffe fool with silk hat, who makes the goo-goo eyes at every girl."

"You have corrected that, mon-sieur."

(Con't. on page 115)

Maurice Chevalier has been adopted by Hollywood. Here he is leaving his hilltop home, overlooking Hollywood, for a day's work at the studio.

Maurice Chevalier and his wife, Yvonne Vallee, a favorite on the French stage. This snapshot was made at the Chevalier home at Cannes, France, last year.
THERE'S SAFETY IN NUMBERS

At least that is the title of Buddy Rogers' new comedy, in which he has four lovely flapper heroines. It is called "Safety in Numbers." However, Buddy doesn't look here as if he fully believed the title. He appears apprehensive—and you can't blame him. The young women who are exercising their blonde and brunette wiles upon our young Kansas hero are, left to right, Josephine Dunn, Carole Lombard, Kathryn Crawford and Virginia Bruce.
What do you consider the funniest talkie joke of the month? THE NEW MOVIE will pay $5 for the best written letter relating the best talkie joke. If two or more letters prove of equal merit, $5 will go to each writer. Address your jokes to Laughs of the Films, THE NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
ROXY USHER Makes
The Startling Confessions of a Glorified Usher in the Cathedral of Motion Pictures

By J. P. McEVOY

DEAR Mr. Editor:

I am a Roxy usher. I don't say this in a boastful way, but only with sincere, simple, manly pride in my chosen profession. As a matter of fact, I am not really a full-fledged usher yet, as I have several months of intensive training and one more examination to take before I get my degree. But the head usher says he has no fear but that I will make the grade, and Mr. Roxy himself smiled at me once as he rode up from the pit on top of the grand organ.

I am telling you all this because I want you to understand what my new ambition is, so that you will help me. You see, I am very proud to have dedicated my life to pictures, because they bring happiness to one and all, great and small, and possibly to you too, Mr. Editor. Now as you can well imagine, I have seen many pictures while serving my apprenticeship as junior usher in Roxy's great Cathedral of the Cinema, and the thought came to me one day, just like an inspiration. It was more like a voice, Mr. Editor, a voice that called out, "Oswald! You too can write talking pictures." It was just as clear as that, Mr. Editor. And it started me thinking. So I watched all the pictures with keener interest, and then one night I made a big decision. I'll never be able to write those wonderful plots and stories, I said, but I can—yes, by Gad, I will—write dialogue.

WELL, Mr. Editor, that's what I want to consult with you about. I have studied all the dialogue of all the pictures I could see, not only during my working hours but during my leisure. And I think I know just what the public wants. I have also
attended some lectures at Columbia University, and read some wonderful speeches by Will Hays in which he said, “The future of the talking picture is as far-flung as all of our tomorrows.” I also read a most profound analysis of talking-picture dialogue. It was in a joint interview with Clara Bow and Harry Richman, and it inspired me so, I went right home and wrote pages and pages and pages of dialogue, which I have finally succeeded in boiling down into the following specimens which I am sending you enclosed herewith viz. and to wit:

**THE first one, which I have marked number one, is dialogue for a love story.** A girl and boy are talking. They could be called Charlie and Helen, or, if it is a costume drama, Romeo and Juliet.

**Sample No. 1. Dialogue for a Love Story**

Romeo: Aw gee, kid—
Juliet: Boop-boop-a-doop—
Romeo: Aw gee, kid—
Juliet: Button up your overcoat, I belong to me—
Romeo: Aw gee, kid—
Juliet: Ska—ska—hey hey—boop-boop-a-doop—
Romeo: Geeeeee—

**THE second sample, which I have marked number two, is for any mystery story.** You may need a few more screams, but otherwise I think I have here all the dialogue necessary for a full-length picture.

**Sample No. 2. Dialogue for a Mystery Story**

Chief: You can tell by the fingerprints it’s the Wolf of Wall Street.
Sarge: Naw, it ain’t the Wolf, it’s the Green Parrot.
Victim: Eeeeeeccccccccccch! Aaaaaaaaaaah! HELP!
Flossie: So you’re the District Attorney, tee hee. The Eye: It was very simple, once I applied elemental psychiatry and the Mendelian Law, to the sly little wench, eh. Chief?
Chief: Ho! ho! ho!

**THE third sample, which I have marked number three, is for a crook drama or gang-war epic.**

**Sample No. 3. Dialogue for a Crook Drama**

Scartooth: Let’s take Butch for a ride, Snake.
Snake: What’s he done?
Scartooth: He ratted de cup on de beer mob.
Snake: Who’s gonna put him on de spot, Gyp de Gat?
Scartooth: Soitanly. What’s de swag?
Snake: Five grand if we gives him a lily
Scartooth: I gets de skoit, see?
Snake: Don’t muscle in on de mells, dey’s poison, savvy?

**THE fourth sample, which I have marked number four, is a smart drawing-room comedy of English manners.** This is very smart, very drawing-room, very English, and full of manners. (Continued on page 128)
F

From a dry, barren stretch of sandy desert to one of the most famous gambling and pleasure resorts of the entire world—all in the short space of two years.

This is the amazing history of Agua Caliente, the colorful little hamlet situated just over the Mexican border a few miles from San Diego, which features plunging and big stakes at the gaming tables to such an extent that it has already earned the reputation of being the Monte Carlo of America.

Not only is Agua Caliente a favorite haunt of film celebrities, but it is rapidly becoming a Mecca for tourists from all over the globe, who find in the quaintness and glamour of this Mexican village a charm and appeal that are distinctly different from anything offered by other noted resorts.

Located approximately twenty miles south of San Diego, Agua Caliente is reached by automobile or railway in less than an hour’s time. The majority of visitors travel by auto, a fine concrete road leading all the way from San Diego direct to the Casino. The first stop is at the Mexican border line, where the customs officials inspect both car and contents. The Mexican inspection is a very simple one and, on days when the tourist trade is large, the customs inspectors reduce their activities to a mere formality and pass the cars through the line with a cursory glance. A rigid inspection comes from the American officials when the tourist attempts to get back across the border into the good old U. S. A.

Once over the border into Mexico, Agua Caliente is but a two or three-mile drive. The old road leads through that other celebrated Mexican resort, Tia Juana, but a new concrete road has just been completed which goes straight from the customs bureau to Agua Caliente. A great deal of rivalry exists between the two resorts—Tia Juana, of course, is not the same high type of resort as Agua Caliente but the former is envious of the latter’s popularity and success.

Agua Caliente, as a matter of fact, is sort of an outgrowth of Tia Juana, and thereby hangs an interesting tale. For several years Tia Juana itself enjoyed considerable fame—notoriety would be more exact—as a gambling and whoopie center for repressed and repressed Americans. Gambling, drinking and vice of many kinds flourished on every hand in Tia Juana. The town was wide open and the sky the limit. I have seen as many as twenty-five American tourists lying in a drunken stupor on the sidewalk when Tia Juana was in full swing.

Practically every saloon and café in Tia Juana had its own gambling devices, and does even today. The one “high-class gaming establishment” was known as “The Foreign Club.” It was necessary to have a membership card to gain entrance, although these cards were to be had by almost anyone simply for the asking. The only important essential to get by the door at the Foreign Club was a white shirt and collar. No one in work shirt or working clothes was allowed to enter. The betting stakes at the tables were also a trifle higher than elsewhere, but not on a par with Agua Caliente.

In those days the Foreign Club was the rendezvous of the motion-picture fraternity and all of the “socially elect” who were in the habit of stepping down to Tia Juana for a lively week-end. In later years, however, Tia Juana became embroiled in so many sensational scandals and fell into such ill repute generally that the better type of tourist trade steered clear of the town. Resort promoters came to the conclusion that Tia Juana could never be successfully developed as a nationally popular Spa. They decided to start in all over again, with a clean sheet, so to speak, and Agua Caliente is the result.

Everything about Agua Caliente is ultra-modern and ritz. This is immediately apparent shortly after one drives through the town of Tia Juana and arrives at the big Archway leading into the Agua Caliente estate. To the left as one rolls down the long driveway is the
PLAYGROUND
How Movie Stars HaveTransformed the Desert Sands Into America's Monte Carlo
By TAMAR LANE

soothing green turf of the golf course, on the right is the whippet race-track, with banners flying from the top of the grandstand.

Gone are the wooden shacks and shanties of Tia Juana; in their place are attractive concrete and stucco buildings, of architectural beauty. The lay-out of these buildings is very impressive and the general scheme is greatly enhanced by splendid shrubbery and landscape gardening. The atmosphere is one of smartness and refinement.

STRAIGHT ahead, across a broad lawn, is the hotel. To the right of the hotel is the café and gambling casino. There is ample parking space for hundreds of cars. Other buildings are in process of construction, activity is everywhere.

Agua Caliente has none of the ear-marks of a gambling villa. It more closely resembles a fashionable Summer hotel or pleasure resort. This, of course, is the impression one receives from an exterior view. Once across the threshold of the Casino it is an entirely different story, Mexican police officers are stationed at various vantage points. They are hardly needed at Agua Caliente, which is quite well behaved. Once in a while, however, there is apt to be a disturbance on the part of a few tourists who have become unruly, due to an excess of drinks. Most of the visitors seem satisfied with just enough drinks to get a pleasant "edge" on.

The tourists and visitors begin to arrive shortly before noon and by luncheon time there is hustle and bustle on every side. The Patio café, which is just inside the main Casino building, is the popular gathering place for the midday meal. Here one enjoys a delightful luncheon of Mexican or American dishes, to the tune of Spanish melodies, and perhaps a song or dance by talented Latin performers. Also, and more to the American taste, one may order refreshing and stimulating drinks that have long since disappeared from the American table.

LEAVING the Patio café one passes into Agua Caliente's main center of attraction—the gambling Casino itself. Even the art director for a Hollywood studio could not have designed the gaming parlor more effectively. It is an expensive, high-ceilinged affair with gayly decorated walls. There are the expensive candelabra and huge, shining, crystal-like chandeliers which one always expects to be part and parcel of a famous gambling hall.

Spotted all over the room are tables large and small upon which are resting the various gambling games and paraphernalia. Gathered about these tables are groups of excited players, all trying to win some easy money "bucking the tiger." It is interesting to note the faces of the players. Some are wreathed in smiles; these have huge piles of winning chips stacked up before them. Others are red of face, beads of perspiration standing out on their brows; they spasmodically reach their hands into their pockets—now empty. The wheel of chance has turned against them. Then there is the player of stoic countenance, the typical "poker" face, which registers neither success nor loss. This is the real gambler, the player who sits at the table for hours at a time, scarcely thinking of food or drink. He has learned not to display his emotions.

All kinds of wheel, card and dice games are in evidence. Visitors move from one table to another, trying a hand or two at each game. If they meet success at a certain table, they usually remain until luck turns against them, whereupon they transfer their activities to another game. Roulette seems to be the most popular, perhaps because it allows of more persons playing. Then, there is something fascinating about the little ball spinning about on the big wheel, meting out huge profits to the lucky winners.

There are usually plenty of film personalities at Agua Caliente, and the Casino is one of their favorite...
hang-outs, particularly in the evening. During the day cinema celebrities are more prone to hold get-together parties in their own rooms or go for a round of golf. During a stroll through the Casino or about the hotel grounds, however, one often sees many celebrities.

In fact, one of the most popular pastimes in Hollywood at present is dashing down to Agua Caliente over the week-end and spending a hectic Saturday and Sunday bucking the various games of chance that operate so successfully for the famous Casino. After a dizzy forty-eight hours of this sort of thing the screen stars frequently return to their respective studios much poorer but, unfortunately, none the wiser for their experience.

The fame of this small border hamlet has grown to such an extent that, on week-ends, the gambling hall is so crowded that there is little or no elbow room at the tables, and the players stand in rows three and four deep. Noted stars, directors, scenarists, executives, etc., are sprinkled at every table, many of them playing for stakes so high that a thrilled crowd has gathered about them.

A large number of the film celebrities are in such a hurry to get to Agua Caliente each Saturday or Sunday that trains are not fast enough to carry them—they charter special Maddux-T. A. T. airplanes to take them direct to the field which adjoins the resort. The extent of this air traffic will be realized when I cite the official fact that the Agua Caliente route is the most heavily traveled air-line in the world.

Of course, a large number of those present at the Casino are merely tourists from the hinterlands or visitors from nearby cities. The Hollywoodites are in the minority. But it was Hollywood which first gave Agua Caliente its support and it is the fame of the screen celebrities that draws many of the visitors to Agua Caliente, where they hope they can rub shoulders with the elite of filmdom.

The Casino would have probably died an early death if it depended merely upon tourist trade. The recklessness of these visitors is usually limited to a couple of one-dollar bets at the wheel of chance and, perhaps, luncheon in the patio café if Ma forgot to bring the lunches in the excitement.

It is the cinema celebrities, professional gamblers and sports who entertain with a lavish hand and plunge recklessly against the various gaming devices. Much of this, no doubt, is done in a spirit of bravado but it is great profit and publicity for the “house.”

The American bar is located at the back of the gambling casino. It is a glorious and ornate affair, reminiscent of many noted New York bars of pre-Volstead renown. It dazzles with the brilliance of polished mirrors and glassware, while on the shelves vast bottles of whiskies, gins, brandies, vermouths, wines and cordials calculated to water the mouth of any but the most confirmed prohibitionist. Some of the American visitors fairly whoop with joy when they see this line-up of tempting bottles and the bartenders are kept busy shoving glasses over the bar to soothe the thirsty Yankees.

HIGH prices prevail for cigars, cigarettes, drinks—in fact, everything. This is done to ward off the hoi polloi. No cigars are sold under 25 cents, no drinks sold under one dollar—even for a glass of beer. One dollar is the minimum bet allowed at any game.

Even such re-

Mack Sennett, the famous producer of screen comedies, tries out the new Agua Caliente golf course, just opened. Most any week-end you can find a number of famous Hollywood film folk on the greens.
Where Hollywood's Stars Spend Their Holidays

restrictions do not keep out a small percentage of the rougher element, but this type of visitor is kept in hand by a large staff of attendants and speedily ejected upon the slightest provocation. No one is allowed in the Casino unless he is well-dressed.

During the daytime the tourists predominate. They arrive by the carloads and exit from their autos with expressions of mingled awe and apprehension. The very fact of being in a strange country is a thrilling event, especially when it is in a fierce land noted for its revolutions and anti-American feelings.

Most of these tourists are respectable, middle-aged couples, obviously out on what is a daring lark for them. A great many have small children along with them, while here and there is even a mother with a babe in arms. Several of these attempt to enter the Casino with their children but are stopped at the door. No children are allowed. Not one of these parents would dream of taking their children into an American barroom or gambling hall, yet here they are walking blandly into Mexico's celebrated gambling casino, with small infants! Obviously, it is just like circus day as far as they are concerned. They scurry pell-mell out of one building into another, casting furtive glances in every direction, as if expecting a Mexican bandit to pop out at any moment and kidnap them.

It would never do to let the folks back home know that they have patronized such a resort, but as long as they are on the ground it is evident that they are determined to make the most of it. Parking the children outside with grandma or one of the attendants, they boldly stride up the steps into the Casino and proceed to recklessly plunge a five-dollar bill against the house. Warming up a bit, they may even sally nonchalantly over to the dazzling bar, rest their foot on the rail, and order up a couple of hard drinks—although, remember, the folks at home must never hear of this.

After an hour or so of this, with face flushed and brain reel-

Just outside the main entrance of the Casino, with crowds of tourists basking in the Mexican sun and watching the new arrivals.

One of the only two pictures ever taken inside the Agua Caliente Casino. This is the gambling hall proper, the gaming tables having been moved back from the floor to make way for a celebration. At the back you can see the shining bar where liquors are dispensed. The management does not allow pictures to be taken inside the gambling hall.

P. A. McDonough, San Diego
She grew up on the stage and screen. First known as "Cuddles," in Gus Edwards' vaudeville turn, she was selected for film stardom. Starting auspiciously, she fell short of stellar stature. She had been forced to electric lights too quickly. So she retraced her steps—and now she's again among the screen favorites.
His BEST FRIEND and SEVEREST CRITIC

What a Wife Thinks About When Her Husband Makes a Big Film Success

BY MRS. LAWRENCE TIBBETT

I FIRST saw Lawrence Tibbett on a Friday.
We decided to get married on a Friday.
His first appearance on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House was on a Friday.
His sensational success of January 2, 1925, as Ford in "Falstaff" was on a Friday.

These things were running through my head on this night, another Friday, as I was being driven to Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood for the world première of Lawrence's "The Rogue Song."

Good things had always come to us on Fridays. My head kept telling me that as my heart kept pounding doubt into me.

As we drove up to the theater I began to have real premonitions. Something about those cold, white lights seemed to strip me of my poise, take away from me all my protection. They made me feel afraid. Something about a great number of people all massed together, focusing their gaze upon you, makes a lump come into your throat. You feel rather grateful yet—afraid.

There is nothing like a succession of anxious crises in an evening. This one had many. They started three thousand miles away from Hollywood.

A telephone call to New York brought us the first news that the première of Lawrence's first celluloid adventure was to take place in Hollywood, January seventeenth—a Friday.

I almost cried because it appeared that I would be unable to go. It was impossible that Lawrence should, because of another engagement. And that tricky little New York climate had flared up all of a sudden and given one of my sons a bad ear, which postponed the possibility of my coming West for weeks.

I wanted above everything else to be at the opening of Lawrence's picture. Hadn't we talked of it for months? Our plans were to go together, rather secretly, and in our own way enjoy or suffer as the case might be; but at least to be there and go through the joyful or sorrowful thing together. And now it looked as though neither of us would be there.

But finally, on a Tuesday, the doctor said that I might venture across a vast and weary stretch if I was extremely watchful and careful of the youngsters.

So we virtually turned the train into a hospital and, through this determination of mine to be there if earthly possible, it began to come true. I was headed West for Lawrence's opening.

ARRIVING at the station but a few hours before the curtain was to go up, we covered the waste places of Pasadena, Hollywood and Beverly Hills in thirty-five minutes, aided and abetted by reporters, motorcycle cop escorts and a fast-moving automobile. Everything that was to come that evening was bound to be good after such a ride—with the shrilling sirens which cleared the way, putting the twins into a fit of ecstasy.

Then the first shock and thrill of opening the door to a new home, with no time to think about (Continued on page 114)
Emil Jannings saw Ruth Chatterton in Los Angeles in a stage play. He was so impressed with her that he insisted that she play opposite him in "Sins of the Fathers." Up to that time Miss Chatterton had resisted the screen. Supple, resilient, she was able to keep in dramatic step with the subtle and powerful Jannings. That started her to film success.
ADVENTURES in INTERVIEWING

In which Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow and Movie Mamas Come under the Study of the Vigorous Mr. Tully

By JIM TULLY

The most accomplished of the women screen stars I have interviewed is Ruth Chatterton.

A woman of charm and intelligence, she has capacity for life, depth of emotion, and great understanding.

In the opinion of many, among them Jesse L. Lasky, she is the finest dramatic actress in America.

Unusual among people who arrive in Hollywood, she had none of the tribulations leading to eventual success. She was a Broadway star at seventeen.

Miss Chatterton was born in New York City, of American parents with roots in England and France. She was educated in a private school at Pelham Manor.

Accompanied by a chaperon, she and schoolmates spent the Christmas holidays in Washington, D. C. They attended several matinées. Then, at fifteen years of age, she decided to become an actress.

Upon her return to New York, she applied at a theater for work. To her surprise she was given a position in the chorus of a musical comedy. Followed the usual parental objections, and the usual victory for the daughter.

For the next five months she remained with the musical comedy, accepting with a sense of humor tedious rehearsals, dreary hotels, bad food—all the strange manner of life which young ladies in private schools enjoy only vicariously.

During the next season she had the good fortune to be engaged by a stock company which had as featured players Lenore Ulric, Pauline Lord, and Lowell Sherman. All were later to become famous.

One of Ruth Chatterton's outstanding qualities is an eagerness to learn. These players taught the young girl the dramatic technique which she was later to develop to a superlative degree.

Several seasons of rigorous training followed, during which she played minor roles in Broadway productions.

The great chance came when she was chosen as Henry Miller's leading lady in "Daddy-Long-Legs." Her work in this play made her famous.

A year later she was starred in "Come Out of the Kitchen."

At this period J. M. Barrie's popularity in America was at its peak. After Miss Chatterton was co-starred with Henry Miller in "A Marriage of Convenience," some unkind person decided that she was a "Barrie" type. She appeared in two plays by the whimsical Scotsman, "Mary Rose" and "The Little Minister," and survived both.

Seven years ago, at the pinnacle of her fame, Ruth Chatterton was offered $1,500,000 if she would sign a contract with Mr. Selznick to appear in films for five years.

She did not accept the offer, believing at the time that her best expression was on the stage.

To refuse three hundred thousand dollars a year is a mistake, unless, of course, some other person offers more. If such an offer was made, Miss Chatterton did not hear it.

(Continued on page 110)
Their Narrow ESCAPES

By GRACE KINGSLEY

WINNING their places in the sun through baptisms of fire and flood—actual, literal fire and flood—that’s the history of most of our movie stars.

What do these stage stars who now are coming into picturedom know about climbing to stardom by the extra route?

They never clinched their teeth and stayed in a burning building until their clothes caught fire and they were nearly suffocated, as did Jack Gilbert when he was an extra; they never galloped around wild mountains on a stage coach, driving six horses and precipitating a wreck on the edge of a hundred-foot chasm, as did Monte Blue when he was a mere extra doubling for a heroine; they never jumped into deep water when they couldn’t swim, as did little Janet Gaynor in search of her laurels.

The fires that the stage folks passed through were electrical effects or bits of red silk blown by an electric fan! Their horseback riding was all done off-stage, and you heard the clack-clack of the coconut-shells, while their fights, too, were performed off-stage, and they’d come on, all in rags and panting heavily, to tell you about it!

They will tell you of their struggles, these stage folks, but the screen folks had real struggles.

And of the lives that have been lost, of the players who might have become great if they had lived—who really knows?

Harold Lloyd’s Stunts

“My most dangerous stunt when I was an extra?” Harold Lloyd said. “Well I remember once when I was with Universal, doubling for somebody and going over the side of a battleship, down at San Pedro, with a prop anchor hitched to me. There was danger of my getting tangled up with the ropes and sinking like a rock. I went down and down till I thought I’d never rise; but I managed to cut myself loose and bobbed to the surface all right.”

Harold is inclined to kid about his adventures, so he told me with a twinkle about rolling down Angels’ Flight, though it must have looked anything but angelic at the time.

“Angels’ Flight” is the name of a historic old incline in Los Angeles, which leads by way of cable cars, outfitted with steps, from the business district to the top of a hill. Harold’s job in the Willie Work comedy was to roll from the top of Angels’ Flight, an almost perpendicular distance of about three hundred feet, to the bottom.

“I did it once,” related Harold with a grin, “and they found there was something wrong with the scene, so I had to do it a second time! That second time I couldn’t stop rolling, and landed in the middle of a busy street!”

Janet Gaynor’s Escape

EVEN delicate little Janet Gaynor didn’t escape doing dangerous stunts.

In the Fox picture, “The Johnstown Flood,” Miss Gaynor was supposed to be tossed about in the flood waters. The scenes were made in the Santa Cruz River at its flood time, and playing around in the swirling waters of a California river at flood time is no fun.

Miss Gaynor could not swim, either, and although, of course, there were men in a boat watching her, they did not realize her peril until it was almost too late. In any case she had to go under to make it realistic.

“George O’Brien had to rescue me,” related Miss Gaynor. “Nobody could come near me, though, of course, as long as the camera was grinding. There is always a lot of confusion at such moments, and even George didn’t know at the time how close I came to being actually drowned. He didn’t know it was reality rather than acting that I was going through. Of course, I was supposed to be close to drowning in the story.

“The water kept sucking me under, after I fell off the raft, and I couldn’t keep the water from getting into my nose. I thought, ‘Well, I guess this is all my career unless George comes pretty soon!’ Never shall I forget how happy I was when George’s strong arms closed around me, for by that time I felt my senses slipping away from me.”

Thru Smoke and Fire

YOU probably think of Norma Shearer as a smartly gownned darling who has never taken any chances. You’re wrong. Even since she played leads, she has been through fire and flood. And when she was an
extra—though most of the time she appeared as a college girl or a society bud in drawing room pictures—twice at least her life was imperilled.

"I was in a burning building once, the inmate of a school for girls. I had to run, with burning stuff falling all around, singeing my flimsy night-clothes. But I got through with very slight burns.

"I think the greatest danger I passed through in those extra days of mine was when I was supposed to be canoeing with a group of extra girls in a college picture. I could swim, but the four other girls couldn’t, so all the attention of the men set to watch us was focused on them, while I was supposed to take care of myself.

"The canoe was supposed to overturn. It did, and we were all thrown into the water. The camera caught the scene and stopped grinding, and the men dived to rescue the four other girls. As for me, I had caught my clothes somehow on the wood of the canoe, and when it overturned, I was under it. I tried to keep my head above water, but the canoe was constantly hitting it, and I was afraid I should be knocked unconscious.

"Finally the men evidently decided there was something wrong, and came to my rescue."

Jack Gilbert’s Close Call

MANY adventures had Jack Gilbert in the old Inceville days, just as had all the extras of those wild cowboy times.

"Probably the closest call I had," said Jack, the other day, as we chatted in his newly appointed dressing room at the M-G-M Studios, "was in my very first picture, when as an extra, down at Inceville-by-the-Sea, I played a dead man in a burning mine that had just exploded.

"We were lying, a bunch of us, on the bottom of the mine, and the property men threw kerosene over everything to make it burn better.

"The blaze roared fiercely all around us. But the director yelled, ‘Lie still!’ Maybe you think that was easy to do! Anyhow I managed it, though the flames came nearer and nearer, and I felt my eyebrows and hair singeing. But it was my big chance. If I made good, I thought, I might have an opportunity to play real parts.

"Finally when my trousers burst into flame, I leaped. I wasn’t going to stay there any longer! The director jumped on me, just as a property man seized a blanket and put it around me to smother the fire. But I have always felt that that was one time when I did my duty by my art."

Gilbert, though far from an expert horseman, did many dangerous riding stunts, including rushing down the steepest of mountain sides, when one misstep of his pony would have landed him in a gully a hundred feet below.

Extra for Chaplin

MAYBE you think that Gloria Swanson arrived at stardom all in a minute.

You are all wrong. Miss Swanson, at the very beginning, did something that is very little known. She played an extra with Charlie Chaplin for one day!

They won their places in the sun through fire and water. No easy road is the way to stardom and the lives of all your favorites often hung in the balance in their extra days.

That was in the old Essanay days, and before she appeared in the Sennett comedies.

Gloria herself tells about it now with a twinkle in her eye, though at that time it was very serious.

It seems that Charlie had called for some extras for one of his old comedies, the name of which Gloria doesn’t even remember. They were to be in a mob scene and a couple of girls were to do a funny fall.

Charlie, however, is very careful to see that no beautiful girl is badly treated in his pictures. He told me once, for instance, that he never permitted a woman to receive a blow. It was resented, he said, by the public.

However, the fall that Gloria had to take was unavoidable. It would have been a good fall, too, she says, if she had only comedy sense—but she declares that she had none, at least for pictures, in those days.

"I tried the fall two or three times, but it was just no use," said Gloria, "and the more I fell, the less funny I thought it was. Finally, at the end of the day, Charlie said that I just wouldn’t do—I seemed not to appreciate the humor of the situation in which he had placed me—and I was fired!" (Continued on page 104)
O

n the east of the picturesque Evangeline country, a low house almost hidden in a grove of trees. Wide, vine-covered galleries, suggestive of ante-bellum days. An old-fashioned garden enclosed in hedges of blossoming roses. The brilliant-plumed cardinal and the mocking-bird dart in and out the odorous magnolia trees.

Peaceful in its dignified setting is that estate on the outskirts of the town of Patterson, Louisiana.

Along the garden path, with shears and culling basket on her arm, comes the chatelaine of the lovely home, a dainty figure in ruffled flowered gown. Four or five diminutive Chihuahua dogs dash up and down the path before her, ludicrously important in their chase of indolent butterflies. It is Marguerite Clark, in a setting far more becoming than any of the pictures that made her the idol of the movie-going public ten years ago; whose fan mail from all parts of the world broke Hollywood records—and who gave up homage and fame for love.

A

NOTHER picture of Marguerite Clark. Her husband's family home in New Orleans. A big stone mansion set on a high-terraced lawn in an exclusive neighborhood of the most fascinating city in America.

She walks down the wide stairway from the second floor, conventionally but modestly gowned in golden brown. A bit of meechlin at throat and wrist; a small string of pearls around her neck; no rings. Her beautiful auburn hair, with its natural wave, brushed simply from her forehead. Quiet. Self-poised.

Cordial and charming her welcome. So unchanged her appearance that one cannot help but blurt, "You look exactly the same as you did ten years ago." And in return one gets the same dazzling, mischievous smile that sold hundreds of Liberty Bonds in New Orleans eleven years ago and perhaps screen stars came to the South on a Buy-a-Bond service that she met her husband, Harry B. Williams, one of the wealthiest and most prominent men of the state.

The courtship moved quickly. One took no chances of letting so bewitching a girl out of sight, especially when stories were told of a line of disappointed suitors from ocean to ocean who could testify to her determination never to marry. "For no reason at all," she said, when telling about it, "I had decided that I would not get married. It wasn't that I had set my heart on a career; it was simply that marriage had not entered my thoughts."

But she did marry, which proves that all young Loch-invars do not come out of the West.

At the very height of her stage and screen career, Marguerite Clark withdrew from public life for marriage.

That was ten years ago. Is she happy now? Is she satisfied? Has she ever regretted her retirement? What does Miss Clark think of the screen now? What does she think of the new-born talkies?

Here you will find the definite answer to all these questions. Miss Clark speaks for the first time from her retirement.

One of Marguerite Clark's greatest stage successes was as the charming and fanciful heroine of "Prunella." Miss Clark later made this into one of her best motion pictures. Above, Miss Clark and Ernest Glendenning in the stage version of "Prunella."

Photograph by White
Marguerite Clark Is Content to Sit Back and Watch the World Go By

BY BARBARA BROOKS
of The New Orleans Item-Tribune

There was no golden honeymoon on her husband's yacht; no browsing around the Far East; no intriguing shopping in Paris as one might ordinarily expect, when a beautiful girl marries a millionaire. Instead, Marguerite Clark was forced to put her shiny new wedding-ring in her jewel box, forget she had had a distinguished name fastened to her already-famous one, and return to Hollywood for a year. For she was under screen contract. "I made nine pictures that year," she said reminiscently. "The first one, 'Scrambled Wives,' was released, I believe, in 1921."

"Were you sorry to leave the screen?" I asked her. "No," she answered, "and I have never regretted for one moment that I gave it all up. I have not wanted to go back, either, although since the talkies have been created, I have had offers to return, which I have refused."

"What made you decide to go on the stage in the beginning?" I asked her. "Won't you tell me all about it? Did you have the urge for a career?"

"Well, I was only thirteen years old when I went on the stage," she said. "Somehow a decision was made for me. My father and mother were dead and my sister took care of me. When the offer came, she was the one who apparently had the ambitions for me. We had to go about it surreptitously, for none of our relatives had ever been on the stage and probably would throw up their hands in horror at our becoming stage folks. There was one relative, a rich old uncle, who we thought would be particularly shocked. There wasn't much danger of his finding out what I was doing for he spent most of his time in Europe. By the time he came back, I was pretty well-established, so we thought we might as well break down and confess how we had deceived him."

"And to our surprise," Marguerite laughed merrily at the memory, "instead of his being displeased, he was frankly proud of me, and he showed his pride quite materially."

"I liked the stage. I liked the people: they were so friendly, so frank, so genuine. Of course, sister was with me constantly; I was educated on the wing, you might say, for we had to engage a governess every time we went to a new town. Life was full—and happy. I didn't have time to learn how to do the things that most girls my age were learning: I couldn't play bridge, nor other games. Tennis, golf, and outdoor sports were denied me. But I had plenty of wholesome exercise, and I took a vast interest in learning my parts. I suppose I was a precocious youngster, for I was the only child in the company and perhaps there was a tendency to spoil me."

"And the movies? How did they get you?"

"Again the decision was taken from me," she said. "I wasn't particularly anxious to leave the stage, for I loved stage work. But when the offer came from Hollywood, sister thought I might as well try it—and I made good, I suppose," she ended.

"Made good, I mused. I remembered performances of "Prunella" and other pictures where the sign "Standing Room Only" was put up nightly in New Orleans. For New Orleans adopted..."

(Continued on page 116)

Marguerite Clark Williams' very latest picture, snapped at the air field of the Wedell-Williams Air Service in February of this year. The passing years have left little Miss Clark quite unchanged.
BUDDIE started his career in Olathe, Kansas, distributing sales bills for his father. From the first he had great charm for the young ladies. . . . A boys' band was organized and he drew the baritone horn. The people of Olathe had to acquire a taste for his music, like olives. . . . Broadened his technique and leadership directing the jazziest of animals when he helped tend a shipload of 800 Missouri mules bound for Spain. . . . Worked his way through the University of Kansas playing for dances. Besides directing the orchestra, he plays every instrument. . . . A local picture exhibitor entered Buddie's photo in the Lasky School Contest. The rest was easy. . . . In New York it took a police escort to get him through the streets. . . . His real ambition is to break into the eighties in golf.
Among the Hollywood Belittlers

The Famous Broadway Columnist Traces Some Flip Cracks to Their Source

BY WALTER WINCHELL

The average New Yorker is well acquainted with the numerous Broadway columns in the newspapers, but since several of these columns are syndicated throughout the nation, the hinterlander, too, can tell you the latest joke on the Hollywoodenhead. He has read it, probably, in one of these columns.

When Winnie Sheehan was in New York we asked him if it was a fact that most of the movie impresarios were dialecticians who made such amusing retorts or cracks. "That's the funniest part about those jokes," replied Winnie; "the magnates who have dialects in Hollywood could be counted on one hand. Seriously, though, Hollywood has few foreign-speaking chiefs. Most of them are actors and actresses. However, when a wiserapper wants to pin a gag on somebody he usually pins it on Carl Laemmle, who is one of the sanest of the bunch out there and who never makes stupid remarks. Then Sheehan was reminded of a gag. It is the one about Al Jolson, who was at Palm Beach.

The famous star encountered a stranger in the foyer of a smart hotel.

"My name's Jolson," said Al. "I'm having a good time here—are you?"

"No," was the sad reply, "mine's Goldberg. I forgot to change my name."

Marshall Neilan (Mickey Neilan to you!) is blamed for most of the quips that come from Hollywood. Arthur Caesar, who once pot-shot Broadwayites, now is included high on the Hollywood list of belittlers, and then is Wilson Mizner, whose sayings and puns and jokes will be told over and over again long after he is gone.

Mizner once was New York's best playwright. He joined the Hollywood clan a few years ago, but his stuff didn't impress the men who govern the industry. Why, nobody seems to know, for Mizner's wit, cunning and genius were responsible for much entertainment on Broadway.

He decided that the movies didn't want him, so he opened The Brown Derby, the popular rendezvous for the celebrated out there. It has enjoyed huge success. The other week-end an old-timer cornered Mizner.

"How come you flopped out here as a scenario writer and become such a big hit as a restauranteur?" he was asked.

"It's very simple," replied Wilson; "I found out it was easier to stick a steak into their heads than an idea."

Well, this was a very amusing crack and all that sort of thing, but according to Mr. Sheehan and other executives the lads are funnier on the corner pavement than they usually are on the studio set. But that argument might be combated by reminding him that such humorists as Bugs Baer, Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker and others who failed in Hollywood continue to draw down huge wages being funny in the newspapers and magazines.

To hear some of the Hollywood mob explain it, out there is takes two years before a player or writer gets wise to the fact that he is "through." Nobody has the courage to tell him that he is, so he keeps trying, trusting that the morrow will bring better fortune. It would be a grand thing if someone went around Hollywood with a wand and touched the has-beens, which would signify that they no longer had any value to the pictures. But even then, one imagines, they wouldn't believe it.

Poor Mabel Normand, she suffered so before the end came, but we didn't know her well and we will follow the counsel of Will Rogers, who urged people not to write about her career or passing unless they knew her. "Only those who knew her could write about her," Rogers advised. It was a touching story, however, that Eddie Doherty wrote in one of the New York dailies about her. Doherty told how the newspaper crowd helped make her sick and (Continued on page 97)
HOOT GIBSON: Let your gaze wander down the table and come to rest on the blond gentleman with blue eyes, and let your gaze linger studiously, for he is a very strange and remarkable individual. He is a movie cowboy who is a real cowboy. Didn’t I tell you he was remarkable?

Most of the cowboys never saw a saddle till Carl Laemmle showed them one, but here is a man who was born in one, and never goes into a drug store except when he wants to telephone. The mystery cannot be held longer; this amazing person is Mr. Hoot Gibson.

Or, if you are a realist and must know the truth, Mr. Edward R. Gibson; and the place where he leaped into the saddle for the first time was Tekamah, Nebraska. The exact day, in case you are a fiend for figures, was July 21, 1892.

The first words he ever said were, “‘Addle, me want Mexican ‘addle.” This was at the age of six weeks; when he was a little older he cut his first tooth on a surcingle, and until he was four years old he brushed his hair with a steel currycomb.

A real cowboy he was, indeed, and in the year 1912 won the world’s all-around cowboy championship at the Pendleton, Oregon, round-up, which in baseball would be like winning the pennant. He broke into studio work, not by means of acting, but by being able to do stunt and trick riding. During the War, Hoot enlisted with the field artillery, trained at Camp Kearney and saw service in France.

But don’t expect him, when he walks down Hollywood Boulevard, to look like a cowboy just in from steer-branding. Instead of that he is one of the snappiest dressers in Hollywood, and once spent forty-five minutes selecting a bat-wing tie.

Everybody has a weakness, and Hoot has his. He plays a steel guitar, although his father and mother are normal in every way.

Hoot was married once, but that is all over with; so, girls, write him at 814 North Bedford Drive, Hollywood. But don’t do anything hasty—remember, that he loves to play a steel guitar. However, they say love conquers all.

DOROTHY MACKAILL: The blonde you are looking at is Dorothy Mackail. And mighty easy looking it is, too.

Dorothy made her first appearance before the public in Hull, Yorkshire, England, and the date of the try-out was March 4, 1905. Her father, John Mackail, was manager of a dairy in Hull and always
brought home the top of the milk to Dorothy. Dorothy loved to ride a bicycle and one day, when she was six years old, was riding along the embankment in Hull but rode too close the water and tumbled in. Two men jumped in to rescue her. Today, if Dorothy tumbled in, the ocean in ten seconds would simply be squirming with men. And the man who rescued her would probably be beaten to death in his tracks. So, Dorothy, don’t go near the water!

When Dorothy was fourteen years old she ran away from school and went to London and got a job as a chorus girl at the London Hippodrome. By Saturday night of that week business had doubled.

After dancing in London and Paris for a few seasons, she packed up her toothbrush and dancing shorts and came to New York, and without a letter of introduction or anything to help her out, got to Florenz Ziegfeld, and, when the Follies opened that autumn, Dorothy of Hull was glorifying the front row.

She danced in several shows and then one morning the telephone rang and Hollywood was calling.

One day, between pictures, she married Lothar Mendes, the director, but it didn’t last long and now she is fancy free. Boys, tell all in the first letter, enclosing picture taken within the last ten years.

She has hazel eyes, blond hair and always washes out the milk bottle before she sets it outside the door. What more could anybody want?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT: I really oughtn’t to tell you about the next speaker, because once she caused me a lot of trouble. A. H. Woods, the theatrical producer, bought a play made from my novel “Coney Island” and I promptly went out and spent the royalties I was to get when the play went on, and then the girl went and signed up with the talkies and the play hasn’t gone on yet. I speak of Claudette Colbert, drat her!

But my big heart won’t let me shove her out without introducing her, so here goes:

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was born in France twenty-four years ago, and expected to live there, but her father’s business went up the spout and in 1913 the family pulled up stakes and came to les Etats Unis.

She was clapped into the Washington Irving High School in New York, and it was pretty hard on the young femme because about the only English word she could pronounce correctly was “bureau.”

Finishing at High School she started for the Art Students’ League, as she wanted to be an artist. One day she attended a tea at a friend’s house; among the guests was a playwright-actress, and, with nothing better to do, Claudette asked if she needed a girl of her type in her show. The playwright-actress did. Claudette was given the part, the show opened on Christmas Day, 1924—and now they’re naming children after her.

Claudette was given a part in a play called “The Barker” and then something happened which was just like a play itself. There was a boy in the cast named Norman Foster; in the play she was supposed to fall in love with him and marry him and my gracious she did!

So when you call up, ask for Mrs. Foster.

If you want to know the figgers, here they are: Five feet and five inches tall; weight, 103 pounds. She is a brunette with large, melting eyes.

But remember, boys, Norman is practically always at home.

JOHN McCORMACK: Well, folks, this is a big evening, for we have two grand opera stars with us—one from California, and the other from the old sod; none other than John McCormack himself.

If you’ll get down your map of Ireland and look at it quite a while you’ll find Athlone, and that was where our next speaker was born, the date being June 14, and the year 1884.

His ambition, when he was going to school, was to be a teacher of mathematics, (Continued on page 119)
Adela Rogers St. Johns

INTERVIEWS

AL JOLSON

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Because he is a grand person, with a philosophy as shrewd and humorous as Will Rogers', a brain that creates and achieves, and a spirit toward life that inspires. Those things are always worth while knowing about.

It is a privilege to let you share a visit with Al Jolson which I had recently and I know he would be glad to share it because Al Jolson respects the public, the theater-going public, tremendously. In fact, though he didn’t say it in just those words, he considers the people who go to see his pictures as more intelligent, more sensitive and more capable of appreciation than a lot of producers who make pictures.

The singer of “Mammy” and “Sonny Boy” pulls you up onto your toes the moment you meet him. There is no trace of pose or of self-consciousness about him. He takes you right in stride, as the athlete says. If he thought about it all, it would seem a waste of time to him to be anything but sincere. But under his bright brown eye you are moved to put forth your best. There is a challenge in the air. For all his kindliness, he has no time for slackers, no understanding of them.

Probably a chronological report of a Jolson year wouldn’t register a wasted half hour. No matter what he was doing, he’d always be getting and giving—something.

Al Jolson has never, in the smallest sense, become part of Hollywood.

You know he must be in Hollywood because he makes pictures there. Those who recognize him—and many don’t—may catch glimpses of him on the golf course, paying strict attention to the matter in hand. Aside from that the great artist who really pioneered talking pictures, who woke the picture producers and the American public to the possibilities of the talkies, isn’t known

Al Jolson and his wife, the popular Ruby Keeler of the Broadway stage. Jolson is very much in love. In Hollywood the Jolsons live in an apartment. "We haven’t any servant problem or any guest problem and we don’t have to worry about the swimming pool and the furnace", say they.

AL JOLSON on the screen—
Al Jolson on the stage—
Al Jolson on the radio—
Al Jolson on the phonograph—
He is known to millions.

But Al Jolson “in person” is known to fewer people than any other big motion-picture star except Garbo.

In his work, he is always hidden behind black face or characterization.

The real man has submerged himself in his work from the beginning, because he thinks that his work is the only worth-while thing about him.

But there he is wrong.
The First Real Story About the Universal Idol Who Is Less Known Than Any Star Save Greta Garbo

to or seen by the gay crowd of stars and film folk who make up Hollywood's life outside the studio. I had never met Al Jolson until I walked into his office at Warner Brothers the other day to keep a luncheon engagement with him.

Sitting at a cluttered desk, shouting rapidly into the telephone connected with New York, sat a slight, compact man, with a face tanned to mahogany by the California sun. His clothes were well-cut and worn with an air, but they were the unostentatious clothes of a business man rather than of an actor. His strong, nervous hand moved on the desk with continual gestures which it seemed a shame the man at the other end of the 'phone couldn't see. He would have understood Jolson so much better.

I studied him for ten minutes while he wound up important business. The slightly graying hair gives him a distinguished look. The shape of his head reveals the thinker. All the sensitiveness, all the enormous emotional force of the man, lie written plainly in his fine mouth and his quick, responsive eyes.

There is a weathered likableness about him that again reminded me of Will Rogers, though he is as quick in action and speech as Rogers is slow.

NEVER in my life have I seen such a dynamo of human energy compacted in one human being. As I talked with him, I understood for the first time exactly why Jolson is great beyond all other men who have attempted to do the same thing he does. I understood why he can take an audience and literally drag them to heights of feeling, often with cheap material. I have seen him sweep audiences into enthusiasm greater than any other star calls forth.

There are two reasons. First, he is never afraid to let himself go to the very limit. He can't help but "shoot the works" in everything he does. The other is that of all the actors I have met, he has the most sensitive reactions. The man is like a tuning fork. He is like some highly sensitized mirror that catches every gleam of light and throws it back, or some amazing sounding-board that never misses the tiniest note sent against it.

He talked three times on the telephone before we left the office.

To his business manager in New York. Punching over instructions, dynamiting ideas and plans, forcing over his thoughts like a high-powered salesman.

To Joe Schenck, head of United Artists and his best friend. Instantly, his face broke into smiles. You would have thought he hadn't talked to Joe for months, though they had played golf together the afternoon before in a pouring rain. He kidded Joe unmercifully about that golf game. His voice expressed, without any attempt at reserve or casualness, all his deep affection for the other man.

And then to a man connected with his pictures who had let him down rather badly by getting drunk at a psychological moment. There was an agony of embarrassment and hurt in every word he spoke. When he turned away his hands were actually shaking.

THE gamut of emotions, in a brief half hour of telephoning—all at top speed and high pressure. I heard him keenly alert to his rights in a matter touching phonograph contracts.

Two minutes later he sent downstairs in an envelope, to be called for, a check for five hundred dollars, made out to a man he knew slightly, who was out of work.

In the office were a number of men, helping him clean up matters in order that he might leave for a hurried trip to New York to see some plays. His secretary has been with him nine years, his chauffeur eighteen, his business manager twenty, his valet twelve. I like that. People do not stay long years with a man unless he is just and interesting and lovable to some extent.

That night he was to sing some songs at the opening of the Los Angeles Automobile Show, the proceeds of which were to be turned over to Mary Pickford for the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

"They offered me three thousand dollars to sing," he said, "but Mary took it right away from me. 'But, of course, you don't want it. We'll put it right back in the fund.' Never even gave me a chance to make a gesture. I might have offered them half of it—but what chance has anybody when Mary looks at them?" You can imagine for yourself how many times Al
He Speaks Laughter and Tears in All Languages

Jolson has sung songs before audiences. Yet he was as nervous over this appearance as though he'd never been on the stage. He kept telephoning his accompanist, planning rehearsals, trying to decide what to sing. Plainly every performance is THE performance to Al Jolson. It is impossible for him to walk through. Another reason for his audience hypnotism.

His chief topics of conversation are his work, his wife, golf and Joe Schenck.

Someone said to me the other night that the art of friendship was dying in our modern rush for success. At times, that seems to be true. But Al Jolson did a great thing for me, in that he convinced me otherwise. He revived my faith.

Al Jolson and Joe Schenck have known each other since Jolson was a kid around New York and Joe was a drug clerk on Sixth Avenue.

Jolson told me a story which seems to me one of the most beautiful things I have ever heard.

I had remarked that we were all interested to see what he would do in his new connection, with Schenck's great genius for production behind him. "Big Boy," which he will start as soon as he returns from New York, is his last Warner Brothers picture. Hollywood had been surprised when it became public that Jolson was leaving Warner and moving over with Mary and Doug.

"Do you want to know how I signed with United Artists?" he said.

"Joe and I were down at Palm Springs on a little vacation. We're lying up on the roof one morning, taking a sunbath and Joe says to me, 'Al, I need you.' I said, 'Player said, 'Hey, you mean, Joe?' He said, 'I want you with me. When your contract is up, why don't you come over to United Artists with me?'"

"I said, 'Sure, Joe, that's all right with me.'"

"Well, we had a little brown paper bag there that we'd carried some fruit up in, so we wrote the contract on that with a pencil.

"I said, 'Joe, promise me you won't say anything about this until I tell you to.' I've got quite a few pictures to make yet on this contract, and maybe if they knew I'd signed with you things wouldn't be so pleasant and I like things to be pleasant when I'm working." So

Adela Rogers St. Johns Analyzes Al Jolson's Success:

"There are two reasons. First, he can't help but 'shoot the works' in everything he does.

"The other is that of all the actors I have met, he has the most sensitive reactions. The man is like a tuning fork. He is like some highly sensitized mirror that catches every gleam of light and throws it back, or some amazing sounding-board that never misses the tiniest note sent against it.

"He promised that much.

"When the proposed merger of Warner Brothers and United Artists came up, the little scrap of paper and Joe's promise stopped it. If he had told them he had my code and they'd known I couldn't resign with them, Warner Brothers probably would have gone through with the merger. But he didn't tell them. When I found out about it later, I said, 'Joe, why didn't you tell them? He said, 'Al, how could I? I promised you I wouldn't.'"

"Well, when they found out about it, they offered Joe a million and a half for that scrap of paper. I heard about that and I went to Joe and I said, 'I know you got hit in the market, Joe, and after all a million and a half is a million and a half. You go ahead and take it. I don't mind staying over there. I wouldn't want you to turn down all that money just for me.' He said, 'Al, not for twenty million. I won't make back in five years what I lost isn't everything. You have to get some happiness out of life. I want you over here with me, just to have you around, just for the fun we'll have making pictures together. I need you.'"

There was a little pause and I noticed that Jolson's eyes were misty and that he made no attempt to hide it.

Having been around Hollywood a long time, I had seen many things that made me share his opinion of Joe Schenck. I told him I had been playing bridge with Joe at Bebe Daniels' the Saturday night before, and how nice Joe always was in a bridge game. A great player himself, he is always gentle with an erring partner. If he must reproves kindly. The other night he said to a New Yorker who was playing with him and had just lost a doubled little-slam bid, "You lost that hand by one Scotch highball," and I laughed. The man quietly refused the butler's next invitation.

"I can't play bridge," said Jolson, with a sigh.

"Pinochle, yes,—we have a great pinochle game." "Anybody that can play pinochle can play bridge," I said.

"Not me," said Jolson.

"The bidding's all right."

(Continued on page 126)
PARIS

Geography, as you get it from the talking pictures. Next month, Ellison Hoover will show you London, via the talkies.
Today the soldiers of Hollywood's army play Washington's Continentals, tomorrow they are Napoleon's Old Guard. Here they are appearing as Franz Joseph's Austrian cavalrymen. They are being reviewed for "The Bride of the Regiment."

PICTURE a scene on the Western Front in the latter part of 1915. The sky is overcast with drifting battle smoke, through which the stumps of a few shattered trees loom nakedly. The field, once green with growing things, is now a fire-blackened, shell-churned desolation across which the raw gashes of the trenches zig-zag crazily. Sprawled among the shell holes, as only dead men sprawl, or sagging limply across the tangled, rusted wire, are numerous shapeless bundles, some clad in the horizon blue of France, some skyward. There is another crash and another until the detonations blend as the German guns, far in the rear, go into action. The earth rocks under the concussion and the air is filled with flying fragments. The attack reaches the German lines. Long bayonets are poised and driven home as the French leap in. A moment and the trench is filled with swaying, struggling figures as enemies lock in desperate hand-to-hand combat! The whistle shrills again. Instantly the panting combatants separate. French and Germans climb out

Back to the mudholes and trenches of Flanders. Here the Hollywood legionnaires are appearing as British soldiers in the film version of "Journey's End."
OF HOLLYWOOD

The Movie Capital has Gathered a Crack Army of 6,000 Fighting Men, Veterans of Every Flag

of the trench and men who, but a moment before, were locked in the death grapple, slap one another on the back, exchange banter and borrow cigarettes. The dead and wounded leap to their feet, pick up fallen rifles and join their comrades!

A MIRACLE? No! Just a movie battle being made on location at Balboa, fifty miles from Los Angeles, where Universal's new war picture, "All Quiet on the Western Front," is being filmed and where a portion of Hollywood's standing army has once more been mobilized for mimic warfare.

A tall, rangy chap who wears the garb of a German private but speaks with a Texas drawl, wipes the mud from his face and grins at a wily Irishman who wears a French uniform.

"Boy, howdy, but that was some shot! I thought I could hear the old scrap-iron whistle when they laid down that barrage. Makes a guy think he's back in the line again, eh, Buddy?"

For a moment he must have thought you was back," grumbled the other loosening his tunic and feeling gingerly on his neck. "Big boy, the next time you fasten on my neck like that I'm going to let you have the first inch off this 'Frog' Heinie sticker!"

"Aw, this ain't nothin'," smiles the Texan. "I remember when we was over at Fox making 'What Price Glory?' me an' two or three of us guys was . . . ."

But the assistant director's whistle sounds again and the troops begin to move back to their own trenches. A big explosion was set off too close to the "mike" and they're going to take it over again. "Red" Blaire, an old ex-regular "top kick," moves along the line.

"Come on, you guys, an' get rid of that lead! You're in the army now!"

EVERYBODY has seen war pictures but few realize that the men who fight these movie battles are real soldiers and that there exists in Movieland's capital one of the most unusual military organizations the world has ever seen. It is the "standing army" of Hollywood, composed of some 6,000 privates, non-coms and officers; hard bitten, fighting men all, who have seen front-line action in all parts of the world and who know the business of battle.

Hollywood has a standing army of 6,000 officers and men, veterans of every military campaign since the Boer War.

These soldiers are all hard-bitten fighting men who have seen front-line action in all parts of the globe.

This is the most versatile body of troops in the world, since it fights cheerfully under any flag which an author sees fit to write into a story. At one time or another, they have refought every famous battle of the world.

Stored in Hollywood are millions of uniforms of every era and every war. There is $2,000,000 worth of weapons and field equipment, ranging from flintlock rifles to modern siege guns. Over night Hollywood can duplicate any campaign from Alexander to Foch.

Fred Coppins, expert machine-gunner of the Hollywood army. He wears the Victoria Cross, won at Caix on the Amiens front when, single-handed, he charged and captured three enemy machine-gun nests. He was serving with a Canadian contingent.

It is this army which makes it possible for film fans to see pictures in which the grim game of war is played with startling realism and fidelity to detail. No lily-handed movie pet, these, but two-fisted fighting men who have learned their trade in real warfare, and when they even play at war, somebody is going to get mussed up, especially if the shot calls for hand-to-hand combat.

The weapons are real, the men are real and the powder and dynamite which is used to give the effect of bursting shell and hand grenade are real, so, although major injuries are few, these battles are not always entirely bloodless. Then, too, there is the human element to be considered. All men who take part in battle pictures are given a rigid physical examination, but on this same location only last week a shell-shocked French veteran managed to get by. During a big battle shot he went temporarily insane and believing himself again in actual battle against his country's enemies started in to do his duty with rifle and bayonet. Two blank shells fired at a range of some eighteen inches, nearly blinded a German, but he was overpowered before he could get his bayonet into action. He was carried screaming from the field.
Another chap was blown into a slime-filled shell-hole by the force of a nearby dud before his comrades could pull him out. Flying clods, bad falls, sharp weapons and opponents who enter too enthusiastically into the game bring up the score of minor casualties, and sometimes even more serious things happen, but the public will have their war pictures realistic and to the men of Hollywood's army it is all a part of the game.

There is no question but what Hollywood's standing army is by far the most versatile body of troops in the world, for they can, at a moment's notice, don the uniforms of any nation under the sun and will fight cheerfully under any flag which the author sees fit to write into the story. Today they may be tarred in the scarlet and gold of some mythical European principality and tomorrow in the ragged "butternut" of Stonewall Jackson's brigade. This week they may be wearing the regiments of Napoleon's Old Guard and the next the uniforms of South American revolutionists. In one picture they may be camouflaged in the snow as Washington's Continentals at Valley Forge and in the next marching across the burning sands of the Sahara as members of the French Foreign Legion. Fighting with them is a business and they will face machine-gun fire, high explosives or a rain of savage spears with equal enthusiasm, just so long as the end of the day brings the slip for $7.50, or perhaps $10.00, which can be redeemed at the cashier's window. They have at one time or the other refought most of the famous battles of the world and in several they have furnished men who, as we might put it, were members of the original cast!

One reason for their astounding versatility is that only in the French Foreign Legion would it be possible to find men of as wide and varied military experience, for Hollywood's standing army, like the famous Légion Étrangère, is composed of soldiers of fortune, adventur-
adventurers of all races, colors and creeds

predominate, of course, but in addition to these may be found grizzled veterans of "T. R.'s" Rough Riders and of Funston's campaigns in the Philippines. England has contributed men from every part of her far-flung battle line. There are stalwart "Anzacs," Australians and New Zealanders from "down under"; men who have helped guard the Khyber Pass and those who were in at the sack of Duala in the Cameroons' campaign. There are members of Kitchener's "Contemptibles" and veterans of Gallipoli. Among the Germans may be found men who were with Von Kluck at the First Marne and those who faced the Americans on the Meuse-Argonne. From Russia there are slim Cossacks who were with Denikin in the Crimea; officers of the Czar's body-guard and bearded giants who went through the Red Revolution. Austria, Italy, the Balkan States and a dozen almost unheard of frontiers furnish their quota.

If they ever wore them, or boasted of them (which they don't), medals given for bravery by every major nation can be found among the men of this unique army. One man, Fred Coppins, who now serves as an expert machine-gunner in the "army," wears the Victoria Cross, that most coveted of all decorations. This he won at Ypres, in the Amiens front when he made a single-handed charge on three strong machine-gun positions, destroyed them and accounted for fourteen of the enemy. Coppins, at that time, was a member of the famous Canadian "Little Black Devils."

From the German Army comes Kurt Kopcke, holder of the Iron Cross and who, except for two trips to the hospital, spent four years in the trenches of the Ypres salient. Of this man, Mrs. Schumann-Heink says that he is the hero of Remarque's famous book, "All Quiet on the Western Front," for Remarque's brother and Kopcke were in the same hospital at the same time. Also from the German ranks comes Sergeant Major Wilhelm Jetter, who wears the Iron Cross and other medals for bravery and who now specializes in the building of trenches and dug-outs for picture work. Jetter served nine years in the Kaiser's army.

A true soldier of fortune is Lieutenant Louis Van den Ecker, who, at the age of eighteen, ran away to join the Foreign Legion as a private. He earned his commission by exploits which were outstanding even in that hard-bitten corps and has since fought all over the world in various armies. He wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, both the French and Polish Croix de Guerre, the Medaille Colonna-le du Tonkin and numerous other decorations. He acted and served as technical director on "Beau Geste" and other important pictures of the Legion.

(Continued on page 129)

Another thrilling battle staged for "La Marseillaise," which stars John Boles. Here is a combat in a street in Paris between the revolutionists and the wavering soldiers of the Royalists.
The HOLLYWOOD

NOTE to Mabel Normand:

"Dear Child in the Sacred Heart," it begins, "Thank you for your consoling letter. I heard with grief that you are sick. If, besides praying for you in my daily mass, I can be of any help to you, just drop me a word and I will be at your bedside. I will redouble my prayers in your behalf. The little orphan girls in Italy whom you were pleased to help so greatly are daily praying for you and frequently offer their Holy Communion for your spiritual and temporal welfare. In the Sacred Heart of Jesus you will ever find...

Very respectfully yours,
Father Vincent Chiappa, S. J."

Mabel handed me this note several years ago that I might copy the address of Father Chiappa to whom she introduced me and to whose goodness I am indebted. I kept the note and it is before me as I write. Now both are gone. The old padre died a few months before Mabel. His name is saintly. That of the Dear Child lives on the lips of one hundred and fifty children in the Orphanage of the Divine Providence "Don Daste," near Genoa, Italy. The children asked for her portrait. It was sent them. They do not know her as a motion-picture star but only as the girl who mothered them and for whom their daily prayers are said.

HONEST-HEARTED Will Rogers, who knew Mabel well, said he hoped only those who had met her or who knew her would write about her now, then all her last press notices would be beautiful.

The tragic pity is that all who wrote about her while she lived had not met her, did not know her. I have seen her in tears of anguish with a clipping in her hand. And she moaned was: "Oh, if they only knew what they do they wouldn't do it."

A REPRESENTATIVE of a paper rang the bell of Mabel's apartment during the time when scandal was poisoning her life. Her name had been dragged into it only through loyal friendship. Mabel turned white but she received the representative.

"I wanted to know if you wanted to renew your subscription," said the boy.

Mabel had expected a reporter. When the boy left she fainted in the arms of Mammie, her maid.

Think of the possibilities of television, exclaims the Hollywood Boulevard. Instead of a radio bedtime story by a politician you get Clara Bow any evening.

Illustrated by Ken Chamberlain
BOULEVARDIER

By Herb Howe

MABEL did not mind criticism of her work. She was an artist. But she was mortally wounded by the innuendoes directed at her character. Few stars escape these insidious barbs. They usually are shot from personal pique. Greta Garbo recently has been target for some local spite notes. Greta is as silent as Cal, but no one dares take offense when Cal refuses to be quoted. Likewise Greta shuns the sycophants who would like to illumine themselves with her company.

Incidentally, Mabel was one of Greta's greatest fans. I do not believe she ever met the Swedish actress, but she would see each of Greta's pictures three and four times. Their personalitites were poles apart, yet both founded in deep sincerity, fine sensibilities. Mabel recognized Greta as an artist and was happy to applaud.

THE story behind the marriage of Mabel and Lew Cody is one of beauty transcending romance. It was an ideal devotion, beginning when Mabel was a little extra girl in New York and Lew a green kid from the hills of New England. Mabel, sixteen, felt he needed mothering in the wicked city. Lew did too, and responded with adoration.

"I always loved green things," jested Mabel, reminiscing.

So they jested along through the years, always clowning over their tender emotionalism.

And so, at the last, it was the green kid from the hills of New England who mothered the child of the wicked city. Still always jesting, though, even when he came with his bouquets of flowers to the sanitarium. When she grew too sick to speak, Mabel would make faces at him, pantomiming her jokes. That green kid should never get the best of her! And that's the way Mabel went smilin' through.

A GREAT bond between Mabel and Lew was their kinship in charity.

Lew has played many "beavers" on the screen and poses as one off. One day on Hollywood boulevard he encountered a down-and-out old actor who in palmy days was star of a stock company in which Lew played bits. In those days the old actor would abuse Lew with round curves.

"So just to get even with the rascal," Lew explained, when I pinioned him with the story, "I decided to show him a good time. Got him a house and set him up. That's all..."

But that isn't all. The old man still abuses Lew roundly and takes him to task for his shortcomings. Lew accepts it like a dutiful son. Getting even.

FOUR little artists' models entered films together:

Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mabel Normand, Florence LaBadie. Fortune and fame came to all of them, then Fate turned traitor. Florence was killed by an automobile accident. Mabel received martyrdom.

Anna Q. was crippled for two years by a fall from a horse and is only now recovering. Alice had unhappiness early but is fortunately passed through.

At the funeral of Mabel Normand the motion-picture industry seemed suddenly to have aged. Allowance must be made, of course, for grief that lined their faces, lowered their heads. Yet most of the pioneers of gay

Out at Universal they have been testing rats for the talkies. They wanted them for "All Quiet on the Western Front," two bucks a day went to rodents with personality.

Hollywood who followed her casket with tear-wet eyes—greatest figures of this fanciful world—were quite gray-haired, some bent and wrinkled. Ten years ago they were debonair, romantic: Chaplin, Griffith, Ford, Sterling, Mack Sennett, Doug Fairbanks, Sam Goldwyn and many others.

It wasn't a funeral, it was a farewell. No one was ever so loved as "Mickey." She hasn't died, she lives forever in the hearts of us to whom she gave love, courage, sympathy and tolerance.

WITH Cal and Gracie Coolidge grabbing off the publicity by visiting Hollywood and being photographed with Mary Pickford and Marion Davies, it was up to the Hoovers to do something drastic. Rudy Vallee was hastily summoned, played at the Congressional Club breakfast, posed for pictures with Mrs. Hoover.

Two Headlines in The Los Angeles Examiner next day:

RUDY VALLEE SINGS FOR MRS. HOOVER.
HOOVER ASKS PUBLIC'S HELP.

JOHN GILBERT, actor, battled Jim Tully, writer.

Writer won. Hurrah for our side! Just the same, before saying anything indiscreet about Jack, I shall first adjust spectacles. (What's that law about hitting a man with glasses?)

Jack was wounded by story Jim wrote some time ago in Vanity Fair, sought to retaliate with fists, was wounded again.

Since Jim is turning actor in film version of his
Herb Howe Tells You all About the Hollywood Famous

“Circus Parade” and since Jack has proved himself an able writer, I suggest author Gilbert by interview actor Tully. The pen is mightier than the fist, you know, Jack. “The devil it is,” says Jack, brushing off sawdust.

Anyhow, beaucoup publicity was had by all. And what is sweeter to the actor? Or the writer?

IT is an unwritten law that an actor should never reply to criticism. Replies give critics fresh weapons. To suffer in silence is more saintly and sagacious. Yet none are so sensitive to chiding as the writers themselves. So much as pink one and their typewriters shoot sparks like the smithy’s anvil.

Whenever my sweet nature curdles and I find myself fondling a brick, I touch myself with it a few times and end by shying it at the woodpecker who awakens me at 7 A. M. But no use. Even that bird makes a comeback.

WE writers suffer too from actors. I, for one, resent reporters being shown with their hats on in drawing-rooms, as they were in “The Trespasser.” Personally, I’m always the first to doff the derby and the first to pass it. And if there’s no cuspidor in the room I politely wait until I’m outside. We writers know our Emily Post as well as you actors.

And, tit for tat, I recall seeing a ham in the Tony Morenos drawing-room who threw cigarette butts into the Persian rug and crushed them out with his heel.

“You mustn’t do that,” said Adela Rogers St. Johns, a writer and yet every inch the society dame. “And why not?” scoffed the ham.

Adela for all her social polish and diamond dog-collar, couldn’t tell him.

And again tit for tat. I recall a film star reproving her servants for calling her guests by their first names.

“Hereafter,” ruffled the star, who had been reading up, “I want you to call my guests by their second names only.”

THE Hollywood gold rush of 1930 will long be remembered by hoopers, crooners, song-swipers and colored folks. The talkie is their mine. This trek westward is nothing new in the history of California. The old drama of ’49 has been re-enacted pretty regularly since the movies came in 1910.

El Dorado is obsolete, Hollywood’s the word. Everyone knows the magic fable, how fortunes are produced by sleight-of-hand to vanish quicker than the butt of an eye.

It’s Aladdin’s lamp, but you can rub it the wrong way.

Now it’s nuggets and now it’s mortgages; a party tonight, an auction tomorrow.

For many there is no sadder title than “Came the Dawn...”

SMALL wonder if the world thinks the U. S. a nation of girl-guides, hen-ridden saps. Judging by the screen, a football hero can’t play the game unless he’s kissed between halves.

WHILE in China Doug Fairbanks bought a Buddhist temple which he is having set up on his estate at Rancho Santa Fe. I claim credit for Doug’s conversion to Buddhism. We visited Chinatown on Chinese New Year’s and were invited to the shrine of Buddha in a back room up a flight of stairs. Viands and flowers were spread before the smiling image of the Blessed One. There was also a plate for contributions. We each dropped a quarter. A beaming old Chinaman then presented us with cigars and firecrackers with which to celebrate the New Year.

Across the Plaza from Chinatown stands the old Los Angeles Mission. I suggested visiting it too. Depositing a quarter in a slot, I lit a perpetual candle and placed it in a glass by the altar. Doug did likewise, then looked around expectantly. No cigars and firecrackers forthcoming, his face fell and we executed back-to-Buddha movement.

HAPPY homes in the West, as seen from one day’s headlines:

MATE GAVE HER BLACK EYE, SAYS WIFE.

“WIFE” IN SUIT FOR $40,000 CHARGES MISTAKEN MARRIAGE.

WIFE COLLECTS OWN ALIMONY.

ACTRESS AND MATE ROW; JANITOR HURT.

JOHN BARRYMORE is going slapstick in his next comedy. I predict triumph. In his Shakespearean soliloquy in “Show of Shows” he made me think of that rubber-faced Keystone cop. On the other hand, the little boy in the next seat kept piping, “Is that Lon Chaney, Ma?”, while Ma indignantly shushed him as she applauded. After all, we movie fans have the minds of twelve-year-olds. But maybe we are not so far off. Shakespeare had his Mack Sennett moments, and I happen to know that Mr. Barrymore likes nothing better than Chaney characters with Sennett movements.

NOTE from program of “The Rogue Song”:

“Based on the operetta ‘Gypsy Love,’ by Franz Lehr, Dr. A. M. Willner, Robert Bodansky.

“Story by Frances Marion and John Colton.”

“’Idea suggested by Wells Root.’

Certainly does take a lot of genius to do a story for movies based on operetta with idea supplied.

THE miracles of this mechanical age haven’t yet won me to that theme song...

(Continued on page 129)
KATHERINE MOYLAN
FAY WRAY
The SERIOUSNESS

Without knowing a word of French, German or Spanish, Laurel and Hardy Manage to Make Comedies in These Unfamiliar Tongues

Stan Laurel came to America with Charlie Chaplin in "A Night in an English Music Hall." Stan was Charlie's understudy.

I DON'T suppose there is anybody in the full possession of his mental faculties who will not admit that being a comedian is serious work. It always has been; it always will be. In a theater, when the audience sees the efforts of the comedians displayed before them for their delectation, they may laugh and toss about in their seats, but, oh, the sighs and tortures of soul that have preceded those thigh-poundings! Which is one reason that comedians the world over, including Hollywood, look and are so serious when they are off the stage. A hen may cackle when she reaches her creative height, and seem a veritable hoyden, but there are long lapses when she looks as solemn as any other hen on the lot.

AMONG the comedians who were having troubles of their own in their honest endeavors to make the world more suitable for human habitation were Stanley Laurel and Oliver Hardy. They had been in the humor racket, as the boys on the lot call it, for years and were suffering in their endeavors to be funny, when a terrible ogre came and sat on the head of their bed and dragged his whiskers in their faces. His name was Sound Pictures.

For years Laurel and Hardy had worked in silent pictures and knew every twist and turn and shade value, until they had become veritable Professors of Comedy, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, they were denoted to the kindergarten class. It was a stumper. That night they left the lot happy and carefree and came back the next morning looking like the Prisoner of Chillon. Laboriously and patiently they began to learn how to make sounds again, and were getting along rather well, when again an earthquake threw them out of bed. Hal E. Roach himself was the subterranean disturbance.

"Boys," he said one morning as they were slipping out of their cars, "from now on we are going to make talking pictures in four languages."

"The boys" were pleased. It showed that American pictures had found a new way, in spite of the manacles clapped on them by sound, to reach out over the world and spirit money away from all and sundry.

"I mean you two are going to make sound pictures in four languages," said Ogre Roach.

"Us? We? We fail to follow you," said the team of Laurel and Hardy.

"Yes, you two."

"How do you mean?" they asked. "We can't talk anything but English."

THIS was something in the nature of a boast itself, for Hardy was born and brought up in Atlanta, Georgia, and I reckon, uh, it ain't the kind of English you-all speak.

Laurel, on the other hand, was born in Ulverston, England, and every time he opens his mouth Ulverston pops out.

"You've got to," said the Ogre of Culver City. "You boys are going over so well that I can sell you abroad and I can't sell you in English. You've got to learn to be funny in English, French, German and Spanish!"

This was long after the Santa Barbara earthquake; in fact, it was only a few weeks ago, but the Santa Barbara earthquake is now forgotten in and around Hollywood, for the earth that morning seemed to shake worse than it had since the old globe's creation.

"How can we speak it when we don't know it?"

"I don't know," returned the heartless Roach. "It must be done, that's all."

"How much time have we to learn those three foreign languages?" asked Monsieur Hardy.


"I know some German," said Laurel. "I can say 'Prosit.' My grandfather studied abroad and taught it to me."

"I can say 'Parlez-vous!,'" said Monsieur Hardy. "I learned it during the war."

They found also that in Spanish they both knew
of BEING FUNNY in Four LANGUAGES

By HOMER CROY

frigoles, and thus equipped they started in Thursday morning being funny in four languages.

HOW do they do it? That is the question? If you were suddenly called upon to speak three strange languages, how would you do it? And suppose you had to speak them so that people in those countries would think you were born just outside Paris, or in Unter den Linden, or that your father was a bullfighter, what, I repeat, would you do?

I have watched Laurel and Hardy being funny in four languages, and it is something I will never forget, although I saw the shelling of Paris when Big Bertha was dropping them regularly, but, as I recall it, the people would give and carefree expressions on their faces in comparison to the expressions I saw and heard in and around Culver City, California.

This is the way Messieurs Laurel and Hardy do it. They have their "tutors," as they are called, three of them: Spanish, French and German. Senors Laurel and Hardy make the scene first in English, and then they turn on the heat and make it all over again in German.

How do they gargle deeply enough to satisfy the elite of Potsdam? Well, Hardy has lost sixty pounds in the last thirty days. When he was a lad, Herr Hardy used to tour the country as one of a singing quartette which was billed as "A Ton of Melody." Well, he couldn't do it today. If he went out today they would have to bill him as "The Flyweight Tenor." Foreign talkies, that is the answer.

The first day I saw them work was in "Brats." When I arrived the two lads were in a bed that would have made Brigham Young weep with joy; the biggest bed I ever saw in my life, although I have never been in a harem. It was especially made for the occasion and was twice the size of an ordinary two-dollars-a-day bed. In fact it was made extra large as Petits Laurel and Hardy were playing the parts of children and were dressed like same. They had made the English version and now they tore into the German version.

The German "tutor" made them repeat again and again the words in German, and then he stood just outside the camera lines and listened and drilled them again, showing them how to place their lips to get the right accent. The two tots lay on their great pillows snoring softly, when there was the sound off stage of an automobile horn, and then they sat up in bed and listened. Laurel had to say, "I want a glass of water."

And then poor Hardy had to say, "Ich auch."

Doesn't sound like much, does it? But have you ever tried to pronounce it so that forty million Germans will say, "Ach, dot boy knows his ich's"?

If you haven't, don't try, for those two words are stummers. Men have talked German for years and died with steins in their hands and couldn't pronounce them correctly—and yet Hardy had to get it exactly right.

Over it and over it they went, while they stared into the high-powered lights and struggled like donner and blitzen.

Oliver Hardy started out to be a lawyer. He was graduated from the law department of the University of Georgia—but legal clients failed to present themselves quickly enough.
These are Tough Days for the SCREEN COMEDIANS

When they get stuck the boys raise their eyes to the blackboard and ick it all over again.

At last the scene was all made in German; but could they come home and call it a day? No, indeed. It had to be made encore in French; and then ditto in Spanish.

"The only words that I know in Spanish are toreador," said Laurel, "and we haven't had it yet. I know I'll be good that day."

Their work may seem haphazard and incongruous, as I fling off these words, but as a matter of fact they are doing their foreign talkers remarkably well. One Spanish paper was so enthusiastic about their work that it came out and announced that Senor Laurel was of an old Spanish family and spoke the true Castilian. And the only Castile that Laurel ever heard of is the one in soap.

One reason why the team of Laurel and Hardy can get away with it so well is that they depend mostly on their pantomime for comedy. It is their actions and their expressions that tell the story. Words are just frosting on the cake.

Stan Laurel ought to know his way about in comedy. When that other notable Englishman, Charlie Chaplin, decided to try his wings in America in a sketch called "A Night in an English Music Hall," Stan Laurel was his understudy and came to America with him, and he roomed with him. But business was not always good with the English comedians. Instead of going to the hotels, as they toured the country, they went to boarding houses and fried their chops in their room. Laurel's part was to fry the chops while Charlie's duty was to sit by the door and strum his mandolin so (Continued on page 182)

"Ich auch," said the tutor, tearing his throat slightly.
"Ich auk," repeated Hardy.
"No, do it dis vay already once," commanded the tutor and strange subterranian noises came gurgling up out of his tummy.
"Ich auk," said Hardy.
"Mein Gott, no—dis vay once—ich auch."
"Ich auk," said Hardy. Believe it or not, at last they got it right. Just how, I am not clear, for I have always held that the days of miracles are over. Anyway, Herr Germany was pleased and said dot it was goot.

Sometimes the two sufferers could not remember all the words, and so these were written on a blackboard and placed just outside the camera lines.

The six who do it: James Parrott, who is the Laurel and Hardy director, the Spanish tutor, Messrs. Laurel and Hardy, the French instructor and the German teacher.
DOROTHY MACKAILL
Loretta Young is a child of the screen, just seventeen. Her two sisters, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane, are well known in motion pictures. Loretta's recent runaway marriage with Grant Withers became the sensation of the screen capital. On the page opposite Miss Young tells the real story of her meeting with Mr. Withers and of her romance.
SEVENTEEN
Loretta Young, the youngest of Hollywood’s brides, faces the problems of matrimony
BY DICK HYLAND

Can a young woman of brains triumph over her instinctive emotions?
Loretta Young has just married Grant Withers. She is going to be put to the test sooner than is the lot of most girls, for she is only seventeen, and the test is going to be a severe one, for Hollywood and motion picture careers add many problems to marriage.

But Loretta Young has very definite ideas on love, marriage and the relationship between a man and a woman. We hear much nowadays of the instability and general flightiness of modern youth. There is nothing unstable or flighty about Loretta Young’s life plans and her conception of the importance of marriage. She has set out with a clean-cut determination to make her marriage a success, to see that her grande passion lasts forever. She expects to put time and thought in plenty upon accomplishing this purpose.

Neither Hollywood, nor careers, nor anything else is going to destroy this beautiful romance if she can help it.

Can the blind force of youth plunge through the storms of trouble which must come, and emerge, clean and contented, at the goal for which it set out? Can thought and keen analysis help youth to that goal?

Or will the things which to youth seem easily vanquished prove the very difficulties which cannot be surmounted because those womanly instincts will prove unconquerable?

It will be interesting to watch Loretta Young’s career, not merely on the screen where she is fast gaining real stardom, but in the equally important rôle of Mrs. Grant Withers. For she is a striking combination of keen, youthful brains, and of instinctive emotions.

The advantage she has over most girls is that, in her few years, she has lived enough to chart the dangers, the rocks and shoals and storms, of the matrimonial sea. And she has evolved a sort of compass to guide her.

But regardless of that, she is young, this Loretta Young. I make no apology for what might appear to be a pun upon her name. None is intended. She is young; she is seventeen.

It was Booth Tarkington who portrayed perfectly that age. The age of idealism, of unanswerable logic. With its hopes and plans and unshaken beliefs. The age at which all the world seems bright and all things possible.

Seventeen, no matter how wise, is still seventeen; which is saying that it is inexperienced.

But Loretta Young, plans or no plans, compass or no compass for the sea of matrimony, is going to run into snags she did not have charted. It will be more than interesting to remember what she now has to say, and keep a casual eye cocked in her direction throughout the years.

Because it will tell us just how close seventeen can come to being right.

Loretta Young met Grant Withers at the famous Coconut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. She was there dancing with young Bill Ince. Whirling around the floor Bill spied, sitting at a table all by himself, a friend. He took Loretta over and introduced her to him. He was Grant Withers.

Now the home of the three Young sisters — Loretta, (Continued on page 120)

Loretta Young faces the perils of matrimony with all the optimism of youth. “Am I happy?” says Miss Young as Mrs. Grant Withers. “Oooh! You can’t know how much.”
All that glitters is fashionable this season. Note the lovely lines of Kay Francis' gown of gold lace and sequins, shown above.

At the right, the new windbreaker suit, a popular Spring model in white and pastel shades. Miss Francis' suit is fashioned in white pongee. The lapels are accentuated with bands of black.
The SCREEN Mirrors the New FASHIONS

The latest in smart sea-going pajamas. The suit is of blue and white. The bandeau of blue and white bands completes the nautical harmony of the outfit.

The flowered garden frock, at the left, is a novelty of the Spring season. Miss Francis introduced this ensemble in "Let's Go Native." Yellow and red flowers appear on the background of black. A bright yellow jacket completes the costume.
"Autumn Frost" is the name of the gown of blue chiffon and crystal beads worn by Miss Astor in Paramount's "Ladies Love Brutes." The entire upper part of the gown is massed with tiny beads which catch and reflect the evening lights.
Paul Whiteman, despite appearances above, gained by trick photography, denies—firmly and definitely—that he is a bust. The internationally famous maestro says it isn't true. You shortly will see Mr. Whiteman and his celebrated musicians in the big Universal revue, "The King of Jazz."
The fireplace of Mary Nolan's bedroom is opposite long French windows and is severely simple. Because of its soft ivory coloring it fits into the delicacy of the room. There is a brick edging inside the ivory paneling and the fireplace fittings are polished brass. Miss Nolan, by the way, is wearing a royal purple coat, in chiffon velvet, with trousers of orchid taffeta and an apple-green vest.
Mary Nolan's bedroom is a symphony in pastel shades. The walls are of cream, the window curtains a delicate orchid, tasseled in blue, and the carpet is a deep soft blue. Every shade of orchid, blue and pink is represented in the exquisite taffeta, lace and beribboned appointments. No room could be more feminine. The counterpane is a seashell pink and the overhead drape of orchid taffeta. The padded panel behind the bed matches the blue pipings and tassels.

Mary Nolan's dressing table is draped in brocaded taffeta of pale orchid, figured in blue. The shades of the Dresden China lamps are orchid chiffon, ruffled and edged with real lace. The table fittings are of gold, inlaid with French blue enamel. The bench is blue enamel with an orchid taffeta cushion. The plain oval mirror, without frame, forms a pleasant contrast to the decorative room. For make-up purposes, Miss Nolan wears a black chiffon velvet coat over her slip of crêpe de chine and lace.
"I'm Not Afraid of Ghosts!"

Says Harry Carey, moving into the "Haunted House" of Rudolph Valentino

By DICK HYLAND

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGG

Unearthly noises have been heard at night and upon dark days in and around Falcon Lair; unfathomable lights have suddenly flared from nowhere and died as quickly as they came. They said it was Rudy. Seances have been held in his favorite room. Unreasonable happenings have been witnessed.

The Haunted House of Benedict Canyon is no more. The Ghost of Rudolph Valentino is laid. Harry Carey is living in Falcon Lair—unmolested.

Since that fatal day in August, 1926, when Rudy breathed his last and went on to other worlds, his home high on the side of Benedict Canyon, overlooking Beverly Hills, has been unoccupied by mortals.

Its lone tenant was said to be the ghost of the great Sheik.

I say that because strange tales have traveled about Hollywood of still stranger events in Rudy's house on the hill.

A SHADOWY Thing has been seen strolling about the beautiful Italian garden and a White Specter has been reported as roaming through the glens behind the house. They said it was Rudy.

A figure—in the costume worn by Rudolph Valentino in the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"—had joined the circle. They said it was Rudy.

REAL ESTATE agents have tried for years to lease or sell Falcon Lair. They could do so with every other home in Beverly Hills. But not with this one. Something prevented them. They said it was the ghost of Rudolph Valentino.

So when Harry Carey, just returned from eight months in the heart of mysterious and dark Africa, where "Trader Horn" was being filmed, asked that he be found a home in or near Beverly Hills, the agents refrained from mentioning Falcon Lair.

But Harry could not be satisfied with the usual run of houses. Living for years on his ranch he was accustomed to plenty of elbow room about him. He loves to ride his horses. He needed a place with stables.

Looking across the stretches of picturesque Beverly Hills from the end of the gardens of Falcon Lair, Valentino's residence. Harry Carey, the new occupant of the estate, is standing at the fence. Rudy's trees appear to be nodding to each other.
A side-view of Valentino’s old home, which has been rented by the Careys. Rudy’s house was long unoccupied, and rumors in Beverly Hills attributed to it all sorts of strange events. It was said that eerie shrieks came from it at night, that cries of a mysterious dog were often heard, and that strange specters flitted about the gardens. Harry Carey has investigated every unusual sound—and says the ghost rumors are unfounded.

"About the only place we have not shown you is Falcon Lair," his agent said finally. "Valentino’s old home, you know." As he said it he kept his eye on Harry Carey’s face. It changed not one iota.

"What’s the matter with that?" asked Harry. "Why keep it a secret? Let’s go take a peek at it."

"Well—" the agent hesitated. "you know the story about it being haunted. Valentino’s ghost, funny noises, and all that ——."

"Sure," said Carey. "But I knew Rudy when he was alive. I wasn’t afraid of him then. Why should I be when he is dead?"

The Careys took over Falcon Lair. Leased it for a year. The first night they were in the house things began to happen. Just after midnight Mrs. Carey’s sister heard a scream in the kitchen. She went out to investigate. No one was there. Without one hint of warning a cupboard door suddenly flew open and a piece of paper emerged and fluttered at her feet. She stared at the empty cabinet and called Harry.

The entrance to Falcon Lair. Nearby Rudy kept his blooded horses. Harry Carey loves horses and he keeps a stable of Western equines of his own.
The Haunted House of Benedict Canyon is No More

Gone are the exotic velvet drapes and heavy hangings with which Rudy and Natacha decorated Falcon Lair. Harry Carey, the new occupant, has re-arranged it in true Western fashion. This is Carey's den. The walls are well stocked with African spears, enough to repel any invasion, ghostly or real.

As he entered the room a moan was heard. It started low; a deep note which rose to an eery scream and then died away. Harry Carey looked at his sister-in-law. She looked at him. Into both their minds flashed the thought—

"the ghost of Valentino."

"Nix!" said Carey. "You fidgety women will give me the jumps if you keep this up."

He looked into the cupboard. Behind and above it was a ventilator. The wind, rising quickly, as it does in the hills, had swept down this shaft and blown the doors open and the paper out—where it had dropped to the floor.

The eery scream was heard again. Harry Carey opened the porch door. The scream stopped. Under the door a piece of copper weather stripping was loose and vibrated like the tongue of a saxophone as the wind whistled through the screens into the partially enclosed porch.

"I don't know anything about this ghost business," says Harry Carey, "but I do know that every noise in this house is explainable.

It has not been lived in for a long time. It needs a bit of carpentering. Loose boards flap in the wind—and that wind makes odd noises as it sweeps down the canyon and around all the cornices and corners of Falcon Lair.

"GHOSTS? Afraid of ghosts? They don't even scare my eight-year-old boy, Dobe. An ungodly rapping on the walls was heard the other night. It woke me up. As I lay in bed trying to locate the sound—which was somewhere in my room—Dobe yelled in to me, 'Hey, Pop! Fix that darn shutter, will you?'"

"I did, and that particular ghost went to sleep for the night."

"I've never met any ghosts," says Olive (Mrs. Harry Carey) "but if Rudy has one it must be uncomfortable peeking into this (Continued on page 130)

The gardens of Falcon Lair at the entrance. Strange objects flitted about these gardens, according to stories whispered about Beverly Hills when Falcon Lair was a deserted house.
MARY BRIAN
The Countess Rina de Liguoro has been chosen for an important role in Cecil De Mille's forthcoming production, "Madame Satan," in which Kay Johnson will play the leading part. The Countess, aside from being a concert pianist of considerable attainments, has appeared on the Italian and French motion picture screen in "Quo Vadis" and "The Loves of Casanova."
In "Son of the Gods," Richard Barthelmess plays a young Oriental who encounters the "East is East and West is West" barrier.

Lawrence Tibbett is the bold, bad bandit in the striking Cossack turban. He sings with gusto in "The Rogue Song."

Jeanette MacDonald is the lovely charmer of two popular singing films, "The Love Parade" and "The Vagabond King."

Anita Page is a little Long Island girl who made good in Hollywood.

Dennis King, as Francois Villon in "The Vagabond King," rules Paris for seven days and has a swell time doing it.
HERE IS YOUR GUIDE TO

THE VAGABOND KING—Paramount

Paramount is said to have spent over a million dollars on this filming of Rudolph Friml's operetta, based on Justin Huntly McCarthy's "If I Were King." It relates the glamorous career of Francois Villon, poet, vagabond, adventurer. The whim of Louis XI makes Villon all powerful for seven days, gives him an opportunity to save Paris and win the love of his beautiful niece—but at the end he must forfeit his head. All this makes a beautiful tapestry in glowing colors. Dennis King is a trifle too theatrical as Villon. Jeanette MacDonald is a lovely Katherine, but the expert O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI.

SLIGHTLY SCARLET—Paramount

Here you have Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook pitting their wits against each other as super-crooks. There is a valuable necklace, owned by an American matron touring the Riviera. Both crooks plan that this is to be their last job. They're in love, each with the other. And neither realizes the scarlet tint of the other. This is an engaging little melodrama beautifully acted by the dapper Mr. Brook and the sullen-eyed Miss Brent. Eugene Pallette, as an American nouveau riche on tour, is gloriously present. You will like this romantic thriller of two charming slickers out for their last haul.

ROADHOUSE NIGHTS—Paramount

Love and laughter among the racketeers. This might be just another yarn of bootleggers and crooked politicians but for Hobart Henley's adroit direction, Ben Hecht's ingeniously devised story of a Chicago liquor ring, and a corking cast. Charles Ruggles plays an inebriated reporter who tips off his editor about the secrets of the ring, via tapped dots and dashes in the Morse code, while he indulges in a drunken 'phone conversation under the nose of the gangsters. Helen Morgan is the brooding roadhouse hostess, Fred Kohler is the racketeer chief and that priceless clown, Jimmy Durante, is present.

CHASING RAINBOWS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

What a swell little trouper is Bessie Love! Remember her in "The Broadway Melody"? Well, she's better here but the story isn't by far. Here is another variation of the dumb vaudevillian who doesn't appreciate the love and self sacrifice of his little stage partner. Terry is eternally susceptible and Carlie is eternally forgiving. There are numerous songs, chiefly "Lucky Me, Lovable You"—but it is Marie Dressler who saves the picture from being just plain dull and hackneyed. Charles King, who also was in "The Broadway Melody," plays the philandering Terry.

THE BATTLE OF PARIS—Paramount

When this plays your local theater, better devote your evening to something else. "The Battle of Paris" is one of the weak pictures of the year. Gertrude Lawrence, English favorite from the musical stage, is starred. Behind the footlights Miss Lawrence has a deft method of doing songs. Even her song skill is blurred in this mediocre film. Charles Ruggles is the only player of any importance in the cast. The story deals with the World War and offers little or nothing in the way of material for Miss Lawrence or Mr. Ruggles. Miss Lawrence, who makes her talkie début here, deserves another chance.
THE NEW MOTION PICTURES

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA—RKO

Stark tragedy of the World War, unrelieved by humor
or lightness. The story of a single soldier—a Rus-
sian prisoner of war—in conflict with the machine
of war. Here is a single life caught in the tangle
of red tape—a kindly human, sick of blood, who ends
before a firing squad. For him there is no escape.
This is a direct telling of Arnold Zweig's novel and
its box-office appeal is likely to be limited. Chester
Morris has the tremendously difficult rôle of Grischa
and he is only moderately successful. Betty Compson
is even less suited to the part of the runaway Babka.
Herbert Brenon directed.

HAPPY DAYS—Fox

This new Fox wide-measure (Grandeur) film on a
screen 42 feet wide became a gargantuan revue and
minstrel novelty at its New York (Roxy Theater)
première. There are frequent results impossible to
the usual film, with startling sweeps of landscape and
stage ensemble. The plot is thin. A showboat troupe,
on the verge of stranding in the South, is saved by
the appearance of a train load of Broadway veteran
entertainers who once worked for old Captain Billy,
owner of the boat. A lot of real stars participate.
There are two striking song and dance numbers,
"Crazy Feet" and "Snake Hips."

LET'S GO PLACES—Fox

This isn't much to write home about. Walter Catlett,
veteran comedian of Ziegfeld and other revues, plays
a garrulous and gullible movie director who hires a
tenor he thinks is a famous Broadway favorite only
to discover his mistake when the real tenor turns up.
Catlett is mildly amusing, Charles Judels is comic
as the real temperamental French singer, while Lola
Lane and Sharon Lynn contribute a pulchritudinous
attractiveness to the antics of the feeble plot. The
studio scenes, with a big chorus number in progress
of filming, have interest and animated beauty. But
you've had a lot of this sort of thing.

DANGEROUS PARADISE—Paramount

What's this? No less than Joseph Conrad's "Vic-
tory" masquerading in diluted form under a so-called
box-office title. The characters still bear their Conrad
names but you will hardly recognize the events. The
film gets around all this by saying the plot is merely
suggested by Mr. Conrad's yarn. Alma is now an
upright chorus girl who stows away on a young
millionaire's yacht and comes to adventure on the
chap's privately owned South Sea Island. Nancy
Carroll is the girl and Richard Arlen is the young
hero—and neither player is able to do much with
their opportunities. This is fair melodrama.

THE GREAT DIVIDE—First National

Some twenty-five years ago William Vaughn Moody's
play, "The Great Divide," was hailed by many serious
critics as "the great American drama." The effort—a
study in sectional viewpoints—faded rapidly into the
background of things dramatic. It has been filmed
before—and here it is again as a talkie. Dorothy
Mackaill is a young society girl seeking a new thrill.
She gets it when a cowboy tries cave-man tactics.
But the cowpuncher turns out to be a millionaire
(an event not conceived by Mr. Moody) and a friend
of her father. Ian Keith is the tough hombre who
steals our Dorothy.
The New FILMS in REVIEW

SONG O' MY HEART—Fox

Starring the lyric-voiced tenor, John McCormack, "Song o' My Heart" easily is the film of the month. The great Irish songster is heard to superb effect in eleven numbers. They are beautifully recorded, for this is the best example of screen song reproduction to date. The makers wisely selected a gentle, unobtrusive story which calls for no histrionic impossibilities from Mr. McCormack. The poetic mood of sentiment colors it. Through the famous tenor sings sweetly, movingly. Director Frank Borzage, expert in screen sentiment, handles his story and his star superbly.

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners

The Vitaphone has moved back to the covered wagon days of '49. John Boles, the popular hit of "Rio Rita" and "The Desert Song," is the pioneer sheik of the saddle, and Vivienne Segal, captured from musical comedy, is the heroine. Boles is a cavalry captain who is court-martialed because he gets involved in a fight over a woman. The colonel's daughter marries him, knowing his past but, believing he is ruining her life, our hero deserts his wife out of sheer nobility. In the end—but why tell the happy ending. Joe Brown nearly steals the picture but Boles sings charmingly.

A LADY TO LOVE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This drama of the grape vineyards of California, based on Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted," was filmed silently by Pola Negri. Now it is done with Vilma Banky as the charming accented waitress who is wooed by mail by an old grape rancher. She marries him—and then faces the temptation of a younger love. The talkie tempers the original drama considerably, but the story still has dramatic force. You will find Miss Banky charming in the leading rôle. Her Hungarian accent masquerades as the waitress's Swiss dialect. Edward Robinson is the old grower and Robert Ames is the younger temptation.

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—United Artists

Harry Richman, highly popular with New York night club devotees and with Clara Bow, makes his film début in another of those endless backstage stories. Richman plays a song plugger who makes good in a big way on Broadway and then forgets the little girl who loves him, in favor of a society matron's attentions. What's that? You've seen that before. Yes, indeed! However, the hero has got his old sweetheart back. That's new, isn't it? The little girl still loves him and there's a hint that he will recover. Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman and James Gleason make the going hard for Mr. Richman.

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners

Here we are in the good old night clubs again. A happy cabaret hostess almost loses her man—a handsome racketeer—when he falls in love with a society belle. Winnie Lightner, who copped a robust hit in "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "The Show of Shows," is called upon to be too sentimental in this rôle. It's a pity, for Winnie can sing any sort of a refrain with more gusto and effect than any one in the singies. Witness "Singin' in the Bathtub" in "The Show of Shows." Chester Morris is the man who breaks our Winnie's heart. Please, Mr. Producer, put our Winnie in lively comedies.
Probably you have wondered time and again how they make those singing motion pictures of players in swings—and why the subject always stays in focus. You see the answer above. Perched beside the sound-proof booth of the cameraman is Director Harry Beaumont. He is directing Marion Davies and Lawrence Gray in a scene of "The Gay '90s." The camera booth with attached lights, the swing and the microphone are all adjusted to move as one. The result is an episode of easy, graceful movement.
Norma Shearer was born twenty-seven years ago in Westmount, a suburb of Montreal. All of Miss Shearer's early life was spent in the vicinity of Montreal and Toronto. Her ancestors lived long in Ontario and played an active part in the growth and advancement of Toronto.

Norma Shearer, who celebrates her twenty-seventh birthday on the tenth of next August, spent her childhood almost entirely in the vicinity of the Dominion's two largest cities.

Unlike Mary Pickford, whose early associations are linked undividedly with Toronto, Norma owes an even larger share of her background to the picturesque English-French metropolis of Montreal.

Actually she was born in Westmount, a suburban garden city between two portions of the city of Montreal, at 507 Grosvenor Avenue. Her parents were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shearer, now in California. There were two daughters.

From early childhood she manifested a predilection for dancing and she and her sister, Athol, were known at school as two incorrigible young madcaps, who loved nothing better than to lead their fellow students in the elementary school into all sorts of pranks. As she grew up Norma showed distinct mimetic inclinations and these found unexpected expression in various school theatricals. The sisters in those days were inseparable and went through Westmount High School together, but Norma was always the leader in escapades. She found unembarrassed pleasure in the comradeship of the boys of her own age, although she was never regarded as a tomboy. She always was amusing and a party favorite.

School days were punctuated with joyous holiday time, and for the Shearer girls vacation often spelled a visit to the lovely valley of the Humber River, adjacent to Toronto, Ontario, where was the ancestral home of their mother.

On her mother's side Norma is descended from a family which has lived long in Ontario and added much to the growth and advancement of Toronto. Her mother was Edith Fisher, daughter of Edwin Fisher, the son of Thomas Fisher who built the Humber landmark, the Old Mill.

This locally famous structure, near which Miss Shearer played as a tot, was for decades the building of importance in the community. But, since her departure, it has fallen into disuse. Just across the river a modern structure has been erected to house a cabaret. Where formerly only bucolic sounds assailed the night air, a jazz band now blazons forth its rhythm in the vicinity of the Old Mill.

Norma's mother was also a direct descendant of the Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Cooper, the first rector of St. George's Church, Islington. He preached the first sermon there in 1848. Toronto people who resided in the community eighteen years ago recall the small girl who periodically stayed with her relatives here at the rectory.

She also went with her parents to "Millwood," the beautiful tree-shaded, old Fisher home. It still stands proudly today, set like a gem among the trees, overlooking the Humber River.

The influence of the quiet refinement of both homes left its impress upon the young girl who was later to win such popular renown. This influence, say those who knew the child Norma, has contributed tremendously to the acquisition of that charm and magnetic personality which have helped her to make her way into the hearts of theater fans the world over.

The district was then open countryside. Its hills and dales were dotted here and there with hardy native Ontario trees. The meadows were broad, grassy stretches over which the two small Shearer girls roved with their playmates and romped at will.

NEXT MONTH: The Home Town Story of William Haines
DISTANT relatives of Miss Shearer reside yet in Lambton Mills. They tell of the days when she played in the fields which have since been converted into a model suburb, with pretty gardens separating newly built homes.

She has often expressed a love for this pretty old community. Well she might, for beneath the ancient elms that shade St. George’s Church there lie in the burial ground the remains of Norma’s ancestors whose characters have contributed so to the progress of the city.

Intimate details of her life there have been obtained from her relatives, Mrs. A. Cooper and her daughter, Alice Cooper, the former, Norma’s great-aunt, and the latter, a first cousin and childhood playmate.

“Norma was quite an ordinary sort of a child, except that she was unusually dainty of features and of a very kindly disposition,” state those who remember her well. “She was especially fond of the out-of-doors, and like most girls spent hours skipping rope and fondling her dolls.”

She liked to play in sandpiles, too. One time she had doomed her Sunday best and was all ready to go with Mother a-visiting. But a few minutes in the sandpile ruined the result of considerable preparation and Norma faced an annoyed “Mummy” when the time for departing came.

THE child was of a tender nature, an incident which occurred on the Humber hills demonstrates. Neighborhood boys had cornered a noisy black squirrel in a leafy maple tree on the river bank. They kept the little fellow in a rage of excitement for a long time. Finally, they caught him, and after tethering him with a piece of cord commenced to torture him, till the tender-hearted Norma chanced along and tearfully pleaded with them to release the frightened creature.

That self-same Humber River was a source of worry to Mrs. Shearer. Children were wont to play on or near its banks. Although the girl who was to become famous on the screen and her younger sister had no near-drowning experiences there, a neighbor lad was drowned in its swift waters.

“Norma is married now; she was married on September 29, 1927.” Mrs. Cooper states. “We all love her dearly. She corresponds with us regularly.

“Her mother, who is my niece, has always had a warm spot in her heart for their former home on the Humber,” she continued. “She visited us two years ago and at that time said that she might come back here to live.”

WHILE Norma’s father was as kindly a daddy as a girl could desire, and although her home life was always happy, the family was not wealthy. They (Continued on page 130)

The lovely valley of the Humber River, adjacent to Toronto, where Norma Shearer and her sister used to play as children. It was in the waters of the Humber that Miss Shearer became a crack swimmer, a proficiency that helped her to screen success in later years.
Jack Oakie is honest about how he landed in motion pictures. "Bluff," he says, "pure unadulterated bluff. That's the way I got in. They'd never heard of me. No one out here knew me. But I made 'em know me and remember me and think I was the answer to a producer's prayer. Sometimes they don't know what they want, anyway. They're kinda glad to have somebody else decide it for 'em. You gotta toot your own horn in this league."
"Hi, There!"

With that greeting Jack Oakie has sold himself to Hollywood

By JACK BEVERLY

What a traveling salesman some organization lost when Jack Oakie decided to become an actor!

Jack could walk into Newcastle and sell them ten tons of coal every time he opened his mouth. He could sell ice to the Eskimos and fur coats to Hawaiian diving boys.

He could—yes, did—sell himself to motion-picture producers. He did not give short weight. The order was as specified even if the salesman did paint a rather glowing account of the product.

He is the closest thing to the picture most of us carry in our minds as representing the old, breezy type of traveling salesman I have ever met. He exudes good fellowship with every move. He is the biggest gladhander and bank artist in Hollywood. He could bluff a Chinese mandarin out of his ancestor's ashes—and make the mandarin like it.

According to Jack Oakie that is just the way he sold himself to motion pictures.

“Bluff,” he says, “pure unadulterated bluff. That’s the way I got into pictures. They’d never heard of me. No one out here knew me. But I made ’em knew me and remember me and think I was the answer to a producer’s prayer. Sometimes they don’t know what they want anyway. They’re kinda glad to have somebody else decide it for ’em. I came along and explained how good I was and what I could do for pictures—and there I was. In. You gotta toot your own trumpet in this league.”

Jack comes from New York. I wish I could reproduce his accent exactly. The microphone fails to get it altogether. Plain print is impossible. He is a daze and dose and dem guy—and yet he isn’t. You can catch words like those occasionally but not always.

He could have been a politician; New York and Jimmy Walker lost a great aid when Jack Oakie decided vaudeville would be more fun. Because he can circulate, mix, and remember people’s names with the best ward heelin’ in Brooklyn or Manhattan.

“Hi, there,” is his pet expression.

If he said it once the other day as we were walking about the Paramount lot he said it twenty times in five minutes. He would see a still camera man taking a shot of a building fifty yards away. “Hi, there, Pete,” would boom out. “How’s she blow?” And Pete would yell back, “Hello, Jack.”

Or he would spy a couple of laborers digging a ditch for a new water main. “Hi, there, gophers. Diggin’ ‘em deep today?” A pretty extra girl, new on the lot, would go hurrying by, “Hi, there, sister. Where you been keeping yourself? They make you a star yet?”


And yet, when we parked ourselves for a few moments in his dressing-room, the foam in his nature died down. The sparkle was still there, but it did not fizzle, if you know what I mean.

Jack Oakie relaxed. He became more of the man he is rather than the man he has sold himself as to Hollywood.

“Sure,” he said, “I’m gettin’ by pretty well. I’m sittin’ pretty at the moment. But I’m not kiddin’ myself. I’m liable to land out on my ear any time. Anyone is, in this game. That’s why I’m not goin’ nuts and buyin’ houses and living up to every nickel I make. That isn’t so very much, as things go out here, but it is going to be more and that right away. (A new contract calling for more salary is being fixed up for Oakie at this writing.)

“I’m going to get mine while the gettin’ is good and I’m not going to be surprised or cry when it stops coming in. Anybody who takes this racket seriously ought to have his head

(Continued on page 111)
ONE of the most popular and easiest ways to entertain for the younger girls of the film colony who do not keep up big establishments is with a buffet luncheon at the Roosevelt Hotel on Tuesdays. Almost any Tuesday, if you stroll into the Blossom Room of Hollywood's famous hotel on Holly Boulevard, you will find several of the tables occupied by a group of starlets and leading ladies, but unless you knew them you'd have a hard time distinguishing them from a group of Junior Leaguers.

Lillian Roth was one of the hostesses there on a recent Tuesday and had as her guests Jean Arthur, Myrna Kennedy, Ann Roth, Helen Chandler, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Gilbert, Mary Brian, Virginia Bruce, Jeanette MacDonald, Lola Lane and Kay Francis.

Like most of our popular young screen players, Lillian is a very busy girl and daytime entertaining in Hollywood is fairly rare, because everyone is apt to be working. But Lillian had a most successful party and it was so easy to arrange that she swears she'll never play society any other way.

"All you do," said Lillian, "is go to Chef Ehlers, tell him exactly what you want, then speak to the head-waiter about a centerpiece for your table, and you're all set."

On Tuesdays the Roosevelt serves a special buffet luncheon, Lillian Roth consulted the Roosevelt Hotel chef, Ulrich Ehlers, about her luncheon. And she managed to obtain from him the secret of the famous Roosevelt Hotel meat balls, given elsewhere in this story.
arranged on a huge, specially constructed table in the middle of the room. Big platters of hors d'œuvres, marvelous salads, cold meats and special hot dishes. But in case of a special luncheon like Lillian Roth's, she may select ahead of time the main dishes for her menu and then they are augmented from the buffet.

MISS ROTH chose a long, flat centerpiece of red roses, early spring freesias and vari-colored anemones, with a few sprays of pale pink peach blossoms.

Her menu consisted of a fresh fruit cocktail, meat balls Roosevelt, with fresh peas and spaghetti, an endive and grapefruit salad, and a frozen dessert of French vanilla ice cream and raspberry ice, with special little cakes and coffee.

The costumes of the guests were all in the latest spring mode and the girls when gathered at the table at one o'clock looked much like a big bouquet of spring flowers.

The hostess sprang a startling new color combination on her guests. Her frock was of flat crêpe in chartreuse green and with it she wore a transparent hat of brown tulle. The skirt of the dress missed the floor by a scant twelve inches—the fashion decree for daytime gowns not for sport—and was held snugly about the hips by an intricate treatment of ties and bows. Sandals dyed chartreuse to match, a suede bag that harmonized with the hat and lovely old gold jewelry completed Miss Roth's costume.

NANCY CARROLL wore a brown ensemble in silk crêpe that set off her lovely red hair to perfection. The body of the dress fitted snugly and then rippled into myriads of circular folds. The neckline was accented with tabs of lace and organdie in eggshell shade. The jacket was fingertip length and had fascinating scarfs that tied around the neck. The cuffs terminated with wide bands of blue fox fur. A small brown straw hat that revealed the forehead fell into long lines over the ears was unadorned. Her gloves were beige suède and her bag was in brown and beige reptile, to match her smart pumps.

Helen Chandler looked lovely in a very spring-like affair of printed chiffon in cornflower blue and maize. The cape fluttered to the waistline and the skirt was fashioned in three deep tiers. Over this was thrown a wrap of black silk trimmed with shiny black gaylak fur. Her hat was cornflower-blue straw, with a brim that swept off the face.

Lola Lane and Myrna Kennedy were both in black—Lola's being a severe suit of black woolen material and Myrna's a black silk crêpe suit. The white satin blouse, with ruffles of narrow pleating and white suède gloves and crystal beads, gave a summery note to Myrna's costume. Her hat was shiny black straw with a drooping brim. The tailored severity of Lola's suit was carried out in a tailored white blouse with lapels and rows of buttons, the jacket very snug fitting and the skirt long and straight. Over her shoulders she wore a wide scarf of King fox furs. (Cont. on page 117)
DEAR, Struggling Half of My Life:

Hey, what's the grand and glorious about your letting the kid go hedge-hopping with some of the bum kewees that hang around the java-and-sinker joint. Just because I am up here with "The Star of the Universe" and cannot knock some sense in that coconuot shell that you carry around for a bean occasionally you go haywire and try to make business for the man with the silk hat, frock coat, folding-chairs and hearsees. Keep that young hopeful on the ground until he knows how to walk at least. I don't want to be no party to nothing pertaining to purple ribbons and wreaths of laurel.

Sure, that kid can fly some of these days, but not with that bunch of crate-floaters that hangs around the beanery that you so ably lose money running. When a good flyer comes along the kid can go up and stay up, for all I care. But it's got to be a flyer, not a would-be wearer of wings.

HOW come, anyway, you want him to be a flyer? Just last week you was crazy to have him act in com-motion pictures and was raising merry hades 'cause I wouldn't stand for it. Has he lost his voice or is he beginning to look like his mother?

He can't be both an actor and a flyer—that's a sure thing. Newman Rose, the champion swimmer, tried to do that once and went back to playing with the fishes. He hasn't been in make-up since the last time he and Joe Jenkins tangled on the beach at Coronado, and that was many starlight days ago.

Rose had served in the Army Air Corps during the little ruckus that we had in making the world safe for the Republican party. During the time that we was shipping planes over to Europe to be knocked down by Richtofen, Rose was confined to quarters most of the time at Rockwell Field, just outside San Diego, the town that was made famous later by Smiling Butler squawking about the liquid refreshments served at a party. Butler felt the Marines didn't need so much hair tonic to keep them peaceful.

THAT guy couldn't be kept out of the water, though. He had to have his swim two and three times a day. As soon as he was through ferrying some of the hoped-to-be flyers back and forth to the target range, Rose was in the old suit and into the Pacific for a feather-wetting. That baby could swim, too. He used to slide over the waves all the way to Coronado Beach every night, not forgetting Sunday, and it was a good six miles as the seagulls fly. He would spend the night there and swim back to camp in time for reveille in the morning. Yeah, he was confined to quarters, all right. At any rate the commanding officer thought so until he ran into him dancing at the hotel one night. Then he didn't swim any more without a guard standing by.

Well, after the War some wise little sliding tintype manufacturer thought it would be good business to make some war pictures. Of course, we hadn't had enough war—only three years of it. But then that's the way with those purveyors of amusement to the intel-ligentia. They hired Rose to do the flying. That wasn't so bad for him, the studio was right near the beach at Santa Monica and he could dampen the feathers as often as he liked.

The leading man, though, walked out on 'em the first time that Rose took him up in the air. Well, maybe he did wait until they landed, but he was only half of what had gone up by then. Rose had a rep as a rough-riding cloud-puncher that just wasn't to be equalled by anyone.

Rose left the side car at an angle of 45 degrees, both laterally and horizontally, and at a speed of about double that of the motorcycle. He made a three-point landing—on his tummy. He had mis-judged his speed, landing on his buttons and chin. When he stopped the waves were carressing his cheeks.
How Joe, the Property Man, Got His Revenge—Ruining the Career of a Handsome Flying Sheik

remaining alive. He didn’t care for the leading man any too much, anyway. Besides that he had sort of fallen for the ingenious little blonde that was to play opposite the boy that had the frigid pedal extremities. And what Rose made that old crate do just wasn’t in the script or in Army orders, either. Well, to get down to earth, Rose photographed pretty well, the picture called more for stunts than it did for acting, the boss would save one salary, so Rose was made leading man. Right there trouble started for one Joe Jenkins, the property man on the lot.

The leading lady showed Rose how to make up and did a fairish job of it. With make-up on he looked like a spinster’s dream of the man she wanted, but was afraid to hunt.

But his fatal beauty sort of spoiled that big he-man from the clouds and the aqua. Of course, the little blonde didn’t help matters any too much. He was easy pickin’s for her. She could steal the foreground and lens-louse the camera away from him easy, because he didn’t know the tricks of the profession, as they calls it—racket would be better. Rose got so he was thinking more of his mirror than he was of his ability to juggle a joy-stick.

He got so he wanted a chair of his own on the set with his name on it. Then he insisted on a rain stick over his head when they were shooting in the sun. It got so at last that Joe’s little stripped flivver carried nothing but the luxurious props for the big he-man of the “first, grandest and most thrilling aero-plane picture ever presented.” And the big ox was always playing pranks on the studio help. He found out that he could nearly shake the paper off a set by giving the stage braces a good swift tug. Now that didn’t make him any too popular with the gang ’cause he wasn’t one of ‘em. He was too “valuable” for them to take chances of getting even. They did let a whole sixteen-foot piece of set wrap itself around his neck one day, but that bullet head of his was so callous that it only knocked him out for a few minutes. Of course, it was an accident. At least that’s what the stage grips told the general manager, Maccaray. But we noticed he left the stage braces alone after that.

Some of the scenes were laid at Rockwell Field. Rose had an old Jenny of his own that the use of was part of the contract. After the leading man’s mal-de-aero with him nobody asked to play birdie with the big boy. But one day Joe had to fly with him all the way to Rockwell Field from the studio. Joe had missed the train chasing after some crazy thing that the director had decided was necessary, though not in the script, just as they was climbing into their berths. Of course, Joe wasn’t crying with joy over the ride, but he knew he had to be with the director with that prop as soon as the director was on the set.

They takes off about the middle of the night, to hear Joe tell it. It was about 135 miles to the location and the old Jenny could just about turn up eighty per hour if you shoved the throttle against the corner. At any rate, it was just sunrise when they spotted Point Loma off San Diego. They had played around in the soft, cozy, wet clouds for about half an hour, which was against good judgment. There was too many planes around that spot that might kiss you just as you came out of a cloud. But Rose banked the old Jenny, he rammed her up for a steep climb, did a wing-over, a falling leaf, and finished up with a full

(Continued on page 107)
WHY THEY MAKE MOTION PICTURES IN CALIFORNIA

The map of California, as reproduced above, hangs in the office of Fred Harris, location manager of the Hollywood studios of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation. This map, if you look at it closely, shows how famous foreign localities may be duplicated without difficulty within a few miles of the motion picture capital. For instance, a director can shoot a swell reproduction of the old time Mississippi up near Sacramento and he can move down to Laguna Beach and get a perfect background for a South Sea yarn. The Red Sea, if anyone besides Cecil De Mille wants to part it, can be caught out at the Salton Sea. Spain, the French Alps, Switzerland, Holland and Long Island Sound are all knocking at the door of Hollywood. That's why the capital of motion pictures never will move far from Hollywood. No where else could the screen catch difficult background so easily.
With the Hollywood Belittlers

(Continued from page 45)

unhappy, for it was their duty to in-
vestigate and report in which her name
was involved, although no one could
ever connect her with some of the
west coast tragedies. Doherty was
shocked to hear her voice, and
hastily caused her pain and he wrote a bea-
tiful story about her.

I MET her once up at T. R. Smith's
place on 47th Street. Mr. Smith
is the executive head for the Liveright
publishing firm and at a literary party,
as they are laughingly called, Mabel
passed around her autograph album,
asking all the celebriters writers there
to write in her book. They all penned
amusing lines and tributes to her and
then she confessed to me that she once
was the world's champion autograph-
passer-a wave, but once before she failed
autograph, she said, and now look,
here she was collecting the signatures of
well-knowns herself. At heart I
suspect she said, "I'm a hero-worshipper,
too."

She told a story that night which amused the gang. It dealt with the origin of the Irish Trick. Once upon a time, so her story un-
folded, a handsome youth named Phil
McCool was pursued by all the beauti-
ful colleens in Ireland. In order to
make all of them happy he decided to
hold a contest. So he gathered them all and told them that he would race a
hill—the winner to become his bride!

When the lasses raced up the hill and
reached the top, they discovered
McCool was pursuing not a colleen but
that—so Mabel explained, was the
first Dirty Irish Trick!

BUDDY ROGERS swept New York
off its paws when he was here at
the Paramount Theatre. Buddy shat-
tered that theater's box office record,
say, and without the aid of a
megaphone, either. Wherever he went,
to lunch, or dinner, or to the theater,
he was mobbed by armies of fans. The
ception of Broadway had a difficult time
of it keeping the mobs from congest-
ing the busy streets. He certainly is
the town's idol and more power to him.
He is what Broadwayites would call
"an all-right guy."

His favorite anecdote, he will tell
you, concerns the movie actress who
while in Manhattan frequented one of
the city's most exclusive hair-dressing
emporiums. She had an appointment
for a perm, but once before she failed
to keep her date with the establishment,
a very busy one, so it didn't go to any
extremes to please her. She finally let
out her resentment about the service,
squawking madly all over the
place.

"Listen you!" groused the woman in
chagrin. "You may see a screen star out
in Hollywood, but in here you are just
another marcel!"

Which recalls a similar squelch on
another occasion when a chap who dashed up to
the ticket window in the Pennsylvania
Station, pushing aside others to get her
transportation.

"Too big for you, sugar," she cooed, thinking
she'd make an impression, "and I'm in
a hurry."

"You'll have to get in line," was the
retort, "there are others waiting who
are just as uninformed as you."

SPEAKING of Buddy naturally re-
minds a Rogers fan of the other famous
Rogers—Will—who long before
he clicked in a huge way and settled
in California was the victim of the
diligence of Mr. Will Rogers. One
of the I-Brows had complained of
Will's persistent use of the word
"ain't."

"Yeah," yea'd Rogers, "I notice a
lot of guys who ain't saying ain't aintin'!"

As grand a retort as ever was told.

When Evelyn Brent was seeing the
Broadway sights she passed along this
amusing gag. An Indian was waiting
for an interview in a Hollywood casting
room. Brent walked up and handed him
a packet of paper, saying that someone had dropped. The
Indian went up to another "extra" and
said: "What does this paper say?
You're the first movie actor I ever
met who admitted that he couldn't
read."

Marc Connelly's "The Green Pas-
tures" was recently produced in New
York and it marked one of the first
times The Deity was represented on
a stage. The play, however, deals with
Biblical and Biblical-like matters.
At the premiere performance we
encountered a cinema celeb who urged
us not to reveal her name if we used her
story.

She said that the scene of heaven
in the show reminded her of the time
a prominent movie critic here made the
world's worst blunder. I would call
it the height of conceit, but no matter,
here's the story:

Mohan's "Lillian" had been screened
and there were numerous scenes show-
ing heaven. The critic complained
about several things and then wound
up his amazing retort with: "...
... and snapshot Greta Garbo."

The "extra" said Greta apparently
was someone's address, and then con-
cluded: "Permit me to compliment you.
You're the first movie actor I ever
met who admitted that he couldn't
read."

YOU might have heard about Cecil
Beaton. The Britisher who takes
photos of well-knowns and worth-
whiles with a $5 camera and then sells
the likenesses to fashionable maga-
azines. Beaton was up a dejected fellow
on the night we met him on 46th
Street. He had just returned from
Hollywood where he went, he said, expressly
to meet and snapshot Greta Garbo. But
the lady was her elusive self and Bea-
ton felt wretched.

"She is so charming on the screen,"
he told me, "but when you meet her in
person... I thought it would be grand to meet her and take her
picture, but she couldn't be bothered."

We comforted him by telling him a
way to change matters. While Greta
is difficult to meet, she has one friend
in New York who arranges her busi-
ness and sight-seeing when she is in
New York. We'll be glad to ring Mr.
Read, a young chap, who serves the
Frohman Company as press agent. Read
is said to be the only male in New York who
know when Greta arrives or leaves
New York, when she arises, ret-
tires, eats, buys, and so on.

They have been friends a long time,
because Read has never violated her
confidence.

It is a fact that numerous maga-
azines and newspapers have offered
Read $1000 sums to jot down "inside
stuff" about Greta Garbo. But he has
spurned them all, preferring her everlasting
friendship.

And he is one of five people in the
whole world to whom she has presented
her photo with her own autograph.

Golly!!!

JOE. E. BROWN, incidentally, tells
the most amusing autograph story.
It is the one about Radyard Kipling,
who was with him one day chasing
graph hunters more than Shaw or any
movie star. Finally, an idea struck
Kipling on how to rid himself of the
pester, as he preferred to call them.
He instructed his secretary to tell a
writer who asked "How may I become
a success?" that Mr. Kipling would
forward him the desired information
as he forwarded Mr. Kipling 25 cents for
each word.

The autograph seeker sarcastically
wrote back: "All right then, send me
one word."

To which the poet who didn't sign
his letter replied: "No."

You might not have heard the san-
niest of the "extra girl" yarns we
enjoy swapping here and there along
Broadway. An extra gal called up a
Mrs. Rose, head of a casting bureau.
The repartee went something like this:
"Oh, Mrs. Rose, have you anything
for me today?"

"NO!"

"But, Mrs. Rose, you never have any-
thing for me!"

"Oh, don't bother me! !!"

Very well, goodbye, Mrs. Rosen-
berg.

THERE'S Marilyn Miller's quip.
At least pretty Marilyn is cred-
ited with it.

When a movie actor was asked:
"Are you a movie actor?"
He answered: "Yes. Between promises!"

Another of her anedotes, they would
have you believe, concerns the time she
visited Reuben's famous delicatessen,
where the sandwiches bear the names
of well-knowns of the stage and screen.
She inspected the cryptic menu, which
announced "Jack Oakie Special": "Win-
nie Lightner Delight" and so on.

"Oh, I say," said Marilyn to the
waiter, "Is that all you've got to eat
here?"

"Oh no, we have dozens of other
selections."

"Very funny," cracked Marilyn, "all
I see here is ham."

Paul Whiteman is very fond of his
colleague. When he served him loyally for many years ago, when the
Whiteman outfit traveled to Hollywood
and the darkly came in and asked for

(Continued on page 129)
They Know Hollywood

Augusta, Ga.—

Obviously, the only magazine that puts forth effort for numerous improvements in each new issue; the only magazine of its kind whose writing contributors are familiar with the Hollywood film folk and have been previously acclaimed as successful writers; and one of the few magazines whose department concerning the guide to new films contains honest, concise and valuable information.

Mary Lewis,
1901 Central Ave.

No Wise-cracks

New York City, N. Y.—

I've just spent the most pleasant hour reading your corking magazine. It's magnificent and worth fully thirty-five cents. I like it because it contains so many brand-new pictures and nicely written stories, without those unbearable "wise-cracks" that magazines seem unable to get along without. I find the very sophisticated contributions of Mr. Herbert Howe charming.

Julia Tamaya Reino,
215 East 121st Street.

Wants Old Favorites

Philadelphia, Pa.—

Why should I be deprived of the pleasure of seeing my favorite screen actor or actress simply because his or her voice does not record well for a talking picture? Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I'll always maintain that I want my old favorites back. I miss them all.

Bessie Meyerson,
726 Mountain Street.

What About Adolphe?

Dade City, Fla.—

Why are we deprived of the wonderful screen per-
formances and talent of Adolphe Menjou? I have never enjoyed any picture, either silent or talkie, more than those starring Adolphe Menjou.

Miss I. G. Bosch,
P. O. B. 32.

Likes Home-town Stores

Hot Springs, Ark.—

I have just finished reading the second issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. It's a wow. It is actually one of the best movie guides to the forthcoming new pictures and it contains so much information about the stars and the happenings of Hollywood. The Home Town stories of the stars are very interesting. John Boles is one of my favorite actors and after reading his life story I appreciate him more.

William Brodey,
118 Liberty Street.

Remake the Silent Hits

Scranton, Pa.—

Why not have some more good pictures made over once more? There's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," "Robin Hood," and some of Rudolph Valentino's pictures. Stage-revue pictures are the only kind that interest the directors and producers nowadays. I've seen many of them and I think they're good, but that doesn't mean that the good old drama should be cut out.

T. M.

Wants More Westerns

Haverhill, Mass.—

What about the good old Western film? Western talkies? Now that sound is introduced in movies, we see less and less of this sort of entertainment. Is it because the producers are overlooking the fact that there are still a majority of theater-goers who would enjoy a good Western talkie occasionally?

A. J. Pazzanese,
3 Hancock Street.

Likes Our Writers

Norfolk, Va.—

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. It is unexcelled and gives one all the up-to-date news, photographs, and besides has good authors for less than half the price of the other magazines not as good.

Mrs. Lewis G. Throm,
2911 Nottaway Street.

A Great Dime's Worth

Royal Oak, Mich.—

How long has this been going on? Your magazine came to me for the first time today. My wife went up-town to do some shopping and brought THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE home with her, and I want to say it's the greatest dime's worth I have ever seen.

George L. Chenal,
1617 Longfellow.

(Continued on page 106)
Every mile—
it saves you money!

No single feature of the new Chevrolet Six is praised more highly than its outstanding economy—for in spite of its marvelous six-cylinder performance, its larger size and its greater weight—it saves you money every mile you drive!

From first cost to resale value—it pays to own a Chevrolet.

With a base price of $495, f.o.b. factory, the Chevrolet Six is one of the world's lowest priced automobiles—actually in the price range of a four-cylinder car. And this initial economy is emphasized over and over again as the months and the miles go by.

Exceptionally high gasoline mileage! Oil economy that never ceases to amaze you! Dependability in every part that reduces your service requirements to the minimum. Long life that far exceeds the demands of the average owner. And standardized service available everywhere—with low flat-rate charges for both parts and labor!

Purely on the basis of economy—the Chevrolet Six is the logical car to own. But when you consider what it gives you in addition to economy—in six-cylinder performance, in beautiful Fisher bodies, in greater comfort, safety and handling ease—its choice becomes imperative, if you seek outstanding value. See your Chevrolet dealer today. He will gladly give you a demonstration.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR
IT'S ALL in the BLADE

The razor blade always determines the shave. Buy either blade shown here — both are guaranteed — and you will be sure of a clean shave with the least time, effort and expense in shaving.

SHA-VE-ZEE SINGLE-EDGE BLADES
3 for 10¢

Every Sha-Ve-Zee blade you buy is inspected and guaranteed. The high quality steel and keen cutting edge give a service and satisfaction you cannot better at any price. Three blades in every package.

WHY PAY MORE?

S P E E D W A Y
DOUBLE-EDGE BLADES
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Every blade is guaranteed to be of the same high quality, in steel, temper and edge, that has made the name Speedway mean shaving satisfaction to millions of men. Two blades to a package—many men buy them six packages at a time.

WHY PAY MORE?

INTERNATIONAL SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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On this page you will find an illustrated lesson on how to shampoo your own hair. Many women prefer to wash their own hair, especially when they are traveling or away on a vacation and do not feel that they can trust such important care to an unknown coiffeuse.

In shampooing the hair, it is important to remember that it should not be washed too often. Too many hasty shampoos have a tendency to dry out the hair and make it thin and brittle. Once a week is too often. Once every two weeks is a better practice to adopt. In the meantime, of course, it is well to keep the hair carefully brushed. Some women neglect this constant brushing because it naturally destroys much of any artificial wave. However, there are so many clever devices for waving the hair at home and of keeping a wave in good condition that this is scarcely a real excuse for omitting the nightly brushing.

You will find many variations of brilliantine on the market for keeping a wave in the hair. These useful preparations serve a double purpose, as they not only “set” a wave but they also add luster to the hair. If they are used in conjunction with curlers they will give your coiffure (Continued on page 127)

THE FIFTEEN MINUTE SHAMPOO, suggested and illustrated by Virginia Bruce:
1. Separate an egg carefully in a small, deep bowl.
2. Beat the white of the egg until it is firm.
3. Rub the stiffly beaten white of egg into the hair, so that the entire scalp and all the ends are covered with the mixture. Two eggs are necessary if the hair is long and thick.
4. Let the egg white dry on the hair. This should require five minutes, but do not disturb or brush out until the mixture is thoroughly dry.
5. Brush out the dried albumen carefully, and the hair will be delightfully cleansed of all dust and oil, and will not have lost its original water wave or marcel.
It seemed like Tragedy
—but it gave me extra help for life.

I knew something had happened, the minute the telephone rang. No one knew I was back in town except Bob. That bell had a guilty ring—guiltier than Bob’s voice when he said, “Hello, dear.” He went on to tell me that Mr. Winslow (the owner of the plant, mind you!), with Mrs. Winslow, was coming to dinner that evening, to talk over some special plans he wanted Bob to work out for him.

“But Bob!” I waived. “How could you—when I’ve been away ten days? The house is simply impossible! And I haven’t a clean stitch to my name—”

I stopped. If opportunity was ringing the Mannings’ doorbell, I’d be the last to pretend I didn’t hear it.

“All right, dear,” I said, as sweetly as I could. “We’ll be ready for them.”

One look at the clock, which pointed relentlessly to ten-thirty, and I was racing up the stairs. The house could wait while I saw to my wardrobe. Thank goodness for that green crepe dress—the only possible thing I possessed!

Then, just as I took it from its hanger, I suddenly remembered. A big grease spot on the sleeve, another on the skirt.

No time to send it to a cleaner. Nothing else to wear. Dared I wash it? And those awful grease spots! No ordinary soap would touch them.

“Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha—it makes spots and greasy dirt simply vanish, yet it’s gentle as can be.” Who had said that to me, just lately? Why, Bob’s mother, of course! When I had praised her sweet, snowy, wash, she had reassured me, Naptha, I remembered, was what dry cleaners used on dainty things—and there seemed to be plenty of it in Fels-Naptha.

I didn’t dare rub. But I didn’t have to! The spots vanished, and the color didn’t change a bit. “Hallelujah!” I sang as I rolled my precious dress in a towel; then turned to a little pile of linens. In no time those clothes looked gorgeous.

Then I started in on the house—a task that would have seemed almost hopeless without Fels-Naptha’s extra help. I used it on linoleum, woodwork—everything that had to have a hurried soap and water bath. More and more, as I worked, I blessed Bob’s mother—and Fels-Naptha!

The evening was a big success. The house shone; I shone; my cooking (if I do say so myself) always shines. . . . Bob and Mr. Winslow just ate, and talked about the plant. Mrs. Winslow talked to me graciously—but I could see her studying my face, my dress, my hands. How glad I was that they could all pass inspection! I’m sure if anyone had told her that I had been washing, cleaning, cooking, all day long, she would just have laughed.

Bob says that evening was the turning-point of his career. I’m sure it was the turning-point of mine. For if it had not been for the near-tragedy of that dress—I might never have known just how much Fels-Naptha’s extra help really meant to me!

Fels-Naptha’s extra help is due to the fact that this golden bar gives you two cleaners instead of one—good golden soap and plenty of naptha. Working together, they loosen the most stubborn dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing.

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or whether you have just decided to try its extra help, we’ll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and prepaid upon request. Mail the coupon.


Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City _____________________________ State

Fill in completely—print name and address
Their Narrow Escapes

(Continued from page 41)

Gary Cooper's Fall

"O f course," said Gary Cooper, "I had ridden horses in Montana all through my youth, and I didn't think I was afraid of any horse that trotted or galloped.

"I was playing in 'The Eagle,' with Rudolph Valentino. But I don't suppose Rudy, the great star, even knew I existed, as I was only an extra. I had to ride with two other people—that is, we were three horsemen altogether—and I was supposed to take a tumble from the horse when he was in full gallop.

"A horseman knows, of course, how to take a fall from his animal, but all the same it's a risky procedure, and to make matters worse my horse was a wild mount.

"The moment came to fall, the horse took a little unexpected lurch, and I fell harder than I meant to. I was nearly unconscious and was covered with cuts and bruises, but fortunately no bones were broken."

Ronald Colman Is Blown Up

"R emember the mules in Rudyard Kipling's story who weren't afraid in battle because they 'couldn't see inside their heads'?'" inquired Ronald Colman when I asked him about his most dangerous stunt performed while an extra.

For, you see, Ronald also passed through the fire of the extra period.

"Well, my most dangerous stunt really was mostly in my mind. It was just after I returned from the war, and it happened in England. I had been badly wounded by an exploding shell. Pretty bad business that, for it left me with shattered nerves.

"When I returned to England, after my recovery, I decided to go into motion pictures. An English company gave me a job as an extra in one of their pictures.

"It was a war picture! Despite my chagrin, I had almost to smile at the irony of it.

"And what do you think was the very first thing they wanted me to do?

"Play a soldier and be blown up by a shell! Well, never in battle had I felt the nervousness I endured as they got ready for that explosion! As I say, my nerves had been shattered as well as my body when the real shell got me. Somebody told me that I was pale, and said to me, 'Well, what would you do, my boy, if you had to go into actual battle?' I didn't answer him, but the remark decided me to do or die.

"I went in and was duly blown up. Of course, I wasn't hurt at all—except my feelings! Others, however, were hurt that day."

Laura La Plante in Wreck

"O f course, they'd have to ask me to drive a car in a wild stunt when I'd taken only one lesson!" exclaimed Laura La Plante, showing her dimples in a grin.

"It was this way. I was working as an extra in Christie comedies—had worked only a few days. I thought I had to do anything they asked me. I had had a hunch that I would be asked to drive a car, so I had taken one lesson. Sure enough, that's what they wanted me to do.

"It was to be a wild drive through traffic. I had a chance to earn $26 if I did that stunt. So I got into the car, drove downtown, and got into a section of traffic that had been more or less prepared for the movie stunt. 'Bravely I threaded my way through, driving terrifically fast. Somewhere I got to a right turn. I was coming a corner, I ran into a pool of water where they had been sprinkling the street. I felt a terrible lurch, then a feeling as though I were spinning across the world, then a thump—and I knew no more. My car had skidded and turned over, and I had been thrown out on the pavement.'"

Clara Bow's Dance

"P robably you don't remember Clara Bow in 'Enemies of Women.' I don't myself.

"That was because she played a part that was practically an extra, or maybe you might call it a bit.

"Somebody had to dance on a café table. All the extras were a little worried about doing it, as those café tables were none too safely constructed, but were inclined to be flimsy and tippity, and there were candles.

"But they chose me for the stunt," declared Clara. "It was a sort of lively dance, too—I might easily have tipped the table over. But I had to wear an air of wild abandon.

"Tell you the truth there was a matter on my mind, though! But somehow I managed to do without skidding or tipping the table over. But those candles on the table had me more than ever anxious.

"I did a lot of stunts in 'Down to the Sea in Ships,' my first real engagement. I suppose I was a stunt, But please don't forget that I was turned upside down and my head bumped on the floor of the ship with such a bang that I was knocked unconscious—that I had to swim, though I was just learning, so that I could follow a camera boat away out at sea, and that I had to swim, dressed automobiles at a very fast speed around corners and over bridges and through dangerous places. I used to double for Bertram Grassby and Agnes Ayres in their dangerous stunts.

"Once I jumped off a steamer, fully dressed in a period costume, and swam back of the steamer for a long time, due to the fact that the tug which was sent to pick me up had some engine trouble and was delayed. If I hadn't been a strong swimmer, I would have gone down, and as it was I knew the company and director were pretty scared about me.

"One day somebody was wanted, when I was playing in a Lasky picture, to leap from a fifty-foot cliff. Fifty dollars was offered. Two men turned it down, I stepped forward and said that I would do it. I was pretty scared, for there were rocks at the bottom of the cliff, and if I missed it would be just too bad.

"I carefully measured the distance to deep water, took a long breath, gauged the leap—and landed okay in safe waters."

Rudolph Friml, famous composer, and his famous hands, which have been insured for one-half million dollars, the largest policy of its kind in the history of the motion picture industry. Friml has gone to Hollywood to compose the music for Arthur Hammerstein's first film venture, "Bride 66."
Would you like to take the place of Miss Revler, beautiful Columbia star, at this Majestic radio? We are giving you a wonderful opportunity to do so. Read the rules of this contest carefully.

Miss Columbia breathes the spirit of Columbia Pictures. See them often... Ask your local theatre manager to show Flight, Song of Love, The Melody Man, Vengeance, A Royal Romance, Broadway Scandals... and other Columbia productions.

COLUMBIA Pictures
for Better Entertainment
Nation-Wide Search for Miss Columbia

MOTION picture fans will be interested in the search of Columbia Pictures for an outstanding beauty to be known as Miss Columbia. The winner will portray the role of Miss Columbia in an animated opening trailer on all future Columbia Pictures productions.

The winner of this contest will be given a trip to the Columbia West Coast Studios in Hollywood, with all expenses paid for one week’s stay in movieland’s capital. In addition she will be awarded a contract for one week’s services at $250 a week at the company’s studios, where she will be asked to pose for the opening flash trailer which is used in conjunction with all Columbia production features and shorts. If her voice is deemed suitable she will be permitted to make this motion picture a talking picture.

Besides gaining this measure of screen permanence, “Miss Columbia” will also appear in “Screen Snapshots,” Columbia’s fan magazine of the screen. An advertising announcement, with full details, appears elsewhere in this issue.

The winner chosen by a board of judges composed of the editorial staff of the Tower Magazines and two executives of Columbia Pictures will be awarded a beautiful Majestic Radio as her semi-final prize, and become eligible for the final award. “Miss Columbia” will then be chosen from among the girls who comprise the winners of all magazines carrying the contest announcement, and be awarded the final prize—the trip to Hollywood, her week’s contract and her appearance in the Columbia curtain leader.

During her stay on the Coast Miss Columbia will be entertained by the various stars and directors on the Columbia roster and shown the sights of Hollywood. The important personalities who will act as her hosts include Harry Cohn, vice-president of the company; Dorothy Revier, Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Jack Egan, William Collier, Jr., Margaret Livingston, Evelyn Brent, Marie Saxon, Johnnie Walker, Sally O’Neil, Molly O’Day, Sam Hardy, Aileen Pringle, Pauline Starke, Barbara Stanwyck, Marie Prevost, Ian Keith, Lowel Sherman, Frank Capra, etc., elsewhere in this issue.

The New Movie Magazine

Dollar Letters

Imposing List of Authors

Pittsburgh, Pa.—The list of authors who contribute to The New Movie Magazine is certainly an imposing one. I am an ardent movie fan, and I like to feel that such reliable and well-known writers are furnishing me—and how entertainingly—with inside facts about the movie stars.

Marion Slagan, 250 Melwood Street.

Three Cheers for Adela!

Philadelphia, Pa.—Three cheers for Adela Rogers St. Johns. Any one who can compose such a true-to-life character study of Mary Pickford deserves a medal. I have read time and again reviews of the life of Mary Pickford, but never have they succeeded as Mrs. St. Johns has. She has given us the real Mary, not the Mary that has been repeated over and over again by different writers. New Movie should be congratulated for acquiring the services of Mrs. St. Johns for their wonderful magazine.

Rober Lavin, 420 Rorer St.

Appeals to Scotch Lassie

Washington, D. C.—I am a true Scotchman, and have never found more for my dime than I find in the New Movie Magazine. Its reviews save me money, because from them I find out just what to see and what not to see.

Dorothy M. Hunter, 1300 Madison St., N. W.

Wins Its Place

Philadelphia, Pa.—I have been a follower of the movie industry and stars for countless number of years. I have read every magazine pertaining to the film industry. I think that is in circulation, but in your interesting magazine I have found something "different" and every month hereafter The New Movie will find a place in my home.

Henry C. Lapidus, 6620 North 8th St.

Likes the Tourists’ Guide

New York City, N. Y.—"A Tourists’ Guide to Hollywood," by Herbert Howe, was the best in last month’s magazine. I really know more of Hollywood now than I did when I was there. More success to your New Movie Magazine.

Louise Silver, 370 West 31 Street.

Dependable Reviews

Pensacola, Florida—Your reviews of pictures are excellent—one can surely rely on them. (I have personally tested that.) Your articles are something new and different. Your photograph sections are superb. I have already started a collection of the stars whose pictures appear in your magazine.

And last—but certainly and emphatically not the least—your price.

Leah Newman, 39 W. Wright St.

TANGEE

Famous for natural color

Whether you are blonde, brunette or titian the one lipstick for you is Tangee. Unlike any other lipstick, Tangee changes color the moment you touch it to your lips. And the glow that it gives is natural to you, no matter what your complexion.

Tangee is made on a solidified cream base so that it not only beautifies, but actually soothes and heals. Greaseless ... permanent ... Tangee keeps lips lovely all day long. And it outlasts several of the usual lipsticks.

Tangee Lipstick $1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Creme Rouge $1. The new Tangee Face Powder $1, Tangee Night Cream $1, Tangee Day Cream $1, Tangee Cosmetic, for eyelashes, brows and dinging the hair $1. 25¢ more in Canada. There is only one TANGEE. Be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

The George W. Lent Co., Dept. T. M.

417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name .....................................................

Address ..................................................

106
Triumphantly they meet the Critical Eyes of Millions

Nine out of Ten Lovely Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

There is no beauty a girl can have which so thrills people as does lovely skin! “Exquisite smooth skin is a vital factor in every screen star’s success,” declares Fred Niblo, famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director, voicing the conclusion of 59 leading directors. “I’ve never seen it successfully faked under the glare of the close-ups.”

How significant, then, that of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap for lovely skin. So devoted to it are all these beautiful stars that it has been made the official soap in all the studios!

Lux Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway—and now the European Capitals

Camilla Horn, (United Artists) has skin that shows flawless in the close-up.
sight though when we met him at the landing. Rose had phoned to us at Rockwell Field headquarters what had happened and we beat it over to the landing stage, and we found the dyers at Rockwell took care of Rose. They gave him a new outfit from a keeeew that had forgotten the landing stage, and we found him. West, and he was all ready for his makeup. Joe, though, had on an eighteen-size blouse, a forty-four pair of goas's pants and a pair of number eleven canvas shoes. He looked like a baby elephant that had taken the 18-day diet. We pulled the plane up on the landing stage and let it drain.

THERE was no shooting that day. We had to hire all the mechanics that were footloose and put them to overhauling the Jenny. Jenny did not care much for the stunt of moving Saturday night up a few days and refused to be coaxed into even giving a cough. The director had sent Joe into town with that funny outfit, where he had a hard time getting the military police to let him alone, for they were in a hurry and an umbrella for the leading man. Right there the director erred. Joe was hot around the collar and when one of the goas on the ferry told him that Rose had pulled the stunt before, while at Rockwell, and that was how they was so quick in picking him up, Joe just was at the corner point, that’s all. He got the chair and the prettiest pink umbrella you ever seen. Then to make it even worse he had the ship painter put “Newman Rose” on it in letters a foot high. What the fliers didn’t call Rose was printable, what they called him was not.

Jenny was still showing her mulish temper when Joe got back from town. He had wrapped the umbrella up so they couldn’t see it. The manager of the stage brought out so Rose could be seated while he bossed the job of getting Jenny to talk again. But Jenny had her head down, she had broken her arm and had lost her tongue and didn’t care who knew it. Joe offered a few suggestions but Rose blocked them with a dirty look. Wasn’t that his ship and didn’t he know what was wrong with her? Joe just side-stepped and began getting some stuff ready for the next day. I had found out that we could use another ship like the Jenny for some distant shots and that we could hire her for $250 per day. And the general manager had put Rose in as leading man partly so as to save money. He had saved one salary, maybe.

Well, we shot the next day all right, but Jenny refused to be articulated. Macearny wired back, “Is that the way the ship paints itself?” We used your brains if any have mechanics work all night on ship stop am leaving. Macearny. Any one win through Thursday schedule will see you in morning stop have ship going or get new job.” Well I showed that wire to Jenny as a last resort. She coughed once and then settled down to a hermit’s life as well as a dumb one.

The old man arrived in the morning all right. His talk should have heated up the whole squadron of planes but it did not effect our coy little pet a tiny bit. She just sat there peaceful and contented, every little bit to herself wind protectors until the old man said right out loud “$300 to the man that gets that—er—crake going so we can use it today.” Joe started to say something and the old man cut him short, bowing that Joe was to blame for the accident. He had talked to Rose, he said, and that was the way he felt too. As a matter of fact Rose had been a real sport about it. He had told the old man, not the truth, but he had bammed out a lot about Joe’s hanging on to the rudder and about Joe’s clothes. The old man got all that confused by seeing the bill from the Navy, which was enough to pay off a big part of the war debt.

I FELT it in my bones that Joe knew something so I finally got him around the corner and out of earshot of the gang and told him that I knew that he could fix the ship. He said he didn’t know how he’d be able to if he would try to fix it for Rose or the old man either. I walked him around awhile then got the director to send us both to San Diego for some wild piece of machinery the mechanics wanted. We made every beer joint from the waterfront to the Stingaree district and some of them twice. Joe was getting in a nice little fighting mood and was looking for some one his size to trim. A few more drinks and he wanted them to be twice his size so he could whittle ’em down before he did some real fighting. Then I sprang the idea that Joe could get even with Rose in some other way. I felt sure I had the way. But first we must get the old crate to flying. Joe could use the $200, too. I had heard him say he just needed $200 for something the day before we left the studio. He wouldn’t tell what for though. He was real close-mouthed about his personal affairs except to say any rate all the arguments sort of created a desire to do something and I acted as steerer for that something I poured into the piece of machinery and stumbled in myself. When we landed at the air station they was all at lunch. I sneaked Joe around to the hangar and locked him in with the Jenny. I stood guard but I could hear him talking to the old girl like she was the pride of the family.

Just as the gang was sauntering back picking their teeth an ungodly noise broke forth from the hangar. I thought the roof was coming off in strips. I took a peek inside and there was our Jenny shooting on all eight just like she had been waiting for Joe to come along and ask her to go to work. In a few minutes that old motor actually purred, she was so contented. The gang all rushed in and wanted to know what that we had done. The motor was just flopped over into a corner and wouldn’t talk. Even the old man couldn’t get a word out of him. Joe was afraid that he would null the lickor on his breath. Then he wasn’t much of a talkie either.

We shot that afternoon all right though Joe had to sleep off the effects of the shot. The time filled up as I could not, he got back. Then the whole time we was shooting I was trying to figure out a way to get even with Rose. But the old man would not. Joe worked the old man gone all happy but had forgot about that $200. “Oh well, Joe was just a property man. The offer had been made for mechanics,” was his allibi to the director when he asked if Joe wasn’t to get the dough.

Then the director was on our side of things so the fence was down. Joe should have the dough and Rose didn’t have any too pleasant a time the rest of the week we were down there.

A shuttles breathing a cloud of smoke for running around the props, including the pink umbrella, which the old man insisted on our using.

Rose got real nasty about the pastel-shaded umbrer-shot. The fliers razzed him until I thought he would blow up and bust. He howled to the director, Fannigan, but that didn’t get him to the take-off flag. Fannigan was in up to his neck trying to finish the picture on schedule and also somewhere within reason as to cost. Then the big cloud-puncher does his little baby stunt. He made him move his chair and that darned umbrella every five minutes. He claimed he couldn’t see the action. As if it made any difference to him. He didn’t know what it was all about. Then he said he wouldn’t check his make-up under that shade.

Finally Fannigan got tired of the incessant howl and the moving. He kept that he have things put in place!” he yelled. “Put a few minutes of that squawking into reading a script so you will know what the hell you are doing, or you’ll be looking for a new job.” Rose mumbled something, but he didn’t move that umbrella any more.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is taking you to important parties in the Hollywood movie colony each month. It will tell you how the players amuse themselves, so that you can duplicate their parties if you wish. It will offer some brand new party suggestions. It will tell you exactly how the luncheons and dinners are served and how the food is prepared. And THE NEW MOVIE’s own photographer will make exclusive pictures for your benefit.

If you want to give a party in Hollywood style, read these articles in THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.
ROSE insisted on transportation even if he only had to move one hundred yards. That baby had all the temperament of the entire world of hams gone wrong. Then Joe had a happy idea but I wasn't called in for the brainstorm. He worked it all himself. He sent the car back to the headquarters late one afternoon when he had only three more scenes to do with Rose. That would finish him in the picture.

We finished shooting those three scenes. There was no car. Rose howled about walking. Joe, with a funny smile, said, "If you don't mind I'll take you up in the side-car, the big car is broke down." Rose hemmed and hawed for a few minutes but the blond lady was waiting for him at the other end of the island and he wanted to strut some more of his stuff. He finally hopped in and Joe started off. I heard him ask Rose if he had taken his swim that day yet. Rose said, "no, but soon." Joe said "sooner than that," but he didn't crack a smile.

To make speed it had been our habit to drive down the beach when the tide was out. Joe hit for the beach. He opened up the old boat but Rose had one of his fits and started rocking from one side to the other howling about the roughness. One of those darn wheeled bath-tubs is hard enough to steer when everyone sits tight.

The action of the cross tide had made some nice little gullies in the sand. They nearly all headed toward the water so the going was somewhat like riding on a corduroy road. Joe had to cut down his speed to about twenty then Rose razzed him about losing nerve with "What's the matter, are you yellow?"

Joe spotted one extra big gully ahead, waited until the front wheel was nearly on it then gave the handle bars a twist that sent the old bath tub right toward the water. Rose left the bath tub at an angle of 45 degrees, both laterally and horizontally, and at a speed of about double that of the side-car. Joe took a header over the handle bars and woke up about fifty feet away sitting upright and not knowing how he got there. He looked around for his passenger.

Rose was just making a three point landing—on his tummy. He had misjudged his speed, landed on his but tons and chin, and was doing a slide for life, belly-buster fashion across the sand. When he stopped, the waves of the Pacific was caressing his cheeks. The friction from the sand and the speed had taken every button off his blouse as clean as if it had been disd with a razor. His underwear just wasn’t that was all. It had been burned to a crisp.

His chest was fiery red for weeks afterward. His chin had been shaved clean of any semblance of whiskers and he had to use a cane for a long time. We finally got both of 'em to the hospital. Fannigan, the camera man and me had seen the whole "holocaust," as the director called it, from the big car. It hadn’t broke down at all, it was up after us a few minutes after Joe took off with the hero of the air and water.

But our amphibian flyer friend was not welcome among the film factories after that.

Of course, Joe got fired. They always find some sort of an excuse to pass the buck onto the property man. (Continued on page 112)
Adventures in Interviewing

(Continued from page 30)

Several years later Miss Chatterton visited her close friend, Norma Talmadge, during the filming of “Camille.” At the suggestion of Fred Niblo, the director, she made a film test. Friends told her it was excellent.

However, she returned to the stage. In 1928 she appeared in Los Angeles in “The Devil’s Plum Tree.”

Emil Jannings saw her. At his insistence, so it is said, Paramount signed her to play opposite him in “Sins of the Fathers.”

A woman of sound sense, she had no delusions concerning the poor play material offered in the present-day theater. With the hope of a renaissance, she decided at last to become a film player.

She came to pictures devoid of ego, and with a willingness to learn their many intricate phases. It might have been a fatal step for her to take. It proved otherwise.

Possessing great versatility and adaptability, she was fortunate in meeting two men who realized at once her decided screen potentialities—Emil Jannings and B. P. Schulberg.

Having witnessed the entrance of other stage players into Hollywood with a blare of publicity trumpets, she wisely decided to enter more humbly and work.

INNATE character seldom changes. It was a repetition of her sixteen-year-old self, when she had patiently and laboriously learned everything that the stage had to offer.

She signed a contract as a featured player, not as a star. Possessed of great emotional power, she is equally gifted in scenes of sophisticated comedy.

Many actresses, hailed widely as comedienne of exceptional ability, are convincingly humorous only when the situation is such. On the contrary, Miss Chatterton creates a humorous situation by sheer talent for suggesting delicate troncal comedy. In such scenes her work is feather-light, and deliciously spiced with the cynicism of a first-class mind.

She has done more than any other American actress to establish in our own films the Continental idea of the mature heroine. Miss Chatterton’s poised maturity makes bovine and silly the screen’s bevy of inane flapper talent. The average flapper is no more interesting than an oyster. Many other actresses on the border line of the thirties have tried to compete with the lovely, inept girls of the films. The results were disastrous.

Her work is never marred by the pretense of spontaneity under which so many ungifted actresses labor.

She can base her claim to real artistry on two qualities, almost nonexistent on the American screen, which are never absent from real art. They are mental detachment from the task at hand and dignified reserve.

THERE is never in her performance that irritating shift of tempo so often seen in more mediocre screen work. Her consistence of quality survives even the ravages of the cutting-room. Her technique has the unity and the harmony which marks the production of great music. Rising or falling, it keeps within the frame of the character being built. There is something absolutely architectural in her manner of building characterizations, bit by bit, until they are completed.

Supple, elastic, resilient, smooth, she was able to keep pace with the subtle and powerful Jannings. Many other actresses, usually clever with lesser men, were utterly at a loss when required to match his steady crescendo of dramatic force.

She has splendid reserve. Even in a maudlin scene such as that in “Madame X,” wherein she begs once again to see her little son, she never descends to flabby sentimentality.

Her stage training, combined with her talent, makes her the equal of Chaplin in scenes of an intimate nature. One can almost hear her think.

In the opening scene in “The Doctor’s Secret,” she shows herself entirely alone for some moments. In close-up, she carried on a telephone conversation. The responses of the other party were conveyed to the spectators through her intonation and expression. It was a masterpiece of acting. The tension held so perfectly that when the scene was cut the audience sighed, in release from thralldom.

I am one who feels that Miss Chatterton is an eight-cylinder emotional machine going along on two cylinders. Her full emotional force has never been displayed.

A merican, most material of nations, does something cruel to its leading actresses. They are crippled by tawdry plays, staged often by charlatans. A woman of Miss Chatterton’s ability can spend months seeking a half suitable play.

Her success in motion pictures may indicate improved taste in American audiences.

Revolutionary as it may seem, she has received from films better vehicles with which to display her fine ability than she was given on the legitimate stage.

This is in part due to the efforts of one man at the Paramount studios, B. P. Schulberg. He has made great efforts to find plays worthy of Miss Chatterton’s talent. As a reward for his interest, she is rapidly becoming one of the most valued players on the screen.

CLARA BOW is one of the few women in films who will tell more than the interviewer can use. Impulsive and straightforward, she is no more subtle than a primitive girl. The most primitive girl on the screen, she has many of the qualities of a great actress.

Her hair, fiery red, is more stubborn than herself.

She met me at a time when my name was anathema among film players. The publicity department used every wile to get us together on a friendly basis. After two weeks, they were successful.

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JACK OAKIE's entire philosophy of life could be encompassed in the one sentence, "Never take anything, especially yourself, seriously; but, if you do, NEVER let 'em know it."

He lives up to it, too.

Usually, the man who is described as the life of the party is a nuisance, a pest, a general, all-around idiot. Jack Oakie is the life of the party but he is different. He gets away with it.

The first time I saw him was at Clara Bow's about a year and a half ago. Clara had invited about thirty of her friends. Jack Oakie breezed in just as the festivities were starting. I'd never seen him before and neither, for that matter, had many of the others. Clara said, "That's Jack Oakie; he's in vaudeville. He's the funniest man I ever saw." Which prejudiced me immediately. Human nature generally reacts with a "That's him" to that statement about anyone being the "funniest man." Mine did.

Well, he was funny. He cracked jokes, made snappy remarks, and laughed. Laughed at his own stuff. But he seemed to be sincere about it. He was having a swell time all by himself, and still got the impression that if you wanted to join in you could, but that if you did not laugh he would not be offended—as he was only amusing Jack Oakie anyway. He showed he could laugh at jokes pulled on him—and was saved. Because jokers who cannot laugh at other people's jokes are bad medicine.

The day I arrived to interview him he took one look and heaved a long sigh of relief. "Hi, there, Dick. Are you the interviewer?" actually bubbled with a warmth of welcome. I was moved to ask why I was haled with so much fervor.

"WELL, mister, if you want to know the truth," he said with that boisterous, infectious grin, "I did not know who was coming. Just found a note in my dressing room saying be ready for an interview. Thought it might be another lady interviewer. And the cheer is just as much because of the fact that you ain't a lady anything else." He thanked him for that but asked why the dislike for lady interviewers. Was he afraid of them?

"Am I?" he asked. "I am. I just haven't the nerve for lady interviewers worked out right, yet. I'm telling you they run screaming off the lot. But I find when they gets me they's in my direction. Maybe you can give me a few pointers on how to handle 'em."

I disclaimed any such knowledge, asking, "What do you do to them to make them run screaming?"

"Not what you think, big boy," said Jack, still grinning. "No, sir. Not me. I just don't seem to know what to do when they come around.

"Just after I got my first good job out here one of 'em came around and wanted to talk. The publicity department told me to take her into the restaurant for lunch. I did, that being okay with me. I'd eaten with ladies before. Well, we go walking into the hash house and what do I see but a couple of pals over across the room. Fellers I had been in vaudeville wit' and hadn't seen in a couple years. I sits the lady down at the table, says 'Excuse me a moment,' just as polite as that, and went over to say hello to my pals. You can imagine how tickled I was to see them, me not knowing many people here at that time and liking them a lot anyway. Nothin' wrong with doin' dat, is they? Not where I come from.

"Well, when I get back to the table this dame has flew the coop. Beat it. Took the publicity department she wasn't goin' to wait around all day for the likes of me. And what a story she wrote! It simply burned me up."

"THEN there was another one. We got into place all right in the eatin' joint and this dame starts to talk. I can't hear her. So, 'Excuse me, lady,' but you'll have to talk louder. I can't hear you for the rattle of the dishes.' And she gives me a glassy eye and gets up and walks out! What for? What did I do?"

"Another one of 'em got sore because she come to see me and I was going to take her up to my dressing room to talk. It was three flights up the stairs. But she says she can't walk up that far. I says 'Why not, you look as healthy as I am.' And then she fades on me: walks right out. She was a bit heft, but I meant it as a compliment. I like a dame to look healthy and strong and able to take a few wallops if necessary."

"And there was others—nope, you never know about these women."

"That's what was tickled when you showed up. Get what I'm drivin' at? You can't tell about women, can ya?"

"Yet it was a woman, so they say, who brought success to Jack Oakie because, but for a woman, he would not have abandoned vaudeville for pictures and come to Hollywood. Then the screen would have missed his great Bilge in "Hit the Deck."

THE story around Hollywood is that Jack Oakie saw Joan Crawford in New York and followed her to Hollywood. But he did not get Joan, as you know. Being on the ground he did get into pictures. And he is one of the few vaudevillians who have made good on the screen.

Even as he is the bane of publicity department people. Listen to him, one of the boys told me the other day. "Just listen. You can hear him coming a mile away. He booms in here and no work is done as long as he remains. Listen to that guy bubble."

So there he is, quickly, sketchily. The glad hand which is so typically his personality in public is not always present in private life. What Jack would call his "think tank" works very consistently. He knows what he is (Continued from page 91)
Adventures in Interviewing

(Continued from page 110)

She entered the room dressed in a Hawaiian costume. Glancing casually at me, she said, "Hello, Red Head." Her manner was completely honest.

I said to her. "Miss Bow, I'll need a detailed story of you. Are you willing to talk?"

"Sure thing. I've got nothing to hide." She ran her hands through her flaming hair, and continued, "And if I did have, I wouldn't hide it."

She seated herself.

"When I was a kid I was so poor I'd stay away from the house on purpose. I spent all the time I could in the picture shows, and every nickel I could get held of went that way. When I should have been studying school books at home, I studied and dreamed about the people on the screen. I'd remember all I could about the players and go home and practise all they did before the cracked mirror in my little bedroom."

All these words I rewrote in my own way.

"My only talk was about pictures. Soon all the kids in the neighborhood teased me. One day a group of motion picture magazines held a contest, and I entered.

"When the day came for the contest I went to the offices of the magazine in a calico dress and a lot of hope. All the crowd of girls was eliminated before the judges but ten. I was the last of the ten to face them. Each girl was handed a letter, and told to act as if it contained good or bad news. I won."

She paused.

"After a while I was given a tiny bit in a story and when it was released a local picture house owner advertised, 'Clara Bow, Brooklyn girl, winner of national beauty contest.'"

"I took a lot of kids to see the show and we all sat down in front seats and waited patiently to see me. And I wasn't in it."

Clara sighed.

It was a long time before anything happened. I used to go to the studios every day and I was always told that I was too young. Then I got a telephone call. I didn't know it then, but Elmer Clifton, the man who called, had seen my picture in a film magazine. I went to see Mr. Clifton, but before I went I did my hair up so as not to look too young. And you can believe it or not, Mr. Clifton told me that the part called for a girl much younger looking than I was. In a jiffy I made myself look younger. Then he agreed that I was perfect for the part, if I could only act. When I passed that test, he offered me forty dollars a week. I said, 'Make it fifty.' He did. So I got a part in 'Down to the Sea in Ships.'"

"On the strength of my work in the picture, my father hired an agent, and I went to Hollywood.

"I got so discouraged after three months that I wired my father to send me money for a ticket back to Brooklyn. No one would give me any work at all. My father got the money for a ticket from some place all right. But he used it to come to Hollywood himself."

"After a long time I finally caught the eye of a young independent producer by the name of Schulberg. He gave me quite a few small parts to play. Then when he went over to Paramount, he took me with him. And that ends part of the story.

It is more than likely that Clara Bow will pass from the screen without ever having been developed to her fullest capacity as an actress.

Becoming the catchword of popular fashion, the dynamite of flapper roles, the "It" girl of Madame Elinor Glyn, has had a bad effect on what might otherwise have been a first-rate screen talent, had she been given roles more suited to her ability.

The daughter of a plodding, working father and a mother who died during a breakdown, Clara Bow has a dynamic and powerful personality, which has never been utilized by the producers nor controlled by herself.

Still a young woman, she is rapidly becoming "burnt out," exhausted.

Her emotion is turbulent, without restraint. And yet she is capable of bringing to the screen all the finesse and restraint of Ruth Chatterton, could she but see the advantage of long and arduous concentration on the subtleties of acting.

The mothers of famous young screen beauties are often a sore annoyance to the girl. Usually arriving at opulence through the accidental good fortune of their daughters, they seem more jealous and less secure of their position than average mothers.

One is often forced to interview the mother, too.

Several years ago I received a wire to run an interview with a screen star whose name is now being rapidly forgotten. The young lady broke her engagement in the morning, through the advice of her mother, and thought an appointment, made later, with a beauty specialist was more important. As a result, I was forced to await the girl's bidding the next day, while my editor wired impatiently from New York.

After I had waited more than a half hour in the living room the next morning, the young lady finally appeared, leaning on the arm of her secretary. I told her that I wished a sentimental story concerning her struggle. She began. I listened attentively. When she arrived at that part of the tale in which her mother had taken in washing, that lady appeared.

"I wouldn't tell all that stuff, darling," she said. "People don't care about that. It's what a person makes of themselves that counts in the long run."

The mother remained during the rest of the interview. In the published story, all that the mother had said was religiously quoted. Months later, her daughter told me that after reading the article her mother was cured of "horning in."

Irate interviewers have created such a prejudice against "screen mothers" that those ladies have learned to remain, however reluctantly, in the background.

Once, while interviewing Mary Pickford, her mother appeared upon the scene. She had no wish to interfere in the interview, however. Her mind was on a weightier matter, that of selling her home for a profit of thirty-five thousand dollars.

"Why, Mother," reprimanded Mary, rather severely, "I'll not let you think of such a thing. You would have no
such lovely place to live this summer, and the ocean breeze will be good for you."

"But," pleaded Mrs. Smith. "They'll pay a hundred thousand, and it only cost sixty-five."

"Never mind that," consoled Miss Pickford, putting her hand on the mother's shoulder, "I'll not let you think of such a thing."

With a half smile, the mother walked quietly away.

It was long believed in Hollywood that the late Mrs. Smith ruled her daughter. This incident proved otherwise.

AND so they come and they go, on the shores of Hollywood.

Years ago, when large sums of money first came to film players who had long

Letters of a Property Man

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The wrecking of that side-car cost $500. That didn't matter so much, they said, as his spoiling the fatal beauty of what might have been a second J. Warren Kerrigan.

Fanning made the old man come through with the 200 round simoleans, though, for Joe. The old man howled to the heavens but "Pay the boy or get a new director" made him see the other side of the question.

It was a good thing for Joe though that they did tie the can to him then. He told me later why he got so sore over the ducking. "It wasn't the wetting, it wasn't the darn monkey uniform, it wasn't that I was sore at

"Hi, There!"

(Continued from page 111)

doing, does Jack Oakie. He proves it by getting what he wants.

As we were leaving the lot he cut loose with one more, "Hi there," at someone. A window of one of the executive offices opened and an indignant countenance, presumably interrupted in the midst of great thoughts, appeared. But seeing that it was Jack Oakie the

contemplated blast did not come.

And that was not surprising, for Jack Oakie at the moment is riding the topmost wave of screen success. His is the most meteoric rise in the past year. His popularity is enormous. And it is real, it is audience popularity, popular demand. It is not a built-up thing engineered by the studio.

NEXT MONTH

THE NEW MOVIE offers its first short story, a fascinating bit of fiction about Hollywood

by AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSTON

one of the best known of Hollywood's brilliant writers

You don't need Mum?

-makethe handkerchief test

True, every reader of this advertisement may not need Mum. But—

Before deciding you have no need of this protection, make this conclusive and convincing experiment:

When fresh from the bath, with under arms as fastidious as soap and water can make them, tuck a clean handkerchief under one arm. Let it remain for five minutes. If, without any special exertion to excite the pores, underarm chemistry taints the handkerchief even slightly—there are times when Mum is needed!

Very few are entirely exempt from the chance of perspiration offense, and the remedy is so easily employed and so effective, no one need hesitate to use it. Just a dab of snowy cream and it's done. No preparation, no waiting. The daintiest clothing may be put on the very next moment. Nothing to injure skin or fabric; no evidence of Mum having been applied—except the gratifying absence of all taint. And this protection continues for hours.

A 35c jar of Mum lasts a long time with daily use, and the 60c jar holds nearly three times the quantity in the 35c jar.

The Sanitary Napkin Use

Mum performs another service for which many women are grateful beyond expression. A thin spreading of Mum on the sanitary napkin, and one can dismiss all thought of any possible embarrassment; protection against odor is then absolute and complete.

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Radio Pictures' beauty chorus in action. You saw these girls in "Rio Rita" and other Radio productions and you will see them in future song-and-dance movies.

His Best Friend and Severest Critic

(Continued from page 37)

it, or even to look at it. Only a rush and a diving through suitcases, outstretched hands for a manicure, and lending one's hair to be curled.

It seemed as if the world were turned upside down and, in the midst of all this rushing confusion, a voice from across the continent came to me over the telephone and I heard someone saying, "Hello, my dear, I figured you would be home about this time." It was Lawrence Tibbett.

And then, on that long distance telephone, we had the thrill of anticipating what the rest of the evening would be like. It was then midnight in New York and he had had a long, hard day with numerous rehearsals and interviews and nothing I could say seemed to convey to him what was about to happen. It all seemed so far away. He made me promise that I would telephone him immediately after the premiere was over and tell him all the big and little things that had happened.

T H E N, to the tune of the escort's sirens, off I started again. I have often wondered what people think of under stress of great emotion. I know now.

My mind was filled with the most ridiculous and unimportant details. I began to wonder if the certified milk had been ordered for the twins. I wondered if I had chosen the right shade of green for my boudoir. I suddenly realized I had brought the wrong overcoat of Mr. Tibbett's west with me.

And underneath all this that little feeling of fear which bounded to the top just before I stepped out of the car at the theater.

Mr. Lang, who handles the broadcasting at all the Hollywood premières, met me and graciously introduced me over the microphone and charmingly put me at my ease. I felt better but my mind was still hitting into queer places.

It flashed back to all the years of atrocious, ridiculous and thoroughly un-feminine photographs of me that had appeared throughout the country. I stood there trying to think of all the beautiful women I had ever known and attempted to simulate their various characteristics. It worked! The next day when I saw the photographs in the newspapers I did not recognize them they were so good. That was a comfort!

W H I L E I was having my photograph taken I spied a familiar face in the crowd. Something about it made me reminiscent; something dear came to me out of the past and I could not help wishing that I might have it within my power to go to this person and merely be myself. Merely be one of the crowd. Many times during the evening I kept wondering who they all were and what they were thinking of me as they stood there and watched.

The theater was dark as I walked down the aisle. I felt, suddenly, very small and insignificant. It was Lawrence's night. I was his representative. I keenly felt a sense of responsibility for conveying the evening's delights or disappointments to Lawrence who was lying awake, three thousand miles away, waiting for word. And somehow during the whole evening I could not lose the sense of the verdict of the audience; the bearing it would have on our lives. It was an event, because out of the success or possibilities of success of this picture, a new world would know Lawrence Tibbett.

After all, the big thrill of the evening as I sat there in the darkness, was the thought that rich and poor alike now could have the joyous benefit of his glorious voice and his charm and his rich speaking voice. Until now only the very limited few of the Metropolitan Opera House and the small concert hall could enjoy his generous gift; but now all the world could see and hear him. That—that thought—was the high-light of the evening to me.

T H E first flash on the screen was his name. "LAWRENCE TIBBETT IN THE ROGUE SONG." And then those funny little chills began to come

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"C'est Mon Homme"  
(Continued from page 27)

"I hope so," he said ardentely. "If I have then I am happy. They advertise me first as I am a Frenchman. It's a mistake. But then the people they see I am not and it is all right.

I WASN'T so sure about Maurice's innocence. Maybe I was being used as a tool to allay the suspicion of American husbands. Yet a glance around his very trim living room revealed no ladies' garters or photographs with swooning testimonials. Only such trophies as may be found even in the dressing rooms of charlatan heroes. Furthermore, it is alleged he failed on each occasion to insult the lady interviewers, who, insulted, stamped forth indignantly declaring him a Babbit. Pray, aren't American girls good enough for this Frenchman... if he be a Frenchman? Even Billy Haines, Latin though he be, would not attempt to give a girl the round around when she interviews him. It certainly appears that Maurice as a foreigner has a tragedy. There's even some feeling that his credentials should be examined. Hollywood has been tricked by so many fake foreigners.

Catching none of the imported manners. He doesn't fold down from the hips and kiss women's hands. He hasn't disgorged a single co-quette and was content to drink ginger ale in the champagne moments of "The Love Parade." He wears a double-breasted blue serge suit and a checked cape, which certainly is not smart in Paris. He doesn't effervescence and shimmer as he does on the screen. About his business, which embraces interviews, he is most charming, charming smile laughingly. Recalling the frugality of Frenchmen, it's possible he's holding back for the francs. Red-faced, blue-eyed, direct almost to harshness, he appears neither actor nor foreigner. Yet he is the most charming, debonair and expert performer that the talkies have recruited. Women adore him, men applaud him.

FEELING with Maurice that the studio business, just about the silliest that was ever invented to earn a living by, should be relegated to the side shows and the burlesque, I nevertheless felt it my duty as a hundred per cent right-thinking American, enemy of Reds and free love, lover of the home, defender of women and children, and violator of the Volstead act—all that—I felt I should determine if Chevalier is a menace to the American home.

On my way to ask Que or Jeanette MacDonald if he really did please the Queen as he so lyrically promised in her boudoir of "The Love Parade," I chanced to see Lillian Roth, who played the maid.

"Did he please the Queen?"

"Well, he certainly pleased the maid," said Lillian brazenly.

"Oh, he did, did he?"

"I mean he is my idol," swooned the maiden breathlessly. "I never had a scene with him, but I pray some day to have."

"Oh—oh... the maiden's prayers?"

When I confronted Jeanette I confessed. (But remember I had seen her five times in boudoir and bath in "The Love Parade."

"Did Chevalier please your majesty?"

"He's a charming, delightful, remark-

able man," parried Jeanette. (Her fiancé was present.) "He's not at all the common idea of the Frenchman. He's like an ordinary American man."

"Ordinary?"

"You know what I mean—regular."

"Too bad!"

Nevertheless Jeanette's fiancé took a plane for Hollywood after seeing the going on in "The Love Parade" and has hovered round her watchfully.

THERE have been frantic attempts to diagnose the secret of Chevalier's charm. He revealed it for me when he said:

"I never want to be an actor. I want to be the real thing."

If any bootlegger could say the real thing half as convincingly as Maurice he'd be in a position to give alms to Rockefeller's.

"I do not want technique," he said.

I recall Pola Negri, greatest actress, saying much the same thing. Pola thinks it childish to pretend. "I must feel," she says, "the Frenchman!"

"That's why in Europe I always pick my leading men myself."

Maurice supports my contention that you may fool the people from the stage but you have to be the real thing on the screen. D. W. Griffith declares the camera has an X-ray eye that sees the soul. You can't fool it with gestures and grimaces. It gets inside the man. Doug is Doug and Mary is Mary and the Lord knows the greatness of Mabel Normand was herself. When nature produces such masterpieces why put upon fictional ones?

There's a saying that an actress is something more than a woman, an actor something less than a man. It may be true. There are exceptions enough to prove it.

CHEVALIER has the fire of the propagandist. He sees his work in a broader way than entertainment. He is, first of all, a philosopher of laughter. He believes, and is supported by physi-

read as

cians as well as other philosophers, that laughing cures most of our mundane ills. Where not curable, it makes endurable.

Second, he's a Frenchman. Love of country is high virtue with a Frenchman. Napoleon expressed it winning wars. Chevalier more wisely winning hearts. War may be avowed Chevalier's way. Many Frenchmen consider us in the rôle of Uncle Shylock. Many of us have had our great affection for France somewhat alienated by the franc-groping, discriminating unkindness which we now encounter over there.

I think Chevalier would forego francs to correct such ill-feeling. He is the exponent of his country, but he wants to be liked by Americans—for that reason partly. If he seems to lack response and geniality on casual meeting, I think it is because he's guarded, well aware of pitfalls leading to misinterpretation.

Before I interviewed him, I met him.

It was on the set of "The Love Parade." His smile was tonifying, jollifying. He had the instant likability of great personality. Both my brother and I came away exclaiming, "What a great guy... no ham about him."

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Just Among Those Present

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petite Marguerite Clark Williams wholeheartedly. Her appearance today on the street, at a football game, in the ball room, attracts as much attention as her first appearance in public after her retirement from the screen. And she still responds with the same delightful smile that captivated her audiences from the footlights.

Is she lonesome away from the bright lights, from the adulation of the public, from flattering fan mail?

"THE days pass so quickly," she told me, "that I never have time to be lonesome. I have my flowers to look after while I am in Patterson—think what a real garden has meant to me after so many years playing in make-believe gardens. Then there are my dogs: we have many of them. The five Chihuahuas are my special care, but we have several hunting dogs. And my husband's interests are mine, of course. We take frequent trips North; we spend a great deal of time in New Orleans and life is very full—and happy," she added, "even though I have no children."

I noted the first wistful tone in her beautifully modulated voice. Perhaps Marguerite Clark Williams has not yet found the Carcassonne of her dreams.

Her husband's interests? They are so large and varied that his wife's tiny feet must have trouble keeping up with him. Lumber is his inherited vocation. He is also mayor of Patterson, and "he's Honorary is a fine mayor, yes," say even the humbliest of the French-descent residents of the beautiful little town in the parish of St. Mary. He has been instrumental in getting for Patterson one of the finest airfields in Louisiana, well lighted and accessible, and about the best equipped field between New Orleans and Texas. He is also the head of the Wedell-Williams Air Service, flying planes all over the South.

His avocations? Living in Louisiana, loving an outdoor life, he is an ardent sportsman and he is frequently seen with gun or fishing tackle. He enjoys yachting. Motoring, too. And he is now a full-fledged air pilot, being one of the first in the state to become air-minded. Marguerite accompanies him on most of his trips.

"I LOVE flying," she assured me. "It is wonderful, exhilarating. Although," she chuckled reminiscently, "I didn't always think so. I remember the first trip my husband took from Patterson to New Orleans. I left that day for the North. "Wouldn't you like to fly to Chicago?" he asked me. I informed him that I preferred the safe, sane method of travel—you see I had not yet gone up—and I started on the train worried for fear something might happen to him. I remember I wired twice to find whether he reached New Orleans without mishap. That night, there was a railroad wreck: something had gone wrong with my safe and sound vehicle of transportation—while my husband, taking what I considered a precarious way of reaching New Orleans, was the one who had to be reassured as to my safety."

"Have you ever piloted a plane?" I asked her.

"Why, I can barely pilot myself across crowded streets," she laughed, "so I would hardly be trusted with a plane. But we take many trips: it requires only forty minutes to come to New Orleans, whereas if we took the train it would take a two hours on the road. And it is so safe, so beautiful a method of traveling."

The air route is used frequently by Marguerite Clark Williams and her husband these days. For she is in demand at the most exclusive functions in New Orleans in the pre-Lenten social season. In 1923 she was crowned Queen of Alexis, one of the smart carnival organizations, and a veritable Titanias she was on that occasion. Although she loves people, she enjoys sitting on the side lines, studying character. "It doesn't distress me to wait for anyone in a railroad station or a taxi, she says. "I am not bored."

I like to look at different types, making up stories about them, wondering where they are going, what their lives are—people are so interesting, aren't they?"

I came back to movie chat.

"What do you think of the talkies?" I asked.

"THEY'RE wonderful," she replied. And when I remarked that with her trained voice she would make a hit in them, that she should be back on the screen, she shook her head vehemently. "Oh, no," she said. "I finished with the pictures, with public life, when my contract expired. I worked hard on them, too, far harder than on the stage, because the work is more strenuous, more exacting. And now I'm perfectly content to be among those present in the audience at the talkies."

So that's what happens to a career when a girl takes a right.

"Do you like clothes, like most women?" I asked, a foolish question to a perfectly gown woman. "Of course, she responded. "I am more than far more than I did when I was on the stage or in the pictures. It's not much fun, you know, to put on gorgeous costumes because you are compelled to wear them. Now I can make my own selections and I find it is a joy to pick out what I really like."

She remembered and reminded her of an exclusive French shop in New Orleans where frocks were made for her to wear in her last pictures, the Maison Helene, now out of existence, where every stitch was made by hand, where tucks and gathers and smocking were put in by descendants of some of the finest old Creole families whose long, slender fingers did meticulous work under the supervision of the creator of the shop, a member of one of the first families of New Orleans. On dress that looked for all the world as though they were fashioned for a little girl of twelve years, dresses of sheer linen, of chiffon, beautiful car we'd spent three hours on the road. In huge boxes, dozens of hand-made garments preceded the star to Hollywood for her last appearance on the screen. "I wish I could still have some of their exquisite work," said Marguerite Clark Williams, when we were exchanging memories of the famous atelier.

Cuddled up in a big chair in the handsome Louis Quinze reception room of the Williams mansion in New Orleans, the former stage and screen star looked like a little girl as we chatted. A trifle heavier, perhaps, than in her days of stardom, although she said she has gained but four pounds since her marriage, she still wears an even hundred pounds. Her lovely auburn hair is still bobbed and will not be allowed to grow, so she assured me. Her long lashes sweep her cheeks, giving her big hazel eyes a velvety deep brown hue. I peered closely as she sat under the soft lamplight of the early dusk, to find a slight telltale mark of time. But I was agreeably disappointed. I couldn't see anything but contentment and placidity. Why not? Her life is cast on contented and placid lines.

Last month THE NEW MOVIE presented a study of Walter Huston as the younger Lincoln in D. W. Griffith's screen life of the martyred president. Here are interesting contrasting studies: Huston as himself and as the elder Lincoln.

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A smooth tuck-in Powder love, youthful.

Three fine sold Eyebrow sparkles white makeup mascara hat

She won't play bridge, because she says she started in too late to learn.

"You see, not having learned the rudiments of the game, marriage, I felt it would be an imposition on people to ask them to play with me. I married into a family of splendid bridge players and felt inferiority about any game. Mah Jong was different; it was new to others as well as myself. So I took to that as long as I don't have bridge. It doesn't interest me and other things do—so why should I take time from what I love, to force myself to something I don't care for?"

Something to that, I thought, as I recalled a feverish foursome I had just left at a bridge table.

A LAST picture of Marguerite Clark Williams.
The dining-room of one of the famous New Orleans French restaurants. It had been turned into an old English garden in honor of the daughter of William J. Locke, who was visiting the city. Beautifully gown women. Soft music playing under artificial moonlight.

Dainty and graceful, a sparkling little figure picked her way through the make-believe garden with its English hedges, Marguerite Clark herself, a vivid, sparking figure. A bodice of golden lame, a full skirt of golden silk reaching to the floor. Tiny feet encased in golden slippers with jeweled buckles. Smaller in stature than any other woman and yet distinctive.

What is it that makes her the cynosure of all eyes wherever she goes? It is not her past successes on stage and screen, for the public is fickle and memories are short.

It must be her innate charm, personality, you might call it, that evinces itself wherever she may be. Among the moss-grown live oaks and bayous of her country home in the beautiful Teche land; in the more sophisticated atmosphere of city residence, she always finds friends for herself as she found them when a thirteen-year-old child, she won the hearts of the stage folks with whom her early life was cast.

How Hollywood Entertains

J E A N E T T E MACDONALD and Jean Arthur gave the sport note to the talkie and screen. Jean's was an ensemble of bright blue and white, with a three quarter length white flannel coat lined with the blue flannel, and a white house of white satin with blue bands. She wore a hat of white felt, well off the face, with long silk ties at the back, high-heel white oxfords, and carried a bag of bright blue felt.

Miss MacDonald's blonde beauty was set off by a color scheme of green and white. A dashing shoulder cape in green flannel was held together carelessly with two ties that formed a crushed collar at the back. Her green belt was very smart and very correct, with white kid strap slippers and white suede gauntlet gloves.

Mary Brian nearly always wears white. At this particular party she looked awfully smart and youthful, in a white polo coat with a white beret and a white silk pique frock. There was no color at all with her outfit. Her purse was white linen and her shoes white buckskin.

Kay Francis is one of the few girls who can wear bright red and yellow. They go perfectly with her dark eyes and hair and olive skin. She had on a floral and cherub frock of bright red and yellow flowers against a dark background. The circular cape—my, but aren't those circular capes popular—formed a partial covering for her arms, as the dress had no sleeves. The hem line of the dress was even and almost ankle length. Over this brilliant costume she wore a coat of dull black crepe, knee length, with another circular cape.

L I T T L E Ruth Gilbert looked stunning in an ensemble of bright blue crepe. The dress and coat were both of heavy chiffon, trimmed with platinum fox. You'd have to have a slim figure like Ruth's to dare those three circular peplums which accented the hip line of the dress, and a youthful touch was added in the narrow bits of lace and organdie that bordered the short sleeves and the neck line. Her hat was blue straw crushed into a turban shape.

One thing the other guests in the long dining-room must have noticed was the perfection of detail—the gloves, bags, shoes, and all accessories—which made all the girls look as though they had just arrived from Paris.

At every place there were two gardens, made into an attractive little shoulder corsage—gardenias, of course, will go with anything. The luncheon lasted from one until three-thirty, and the entertainment consisted entirely of conversation—and these girls chatted away about their pictures and their affairs just like any group of high school or college girls—and most of that group are young enough to fit into that catalogue.

A ND oh," Lillian Roth confided afterwards, "when I went down three days before to make arrangements, the chef, Ulrich Ehlers, gave me the recipe for those grand meat balls Roosevelt that we were all crazy about!

Here it is; and it does make one of the nicest dishes for buffet luncheon or supper:

Take one pound of lean veal, half pound of pork, one onion, little garlic, pepper, salt, nutmeg, little thyme and parsley. Run simultaneously through meat-chopping machine. Put in a mixing bowl with two eggs, some bread with crust removed which has previously soaked in milk. Mix well so as to make a smooth paste, divide into proper rations in balls the size of an egg. Have half tomato and half brown sauce sauce in flat bottom saucepan. Put meat balls in boiling sauce, cover and set in slow oven to cook for about three-quarters of an hour. Serve very hot with new peas and spaghetti.

Your Complexion deserves this Finer Rouge

TO have a complexion that always adorns beauty like a rare jewel, use only the rouge that is absolutely pure, gentle and harmless to the skin—the rouge that never varies in shade and blends perfectly with the skin. That is the advice of beauty experts. That is why so many of them recommend Heather Rouge. Notwithstanding the fact that it costs you only 10c, this rouge is line in texture and pure. It cannot harm the skin. And among its six shades you will find just the natural tint that will give your complexion exactly the tone desired. Heather Rouge is sold at all 5 and 10-cent stores. Popular for 25 years.

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Other Heather Products of fine quality and low price are: Lip Stick...Cosmetic...a mascara...Eyebrow Pencil...Eye Shadow...Powder Compacts...Puffs.
It was from the jolly, rascally little Ernst Lubitsch that I learned Chevalier was tormented by the American idea of French women. So when I touched on the subject I was prepared for Maurice's indignation.

"There is a French actress who could show America the real French woman," he said. "She is Yvonne Printemps, the wife of Sacha Guitry. But he would never let her go away from him."

I WANTED to ask, why not Yvonne Valée—the wife of Maurice Chevalier? But I knew he would not let her, knew she replied to offers saying, "But no . . . it is for Maurice." Her ambition, true French woman, is in the career of wife. For this she gave up the stage when his name filled the billboards of Paris. It wasn't a sacrifice for her, it was progression.

"What sort of woman is she?" I asked Ernest Lubitsch . . . for I would no more ask Chevalier that question than I'd ask it of any other gentleman.

"Madame Chevalier," Ernst said, and stuttered. "She is the most mar-ve-ous woman you can imagine. She look into the eyes of Maurice and she know just what to do, just what to say. She is the true French woman. The mar-velous wife."

Robert W. Service, poet of the Klondike, was once a neighbor of mine. He has a French wife and he told me: "If I were to marry nine times every wife would be a French woman. She is not only your wife, she is your partner. Partner in business as well as home. It is her career and she is proud of success in it."

Many men who went overseas in the war brought back French wives. Many others brought back the ideal of a wife. The French girl does not trade on sex charms exclusively. She has the wisdom to know that maternal tenderness is the sentiment most craved by man. She is a charming companion.

THE French girl concentrates upon her man. He is her man, if only for the evening. She does not look round the café and wave at other men. Her business is pleasing mon homme, as his is pleasing her, and she does not consider herself subservient in doing so. She is wholly and completely yours. She is the wife, spiritually as well. As Rudie Valentino said: 'Man needs fine sympathetic companionship from woman—anything else to complete himself.'

I had the idea the American girl was not so highly esteemed in France.

"But no," said Maurice here, you perhaps do not appreciate how beautiful she is. She has style, individuality. The French have long adored Mary Pickford. She is an idol. They like Clara Bow—all the American girls, admire them for their smartness, their originality. The American girl is something wonderful. All France, all Europe admires her. That is why I so want that the French girl should be admired here for what she is. Perhaps she is not always so beautiful, so stylish, but she has fine qualities you Americans appreciate.

"No" people in the world are so appreciative as Americans. They are so open-minded. No prejudices, it seems. When I appear on the Ziegfeld roof in New York I am scared to death. I am modest. In my heart I am humble. That is something you cannot feign. Maybe it is why people like me. I like them first, I want terribly they should like me. I have maybe what you call the inferiority complex . . . .

"Certainly aren't an actor," I agreed.

"So when I come out on the stage there in New York I tell you honestly I tremble. Out there in front are all the great celebrities of New York's stage. Here am I the press-agented Chevalier from France. Can I hope to please them? Well, I hope. But I tremble. Two minutes after I am on the stage they are applauding me. I am happy. Everything is all right. They like me. Eddie Cantor he rush up and kiss me." Chevalier showed a little emotion though he obviously felt he shouldn't. "I can't tell you how happy I was. Everywhere it has been the same. In San Francisco I sing for fifteen thousand people in a great auditorium packed to the galleries.

"I tell you I have never had such thrill. In Paris I have been on the stage many years. Naturally, I knew they liked me. They would applaud. When I was at some café in public they would recognize me and smile. But then I come to America. I make one picture. I go back and there are cheering crowds in Paris. The screen does something magical. It makes you seem greater than you are."

"And Paris," I asked, "She is always the same?"

"Always the same," said Maurice. "She has what you say the French girl has, all concentrated. Sympathy, understanding, motherliness for the stranger, even though he be a scapegrace in his own country. No questions asked, you are a human being."

Great to be loved. To have sympathy and understanding, to want to be liked more than to like. To concentrate on pleasing you, the French woman does, as Par does and as her favorite son also. Great to be the real thing.
for he was the best student in mathematics in the class. It never once occurred to him that people would pay to hear him sing. And now he has to have an expert witness to figure out just how much he makes. It just shows you how things go in this world.

He gave his first concert in Sligo, Ireland, and received $1.25 for it. Was he content to stop here? No! The flame of ambition burned in him and he determined to go on studying and working. He gave his first operatic concert in the little town of Savona, Italy, a few miles from Genoa. For this he received $3. It just shows what the flame of ambition will do.

Other men would have stopped, but John kept right on struggling onward and upward in the night while his companions slept. He went to Naples and sang Faust and received $4. Did he let it turn his head? No! “Some day I’ll make $50,” he whispered, and now he has the best collection of Waterford glass in the world.

He went to Dublin in 1902 to sing and, between songs, married Mayon Fleenie Lily Foley, and now they have two children, and an adopted one.

The singing business began to look up, and now John McCormack has a castle called Moore Abbey, at Monastervean, Ireland, with 1,200 acres of good old Irish soil surrounding it.

When he feels a bit cramped here, going from room to room, he picks up and goes to another home he has at Nanton, Connecticut.

When he gets tired of Connecticut he goes to his home in New York City, at 270 Park Avenue.

But all this is terribly inconvenient, you know, when he is in California, so he called up the bank one day and asked how his account stood and bought another place at 2000 Fuller Avenue, Hollywood, so as to be near the picture studio. This hang-out has 15 acres of land and cost him half a million dollars, all the spare change he had at the time. He has named it San Patricio Parque, which is the Spanish for “St. Patrick’s Park.”

Lawrence Tibbett: My eye wanderers down the table and it falls on Sheriff Tibbett’s boy Lawrence. And Lawrence is not ashamed that his father wore a badge on his suspenders and engaged in the business of running bad men to earth, for his father was the sheriff of Kern County, California, in the days when a sheriff slept with one eye open and the other on the trigger and his boots beside his bed.

One day Bad Man McKinney came riding into Bakersfield to see what he could get for his gun on each hip. Sheriff Tibbett started out to welcome him, and finally cornered McKinney in a Chinese Joss house. McKinney had been a patient in the sheriff’s hospital in Bakersfield, and Sheriff Tibbett came in, he fired point blank and Sheriff Tibbett died with his boots on, as a sheriff should.

The family moved from Bakersfield and came down to Los Angeles, and Lawrence entered the Manual Arts High School with Bob Wagner, the writer, as his professor.

After school hours Lawrence would sing, and finally he became so proficient that he got a job singing all evening for the Elks Club of Los Angeles for ten dollars. When he started home that night with his check, he pinned it to his undershirt, for money is money, and a fella mustn’t take chances. Now, if he pinned his money to his underclothes he would call Falstaff look like the Living Skeleton.

Also later he sang for Sid Grauman, the Hollywood theater man, for ten dollars a show and glad to get it. Sid.

While in Los Angeles he met Grace Smith, sang to her under a softly whispering date palm, and now they have a couple of boys. Later he went to New York, gave grand opera a whirl, and now has two experts to help him make out his income tax.

But don’t get too thinking he is perfection, for he has his human failings just like anybody else; he likes to sing in the bath tub. In other words, however, he is esteemed highly and his music appreciated.

Dolores Del Rio: That is her real name. Only it didn’t start out that way. The first name she had was Asunsolo, which she inherited from her parents, and the name they sprinkled her down with was Dolores. So her name, when the ceremony was over, was Senorita Dolores Asunsolo. This, of course, was not a good picture name, but her parents were not to blame as they lived on a ranch in Mexico and didn’t know that Dolores would ever go to Hollywood.

The day, by the way, was August 3, 1925, and the place was Durango, Mexico. She lived quietly on the ranch, eating frijoles and roping steers, until she was five years of age, when she took an city airs and moved to Mexico City. Here she met Jaime Martinez Del Rio, the most popular bachelor in Mexico, and at the end of three weeks he asked her to come out under a palm and quoted poetry to her in the moonlight. And so in no time at all she became Dolores Martinez Del Rio, still not taking Hollywood seriously.

Senora Del Rio then moved out to the country to her husband’s ranch. And some ranch it was—one million acres. Once her husband was missing for three days.

“Where have you been?” asked Dolores when he finally came in.

“Riding up from the front gate,” answered Jaime.

Dolores Del Rio is now a widow, as her husband died in Berlin in December, 1928.

Dolores, the magic maid from Mexico, has a flair for languages and can speak English, Spanish, French, German and Latin. She has been to all of the European countries, and all of the female members of the French, American and Mexican armed forces who have died in the Galile wars. I said speak, not merely read.

This all seems very flattering, but pursuing my policy of telling the truth, regardless of how it cuts and wounds and hurts, I’ll tell you one more thing about her: she plays ping pong.

Now, who says we tell only pleasant things about people?
Seventeen

(Continued from page 71)

Polly Ann and Sally Blane—has been more or less of a hangout for some of the younger boys around Hollywood. One of the sisters was almost always bound to be at home when anyone called. So the day after he had met her, Grant Withers called at the home of Loretta Young with Bill Ince. From his actions it was not apparent that he had called upon her. In fact, he kept calling on what might be termed the "Young Sisters," showing no partiality to any of them. It was five months later before he asked Loretta to go out with him alone. She has mentioned that fact to him since then.

"I was afraid to ask you to go out alone with me," he said. "I couldn't see any particular reason why you should and I did not want to get turned down."

"Can you imagine anyone as dumb as that?" she asked.

But, once started, Mister Withers allowed no grass to grow under his feet. He started giving her a very high speed "rush."

"And, oh, how I fell for that man!" said Loretta. "But I had no sooner fallen good and deep in love with him than things began to happen which were not so much fun.

"For one thing, Grant went away on a yachting trip. The loneliness I felt while he was gone was bad enough, but when, the first time I saw him after he came back he told me that he was not going to call on me any more, I almost wilted."

RIGHT here Loretta Young showed me something she has thought out. Whether they are correct or not, whether they will apply to all cases, is not for me to say here. "Just imagine," she continued, "the situation I was in. I loved a boy and knew him. Knew I wanted him. And here he was telling me it was all over! I could have done several things. I could have gotten mad and called him names—and I felt like doing that. I could have cried—and I felt like doing that. But I figured either one of those would be a mistake. It would have ended everything.

"So I just said nothing and let it go at that. I tried to show him that I did not think he meant it but that if he did it would not be such a great loss in my life. But, oh, what a loss it would have been!"

"I really expected that he would telephone me the next day—but he did not. And I went to bed that night frightened. I stayed awake for hours trying to figure out what to do in case he really did mean what he said and was not going to see me any more. It was terrible.

"The second day I did not leave the house. I cancelled a couple of dates because I was afraid that he would phone while I was out. I would not even go to the corner drugstore for fear he would phone. I wanted to be there, wanted to hear his voice as soon as I could. Because you will never know—and neither will be—how I was missing it and needed to hear it.

"Why didn't you call him up if you wanted him so much?" I asked.

"I couldn't do that. Couldn't and wouldn't. If I did—well, I have heard too many girls make chumps out of themselves telephoning men. It works out sometimes but not most of the time. And Grant is a boy who wants to do what he wants to do. He does not want to be put on the spot and be forced to take some girl out just because he is too polite to say he does not want to take her. In fact, I'm not so sure he would not come right out into the open and tell her to jump in the lake if she was too insistent.

"Besides, that was not what I wanted. I loved Grant. I wanted him to love me. And if he did he would come to me. If he did not then it was best that I get over loving him in a hurry—which I would have done because he would then be proving he was not the boy I thought he was. So I would not have loved him any longer."

I WONDERED at that one. Because women are prideful affairs, and that pride is one of the things which cause so much misunderstanding between men and women. I wondered—in spite of the way Loretta Young stated her case—whether or not she refrained from getting in touch with the boy she loved because her pride would not let her.

"Finally, on the fourth day, he called me up. Very formal, very business like. He had some insurance papers he wanted to sign. I had had a couple of fenders wrinkled while driving his car a month or so before that. Could he come over that evening? Could he? Imagine that! And I'd been sitting at home for four days waiting.

"I said he could if he wished. It would not do to show him too much enthusiasm. I did not mention the four days or the not seeing me any more. Nor dozens of little notes I had written and not sent.

"When he came we signed the papers, (Continued on page 122)
to me. After his first song thunderous applause and shouts of "Bravo!" rang in a theater used to silence. But it was a good sound and I loved it. I experienced sheer joy because I really had not known how wonderful it was all going to be. We had had many misgivings and doubts in our numerous discussions on this picture and its various angles and I hardly knew what I had expected after so much analysis.

My mind kept running back—to the good old La Crescenta days when we were first married—then to our first years in New York—our struggles—our joys. Back to the night at the Metropolitan Opera House when Lawrence, then a youth, made his great success with the most critical audience in the world, a New York Metropolitan audience.

Oh, how wonderful it is to want. It is almost a creed with me. Always to want something—and then the joy of having a want fulfilled. And so it was now. I had wanted so much to be through with the theater. Strange sound in a theater used to silence. But it was a good sound and I loved it. I experienced sheer joy because I really had not known how wonderful it was all going to be. We had had many misgivings and doubts in our numerous discussions on this picture and its various angles and I hardly knew what I had expected after so much analysis.

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It is a strange feeling to sit and watch someone who is part of your life play a part so sympathetically that you are caught in the spell of it. I was realizing, as if a mirror were being held up to me, that this characteristic Lawrence was showing in "The Rogue Song"—was what had so completely captured me ten years ago. Only time has improved it. Looking up at Lawrence on the screen, thinking back to Lawrence—my husband—I had a rare, exultant feeling.

Perhaps I was not conscious that evening of all that I should have been. I know that I was having a rather selfish evening and "time of it" by myself. I was letting myself revel in the joy I felt in my heart. I was wonderfully proud. I was reminiscing of other days. And I found myself listening to him sing as though I had never had the experience before. And that gave me rather a start.

Then the lights flared up and the end came. The people were going home. They were making their various comments. I could not hear them all, but the pulse of the entire evening spelled everything encouraging.

When I finally arrived home only one light was burning. I felt lost; felt as if I had been to a big banquet and had been the only guest. I went to the telephone and called a New York hotel—Room 901.

And then I told him all. I had him laughing and jumping! I had him explaining. I had made up my mind to case the rank disappointment he felt in not being able to be at the première. I attempted to make him feel the magnificent response his work had gotten from his public. And I think I succeeded. He went to sleep feeling that his efforts had not been in vain.

I woke up feeling happy. Another milestone in our lives was past. This night had been Lawrence's. One of his best. He had been unable to experience it. I had taken his place and felt for him every thrill that was his—and many that were my own.

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and talked. He told me that the reason he wanted to break away from me was that he was afraid he was falling in love with me and that I was too young to get married and probably could not see him for dust anyway. He wanted to cut loose while he could.

"But he did not. Before the evening was over everything was fine and I was happy and we were going together again. I did not have to just sit and wait any more. I did not have to start to the telephone to call him and then back away because it was the wrong thing to do.

"I HAD my Grant again. I was happy. AM I happy. OOH! You can’t know how much. He’s my hubby now.”

We had a good talk. It was during this talk that Loretta’s “seventeen” showed so plainly. It was then that it became evident that Loretta Young is going to suffer many conflicts between the instinctive emotions which motivate women and the straightforward thinking of which she is capable.

"Am I jealous? No, of course not. I trust Grant and how can you be jealous when you trust a person. Everything they do is all right because you know they will not do anything to hurt you.”

That was seventeen speaking. Because every woman is jealous, including Loretta Young, who may not think she is.

She told me the story of her wedding day—the thrill of the aeroplane trip from Hollywood to Yuma, Arizona, where they went to be married because Arizona’s legal age for girls is fifteen while California’s is eighteen.

Loretta Young is in Love—using a large L—with Grant Withers. She thinks he is grand, wonderful. And Old Man Experience will teach Loretta that every woman in love is capable of flirtations with the green-eyed monster called jealousy. And when she experiences it, great will-power will be needed to enable her to refrain from making snappy little remarks to Grant. Remarks which do not make for happiness.

"I am not going to be a nagging wife, not going to ask Grant where he has been when he comes in late. If he cares, he can tell me and I’ll be happy, but if he does not mention it I will not ask. I think men like that—and tell you more than if you ask.”

"And I’m not going to be suspicious and show it. If—I am sure this will never happen—I do suspect Grant of trotting out with someone else I’ll get all the dope, cold turkey, before I mention it to him. I do not think anything is as annoying to a man as to be accused of things on suspicion. Do you?”

I congratulated her upon knowing that much about men. It showed thought and observation on the part of a particular Miss Seventeen. But thinking that way and acting that way are two different things. Which Loretta may not know yet—but will.

"Little things are important to women and I do not know why men act as they do about them. I should think that they would be tickled to death to do little things which are not much bother for the girl they loved. I know that if Grant says that he likes a certain color, I will break my neck to get a dress of that color and wear it for him; that if he says he likes my hair a certain way I’ll wear it that way; and if he mentions, just in passing, that he likes spaghetti, I’ll remember it and order spaghetti for dinner.

“But Grant—although he loves me as much as I love him—does not seem to be that way. I can say that he looks nice in a blue suit and he will show up in a gray. Or that I like a certain kind of chocolates and, if he brings home any candy at all, it will be peanut brittle.

"He is getting better on those little things. And I’m sure they will be all right.”

Sure? Again I wonder. Man is not built to take cognizance of little things. He knows the big one—that he loves a girl—and in his mind that is sufficient. He does the big things and figures that they are all that are needed.

Marriage is a union, Loretta realizes, in which both sides must give and take. She is prepared to give, she is prepared to take. But where seventeen-year-old Loretta Young is just a trifle off center, is in her statement that it is all going to be so easy, so lovely.

The great majority of the time it will be, but those few times of trouble which rise up in between and smite with the force of a pile-driver are going to be hard, hard, hard.

Seventeen does not know this—yet. But it will. Loretta Young has all the glorious illusions of youth—and youth breaks no defeat.

Will those instinctive, womanly emotions prove impossible hurdles? Loretta, naturally, says they will not. But then she also admits that she has not experienced many of them—the unpleasant ones—to date. So she really cannot know. Neither can we. Because Loretta Young is smart.

George O’Brien, the movie star, lives at Malibu Beach and every morning he takes a dip in the Pacific Ocean. Next month THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is going to take its readers on a pictorial visit to Malibu Beach and show you how and where the famous film folk live when they are resting between pictures.
The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 58)

“What a Wonderful Age We Live In!” The radio, revealing the wonder of a washing that does every Monday a holiday, only serves to make me testy. Being able to fly from New York to Hollywood for twice what I’d pay on a train doesn’t excite my ejaculations when I see a dumb crow doing it for nothing. And a house equipped with an electric ice-box is nothing more than the Eskimos have had right along. What does set my corpuses hooting is the possibilities of television which will equip every home with Garbo. What a dent that will make in central heating systems!

Instead of a bedtime story by a politician to set you yawning there will be the vision of Jeanette MacDonald singing in her bathtub. And who will want to fly anywhere if Fifi Dorsay will fly to him singing, “I Will Do It For You.” It will all be so much more personal and teet-a-tete than in a theater.

My robe and slippers, Casper, and get me Clara Bow tonight.

Word comes from Spain that Laurel and Hardy are rocking records by talking the toreador language in their latest epic. They’re likewise crushing ‘em over here.

Laugh-wringers are the most popular and most enduring stars. He who gets the last laugh lasts longest; Lloyd, Chaplin, the sprightly Doug.

Comes pay better than sex-attractions. You want to laugh the whole year round but only stay hot through the summer.

A laughing stock doesn’t slump.

Sex-attraction stuff is pretty much a myth. Garbo packs the women and Clara Bow is flappers’ delight. Men go for Lloyd, Chaplin and Doug. Chevalier and Jack Oakie warm palates from both ends of the debs but every man I know is strong for boy friend Buddy.

There’s always opportunity for talent in the movies:

“Universal is paying two dollars for rats and one dollar for cockroaches to go in ‘All Quiet on the Western Front’” read the newspaper notice.

I was right out there the next day buying Iron St. Johns, with whom I have a drag. While I was waiting my test, an assistant director rushed into the office with the newspaper notice.

“Did you put out this note, Ike?” he yelped. “A fine mess. We were paying twenty-five cents for rats and now they want two bucks after seeing this note.”

“These twenty-five cent rats must have been non union,” I interposed helpfully. “Certainly they couldn’t have belonged to the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Science.”

Whereupon I scammed out, sneaking “A cheap outfit.”

Society campaign for a “Goddess City,” but Hollywood will always be the film center.

Corinne Griffith fined heavily. A fine manly nation we are! Uncle Sam must be getting senile to fine a gal with Corinne’s looks. Here we have the most beautiful woman in the world . . . Miss Universe . . . Miss Heaven-and-Earth. Instead of taxing her we ought to enliven her. Suppose she gets mad and goes over to another nation? Troy had a war over less.

With the Hollywood Belitters

(Continued from page 57)

an advance on his next fortnight’s salary, Whitman asked him what he wanted it for.

“I’m gambling in the baggage car ahead with the Pullman porters,” said the sepia, “we is shootin’ craps.”

“Oh, you don’t want your advance money,” cautioned Paul, “those fellows will clean you.”

“Okay, but the tax,” said the valet, “I’ve been playin’ with them just now. I can’t lose, I’ve cheatin’.

When Samuel Goldwyn is at home the place is invariably loaded with his friends and their wives, to hear Winnie Sheehan tell it. On one such occasion the men were one flight up playing cards and the wives were in the dining-room below chatting and meowing.

Suddenly a terrible commotion came from the card room. A quarrel followed some decision and chairs bounced all over the place. When the excitement subsided, Mrs. Goldwyn who knows her hand better than any of us, shouted: “I say, up there. Who is Sam arguing with this time?”

And there, as someone probably has said before, you are—a few anecdotes and flip cracks from the Hollywood sector, where men are men and women are extras.

They are representative of the sort that come from the movie belt where you may rest assured they do not always feel funny, considering the tragedy most of them experience trying to crash the movie heavens and show the folks back home that It Can Be Done.

THE DESERTED CITY OF FILMDOM, a striking feature, with remarkable illustrations, in the next NEW MOVIE.
The Amazing Mother

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

Their great qualities are applauded with all her heart.

Their mistakes are forgiven but not overlooked.

Their faults rate a certain amount of plain and open comment.

I imagine it has always been like that, from the time the little family started, in days of poverty and hardship, love and laughter. The change from the days when she did all her own work, made her own dresses and those of her daughters, fought the bills and made ends meet, did china painting on the side to add to the very slender family income, the change from those days to her own car and chauffeur and every luxury haven't mattered a great deal to Peg. Glitter, even at thousands of dollars per carat, doesn't impress her in the slightest. Perhaps that is why one so seldom sees Norma Talmadge wearing her marvelous jewels.

"Life is the great thing," Peg said to me the other day, when I was lucky enough to catch her in front of the fire in Bill Haines' marvelous library. "Life is greater than theories, than people, greater than beliefs, greater than any of its gifts or hurts. Stand up to it."

But she does value money and she has taught her daughters to value it and insisted upon a sound economic policy. She believes that poverty, debt, financial worries, can limit and burden sufficiently to cripple, to prevent the real achievement of which people are capable.

"MONEY doesn't mean a thing," she told her girls in the early days when money was beginning to flow in to the unbelievable tune of hundreds of dollars a week—and probably she repeated it, when the hundreds went up to thousands—"money doesn't mean a thing, but the lack of it means a lot. Money can't make you happy, but the lack of it can sometimes keep you from being happy. So don't be foolish." And she kept right on hammering that into them, until today all three of them are indubitably rich. Constance could have retired when she married Townsend Nether, even if he hadn't had a lot of money himself.

There is something in Peg that suggests weeding out the weak and the incompetent, getting rid of the weak and unsatisfactory in society and in the individual. For forcefulness and generosity, there is a streak of ruthless steel in Peg Talmadge. No soft, soothing mother, but a woman demands of another—honor, square dealing, decency, mutual respect.

"Peg doesn't come to see me half often enough," Norma used to say, when she lived in her big house on Hollywood Boulevard. "I call her up, and call her up, but she really isn't here half as often as I'd like her to be."

Somebody repeated that to Peg. Peg granted.

"That's a good way for her to feel," she said. "Much better than if I was always hanging around there and maybe she'd like to be alone. I know Norma. She's used to being run after. I don't run after her and it's a relief. She seeks me and we see a lot more of each other. We don't impose on each other, so our love remains happy. You can't impose, even on love."

At various times, Peg has lived with one or the other of her daughters. But not for long. She likes her own home best. Now she spends a good deal of time with Natalie and her two sons, and her apartment is in the same building with Norma, and she goes to Constance's gorgeous new beach house for visits, but she doesn't live with them. It is her choice, not theirs.

"PEOPLE of different ages have different interests and viewpoints," says Peg. "I like having a place of my own. I'm fortunate in having all the girls around me. I'm fortunate in that they always want me with them. But it's better for a woman like me to have her own surroundings, where she can have her own books and friends without interruption."

Yet I know that Peg Talmadge has stood like a rock, fought, sacrificed, worked for her children as completely as any mother in the world.

There is in her a hard strength. I think she sees life as Jack London used to see it—as something tremendous, vital, splendid, brutal. That hard strength in her says that life at its best is difficult and must be faced. It is the hardness which makes great foundations on which to build beautiful structures.

I remember seeing Peg once some seven years ago, about a week after the birth of Natalie's first baby. She still looked drawn and anxious. But there was a steadiness about her that must have been soul-satisfying to her daughter. No maudlin sympathy, for that Peg considers dangerous.

"It's been going on for a good many years, this having children, and most of us survive," she said. "There's too much fuss made about it. A natural, normal thing can always be faced in a natural, normal way. We must try to 124
take the advantages of civilization without allowing it to weaken us, without losing our primitive virtues.

Her granddaughters do more than love her. They want to be with her—which is often quite a different thing. She doesn't scold them much. "I do have a grand time with them," she said. "You always do with grandchildren. You don't have all that weight of responsibility. You can spoil them some. I adored my kids when they were little, and we had an awful lot of fun together. But I didn't spoil them."

Norma told me one time that as long as she lived she would never forget a talk she had with her mother when she was a young girl in high school. "I had been playing hookey to act some plays in the park with a couple of other girls," she said, "I was just crazy about acting, though I'd never thought of being an actress.

"Mother found out about it. She didn't scold me, but she came up to my room that night and for the first time Dutch and Nate were shut out. Then she sat down and explained to me very carefully my position in life. That I had no money and no position back of me, that I would be forced to earn my own living and that I would have to get whatever I wanted out of life by my own efforts. She showed me how hard it had been for her to give me an education, and what it should mean to me.

"She told me that everyone must face things as they were and that the worst crime of all was not to play square with others and with yourself. She showed me that playing hookey when I should be getting an education for use later on was the worst kind of sportsmanship.

"She always made us play fair in everything and we loved it. We loved doing our share, helping her, carrying what part of things we could. I'm sure we loved her much, much better than if she'd spoiled us. We respected her so much."

I have been to many a "eat party" in Hollywood where there were twenty or thirty girls and seen Norma and Connie and Peg seek one corner in which to eat their supper—just because they actually had more fun together.

The Peg Talmadge who mothered and raised three such girls as Norma, Con- stance and Natalie, the Peg Talmadge who stood back of them and fought for them, is an average woman, of course. Much more amazing than her daughters, as the creator is often more amazing than the thing he creates.

But the Peg Talmadge of today is even more amazing. Many mothers can meet the problems of feeding, washing, disciplining children of eight or ten. But the mother who on through all the years of her daughters' lives stands as their best friend, their most sought companion and their most feared and respected critic, is more unusual.
but I forget what cards have been played."

He looked childishlly depressed. "Well," he said, brightening, "there were certainly lots of things done around here Saturday night, weren't there? Mayfairs, and Embassies, and parties. Joe wanted me to go to that party with him. But I never go to parties. You know what my wife and I did Saturday night?"

"Well, we had dinner at home—roast beef and mashed potatoes, and my cook can sure cook that and it's my favorite dish, next to spare ribs and cabbage—and then we went down to the RKO theater and saw a picture. It was a good picture, too. Then I said, 'Ruby, what do you want to do now?' She said, 'I'd like a cup of hot chocolate.' So we went into a Piggly-Wiggly 'pig and Whistle Shop' and had a hot chocolate and then we went out to Grauman's Chinese and saw the midnight show of 'The Rogue Song.' How was that wonderful? Ruby had seen it before, and she liked it better the second time. Then we had another hot-chocolate and went home to bed. That's my idea of a fine evening."

I thought of the fascinating and vivacious Ruby Keeler, who, before she became Mrs. Al Jolson, had been the idol of New York night life. I said, "How does Mrs. Jolson like such a quiet life?"

He twinkled all over and all the little laugh lines around his eyes broke out. "It's funny," he said, "but she's beginning to like it a lot. I told her it was worth a try, because I'd found it was the best way, not always to be tearing around after other folks and now—she actually likes it."

"Is she going to play opposite you in your next picture as the paper said?"

I asked him.

"It's not settled yet," he said, "but I don't think so. They asked her if she wanted to play the feminine lead, but she said to me, 'Al, I don't want to play the feminine lead. I don't know anything about pictures. I'd rather start in some smaller part. You'd be nervous and I'd be nervous. I don't think it would be so good.' She's no dumbbell, if she is my wife. Sam Goldwyn wanted her for a big part with Eddie Cantor in 'Whoopie' but she turned that down. She said to me, 'They'll never get a chance to bill a Jolson under a Cantor.'"

"She doesn't seem to care so much about working. She's taken up piano and Pekinese, Dogs, you know. She's doing wonderfully on the piano. Only five lessons, and she's doing fine. She said to me the other night, 'Al, in another year I'll be making your orchestrations.'"

He grinned broadly. Even the casual eye can see that Al Jolson is very much in love.

I wondered why the Jolson estate and Americans hadn't been added to the other movie estates in Beverly Hills. I asked him.

"Not for me," he said. "No houses for me. Ever since I've been out here those real estate cuckoos have been trying to sell me houses. One of them hasn't given up yet. But not for me. I should have a swimming pool on my shoulders."

"About a year ago, Joe Schenck said to me, 'Al, where do you want to live? Do you want me to get you a nice house somewhere?' I said 'No, I don't want any houses. I'd like a nice apartment somewhere. When I was young and broke I always thought if I could have a nice quiet apartment it would suit me down to the ground. I guess I'll stick to the four walls of the Jolson.' Joe says, 'Well, do you want an apartment in Beverly Hills?' and I said, 'No, down-town somewhere, near the theaters. I haven't got time to be out of town.'"

But it's simple. We haven't any servant problem, or any guest problem, and we don't have to worry about the swimming pool and the furnace, and entertaining. I haven't time for that. If I've got to worry, I'd rather worry about my work. We're satisfied just like we are."
First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

Read Ann Boyd's Beauty Advice in The New Movie Every Month.

Write your questions to Ann Boyd, THE NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York. Miss Boyd will answer you in these columns.

a professional finish. Another excellent help in holding a wave in the hair is a fine cap to be worn at night, during the bath or at home during the day when you are anxious to keep that wave looking its best. The cap holds the original design of the wave and keeps the hair from becoming tumbled about.

It is, of course, pleasant to dry one's hair in the sun whenever it is possible. However, too much sunlight can injure the scalp just as it injures the skin, and constant exposure to the sun, particularly in midsummer, tends to make the hair itself streaky and bleached looking. Many women return from the summer vacations with their hair several shades lighter than its winter color. The scalp, I need not say, should not be sunburned, as a sunburn is as disagreeable as dandruff and much more painful.

In brushing the hair, be sure to take a long, even stroke with the brush and do not be hasty or careless about it. You are apt to whip the hair and break off the ends in uneven lengths. The brush should loosen the scalp, but the scalp should be brushed just enough to give a brisk glow and not hard enough to injure the delicate skin.

For hair which has a tendency to grow lifeless, nothing is so effective as a hot oil shampoo. Heat the oil—and it should be pure olive oil—to a temperature that feels pleasantly warm to the scalp but not hot enough to burn. With a comb, part the hair into narrow strands and apply the oil with a small piece of cotton. After the scalp is thoroughly saturated rub in the oil briskly with the fingers, using a rotary movement.

In giving a hot oil shampoo, expert hair dressers plunge a towel into steaming hot water, wring it out and wrap it around the head. The hot towel is allowed to stay on the head for several minutes, as the heat opens the pores and the oil soaks into the scalp.

Such a shampoo—and, indeed, no other sort of shampoo where such simple materials are used—will not make the hair dry. Naturally, all the oil is washed from the hair. But after using the oil, you will need plenty of hot water and plenty of good liquid soap.

INQUIRIES

Mrs. M. B. Y., St. Louis, Mo. The exercises you are using are excellent for reducing, but you haven't given them a fair chance. You cannot expect to reduce so drastically in one week. All reducing exercises must be pursued with persistence and patience, if they are to be successful. And such a routine should be adopted before you have allowed yourself to gain so much extra poundage.

CARLTTA T., Jersey City. To be strictly correct, a girl of fourteen should wear very little make-up. But I realize that "all the girls do it." A little powder, applied with discretion, is all right and, for parties, you may use a light lipstick. But be careful not to exceed the bounds of good taste. If you are careful and discreet about it, you will not be criticized. I do not consider the use of make-up a sign of vanity. And, anyway, all women should be a little vain.

J. I. K., Los Angeles, Calif. With your coloring—and considering the semi-tropical climate in which you live—I would suggest greens, with plenty of yellow in them—yellow-oranges, dark reds and rich browns. But no dark blues and no blacks unless enlivened by white or grayer colors. As for the question of hats, the new models which have a small brim shading the face are most attractive for women who have rather large features.

Lois M., New Orleans, La. Gently massage the nails with oil before you manicure them and do not cut the cuticle. The cuticle should be gently pushed back with an orange stick. Use a good hand lotion, too, after washing your hands.

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**Roxy Usher Makes Good**

(Continued from page 31)

Buppy: Life is a high spring-board over a frog pond, eh? Cholmondeley?

Cholmondeley: Rather a ghastly tale by Edgar Wallace—but let's carry on, Buppy.


I AM saving my best piece of dialogue for the last. It is the one I have worked on the hardest. It is possibly the most complete and comprehensive, and it is good for any two characters in a comic mood. Or even in a tragic mood. For instance it could be used in an adaptation of PETER PAN, Tinker Bell and Peter Pan having the following dialogue. Or you could also imagine the same dialogue going on between Othello and Desdemona. Or even between Othello and Peter Pan.

Othello: Yeah?

Peter Pan: Yeah!

Othello: Oh yeah?

Peter Pan: Yeah.

Othello: See you.

Peter Pan: Seg me.

Othello: Oh yeah?

Peter Pan: Yeah.

I WILL be very glad to hear from you at your earliest convenience, Mr. Editor. You can address me, Aisle Three, Section A, Sub-Division Forty-Six, North-North-East Sector, Mezzanine XU-11, The Roxy Theatre, New York City.

Sincerely,
Oswald Scramonoff

(Coming soon to this theatre—another talking short: How To Write Talking Picture Reviews.)

**Next Month—**

Adela Rogers St. Johns will tell the absorbing and dramatic story of the popular young star

JOAN CRAWFORD
The Lost Legion
(Continued from page 55)

has since fought all over the world in various armies. He was the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, both the French and Polish Croix de Guerre, the Médaille Coloniale du Tonkin and numerous other decorations. He acted and served as technical director on "Beau Geste" and other important pictures of the Legion.

AUSTRALIA gives us Major Frank C. Baker, veteran of Gallipoli and wearer of the Military Cross, the Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Croix de Guerre. Major Maurice Talbot, who served in the King's Royal Rifles and later as an officer, saw hard fighting in India, Egypt, South Africa, the Soudan and Mesopotamia. Paul de Gaston saw service with the French and Americans and his father was one of the few white men ever raised to the rank of a mandarin of China.

He speaks and writes, in addition to English, French, German, Italian and Spanish, fifteen Chinese dialects. The Hungarian Army saw Lieutenant Louis Gergy, an officer of the Engineers Artillery from 1914 to 1918. He later fought in the Bela Kuhn revolution and wears five bravery medals. The son of a desert chef in Luedow Ayob who served in the Turkish army, was an outlaw in the mountains and deserts for three years and was with the Lawrence (King Faisal) expedition.

Among America's World War heroes there are many who are now members of Hollywood's peace-time army. Dave Hayden won his Congressional Medal of Honor and the Italian Medal Miltaire for gallantry while serving with the Sixth Marines at Thiaourt. Louis Van Issel and Ed Lindquist are also Congressional Medal men while J. P. Ligon won the D. S. C. and Croix de Guerre.

MANY of the stars and feature players of the movies have seen active service but probably only Victor McLaglen can merit the title of Soldier of Fortune. "F.W." has fought and ad

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of Those Ugly, Rusty Spots

Do you know how easy it is to fade out handsomely, rusty-brown freckles so that no one will ever again call you Freckle-Face? Do you know how to protect your sensitive complexion from the damage caused by Sun—sun and wind?

Simply get a jar of Othine Double Strength, and a few drops of this dainty white cream will show you how easy it is to rid yourself of freckles—and regain the fair, lovely, soft, milk-white skin that is your natural birthright.

Spring sun and winds have a strong tendency to bring out freckles, and as a result more Othine is sold during this season. Be sure to ask for Othine Double Strength at any drug or department store. Remember Othine is always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not satisfy.

THE LOST LEGION

A HAUNTING MELODY

OF FLOWER ESSENCES

The Lost Legion

Blue Waltz

A Haunting Melody

of Flower Essences

As last and fragrant as the rarest and costliest Parfum, Smart perfume bottle with perfume applicator. Also "Blue Waltz! Toilet Water, Face Powder, Talc, and Brilliantine. Popular 50c and $1.00 sizes, at Drug and Department Stores.

INTRODUCTORY RATES PRO-CURABLE AT LEADING FIVE AND TEN CENT STORES.

JOLIVETTE CIE., INC.
150 E. 47th St., New York.
were honest, middle-class folks who did as much as they could for the baby girls.

At the age of fourteen Norma was a doll-like blonde of quaint prettiness, high-spirited, full of fun, mimicking everything and everybody with whom she came in contact and enjoying a popularity which would have spoiled a less well-balanced nature.

She sought engagements in several local amateur theatrical organizations and appeared in quite a few with success. But this did not satisfy her ambitions and when the opportunity presented itself she and her sister set off for New York with a slender purse, the dubious blessing of their parents and a few letters of introduction from a Montreal newspaper man to theatrical and film producers in New York City and district.

They were fortunate in securing an engagement very shortly after their arrival and went through the routine experience of chorus work on the road. After the first local affair had been separated, and Norma continued discovering how hard and uninteresting theatrical life can be in a touring company, while her sister slowly lost the less ambitious but more comfortable existence of a show girl on Broadway.

NORMA SHEARER'S first effort to enter the movies was not crowned with success, for although she made several fleeting appearances in crowds at Fort Lee and elsewhere under the aegis of the Fox Company, it was some considerable time before she attracted the attention of the director and was entrusted with a very minor rôle.

From the start, however, she had held before her a definite goal and as she was a girl of exceptional common-sense, determination, and perseverance she was never downcast by slow progress, but kept on making applications until eventually, by her diligence and by her sedulous cultivation of a definite, characteristic type, and by her easy adaptability to herself to the special requirements and limitations of the film studio, she convinced her directors that she was well qualified to play a major rôle.

Her first leading rôle was in "Plaisir Mad" and the success she recorded in this was both artistic and practical, and was the means of securing for her a very profitable contract with the Metro-Goldwyn Corporation. She did not, however, neglect her studies but devoted more time than ever to learning the many seemingly trifling but really significant details of the film studio. She studied every part given her very closely with the result that when she was entrusted with the rôle of the heroine in "He Who Gets Slapped" she was able to give such a performance as caused no little sensation even in the blase film world of Hollywood.

Since then Miss Shearer has never looked back. Such films as "His Secret" and "Upsilage" and "Old Heidelberg," served to establish her reputation firmly with an ever-widening circle of film fans by whom she is regarded with very genuine affection. She has enjoyed a singularly clear articulation and her voice is ideal for the talking film. This was demonstrated particularly in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." She is one of the few film actresses who give personal, not second-hand attention to their mail, and her sympathetic help has been keenly appreciated by many a young girl with ambitions to enter the film world.

Five feet three inches in height, with luxuriant hair and blue eyes, Norma also enjoys a complexion of brilliant quality. She takes sedulous personal care of herself, lives a normal, energetic healthy life, is an ardent reader, enjoys sport and is always a welcome figure at any social gathering. Her marriage to Irving Thalberg a short time ago was a swift culmination to a genuine romance. He is one of the most interesting and ablest of the younger producers.

Miss Shearer has invested her money very wisely and is today a heavy holder of valuable real estate in Los Angeles and New York. Her mother acts as her secretary, and her father is now in California, too.

**"I'm Not Afraid of Ghosts"**

House the way it is now. Remember the gorgeous velvet drapes and heavy expensive and imported tapestries; say nothing of the parquet floor that he had in those rooms? Look at them now. All we did were move a flock of the ranch stuff into the place and let it go at that. Harry and I do not want the place Valentino and Natacha wanted. We've lived on the ranch too long to be comfortable in that sort of place. And what there was do to it would be nobody's business.

"That's the closest I can come to ghosts. If Rudy has one I'll bet a plugged nickel against a ten-dollar bill that all the noises we hear are moans of pain when he sees the way his former parlor—which he and Natacha spent so much time on decorating—has been turned into a ranch house for a good old ranch family which does not put any dogs or a family which will have horses and dogs and kids around the house—but no ghosts."

And it is thus that the ghost of Rudolph Valentino makes us suspect that the Haunted House of Benedict Canyon is no more. Rudy's ghost, if he has one, has sought other places.

(Continued from page 89)
The Lost Legion
(Continued from page 129)

Ronald Colman, the star is a veteran British officer.

Supplying the movie army with uniforms is in itself a big business. These uniforms must be technically correct in every detail and are obtained by the studio from big costume houses in Los Angeles, who usually purchase them direct from various foreign governments. So huge and complete are their stock that they can furnish complete uniforms for any army, during any period, in lots of hundreds, or in some cases, thousands. When the uniforms desired are not available, they must be made to special order. Many of the uniforms used in World War pictures saw actual service in the lines.

THE supplying of weapons and field equipment for the "army" forms another branch of their business. The major part of this equipment is owned by a private corporation and leased to the various studios as needed. According to Mr. Gidding, who is in charge of the executives of this corporation, they now own a hand in various warehouses, more than $2,000,000 worth of such equipment, ranging from sidearms to siege guns and from mess kits to capture balloons such as were used for observation purposes during the war. They, too, can supply equipment for armies of all nations and all periods, from Revolutionary flint-locks to modern machine-guns. The various armies in the world notify them when sales of military equipment are to be held and their agents are always on hand to bid on equipment for their own "army."

There are, of course, many other men who contribute their share to the success of war pictures and who can rightfully be termed members of the moving picture army. The flying men, headed by Dick Grace, premier stunt man, are nearly all men who won their wings above the trenches. Another interesting group are the technical directors upon whose shoulders falls the burden of seeing that uniforms, battlefields, equipment, weapons, field, regulations, etc., used in various battles are technically perfect. This knowledge comes largely from personal experience and a few of the men already mentioned in this article also serve in that capacity.

Hard boiled "top kicks" of the old regular army have also found their place in Hollywood's "army" where their abilities are used to drill and handle larger groups. "Red" Blair, one of the best known of these, can not only handle men but can also instruct them in the drill manual of any army from the Chinese to the Swiss National Guard and have them letter perfect.

And so, although the world is more or less at peace and disarmament conferences are the order of the day, as long as film fans thrill to the conflict of armed men, Hollywood's standing "army" will never fade out, and here in the shadows of the studios there will be a place where the fighting men of the world can fill their nostrils with the smell of battle, see their cars with the thunder of the guns and their souls with the satisfaction of the comradship of real men!
The Seriousness of Being Funny in Four Languages

(Continued from page 68)

Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel look over a copy of their favorite motion picture magazine, The New Movie. Stan is pointing out Homer Cray's "We Have With Us Tonight" to his comedy pal.

loudly that the landlady could not hear the sizzling.

Meantime Oliver Hardy started out to be a great and learned lawyer—and ended up by letting people throw pies at him. But, lads and lassies, there's more money in the pie business, roughly speaking than in the learned law business. He was graduated from the law department of the University of Georgia, and hung out his shingle but spiders came and clouded it up.

"If spiders are the only ones who ever come to my office, I am going out to look for something else," quoth the brilliant young legal mind, and forthwith he got himself a job singing on the stage. The first time he ever stood in front of a camera was in Jacksonville, Florida, for the old Lubin company.

H ARDY gets relief from being funny in four languages by playing golf. He is a golf fiend, and has twenty-four cups sitting on his mantel-piece, to say nothing of two gold medals which he picked up along the way.

Herr Laurel and Monsieur Hardy are sometimes thrown into the breach when things look too solemn. M-G-M., so "tis said, had four reels of "The Rogue Song" finished and, when they looked at it in the little fateful projection-room, they decided it lacked humor, and so a fleet-footed messenger raced down Washington Boulevard to the Roach studio, went into conference, papers were signed and Laurel and Hardy were brought on the run. At night, when the rest of the Rogue players would clear off, Laurel and Hardy would come on with their own rogueries, and the picture made history. Of course, it was not due to Laurel and Hardy, but they had, so to speak, a finger in the pie.

I N looking back over this article I see that I have not been as heavy and impressive as I should have been, so now as I approach my peroration I will throw in the solemn part for those who love solemnity. And that is about the speed with which American talking pictures are spreading over the world — and the shock troops are Laurel and Hardy.

For a time it seemed as if talking pictures would put a quietus on the American invasion abroad; it seemed as if each country would rush in and make their own pictures, and then the impresarios of Hollywood hit on the idea of doing several versions of the same picture. And that is what is being done right now and today in Hollywood. But mostly stars are hired who can manipulate two languages, with the minor parts filled with actors native to the land where the pictures are to be shown. For instance, Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert in "The Big Pond."

And then along came Laurel and Hardy who can speak only English and American and are required to do pictures in four languages! But they are doing it and doing it successfully.

Bravo! Also, Banzai!—which pretty soon they'll probably have to be doing, too.

They're good scouts—long may they rave.
The Sensational 
Talking Picture
TRIUMPH
of the Celebrated Beauty

VILMA BANKY

By Special Arrangement With Samuel Goldwyn

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.

A LADY TO LOVE

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.
"FIRST A SHADOW then a sorrow"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"

(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-indulgence, if you would maintain the modern figure of fashion

We do not represent that smoking Lucky Strike Cigarettes will bring modern figures or cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a Lucky" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a modern, graceful form.

When Tempted
Reach for a LUCKY instead

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

YOUR complexion will become younger, the texture of your skin finer, facial blemishes will disappear—if you will follow my combination Youth Clay—Youth Cream method. It gives your skin the full cosmetic co-operation it requires to hold or recapture youth.

First, give your face a White Youth Clay treatment. It will purge the pores of all the deep-seated impurities that choke them up, keep the skin from breathing freely, rob the cells of the oxygen they need. The drawing action of this white clay stimulates the blood, freshens the tissues, combats wrinkles and age lines. Your skin needs a weekly Youth Clay treatment both to invigorate and thoroughly cleanse it.

Secondly, use Youth Cream morning and evening. To keep your skin from dulling, leathering, blemishing, even wrinkling—you must help its millions of microscopic cells breathe in enough oxygen, consume it, throw off the wastes. That’s why Youth Cream should be used daily without fail. In addition to doing all that cold cream will do, it aids those metabolic functions of the facial cells.

Send This Coupon NOW! To:
Edna Wallace Hopper,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed find 20c for trial of White Youth Clay and Youth Cream. Send free trial size of Wave and Sheen.

Name
Address
City State
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 consummate 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 tradem-
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Viaphone pictures are produced exclusively by
WARNER BROS. and
FIRST NATIONAL
The New Movie Magazine

One of the Tower Group of Magazines
Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

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Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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Applicant for Membership in the Audit Bureau of Circulations
Let this tooth paste buy your silk stockings

This great dentifrice saves you from $3 to $21 a year

WOULDN'T a woman trying to make ends meet for a family of seven like to reduce the family tooth paste bill from $42 to $21?

Wouldn't a young couple starting out in life be glad to cut the yearly tooth paste bill from $12 to $6?

We thought they would. Investigation showed that thousands of others felt the same way. They wanted a dentifrice at 25c—yet with no sacrifice of quality.

Therefore, we produced a really first class dentifrice at 25c for a large tube. Half of what you usually pay. The medium size tube sells for 10c at all Woolworth stores.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. Ultra-modern methods of manufacture alone, permit such prices for such a paste—for we always buy the best materials.

In it are contained ingredients that our fifty years’ study of tooth and mouth conditions taught us are necessary to a high grade dentifrice for the perfect cleansing of all types of teeth.

Outstanding among them is a marvelous new and gentle polishing agent so speedy in action that tooth brushing is reduced to a minimum.

We ask you to try this delightful dentifrice one month. See how white it leaves your teeth. How good it makes your mouth feel. Judge it by results alone. And then reflect that during the year, it accomplishes a worthwhile saving. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Listerine Tooh Paste

10c size on sale at all Woolworth stores
GIRLS, you can take Buddy Rogers' voice home with you now! He is making records for Columbia.

Buddy's first Columbia record is just out. It carries two numbers from the big screen revue, "Paramount on Parade." One is "Sweepin' the Clouds Away," which is sung by Maurice Chevalier in the motion picture, and the other is "Any Time's the Time to Fall in Love." Buddy sounds a little worried in announcing one of these. "This is my first recording," he explains. "I'm sort of nervous—but I hope you'll like it." However, Buddy need have no worries. His voice records splendidly and you can catch a snatch of his sax playing, too. Better watch for this record. It's worth owning.

SOME months ago Rudy Vallee introduced a college number during his radio broadcast. It was the Stein Song of the University of Maine, the college which Rudy attended briefly before he went to Yale. The Stein Song caught on with a smash and he has since been singing it at nearly every broadcast. The demand was so great that he made it into a record for Victor.

On the reverse side of the record is W. C. Handy's now famous "St. Louis Blues." For both numbers Rudy sings the vocal refrain. This is a recommended record. The Stein Song is a natural hit, if there ever was one.

ANY musical film carrying numbers by Irving Berlin gets a heavy play from the record makers. So it is with Al Jolson's new film, "Mammy," which has a number of Berlin's old and new numbers. The best of these "Mammy" numbers by Berlin is "Let Me Sing and I'm Happy."

Waring's Pennsylvanians have made a fine fox trot rendition of "Let Me Sing and I'm Happy for Victor. On the other side of the record is "Looking at You," another Berlin number from the film.

For Victor, too, Gene Austin, the tenor, has made "Let Me Sing and I'm Happy," and "I'm Happy." The reverse side carries "To My Mammy," from the Jolson picture.

Irving Kaufman has made a "Mammy" record for Columbia, carrying "Looking at You" and "To My Mammy." This is a vocal record with novelty accompaniment.

"PARAMOUNT ON PARADE," the big new Paramount film revue, is getting a strong advance play from the phonograph. Louis Lombardo and his Royal Canadians have made a charming version of this number for Columbia. On the opposite side of the record is "Lazy Louisiana Moon." You will hear more of these numbers via your favorite phonograph records, all through the Spring, or we miss our guess.


THE popular "Should I," the hit of "Lord Byron of Broadway," recurs again. The Ron-doliers, the popular male quartet, have prepared a corking version for Columbia. "Lazy Louisiana Moon" is on the opposite side.

Buddy Rogers is making records for Columbia. The first, just out, carries two lively numbers from the film review, "Paramount on Parade." Buddy not only sings well but he plays the sax, too.
First sweeping HOLLYWOOD...then BROADWAY
and now the EUROPEAN CAPITALS...

Lux Toilet Soap cares for the
loveliest complexions in the world

YOU can keep your skin exquisitely smooth
just as 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars do...

Long ago our own charming Hollywood stars
discovered that for attractiveness a girl must have
soft, smooth skin—and that Lux Toilet Soap keeps
the skin at its very loveliest!

Then the famous Broadway stage stars became
equally enthusiastic about this fragrant, whitesoap.

And now—in France, in England, in Germany
—the European screen stars have adopted Lux
Toilet Soap for smooth skin.

In Hollywood alone 511 lovely actresses use it.

In Hollywood alone, of the 521 important
actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to
Lux Toilet Soap. And all of the great film
studios have made it the official soap for their
dressing rooms, as well as 71 of the 74 legitimate
theaters in New York.

Lux Toilet Soap will keep your skin lovely
just as it keeps the skin of the famous stars!
You will be delighted with its instant, soothing
lather. Use it for your bath and shampoo, too.
Order several cakes—today.

Lux Toilet Soap Luxury such as you have found only in fine
French soaps at 50¢ and 81.00 the cake...NOW 10¢
GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures
of the Last Six Months

Group A

Song O' My Heart. John McCormack makes his screen début in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. Fox.

The Vagabond King. Based on "If I Were King," this is a picturesque musical set telling of Francois Villon's career in the days of Louis XI. Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald sing the principal rôles, but O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI. Paramount.


The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Bokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You're sure to like this. Warners.

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. 'Nough said. It's great. We mean Greta's voice. Be sure to hear it. Metro-Goldwyn.

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. Metro-Goldwyn.

Lummox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. United Artists.

The Love Parade. The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. Paramount.

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—
to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. Warners.

Welcome Danger. Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. Paramount.

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. Fox.

The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. United Artists.

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! Fox.

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. Paramount.


John McCormack is a tremendous success in his first motion picture, "Song O' My Heart." The famous Irish tenor sings eleven lovely and charming songs. In the scene at the left, little Maureen O'Sullivan appears opposite the celebrated tenor.

Group B

Puttin' on the Ritz. Introduces the night-club idol, Harry Richman, to moviedom. The romance of a song plugger. Mr. Richman gets swell support from Joan Bennett, Lilian Tashman and James Gleason. *United Artists.*

Men Without Women. The action takes place on a submarine trapped on the floor of the China Sea. The harrowing reactions of the crew face to face with death. Grim and startling—and full of suspense. *Fox.*


This Thing Called Love. A racy and daring study of marriage and divorce with Constance Bennett and Edmund Lowe giving brilliant performances. *Pathé.*


Sally. Delightful eye and ear entertainment, with Marilyn Miller won over to the talkies. Miss Miller is altogether lovely. *Warner Brothers.*

The Vagabond Lover. Rudy Vallee, the idol of the radio, makes his screen début as a young bandmaster trying to get along. He does well, but Marie Dressler runs away with the picture. You will find this entertaining. *Radio Pictures.*

The Kiss. Greta Garbo's last silent film. All about a young wife on trial for murdering her husband. The jury does just what it would do if you were on it. Well acted, particularly by Miss Garbo. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Thirteenth Chair. Margaret Wycherly in Bayard Veiller's popular stage thriller. Well done, indeed. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Virginian. Gary Cooper playing a cordial performance in an all-talkie revival of Owen Wister's novel of pioneer days. Mary Brian and Richard Arlen excellent. A fine panorama of the West that was. *Paramount.*


Harold Lloyd made a splendid talkie début in "Welcome Danger." Barbara Kent is a charming foil for Lloyd's comedy. If you haven't seen "Welcome Danger" yet, be sure to do so. It's a winner.
**WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS**

When you want to write to the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

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<td>Dorothy Jordan</td>
<td>Kay Johnson</td>
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**At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ardita</th>
<th>John Barrymore</th>
<th>Betty Bronson</th>
<th>Joe Brown</th>
<th>William Collier, Jr.</th>
<th>Dolores Costello</th>
<th>Louise Fay</th>
<th>Audrey Ferris</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Joe</td>
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**Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.**

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<tr>
<th>Robert Armstrong</th>
<th>Constance Bennett</th>
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<th>Ina Claire</th>
<th>Junior Coghlan</th>
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**First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.**

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**Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.**

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<th>John Boles</th>
<th>Ethlyn Claire</th>
<th>Kathryn Crawford</th>
<th>Reginald Denny</th>
<th>Jack Dougherty</th>
<th>Lorayne DuVal</th>
<th>Hoot Gibson</th>
<th>Dorothy Gulliver</th>
<th>Otis Harlan</th>
<th>Raymond Keane</th>
<th>Merna Kennedy</th>
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**Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.**

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<tr>
<th>Vilma Banky</th>
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**At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.**

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<th>Frank Alberston</th>
<th>Mary Astor</th>
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**RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.**

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<tr>
<th>Buzz Barton</th>
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**United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Don Alvarado</th>
<th>Fannie Brice</th>
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**Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.**

<table>
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<th>Evelyn Brent</th>
<th>William Collier, Jr.</th>
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<td>Todd</td>
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**Where to Write the Movie Stars**, Copyright 1933, published by the Motion Picture Herald Company.
BILLIE DOVE

Gallery of Famous Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine
RENEE ADOREE

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull
You will see a new Clara Bow in her next picture, "True to the Navy." Miss Bow now tips the scales at exactly one hundred and eight pounds. The unveiling of the sylph-like Bow will take place in this newest Paramount film.
WHEN Lowell Sherman applied for the marriage license which would permit him to marry Helene Costello, sister of Mrs. Jack Barrymore, he put “actor” down as his occupation and then put a question mark after the word.

When asked why he did this he replied, “Oh, lots of people don’t think I’m an actor, even though I work at it, so I put the question mark there to satisfy them.”

Hoot Gibson has traded his Beverly Hills home, his place in the San Bernadino mountains, and some cash for the mile-square Baker Ranch, which is thirty minutes from Hollywood in the direction of Santa Fe. If that latter means anything to you. Hoot’s first move was to put in a landing field for his aeroplane. He is planning—together with Sally Eilers, his wife-to-be—to live there the year round. On the place is a ranch house with a living room fifty feet long and twenty feet high—with fireplaces at both ends—a swimming tank, tennis courts, and all the accessories for a rodeo the flying Western star is going to hold annually.

Mary Miles Minter, who was off the screen for years and grew plump while she was living in Paris, is back in Hollywood again, looking for a job in pictures. She has spent the last three months under the care of a specialist in Santa Barbara and lost thirty-five pounds in that time.

Here’s some advice from experts.

Dorothy Dr. says it is better to look for a girl who can love you as you are with no effort on your part than to spend a lot of time trying to make a girl love you and then be forced to put in the rest of your life making her stay in love or suffer the penalty of having her fall out of love with you.

Eddie Lowe and Skeets Gallagher say...
B. WARNER spends all his spare time in his English garden, surrounding his Beverly Hills home. He is really an expert gardener and has a wonderful library on horticulture. That he actually does the digging as well was evidenced the other day when he hurried into a Beverly Hills shop, accompanied by his three children, looking for a new trowel of some description. He looked dirty and happy—and says California is the only place to live.

WILSON MIZNER, sitting at a table with Sid Granman, Chuck Reisner, Grant Clark and Morton Downey one evening in the Brown Derby, was asked about Broadway. "Broadway," says Bill, after a moment's thought, "Oh, Broadway is just America's hardened artery."

GRETA GARBO was looking at one of Marie Prevost's houses in Beverly Hills. Garbo thought she might rent it. She wants to move from the house she now lives in because as soon as the owner found out that it was the great Swedish star he was renting to, he tried to double the rent. A nice trick people who think picture stars are suckers often try—and get away with. But Garbo is no sucker.

Marie's house has a swimming tank in the back yard. Seeing it, Garbo said, "That's swell. And the weeds fix it so that I can go in the water with nothing and yet nobody can look at me."

Marie started at that word "weeds." It implied things were not kept up as they should be, weeds being a thing Marie did not want in her back yard, swimming tank, or anywhere else. And then she saw what Garbo meant. The weeds were towering eucalyptus trees!

Amos 'n' Andy are coming to Hollywood—but not soon.

EVERYTHING else social in Hollywood was overshadowed by the wedding festivities of Edith Mayer, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, who in an elaborate wedding ceremony became the bride of William Goetz, film executive. Two ballrooms at the Biltmore were the scene of the marriage and of the dinner dance which followed, and over six hundred guests were invited.

Miss Mayer wore a bridal gown of ivory satin, with a long veil of rare lace, held in a small cap over her dark hair, and carried a corsage bouquet of lilies of the valley and white orchids. Her sister, Miss Irene Mayer, maid of honor, wore an empire gown of pale yellow, with a long train. In her arms she carried a shower of pale yellow roses.

The bridesmaids were May McAvoy, Bessie Love, Catherine Bennett, Marion Davies, Corinne Griffith, and Carmel Myers. They wore empire gowns in turquoise blue and each held a sheaf of pink camellias.

Ben Goetz was best man for his brother, and the ushers were Walter Morosco, William Seiter, E. J. Mannix, Ned Marin, David Selznick, Lew Schreiber, Jack Cummings and Kae Goetz.

Interested movie fans gathered in the streets outside the Biltmore and in the corridors and lobbies to see the film celebrities and the wedding party.

A few of the Hollywood guests were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Mr. and Mrs. Lew Chanev, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Bebe Daniels, Norma Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, Grace Moore, Ramon Novarro, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Forbes (Ruth Chatterton), Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), William Haines, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), Aileen Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez, Julia Faye, Thelma Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Mack, and Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning.

MARILYN MILLER is going to marry Michael Farmer, a young Irishman who is well known in London, Paris and New York. Also Hollywood. He was out here just shortly before the engagement was announced by Miss Miller in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe entertained for him and the consensus of opinion among the feminine contingent was that if he went on the
Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

screen he'd give Gary Cooper and Jack Gilbert a run for their money.

Mary Pickford is going to do, as her next picture, an original story by Ben Glazer called "Forever."

Milton Sills is making a picture at the Fox Studio right now, while his wife, the beautiful Doris Kenyon, has just been signed for the lead with George Bancroft at Paramount. At Fox they say Sills is giving the performance of his life. It is great to have Milton back after his long illness.

The plum of the year from the directorial standpoint, "Cimmaron," by Edna Ferber, goes to Wesley Ruggles at RKO. Now comes the struggle to cast it properly. Mr. Ruggles wants Charles Bickford for the part of Yancey Cravat but, at the moment, Bickford is taking a vacation and you never can tell what he's apt to do. RKO paid $125,000 cold cash for the story and just beat Paramount to it. They wanted it for George Bancroft.

John Gilbert's voice is okeh. Anyone who says it isn't will be calling Dr. P. M. Maraffoti—who was Caruso's teacher—a fibber or a gent who doesn't know his business. Because the good doc says that John needs very little training to be able to get by and plenty with the microphones.

The Bennett sisters, daughters of Richard Bennett, bid fair to follow in the footsteps of the famous Talmadges. Since her divorce from Phil Plant and her return to the screen, Constance Bennett is making a runaway come-back and any number of the best parts are being offered to her.

Little Joan Bennett, the beauty of the family, continues her upward course at United Artists and at present rating is to do a talking version of Norma Talmadge's greatest hit, "Smilin' Through." That's a break in a way, but also a tough spot for any girl. The fans haven't yet forgotten Norma in that wonderful performance.

And Barbara Bennett, possibly the most charming of the three sisters and a dancer of fame, is soon to be signed to a Paramount contract. She and her husband, Morton Downey, the well-known singer, are among the most popular young couples in Hollywood.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are beginning to act like a married couple already. They have bought a Rolls-Royce together, turning in on the new job Bebe's old Rolls and Ben's Du-
Del Rio, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tierney (Mr. Tierney is the composer of "Río Rita"), Marie Dressler, Buster Collier, Marie Prevost, Marion Davies, Roger Davis, Hoot Gibson, Sally Eilers, William Haines, James Shields, Mrs. Mae Sunday, Polly Moran and Viscount Alain d’Leise.

Eleanor Boardman (Mrs. King Vidor) and Norma Shearer (Mrs. Irving Thalberg) have both been put on the stock’s visiting list. It will be Eleanor’s second baby and Norma’s first.

LEON ERROL, famous Ziegfeld Follies funny man, came to Hollywood. He was told to “go over to a certain set where a famous New York stage manager was directing a picture.” “Famous,” thought Leon. He had never heard of him. He walked onto the set and the stage manager—now directing—greeted him with “Hello, Leon.” Leon said “Hello” but was puzzled. To the best of his knowledge he not only had never heard of him, but now that he had seen him was sure he had never laid eyes on the gent before.

Afterwards the director came up to him and said, “Thanks, I knew you did not know me.”

“But how did you know me?” asked Errol. “And what did you do in New York?”

“I’ll answer both questions with one sentence,” said the director. “I was a chorus man in one of your shows. Heard about this racket, jumped a train, put on a lot of airs, and here I am. At that I know as much about it as half of them.”

NOT since the advent of Pola Negri from Europe some years ago has anyone received such a royal welcome nor been accorded such royal prerogatives at a studio as Grace Moore, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who got into Hollywood recently. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio they speak of and to her with bated breath; orders have gone to all departments that she is to have special attention and service.

Miss Moore is young, lovely, and has a real grand opera voice—that’s the reason.

ERICH VON STROHEIM is going to produce and direct again.

A PUBLICITY department let loose this blast on Hugh Trevor:

Mary Eaton, $5,000-a-week glorified American girl—glorified by Ziegfeld—taught him to tap dance. “Intricate rou-

tines,” they said. Deems Taylor, the composer, taught Mister Trevor to write music.

Harry Tierney, who composed “Río Rita,” has taught Hugh to comment upon music.

Johnny Doeg, Stanford star and Davis Cup team member, has taught Hugh to play tennis.

Duke Kahanamoku taught Hugh how to swim.

Andres de Seguera, Metropolitan Opera star, has taught Hugh how to sing.

Julian Johnson and Oscar Grave, both veteran editors, have taught Hugh how to write and are interested in his short stories.

Philadelphia Jack O’Brien, renowned pugilist, has taught Hugh how to box.

Richard Dix has taught him how to act.

Wow! Where is Grange? And Lindbergh? And Babe Ruth? And Einstein? And where is the Prince of Wales! This Trevor needs more star instructors.

WARNER BAXTER has a kid sister-in-law, Betty Byron, just breaking into pictures, who promises to be a sensation. On the beach at Malibu, where competition includes such charmers as Raquel Torres, Dolores Del Rio, Evelyn Brent, Vivian Duncan, Lila Lee, Lois Moran, and Mrs. Allan Dwan, the men vote eighteen-year-old Betty Byron the cutest girl in the place. She’s working for William Fox.

JULIE CRUZE, sixteen-year-old daughter of James Cruze and step-daughter of Betty Compson, has just written a song called “Hi-Hat” which her father intends to use in his next picture. Julie is a musician and wrote the numbers for a play given at the Girls’ Collegiate School, near Pasadena, which she attends. Her father and Betty went to see the performance and Jim liked the song so well he took it over immediately. Julie is the daughter of Margaret Snow, who was a star in the early film days.

RENEE ADOREE, who will always be remembered for her glorious work as the little French peasant girl in “The Big Parade,” has been taken to a sanitarium at La Crescenta, California. She has been ill for some months with tuberculosis, but her physicians declare that her recovery will be speedy.

An average of 115,000,000 people are now attending motion pictures every week in the United States. In 1922 only 42,000,000 did.

BERT LYTELL, former picture star, has just been married to Grace Menken, his leading lady in a stage play, and a sister of the famous Helen Menken. Bert used to be married to Claire Windsor. Mr. Lytell, who has been successful on the stage, is returning to films.
film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

FOLLOWING close upon the heels of her sister Edith's marriage to William Goetz comes the announcement from Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer that Irene Mayer is engaged to David Selznick, youngest of the Selznick brothers. That romance started over a tennis net, both Dave and Irene being ardent tennis fans.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco recently had as their house guest in Beverly Hills Mrs. Jules Glaenzer of New York City, and Corinne—Mrs. Morosco is Corinne Griffith—has entertained at a number of charming informal dinners and luncheons for her. Mrs. Glaenzer spent a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice.

Among others who have entertained for Mrs. Glaenzer is Joseph Schenck, who gave a supper party in her honor at the Roosevelt Hotel the other evening. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray), Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie d'Orsay, Billie Dove, Joan Bennett, Helen Twelvetrees, John Considine, and Howard Hughes.

A piece of Hollywood real estate sold for $300 forty years ago. This month it sold for five million.

You've heard a lot of stories about the Duncan Sisters. If you had walked into Vivian Duncan's beach home the other night you would have seen a new side of the Duncan character. Vivian had all her little nieces and nephews and their friends down for the week-end. She gave them a turkey dinner and afterwards played the piano for them and organized an impromptu orchestra. One of the nephews played a bugle brought home from military school, another a ukulele, another a comb, and the girls sang. Later Vivian built a big bonfire on the beach and they all told stories and roasted apples.

No wonder that Aunt Vivian is the idol of the entire Duncan clan.

The Los Angeles Times publishes an annual motion picture number. This year they featured three-writers as the best in the game. The three were Ada Rogers, St. Johns, Herb Howe and Grace Kingsley.

The husband of a well-known film star went into a Hollywood hotel to inquire about the price of rooms, with the object of making reservations for a friend of his coming out from the East. Two days later it was all over Hollywood that he and his wife were separated. It's a very small town, really.

The producers are getting all hot and bothered about the "foreign markets," especially the Spanish one. Perhaps one reason is that a young fellow in Hollywood borrowed fifteen thousand dollars, made a short, two-reel Spanish talkie, sent it into Mexico, Spain, Central and South America, and cleaned up two hundred thousand dollars with it.

CarloTTA KIng played in "The Desert Song" for Warner Brothers, who let her go after the picture was made. Metro-Goldwyn grabbed her and gave her a year's contract. Now they have let her go without having used her in one scene during that year. The adventure cost M.-G.-M. about $50,000.

Norma Talwadee has a kite ten feet high made out of silk which cost fifty dollars. When it is in the air it pulls so hard no one man has as yet been able to hold it.

Walter Catlett, New York musical comedy star, is rapidly becoming the playboy of Hollywood. In fact, he broke up the company so often on his last William Fox picture that Supervisor Wurtzel had to give orders about it. One day he appeared on the set in a pure white make-up, with his lips painted bright green. "Just a symphony in alabaster and jade," said Walter.

After a little argument with a cop in Sawtelle as to speed limits, Walter was arrested in the Sawtelle jail over night—it being too late to get anyone to bring him bail. Next morning when Matt Moore appeared to pay his fine, Walter chirped, "Don't mind. I've got it now. I won eighty-four dollars in a crap game here this morning."

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Lord and Lady Brecknock, Lady Mountbatten and Foxhall Keene made a party at Aqua Caliente over the week-end of the Aqua Caliente Handicap.

Tony Moreno, after a lengthy vacation is back on the screen. He is doing a picture with George O'Brien, called, "The Girl Who Was Not Wanted." Remember how splendid Tony used to be in old vitagraph days?

If you write the name of a picture on a piece of paper with a typewriter, and then under it, single space, write another title, it would take six and one-half standard sheets of paper to type all the title of all the pictures Hobart Bosworth has been in.

(Continued on page 126)
Plain Facts About the Man and the Actor and His Attitude Towards the Future

At this moment it seems to me that we very much need an unbiased and impersonal discussion of the case of Mr. John Gilbert.

The controversy raging in the press at large about Mr. Gilbert, his life and his works, has assumed proportions which make him the most discussed figure on the screen at this time.

The fans, who for years supported him as an actor and finally made him a star, have a right to know some of the plain facts about his character, his actual part in certain happenings, and his attitude toward the future. These facts can only come legitimately from someone who knows Jack and has also been in a position to know a little about the inside of his marriage, his talking pictures, and his now famous battle with Mr. Jim Tully, author.

Mr. Gilbert himself is keeping very quiet right now, which is wise but probably difficult, because he is a man who has always believed in the conviction carried by sincere speech. But I think I can tell you why he is keeping quiet.

You may remember that, in the New Year's Day football game of 1929 between California and Georgia Tech, a young gentleman by the name of Roy Reigels ran the wrong way for a touchdown.

It happens that I saw Jack Gilbert shortly after that and we discussed the matter. Jack, being a very impulsive person, had occasionally run the wrong way himself, and he was filled with compassion for the "boob hero" of this episode.

"And, of course, he can't say anything," said Jack passionately. "The poor guy can't explain why he did it. It was an accident. But he's on trial, and everything he says will be used against him. Whatever he says will only make it funnier and funnier. The only thing he can pray for is another chance, and then, after he's made good, he can do his explaining."

American youth being essentially dedicated to fair play, Mr. Reigels was elected captain of the California varsity for the following year, played a great game throughout the season and was nominated on a lot of All-Americans where he didn't altogether belong—partly out of sympathy for his tough break and partly as a reward for the courage and determination he showed in going on with his game.

Jack's friends—and he has many in the colony in which he has lived for fifteen years—have convinced him that deeds and not words are now his portion. So Jack is bending his every effort toward getting in shape to make a fine picture, which will be concrete proof that the talkies haven't knocked him, in spite of the fact that, in the raw state when neither he nor the director nor the producer nor the mixer nor anybody else knew what it was all about, he did make one that wasn't as good as it might have been.

Other stars have made a bad picture or two and survived. Gloria Swanson made "Queen Kelly" but she was fortunate enough to have that first venture scrapped and to jump, with the knowledge gained from that failure, into her greatest success, "The Trespasser."

For the past few months a barrage of some kind has been directed against Jack Gilbert. Just why, it is difficult to say, except that anyone lifted by any circumstance above the crowd is always a target, and Jack has a peculiar faculty for saying and doing things that by their dramatic quality create news.

Jack is in every way the same Jack Gilbert he has been for a long time—the same Jack Gilbert who was hailed and acclaimed by critics and audiences, the same Jack Gilbert who could do no wrong.

The barrage seems out of all proportion to any event which has happened, or could happen. Jack, as I have often heard him say, is his business to amuse, entertain, thrill, in portrayal of characters in stories written and selected for him by other people. As an actor he has done some very fine things, one or two that were pretty terrible, and a few that were just medium. His average is high.

At any rate, he hasn't been guilty of malfeasance in office, he hasn't betrayed a public trust or absconded
THE CASE FOR JACK GILBERT

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

with any funds. His position even as a great film star, which he was and still is, hardly seems to warrant the amount of excitement engendered by the fact that he had some sort of a misunderstanding with his wife in Europe, that he made one below-standard picture, and that he attempted to sock Jim Tully in the jaw.

All those things have happened to many people before and will doubtless happen again.

To quote Rob Wagner's brilliant editorial in Script, "It is rather like attempting to shoot a butterfly with sixteen-inch guns." I predict that the same thing is going to happen in the case of John Gilbert that happened in the case of Roy Reigels.

He's been taking them on the chin for some time. But M-G-M is giving him another chance. At their studio the other day I saw great plans in progress for his next story. And those who know him best say he is quietly biding his time until he gets a good one under his belt.

It is my belief that the feeling of the public has in no way changed toward him. The fans are perfectly willing to await his next picture, to give him the second chance, and see if he doesn't overcome the strangeness of the microphone and show on the screen again those same qualities that have made him so popular over a long period of years.

Idols—even screen idols—are not so easily unseated, unless they themselves quit.

This belief is strengthened by one circumstance which was told me the other night. In the very interesting prologue to "Happy Days," a Fox picture now showing at Carthay Circle Theatre in Los Angeles, a number of big moments from old pictures are shown. Among them are the scenes from "The Big Parade" where Jack says goodbye to Renee Adoree before going to the front, and where he and Karl Dane and Tom O'Brien as the three modern musketeers came through the woods of Chateau-Thierry. These scenes after night have been received with more applause than any others in the prologue or in the film itself.

Let's consider Jack himself and his real position in the various occurrences which have started all the uproar.

I have known Jack Gilbert well for ten years. I've known him when things were breaking bad, and when

THREE SILENT FILMS MADE UNFORGETTABLE BY JACK GILBERT

Jack Gilbert and his wife, Ina Claire. Jack has described Ina as "the nicest grown-up person I have ever known." Their marriage has been a temperamental one.
In his house overlooking Hollywood, Jack Gilbert sits planning his future. Jack's friends love to come to this house when they are bored or when life seems a monotone in grey. Here they know they may find things black, or scarlet or white—but never dull and grey.

they were breaking wonderfully. I've seen him leave the screen in despair and go to selling automobile tires, and seen him come back to achieve great triumph. Seen him in love and out. I've been his guest when it was a large evening's entertainment for him to buy a bowl of chop suey and put a nickel in the mechanical piano, and also when he had a palatial yacht sailing the waters between San Pedro and Catalina Island.

I should have a pretty fair conception of him as a man. I have also followed his picture work closely—cheered him in "The Big Parade" and wanted to shoot him for his bum performance in a terrible rôle in "A Woman of Affaire." Perhaps, I am in as good a position to write about him as anyone who has chosen him as a subject, either briefly or at length.

Jack isn't any different basically from nine out of ten men you play golf with; who jump up and down and cuss and throw things when they miss a shot; who get excited when some other agency sells more cars; who make a fortune in the stock exchange one day and lose it the next.

NATURALLY, he has a character that is different from lots of others. But then, he has a face, too, that is different. People are like that.

Jack isn't really different—except, of course, that he is an actor.

Now the business of acting demands certain characteristics which are different. Exactly as salesmanship does, and medicine, and writing columns.

First of all, it demands a high degree of emotional intensity, more sensitiveness to outside impressions, and a certain imaginative delight in the make-believe. Actors aren't quite like other men—but then neither are preachers or aviators or army officers.

Jack has all the actor qualities—plus. In consequence he is more emotionally responsive, more easily hurt, less coolly balanced than many. But when it comes to temperament, or that divergence from the normal which is conceded to most folks in any artistic line of work, he can't hold a candle to John Barrymore or Charlie Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks.

I once heard him say, during an argument with Dick Barhelt and Charlie Chaplin in "A Woman of Affaire." "Of course, I am no intellectual giant, but neither am I a moron."

Which is about the best any of us can say for ourselves. A modest, and I should say a very accurate statement. Jack has a good mind, erratic and perhaps not academically trained. But he understands and appreciates good literature, reads more and better things than the average, has a quick perception of beauty and a real love of his kind.

The main thing about Jack is that he gets excited. Yes, he certainly does get excited. He gets excited for people and against them. He gets excited over good books and bad ones. He gets excited if he has to do things he doesn't want to do and if he is allowed to do things he does want to do.

Placidity and serenity know him not. No one can be in any doubt concerning Jack's feelings. He waves his arms and shouts. He comes close to tears—"I think his severest critic can find nothing wrong with this fact that Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the Hollywood Bowl under a golden moon drifting above banks of opalescent clouds touches him deeply. He adores laughter. I don't imagine any four men ever laughed more than Ronny Colman, Bill Powell, Jack Gilbert and Dick Barhelt, in the days when they were inseparable, before Dick and Jack married."

His friends, I find, love him for his fervors. He[PERS] 3)ance in (Continued)
The Dodge Sisters, fresh from several seasons of popularity at the Folies Bergères in Paris, make their talkie and dance debut in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer revue, "The March of Time." This will be one of the big musical films of the year.
Their Favorite JEWELS

By DICK HYLAND

It is an accepted tradition that all women are interested in and love jewels.

A survey of the jewel question in Hollywood, however, brings out a lot of fascinating points. Some of the stars don't like jewelry and never wear it. Others have jewels as fine as those possessed by the noblewomen of the old régime in France and England.

The fashion of costume jewelry has been universally accepted among screen actresses. Many of them have superstitions and sentiments about their jewels, some like fine and expensive stones, others are fond of antiques and have collected rare pieces of craftsmanship.

When it came to getting pictures of the star's jewels, one fact developed. Their expensive pieces cannot be photographed. Most of them are heavily insured and the insurance is automatically cancelled in most cases if the jewels are photographed and the pictures published.

Many heirlooms and interesting pieces, however, have been photographed and are shown here.

Since the stars are conceded by most people to set the fashions in this country, it is particularly valuable to find out what they really think about jewels and how and when they should be worn.

Marion Davies has some wonderful jewels, particularly bracelets and necklaces. Pearls are her favorites and in her jewel boxes is a choker necklace of them, each pearl surrounded by a circlet of diamonds. There is another pearl necklace interspersed with carved jade stones, and with a tassel of jade and diamonds, and a pearl bracelet, each large pearl held to the other by a link of diamonds. Another rare and beautifully designed piece which would arouse the admiration of Cellini himself is a choker necklace of fine rubies, the rubies being set in circlets of...
Hollywood Boasts of Some of the Finest Collections of Precious Stones in the World

pearls. With this goes a broad bracelet of rubies, in a flexible and delicately designed band of diamonds.

"I am very careful to set off my costumes with appropriate jewelry," Miss Davies said. "I like costume jewelry on other people, but, since I am the type that looks best in soft, flouncy dresses, I find that it doesn't go well with the things I wear. I think the painted wood and enamel sets are stunning with sport clothes and for young girls. Jewelry is very feminine and is the last word in feminine costuming.

"I used to love diamonds best, but lately I have a real love for the colored stones in vogue. If imitation jewelry is selected in patterns that aren't too obvious, and carefully worn, it is all right. The trouble is that too often the manufacturers make pieces which, if they were real, would force the wearer to have a bodyguard every time she went out. I think it's a mistake to wear things like that which are obviously a misrepresentation. I haven't any superstitions about jewels. You're only supposed to wear opals if you were born in October, but I wear them and love them, though I was born in January. Opals are lovely with afternoon gowns, I think."

Center, Jeanette MacDonald's only three pieces of jewelry. Extreme left her carved jade brooch. Right, Fay Wray's crystal bracelet, her favorite. Below, Anita Page demonstrating her platinum necklace and bracelet, set with diamonds.

Bebe Daniels is one of those girls who has lovely jewelry, but half the time forgets to put it on. She is more interested in beautiful workmanship and unusual patterns than in the value of the stones. There are several very unusual lavalières in her collection, with unique patterns woven around one large central diamond. The two rings she wears are a square cut diamond, symbol of her engagement to Ben Lyon, and a marquise diamond which is not large but is a stone considered very rare and fine by experts.

But the things Bebe loves best are the heirlooms which have descended to her from her grandmother—old Spanish pieces which are beautiful in themselves and also fit with her type. She has one ring which was presented to her great-great-grandfather by the Marquis de Lafayette, and a set of beaten gold bracelets which belonged to her great-grandmother, the wife of the Governor of Colombia.

"I like those things because they are individual and have a meaning," said Miss Daniels. "I think any girl who has jewelry that has been in her family and has it reset is making a mistake. The old settings are fine and they are out of the ordinary. Anyone can go in and buy diamonds, but many times I have seen old pieces worn which gave a distinction and beauty which nothing new could have. Of course, big perfect stones have beauty and they belong to certain costumes. But I have a real fondness for jewels with histories, jewels from the past that have been worn by other
Hollywood Finds There Are Jewels for

Joan Crawford, above, prizes the diamond wrist watch given her by Doug, Jr., above everything else. Right, Hollywood's most talked about jewel, the engagement ring given to Clara Bow by Harry Richman. It's a large and striking marquise diamond.

Above, Kay Francis' only three pieces of jewelry. In the center is the black cameo ring, over 2,000 years old, which the Metropolitan Museum has offered to buy. Right, another piece of Fay Wray's crystal jewelry, her necklace.

women for generations. If I ever collected jewelry, I should want to buy old pieces and fine workmanship.

Another mark of Ruth Chatterton's difference from the average woman is that she never wears jewelry of any kind. She says she admires it on other people but it never seems to belong to her.

Clara Bow, who likes lots of color and prefers striking effects, is very fond of unusual costume jewelry. Any time she sees a piece that strikes her as particularly stunning, she buys it and often has a costume made to go with it. Earrings are great favorites with her, and she has several sets of very long, dangling ones that look like gypsies'.

"I love to wear jewelry with my dresses," says Clara, "but it must fit perfectly and be part of the ensemble. I think it is very wrong just to wear jewels, any jewels. They should have a real purpose, or they are out of place. I like wooden painted beads and bracelets with sport clothes. I like diamonds with evening gowns. And I like Chinese and Egyptian and Mexican jewelry; it suits my type.

Naturally, she is very fond of the enormous marquise diamond given her by Harry Richman when they became engaged.

Greta Garbo never wears jewelry of any kind. But then, even clothes do not interest Garbo, though she can wear them with stunning effect in her pictures when she cares to.

Next to Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge probably has the finest jewels in the motion picture colony. But frankly, Norma's jewels belong more to her as a motion picture star than as a woman. If she were not an actress, it is doubtful if she would care anything about jewelry at all. She selects and wears her jewels as she does her clothes, as part of her profession. At informal gatherings, at home with her friends, Norma rarely wears any jewelry at all, and her wonderful diamonds—she has rings, bracelets, necklaces and earrings of superb big stones—spend most of their time in the safe
Sentiment, for Superstition, for Investment

deposit vault, being taken out only for big occasions. Her favorite ring for formal wear is a huge, lustrous pearl solitaire.

"I love my wrist watch," Norma Talmadge said. "It is platinum, set with diamonds. I think the jewels I really love best are pearls—small pearls. With simple evening gowns, which I prefer, I have a string of small, beautifully matched pearls, and an exquisite bracelet of a rare design to match. These are my favorites. I never wear jewels in my hair, and never like to see them. And I do not like pins and brooches. They always look stuck on from the outside. I have another ring I am fond of—one I picked up from a dealer in Rome. It is a heavy, fantastic design, set with small diamonds. It is the sort of ring you can wear with any frock in the daytime. I have an idea, too, that it brings me good luck. Anyway, I like to wear it."

DOLORES DEL RIO adores jewels, has a fortune in them, and wears a great many of them. Her severely classic beauty can stand more and finer jewels than most women would dare to display. Miss Del Rio comes of an old and wealthy Mexican family, and has collected jewels for years, long before she became a picture star.

Her favorite pieces are two magnificent diamond and emerald bracelets. Diamonds are her favorite stones and she owns a diamond necklace which is worth thousands of dollars. Her favorite ring is a diamond triangle which she wears on her left little finger.

"I am not fundamentally superstitious about jewelry," she said, "but I am much interested in the traditions that have been built up around world famous stones and pieces. I am sure that certain gems have character, from their centuries of life, and produce a definite effect upon their owners and wearers. I would like to know the history of many famous jewels—it would be a fascinating study.

"I think jewels and costume jewelry, which now has a very definite place in the scheme of any woman who claims to be well-dressed, should be studied and worn with discrimination. I also find that I have moods about jewels. Sometimes I want to wear a great many. At other times I want one special piece, and still again I don't want any. I have studied old Aztec ornaments and early Spanish and Indian pieces, and find them interesting from a collector's viewpoint."

MARY BRIAN is superstitious about jewelry and only cares for pieces that have some sentimental value. Otherwise, she doesn't care for it at all and has never bought herself any. The only pieces she wears are gifts. The jewels she really loves and wears oftenest are a bracelet and ring which have been in her family for many years and which were given to her by her mother on her eighteenth birthday. They are amethysts—her birthstone—and pearls, in heavy and unusual pattern. The amethyst is the birthstone for February.

Nancy Carroll has a real "yen" for small necklaces, or chokers. Her favorite is a small necklace of seed pearls, which she believes sets off her personality. She also has a choker of diamonds and crystals which she wears often in the evening. (Continued on page 132)
When Whataphone boop-a-dooded the opera "Faust," as swell Albertina Rasch ballet did a Walpurgis night ballet in full color.

HOW TO WRITE TALKIE

By J. P. McEVOY

I.

(For the Trade Journal)

WHATAPHONE'S new super-opus, "THE DEVIL YOU SAY" (adapted from the opera, "FAUST"), rolled the wise mob into the aisles last night at a big whoop-de-do première, at the Winter Garden, and parlayed old man Edison's Mazda royalties up to a new top gross.

For months, the old grape-vine stuff from Whataphone's Little Bray Home in the West has kept all the other studios on the qui vive (ritz for what the devil's going on over there?). Opera is a bust at ten bucks a squat, says they, and how is Whataphone going to get out of the red for four bits with an usher in gold braid thrown in.

But they figured without the producing genius of young Sol Schmillick, who saw both road show and grind possibilities in opera when he was still wearing three-cornered pants.

At first it was planned to reproduce "FAUST" in the old time-honored plush-bottomed Gatti-Gazzara, but Sol says, Ix-nay, we ain't shootin' mike opera for foreigners. This is going to be a super-epopus in Technicolor for the good old Anglo-Saxophone race—six shows a day and eight spills on Sunday. So the first thing we do is to boop-adoot it up a little. What in hell's the plot, anyway? That's just what it's about, says an old yes-man, about hell and the devil. The devil you say, says Sol, and what's the matter with that for a title? So that's how the best box-office title on the street was born.

Now about the music, says Sol. Kinda hackneyed, don't you think? Might use some of it, but we gotta have a theme song. Like "Lucky Little Devil," huh? Call in the boys. And plenty of 'em, cause this is going to be a super-epopus.

So the boys were called in, and when Sol calls in the boys, they're boys, what we mean. Irving Berlin, Walter Donaldson, Gus Kahn, George and Ira Gershwin, Rudolph Friml, Kalmar and Ruby, Hart (Schaffner) and Roger (Peet) and of course, the studio staff, who usually interpolate the hits and get paid off in tickets to Gay's Lion Farm.

George, says Sol to Gershwin, We're shootin' "FAUST" on Sound Stage Two, startin' Monday. This is Thursday. There's a piano in the next room. Go in there and rap out a new rhapsody. I got a good title for you, "Rhapsody in Blue." I think that's been used, says George. Well, I got a better one, says Sol. How about "Blue Blazes Rhapsody"? And now let's look at the continuity and see where we can put some theme songs.

That's how it started. Instead of one theme song, there are four, in "THE DEVIL YOU SAY." DeSylva, Brown and Henderson did another "Turn On the Heat," for the scene where Faust goes to hell. Instead of the old Jewel Song Hokey-pokey, Helen Kane, who plays Marguerite, wowed the house with her old hit-number, "Faust showed me a lavalliere."

And said it's yours if you kiss me, dear.

Now tell me, is there anything wrong in that?

Sammy Lee and Albertina Rasch team it in the old Walpurgis night spot for a stunning Technicolor sequence, with five hundred sweet pairs of legs, half on their toes. In short, this picture is in. And boooky. It looks like the cash customers are going to get opera until they scream for Westerns.
In "The Devil You Say," (the talkie version of "Faust") the devil turns out to be the nasty old radio installment collector.

REVIEW

Continuing Mr. McEvoy's Smashing Exposé of the Writing Racket

DRAWINGS BY H. TEMPEST GRAVES

II.
(From the Publicity Department)

CHALK up one more victory for Sol Schmilick, the colossal producing genius of Whataphone! Single handed and unaided he has taken "FAUST" out of the ranks of unprofitable opera and made it into a four star, super-special box-office smash.

It was Sol Schmilick who first saw possibilities in "FAUST." It was Sol Schmilick who had the courage and foresight to throw Gounod's barrel-organ melodies out into the alley, and provide an entirely new score, written under his personal supervision and inspiring direction by such writers as Irving Berlin and George Gershwin, Walter Donaldson and Pat Ballard, of "Any Ice Today, Lady" fame.

I T was Sol Schmilick who put his unerring fingers on the weak spots of this fusty old opera, and by the genius of his co-operation with Whataphone's brilliant staff of writers and directors, brought to a triumphant culmination the revised, rejuvenated and imperishable continuity of "THE DEVIL YOU SAY," which stands every chance of passing into history as the new Faust legend. And yet Sol Schmilick, despite his triumph, is modest.

"It was nothing," he said. "We are going after Wagner next! And after that, who knows? Maybe Victor Herbert, even!!

III.
(For the Tabloids)

DOOD morning!

Raptures, girls, and one ecstasy, on the house. What house? The Winter Garden. And why? (Now don't be so impatient!) "THE DEVIL YOU SAY" opened there last night. (Ooh! Isn't that deliciously wicked?) And what do you think? It's our old friend "FAUST" (a Whataphone super-epic), with Helen Kane as Marguerite, Buddy Rogers as Faust, and Wallace Beery as the Devil.

There's a lovely, lovely, love story and everything comes out just lovely. Not the way it was in the horrid old opera, where practically everybody dies and goes to hell.

In the new picture version, which I know you are going to prefer, it all turns out to be a bad dream, and Faust wakes up when Marguerite comes tripping into the room. It's morning, and the sun is streaming in over the cutest little breakfast table you ever saw, and they sing together a lovely song by Irving Berlin, "Coffee and Toast and Orange Juice, Sorry You Made Me Cry." The scene fades out with the devil, who isn't really the devil at all, but the installiment collector who gives them a receipted bill in full for the new radio. And everybody is ver' ver' happy.

Same to you. Toodle oo.

Dood bye!

Coming Soon: Another Talking Short by J. P. McEvoy

33
Here, ladies and gentlemen, is symbolism—or what have you. At the left you see Erich Von Stroheim, now an actor but recently a director—and probably the most expensive director in all Hollywood. Still, he has a touch of directorial genius—and moviedom ought to find some way to utilize it. Just now he is acting in Warners' "Three Faces East." The shadow is cast by the director, Ray del Ruth.
LONDON. This month we present the British capital as you fancy it after watching countless movies of London and its fogs. It may not be geographically correct, but it is O.K. from a Hollywood viewpoint.
The First Interview with the Famous Animated Cartoon Character, Who Was Down to His Last Rind When He Hit Hollywood Success

By DICK HYLAND

I WANT to tell you right now that this Mickey Mouse is a great little fellow. If some people have to be just mice, while others can be screen stars, Mickey is entitled to be the latter and ride in Scootmobiles, live in a penthouse, and have his own private golf course. Because, with all his great success, Mickey Mouse has remained kind and simple. Under his new vest—and Mickey has a taste for loud vests which reminds one of Ray Long and Roy Howard to say nothing of O. O. McIntyre—beats a heart of gold.

Nobody I have ever interviewed has been more receptive to my ideas or more willing to do things just the way I wanted them done.

MICKEY MOUSE, you know, was not always rich and famous. He has known what it means to be right down to the last rind. He has actually lived in tenements where they did not have as much as a piece of bacon, even on Christmas.

And believe me, this great public idol, this mouse whose name has been billed over almost every other star in the business, has not forgotten it.

I had never met Mickey Mouse. That may seem strange to you, knowing that I live in Hollywood, where screen stars are so plentiful they often get in your hair and you can't get away from them even if you wanted to. But Mickey Mouse, like Al Jolson, is very retiring. I have never seen him at a Hollywood party. He does not attend openings, he has never spoken over the radio, although at times I have thought I heard him over mine.

He has his own group of friends, and a very large family. Nine brothers and fourteen sisters, to be exact. Most of his friends are from the old days. He faced many a cat within the carefree days of his youth. Of course, he is still a young mouse—only eight years old—but he has lived a lot as a mouse must if he is to survive in this day of apartment houses and frigidaires. It was a difficult job locating him. No one knew where he lived, and the job of finding his home was as hard as finding Greta Garbo's.

However, I knew that his studio was right across from Paramount—the same one Douglas Fairbanks used to have—and I went over there. I must confess that the thought of meeting Mickey Mouse face to face gave me a little thrill down my spine. I have adored Mickey from afar for so long.

But the meeting was to be delayed some time. For Mickey had never been interviewed. It wasn't that he had any idea of his private life being sacred to himself or anything as silly as that. "After all," he said to me later, "we don't allow the President of the United States any private life. I'm no bigger than he is."

No, it is just that he has always been very shy, very modest about his achievements.

I hung around his studio for almost a week. No one would give me any encouragement. Everybody was busy getting ready for the next Mickey Mouse super-special. A harmonica in an adjoining office was blowing on a theme song, "No trap shall catch you while I am near you; stay with me and happy you'll be, with life a breeze and plenty of cheese." I thought I could detect the fine Italian hand of George Olson himself in the arrangement.

I wiled away the time by talking to Mickey's secretary, a neat little blonde trick.

"What kind of a gent is this fellow, personally," I asked.

"Nice enough for anyone," she said.

"You don't say that like you mean it," I said.

"No?"

"No."

"Well, I wouldn't want him for mine," she confessed. "He is too vivacious, too lively for me. I prefer the home type. With a gent like Mickey, now, you could never tell where he was. He'd be the kind to stay out nights, too. And I don't want any husband like that."

"You'd be surprised the way the gals chase that mouse," she continued. "And the fan letters he gets! Some female mice have no pride. Oh, I guess it is just that I like the old-fashioned kind and Mickey is a modern mouse."

If it had not been for Minnie I might never have met Mickey and been able to tell you about him.

Of course, you know Minnie. You have seen her in
plenty of your favorite pictures, playing opposite Mickey. Well, I was cooling my heels in an outer office, waiting to see Isaac Rat, the supervisor, who had sent word out to me that he was in a conference, when who should come tripping in but Minnie. And if you like brunette mice you would certainly go for Minnie. I am not surprised that Mickey had been reported engaged to his leading lady.

She glanced at the stenographer—and received a dirty look in return. I suspected a bit of rivalry there, despite the line the steno had given me about Mickey. Minnie had to wait for Mister Isaac Rat, too. You know how supervisors are. Making people wait is about the only occupation they have. And while we were waiting I took my courage in both hands and addressed her.

The first thing I knew I was telling her all my troubles. That little mouse certainly has a sympathetic nature.

"I think you're perfectly right," she said, wrinkling her nose at me just as she does on the screen, "somebody ought to interview Mickey. Chaplin gets all the publicity and, if I do say it myself, who shouldn't, Mickey is just as funny at times. And Mickey plays a much better love scene, even if he does lack some of the pathos for which Chaplin is famous. I bet if you go right over there and just walk in, he will be glad to see you. He is awfully nice—really."

I think she blushed at that, but it is hard to tell—with a mouse. Anyway, she told me where he lived. In a penthouse, on top of the a big new building on Hollywood Boulevard. Many times I've gone by that building. Many times I've noticed that penthouse as I've glanced aloft to catch a glimpse of Ben Lyon or Hoot Gibson flying in the planes. I've wondered who it was that had had the ingenuity to put a penthouse there in such a quiet and exclusive spot. To think that it was Mickey Mouse!

I knocked—and Mickey Mouse himself opened the door. "Well, I guess it is all right," he said when I had explained my errand. "But the truth is that I am naturally timid and my mother—she was a grand person—always taught us never to speak to strangers. I have, at times, of course, but early training like that makes a mark upon your character. But come in—come in."

And there I was with Mickey Mouse. It was typically a bachelor's room. Comfort prevailed. The chairs were cushioned. Bright colors—but not gaudy—prevailed. On the mantel was a framed picture, a dignified mousess with matriarchal whiskers.

"That's my mother," said Mickey simply, as we settled down. "A mouse's best friend is his mother. At times, when I was very young, I disagreed with her on things she made me do. But she was right. She is—was (his voice broke a bit)—always right, the dear, sainted darling."

Mickey dabbed at his nose with a little square of silk. He sniffed.

"She gave me the (Continued on page 128)"
LIGHTNER
vs. CROUSE

By RUSSEL CROUSE

THE door opened and there stood Winnie Lightner. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that first of all I knocked.

"I beg your pardon," I said, faltering. "I am from the THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE—"

"We don't want any magazines today," said Miss Lightner, pleasantly enough, or maybe it wasn't pleasantly enough, and slammed the door with such force that the breeze gave me a slight attack of La Grippe, an ailment known among the lower middle class as grip.

I walked around the block and returned. I knocked again. Luck was with me, for the door opened again and there stood Winnie Lightner again. It was quite a coincidence.

"Oh," said the dainty little comedienne, rolling up her sleeves. "So you're back!"

"Yes, you big cluck," I said, using all my charm.

"And I don't want any monkey business. I'm not trying to sell you anything. I want to interview you."

"Yeah?" she said, a little boldly, I thought. "Well, suppose I don't want any interviews today either."

"BABY," I said, "I didn't come here to argue with you. I'm going to interview you and I may stay to dinner, too, if you're going to have anything I like."

I could see that she was beginning to weaken. But I am always on the verge of defeat when I am near victory. It is because I am a sentimentalist. I can't crush a victim mercilessly. I began to repent of my high-handedness.

"Listen," I said, with a touch of tenderness, "I can see you are in a dilemma. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll wrestle you to see whether I interview you twice or not at all. Double or quits, you beautiful creature. Yes or no?"

"Why didn't you say so before?" she said, simply.

The next thing I knew I was on the floor struggling desperately to keep my shoulders from being pinned down. I wriggled out of a half-Nelson, neatly, if I do say so myself, and laughed.

"TELL me, Miss Lightner," I said, trying to change the subject, "where were you born?"

"In New York," she came right back. "On Sixty-sixth Street, right around the corner from Broadway. You know where the vaudeville theater is—that's funny, I was born just a block from a vaudeville theater and it had to be a small-time house."

I didn't think it was very funny, myself, but I laughed anyway, remembering the half-Nelson I had just wriggled out of. I had made up my mind there was to be no more of those.

"And how in the world," I said, trying to seem interested, "did you ever happen to go on the stage?"

"Well, it was my cousin," she said.

"I'm not asking about your cousin," I interrupted.

"I'm telling you about my cousin, though," she went on, putting her foot in my ear. "My cousin used to hear me singing around the house. I was just fifteen then but I was pretty good. She knew about a cabaret down near the docks and said she thought I could get a job there.

"I went around and sang for the boss and he told me I could go to work at $7 a week. I lasted a week. But I
A Thrilling Interview to a Finish,
in which The New Movie's Battler
Gets a Little the Worst of It

don't believe I got fired. I must have been good. A
bunch of sailors came in one night and, when I sang,
they threw thirty-five cents at me in nickels. Yes, I
must have been pretty good."

She rested her pretty little head on her elbow. The
other end of the elbow was in my eye.

"You don't look comfortable," she said.

"Well, as a matter of fact—" I started to get up
as I talked but she was too quick for me. In a moment
she had a toe-hold and it began to look as though the
match was just about over. I've never been one to
break a toe-hold successfully. I knew I'd have to get her
talking again.

"As you were saying——" I ventured.

SHE fell into my trap.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Well, before the week was
over my uncle came up to the house one night. He was
a porter in a hotel downtown—a hotel where lots of
actors and actresses stayed. Naturally, while he was
smashing their baggage he talked to them. He had al-
ways been one of my great admirers and he told all the
actors and actresses about me—said I had a swell voice
and all that.

"Finally one of the actors said: 'If she's so good why
don't you bring her down here and let us hear her.'
So my uncle said he would. The next day he did. I
was just fifteen, you know, and had only been off the
block in which I was born a couple of times and didn't
know enough to get to first base.

"My uncle pushed me into the room. There were
three or four actors and actresses sitting around. The
first thing I saw was a girl sitting in a negligee smok-
ing a cigarette. I took one look at her and turned
green. I thought I'd been captured by white-slavers and
would never see my mother again, and things like that.

"The actor asked me whether I could sing and I said
I could. Then he said: 'Have you got pretty legs?' I couldn't fig-
ure out what that had to do with my sing-
ing, but I pulled my
skirts a little and he said the legs would do,
all right. Then they
heard my voice and
said it was all right
and tried a few eve-
nings gowns on me—
the first I'd ever seen
outside of store win-
dows—and told me to
come back the next
day.

"The fellow's name was Alexander and the girl's name was Lightner. That was the be-

ginning of the vaudeville act. Lightner Sisters and Alex-
der. I took the girl's name. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell
you—my right name is Winifred Hanson."

"That's a good joke on me," I said.

"What's a good joke on you?" she queried.

"Why, I've been calling you Miss Lightner all the
time."

"It's a good joke on me, too," she said, giving me a
playful sock in the nose. "I've been calling myself Miss
Lightner ever since then myself."

By this time I be-
gan to wish I hadn't
interrupted her. She
was at me again, try-
ing for a hold that
would end the match.
I was a little too
quick for her. I asked
another question.

"How much did you
get a week with the
act?" was the ques-
tion asked.

"Ten dollars a
week," she said: "We
rehearsed a week or
so and then opened in
Newark. Was I proud?
It was a classy three-
act, we thought. Well,
we went on and went
into our first song. All at once the audi-
ence started laughing.
With each song the
laughter grew. We
were pretty worried.
We couldn't figure out
what they were
laughing at. But we
finished to applause
and that's what counts.

(Cont'd on page 130)
When we find more fiction as good as this yarn, THE NEW MOVIE will present it to you. Here you will be offered fiction from time to time—when it is great storytelling. Incidentally, Agnes Christine Johnston is one of Hollywood's foremost scenario writers. Like all the famous contributors to THE NEW MOVIE, she knows her movieland intimately.

JOHNNY HARLAN, ex-football hero and All-American halfback and busily engaged in powdering his nose. With deft, practised strokes he applied the feathery puff over his square-cut chin and smooth-shaven cheeks, carefully skirting the lightly rouged lips and the delicately pencilled blue shadows that enhanced the healthy brilliance of his expressive eyes.

Behind him his Japanese valet, Kito, opened an intricately carved antique door. "Gemen see you, sir," the servant bowed, "Him say him old friend."

Without even bothering to turn his head, Johnny scowled at Kito through the mirror, "Haven't I told you I can't and won't see anyone today? My God, what do people think I am?"

"Gemen say must see you, sir. Say play same football team. Say somepin' bout name Mule."

"The devil you say!" Johnny's features relaxed into a broad, even-toothed grin. "Bring him in, Kito."

Two or three more quick dabs with the powder-puff, a careful scrutiny of himself in the mirror and Johnny turned to face the visitor whom Kito was already ushering into the room.

For a moment there was the embarrassed hesitation that always follows the reunion of old friends. Then Johnny rose gracefully to his feet and his resonant voice rang out in the greeting that had re-echoed so often through the Madison College campus; "Hey Mule, yuh ole fool!"

For Johnny's visitor was "Mule" Watkins, the line-cracking, bone-crushing tackle of those famous teams that had carried Madison to so many championships and Johnny to All-American glory. There had even been a few football critics to insinuate that, without Mule to gash the opposing lines, Johnny would never have broken away for those brilliant open-field runs of his. But in general, almost anything can happen to a tackle except publicity, and Mule had never cared. He had loved Madison and he had loved the little quick-witted Johnny. That his own broad shoulders had contributed to the glory of his college and his friend was all the reward he wanted.

Now he edged gingerly towards a chair as though fearful that its slender legs would not support his bulk. "Go on. Plant yourself," laughed Johnny easily, "my bungalow is one place in the studio where you won't find any props."

So Mule sat down and looked over the beveled mirrors, the satin-upholstered walls, the perfect blending of Early American and Old World antiques and the many autographed photographs of beautiful girls that made up Johnny's dressing-room.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" asked Johnny, smilingly following his friend's gaze. "Slickerino!" pronounced Mule, "but say, you've sort of specialized in that blonde girl with the turned-up nose. Isn't she every other one of those photographs or am I seeing double?"

"She is," grinned Johnny proudly. "You fool, don't you know Arabella D'Estant? Arabella the famous star?"

"Arabella D'Estant! Why, of course. It's just that those high-art photographers can mist up a face so. She's the big movie star the papers say you're engaged to, isn't she?"

"Yes, and I owe a lot to her. She was the first out here to realize that I had the makings of a star when the only reason the studio signed me up was to get publicity for a football picture."

"When are you going to be married?"

"Dunno. Not for some time, I guess. Arabella's got to get her divorce first."

"Divorce? The fan magazines never said anything about a divorce."

"No, they wouldn't. Her husband's not in pictures. Just a fat egg, trying to hold her up for half the mint before he'll sign the papers."

"No divorce, eh? Gee kid, you're in a tough spot! Mule's great hand came down sympathetically on Johnny's arm."

"Oh, it's not so bad," said Johnny casually. "But suppose you tell me about yourself. How'd you get here and why?"

"I just flew over from Omaha to see you and incidentally the big game this afternoon."

"The big game. Oh, sure. Imagine Onondaga representing the East in an end of the season intersectional game!"

"Say, what was the score the last time we played 'em?"

"Forty to nothing."

"You scored four touchdowns."

"You knocked out so many tackles they almost had to put in the coach?" Johnny shook his head reminiscently. "And now they're playing for an intersectional championship."

"Still waterboys to me!" said Mule. "Thought I'd enjoy seeing 'em licked, so I chartered myself a little two-seater plane and let the coal and ice business take care of itself for a couple of days."

"You're in coal and ice, eh?"

"Sure. My father's bank had to take over the concern and I'm trying to put it on its feet again. "Like it?"

"Oh, it's not so bad. When I want a work-out I go out on the trucks with

Johnny Harlan came from the gridiron to Hollywood. He had been the star of Madison's championship team and the selection of every football expert for an All-American halfback.
the drivers. Going to organize 'em into a football team next fall. Making a little money, too, but, of course, nothing like you do. There's no one in the class who's made good the way you have, Johnny."
"Forget it!" said Johnny. "Ever been back to Madison?"
"One commencement and three football games. I'm getting to be too respected a citizen to do my drinking at home."
"How does the old place look, anyway?"
"The same. Hell, we've only been out three years! Lots of the fellows we knew are still there."
"And the girls?"
"Some of them. Whom do you think I ran into last time? Mary."
"Not Mary Winton?"
"Absolutely. She was studying post-grad. Housekeeping or horse-doctoring or some such damned nonsense."
"And how was she?"
"The same."
"That's right," mused Johnny. "Mary couldn't ever be anything else but Mary."
"Gee, you're not still thinking about her, with Arabella and all these swell movie numbers—?"
"I dunno. Mule. There's times I've had with Mary I won't ever stop thinking of."
"Yeah, you did run around with her quite a lot."

"WHENEVER she'd let me. She was a funny girl.
Mule. You know that last Kappa Mu dance, when I never showed up and the gang all thought I had passed out stewed some place. Well, Mary ran into me along under the shadow of Pickens Hall. She took my bottle away from me and drank half of what was left herself. Then we went down to the lake. Stole a sophomore's canoe and paddled right out to the center and splashed around for three or four hours. And when I'd kissed her about a thousand times and begged what was left of the hooch, she suddenly pushed me away from her and tells me to look. And there, seeming right off the edge of the canoe, was the wierdest sunrise you ever could see. Just pink and blue rays lapping up the waves. And Mary tells me that was what I was—only a sunrise, handsome and full of promise."
"That was like Mary," said Mule thoughtfully. "Did you know she was going to be married in the Spring?"
"Mary was always going to be married," laughed Johnny, "but it was always in the Spring. Good Lord, I haven't written to that girl for months! This movie game keeps you on the jump every minute. I'll have Kito wire her some flowers." He clapped his hands for the Jap.
"Miss Mary Winton—get her address from my secretary—fifty dollars' worth of orchids—Western Union—with my love," he ordered while Mule listened, awed. Then as Kito bowed his way toward the door, Johnny

Arabella D'Estang was lovely, blonde, provocative, the idol of sixteen million movie fans. To her interest Johnny Harmon, All-American halfback, owed his film success. Her interest was as important—and as golden—as the attention of a medieval queen.

DRAWINGS
BY
RAY VAN BUREN
stopped him. "Wait a minute," he said and turned to Mule. "How about having a drink?"
"Why ask?" said Mule.
"Scotch, Bourbon or Rye."
"Scotch with a water chaser."
"Same old Mule!"
"Same old Johnny!"
"Not quite. For once I'm not going to join you. I've got to go on the sound stage in half an hour and the least huskiness would be picked up on the mike."
"You mean they won't let you do any drinking out here?" Mule was horrified.
"Oh, it's not as bad as that," laughed Johnny. "It's been discovered that champagne, the real imported stuff, doesn't injure the vocal chords. I've got fifty cases at home, smuggled in on a private yacht."
"Fizz! Fifty cases! Private yacht! That's class to you, all right. Of course, we read about it in the newspapers, but somehow this taking it in myself—your Rolls that they pointed out to me in front of the studio, the yellow kid bringing in three different kinds of whisky and this here Arabella! Johnny, my hat, if I had one, would be off to you!" Mule rose lumberingly to his feet and bent in mock obeisance.
"Yuh, ain't seen nuthin' yet!" hummed Johnny, shying a tapestry-covered cushion at the bowed head. Then he jumped up and shook Mule's arm.

LOOK, here, Mule, you don't think, now you're out here in Los Angeles, I'll let you go back without showing you the whole works? My little sugar Arabella's giving a party at Mayfair tonight. You don't know Arabella's parties and you don't know Mayfair. But let me tell you, you'll meet everybody in pictures and by the time it's over you'll be ready to bury your coal and ice business in a prairie-dog hole and come out here and let me put you in the movies!"

Mule started a bewildered protest, but Johnny stopped him. "Not a word, boy! I've given you your signals and you're going to follow them through. Now before I go out on the sound stage, what do you say to your having another drink?"
"Why ask?" said Mule.

That evening, Johnny and Mule met by appointment at the Fifth Street entrance of the Biltmore Hotel. Mule cast an appraising glance over his old friend, taking in the picture star's "tails", top coat and ebony stick.
"Gee, Johnny, you look swell! Some difference from
The hotel's most elaborate suite was filled with flowers, cigarette smoke and the suave possessors of names better known than royalty. Over it all, Arabella presided, gorgeous in a flowing gown of jeweled white chiffon. At a nod from Johnny, she greeted Mule with the gracious cordiality of one greeting the old friend of an old friend.

The old tux you used to crash parties in at Madison. And aren't the row of jellies along this peacock alley giving you the eye!"  
"They always line up like this to see the stars going into Mayfair. You get so you don't mind. But where the devil have you been? Did it take you 'till ten o'clock to get back from the game?"  
"It's taken me 'till ten o'clock to find enough drinks to forget it," said Mule dolorously.  
"Was it so awful?"  
"Worse. And, at that, Onondaga would have been licked if the Sanford quarterback hadn't pulled off a seventy-yard run backwards."  
"And now Onondaga's inter-sectional champion."  
"Still waterboys to me!" said Mule.  
"Well, let's get started. Arabella's got a couple of suites engaged for the evening where she can serve drinks. The crowd are all up there." Johnny prodded Mule toward the elevators. "Feel like a little fizzle pop?"  
"The fizzle pop is okey with me," grinned Mule, "but I'm sort of scared about the rest. How does a guy talk to these movie mamas, anyway?"  
"You don't talk. You listen mostly. But don't worry. I've got it all fixed up. I've told everyone you're a football hero."  
"A what?"  
"A football hero. You see everyone out here has to have some sort of a tag. Movie star, society man, famous author and so on. And you're a football hero. Just watch tomorrow's papers. If you dance twice with any of the girls, the fan writers will have you engaged to her."  
"Engaged! That won't sit so pretty with a certain party back home."  
"Don't worry. The papers probably won't even use your name. It's the football stuff that counts. Besides, the next day, there'll be a story out denying it. The girls get into print twice that way."  
"Still I don't like it," said Mule.  
"There's worse to come," grinned Johnny as they walked down the corridor (Continued on page 107)
Here is something new in lounging pajamas. Miss Flynn, who is a First National player, is wearing this lounging ensemble of black and white brocade silk. The trousers and coat of black are ornamented with triangular designs of white dots, made of the material of the blouse, while the blouse boasts of triangular designs in black dots, made of the material of the coat and trousers.
LAUGHS of the FILMS

MEMBER WHEN YOU GOT LOCKED IN THE BUTCHER'S REFRIGERATOR?

FREE AND EASY!

I WAS BEST MAN AT YOUR WEDDING.

I WAS THE BEST MAN AT BOTH OUR WEDDINGS!

AW, COUNTERS I DON'T LIKE FOREIGNERS!

I COULD KILL YOU!

THEN YOU NEED A HUNTING LICENSE, DEAR. I'M AN ELK.

NO-MONOTONY!

THE VAGABOND KING.

YOU SAY YOU'RE THREE WIVES! IVY, MAN, THAT'S BIGAMY!

THE ROGUE PONG.

What do you consider the funniest talkie joke of the month? THE NEW MOVIE will pay $5 for the best written letter relating the best talkie joke. If two or more letters prove of equal merit, $5 will go to each writer. Address your jokes to Laughs of the Films, THE NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Music pours from a p e r f u r e - l a b e l l e d Western Sausage Co. Voices of little dog angels?

Buddy Rogers and Loretta Young, the eye-spots of Hollywood, I decide.

Then a photo of Corinne in jewelry window and heaven seems very close. . . . Shall call her up soon.

In front of Roosevelt Hotel meet ubiquitous Al Cohn, once mere movie magaziner, now gagger for Harold Lloyd.

There’s one actor never gets a dirty dig, Harold Lloyd . . . Hollywood’s Most Popular Citizen. Window display of ladies’ hose “proportioned individually” . . . Wonder if they need a fitter. Three men have touched me for the price of eats. . . . Newspapers call them “Reds”.

Fellow just passed is image of Barthelmess. . . . And knows it, by Gord!

Lot of fellows look like Barthelmess . . . None in our family though . . . Reminds me, Barthelmess warned Novarro, “You’ve got to quit looking like me.”

Reminds me, I must be harsh with Buddy Rogers.

$15 Permanent Wave for $7.50 Mons. and Tues.” Waves battered by week-ends, eh?”

More lingerie and gown shops than any street in world . . . and slickest stuffings for them.

A dog haberdashery. Bow-wow ties for bulldogs.

Jackie Coogan is a retired capitalist at ten. He has nothing to look forward to save a life of leisure in club windows.
I put foot to rail of Orange Julius stand and hist one. "Divilish good drink," sign says, "Look for little red devil." Where's Lupe?

"New Modern Wallpaper" . . . Now if I had a wall. "Used Care," Can buy anything slightly used in Hollywood. No used wallpaper though.

Permanently waved boy mixing fudge in Kandy Kettle window. Women watch him. The kandy heart!

Pagoda roof of Chinese theater tilting up in darkness like sheet of luminous jade.

New definition of a ham: Actor who uses voice double.

Actors are always suspected of posing. . . Height of suspicion: a woman exclaiming to Lillian Roth, "Why, you are so unaffected! . . . Is it a pose?"

Valentino's portrait in window. Hollywood's one immortal.

Midnight picture shows thrive in Hollywood. Midnight premiere for "Vagabond King." On other hand, "Sergeant Grischa" premiered at 9 a.m.

Pass Brown Derby . . . Promise myself Sunday breakfast there . . . wheat cakes, cousins to the crepe suzettes of Foyot in Paris.

Good old Paris. . . I whistle Madelon and fall to crying softly.

Paris always sets me drizzling . . . Chronic cognac hanging over from the war, I guess.

Guess I'll go home and cry myself to sleep.

Instead, buy Variety and take to bed.

"When in need of cheer always read Variety . . . It is my favorite bedtime stories," endorses unsocially prominent Monsieur Howe.

BEDTIME STORIES— Ernest Hemingway writes his stories in bed. Pretty soft way of earning a living, though nothing soft about Ernest's writing.

Fox paid nine thousand for Hemingway's title, "Men Without Women," for use on picture which has nothing to do with Hem's stories. It was figured a box-office title but proved a liability to a great picture. So reports claim. The theater was stuffed in Los Angeles, however, and plenty women in audience. Maybe the girls figured the title to mean "For Men Only."

"MEN Without Women" has no love interest. That's iconoclasm in the movie world. But pictures have been ruined by it. When love interest in form of cutie is dragged into Bancroft's "The Mighty about third reel, a youth next to me groaned, "Here's where the story goes poofing."

It takes courage to sock old formulas. Give the producer his dyes, say I. Therefore let's give a skyrocket for the skirtless epic and three whizz-bangs for Mr. Fox, Mr. Ford and Mr. Sheehan. May they never go shirtless.

ALBERT, noble butler at Pickfair, has become night watchman at his own request. Everyone is mystified. The explanation seems simple to me. Before serving their majesties Doug and Mary, Albert served royalty in Belgium. At Pickfair he saw more nobles partaking of food than can be accommodated at royal palaces abroad these slim days. He got fed up on the royal racket. He had seen enough inside workers. He wanted to see a few outside jobs.

EAVESDROPPING on two extra girls:

"Didcha see the play the other night?"

"Naw. Any good?"

"Naw."

"Whatsit'bout?"

"Auh—nuthin'—a ruined woman."

"Oh, hoop skirts! . . . I don't like costume stuff either."

Old-fashioned hoopee?
JUST a martyr I am, staging beauty contests every year and casting all the votes myself. My last one for The New Movie got me scorched by all the family. Said the Mater: "Why, you left out Mary Astor, the prettiest of all." Grunted Pater: "Where's Mary Pickford—or doesn't character count these days?" Bleated girl friend: "What's wrong with Norma Shearer—you admit she's clever as well as lovely?" Shrieks my conscience: "And where, you fool, is Sally Blane, Jeannette MacDonald, Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nilson, Aileen Pringle, Betty Compson, Lilian Gish? . . . There's no end of them."

Great is Allah and Hollywood in Mahomet's paradise. May I never go to Heaven!

NOW pick the handsome men if you dare," dares a fan. "I daresay your pal Bull Montana would head the list."

"Well," I dares I does, "Outside Buddy Rogers and me . . ."

You got to admit that there's nothing more beautiful than nature. And if cauliflower ears aren't nature, what vegetable is?

Bull is vain about his beauty. He cares nothing about his brains. His marriage nearly went on the rocks at the altar. He married a beautiful blonde. She attracted all the attention at the ceremony.

"For Gossakes, Herb, everybody look at she!" croaked Bull, "When Bool totter down de stairs nobody give de big shot a tumble!"

THE sudden advent of the talkies caught Hollywood genius in the ole swimming hole. Producers in their mental nudity grabbed shamefully at one another's stuff. Courtroom dramas, hooping teams with heartbreak, the green-eyed monster on a trapeze, Albertina Rasch girls rashing out everywhere; even the same actor was used as theatrical producer in all pictures until you wondered he was not prosecuted under the Sherman anti-trust act for running every show on earth.

Stories in duplicate appeared simultaneously, are still appearing. This leads to the suspicion that the espionage system of Hollywood surpasses that of war-torn Europe.

Too bad they shot Herb Howe studies the Pola of "Du Barry" and "Carmen." Pola came to films at the wrong time, in the sugar era of pictures.

Mata Hari. She should have been sent to Hollywood. The parrot disease is nothing new in Hollywood. Indeed, I suspect the parrots contracted it here.

JUST what is a movie producer? In a nice way I mean. Producers may be divided into two parts: those who produce money to make pictures and those who produce pictures to make money. The former are in a huge majority. They are suave sires who hold their jobs by luring Wall Street westward.

Of the latter—I mean the producers who make pictures that make money—Irving Thalberg rates genius. He is the secret of M-G-M. consistency. Irving walks the tightrope between box-office and high art. He has the seer's eye for measuring the maximum height of the public brow. His good taste is manifest in many productions and in his choice among stars of Norma Shearer as his wife. Furthermore, he once offered me a job. But all great minds make mistakes. Rules are proved by exceptions.

THE more I consider genius in Hollywood (and what a bumper crop there is!) the more I find of it in the publicity department. M-G-M, premiered "The Rogue Song," with pyrotechnic splendors that set you gaga, as Mr. Barnum used to do with his parades. In a word, you were practically prostrate before you entered the theater. In Pete Smith and Howard Strickling, M-G-M has genius equal if not surpassing that in stars and story writers. Indeed, if the players inside had the brains of these press-agents . . . well, I just bet they'd be getting the same salaries.

At present Pete and Howard have Los Angeles declaring an illegal holiday to welcome home Leo, the lion, from a world tour. The ovation is just as stunning as for Louis B. Mayer each time he returns from sleeping at the White House.

A LETTER from Miss Lilian Johnstone of Vancouver:

"I see La Garbo has you at her feet. Well, I think Greta is good but give me Pola Negri every time. She has fire and life in her. . . ."

Pola is the greatest actress who ever came to the screen. Ernst Lubitsch says, "Ya Pola is greatest but she came at the wrong time. She came in the sugar period. They didn't want truth. Greta came at the right time. If Pola had come now it would be different."

POLA gave life to Du Barry and Carmen. Over here her roles were honey-suckled. It was, as Lubitsch says, the sugar era. Garbo has not been candied. "Anna Christie" was the most appropriate talkie for her, and so Garbo remains the sardonic, somewhat world-weary, mystic of the North.

Pola's fate might have

(Continued on page 127)
Edgar "Pardner" Jones: Shot his way into the motion pictures with his .44 Winchester. He's the best marksman on the screen.

George Herbert Van Dyke: He looks like the King of England and had his place on the screen. Specializes in playing diplomats.

Count Cutelli: Can imitate anything from the cry of a baby to the call of a giraffe. The answer to a talkie director's prayer.

August Tollaire: With his swell white whiskers and his French accent, he is in great demand. Emotional French mayors are his specialty.

THEY DO THEIR BIT

Specialists in Their Work, These Players Have Found a Place for Themselves in the Talkies

By DOUGLAS DREW

Things were at a standstill on the big sound stage.

There stood Gloria Swanson, the director, the leading man, the prop man, the chief electrician, the script clerk, the cameraman and least, but not last, the business manager, while the overhead galloped on at an appalling rate.

And there in its bassinet lay the baby, one of the principal players in "The Trespasser," absolutely refusing to cry. Instead, he gurgled joyously and cooed merrily.

It was clearly a case for a specialist.

So they called one. In this instance it was Count Cutelli, the sound man of sound pictures, who was summoned post haste. The count arrived, limbered up his vocal cords and quickly provided the most realistic imitation of an infant in distress you've heard outside of the neighbors' house—or your own.

Count Cutelli is one of a thousand specialists in Hollywood. Some perform before the camera and others behind the camera lines. But each one is an expert in his or her line of work.

None is more interesting than this man. When you hear a goat bleating on the (Continued on page 118)
LUCILLE, JOAN and Mrs. DOUG

First a Chorus Girl, then a Flapper Star, now the Happy Wife of the Younger Fairbanks

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

It is difficult to pick winners in Hollywood. When you play the races you have a form chart setting forth all performances to date, a stud book to explain heredity and background, you know the length of the race and the jockey who's going to ride, and the standing of the colors he will wear.

In Hollywood you have to "pick 'em blind" to a large extent, because these youngsters come from nowhere; you know in the beginning only what they chose to tell you of their breeding and education, and no one can foresee how long the trail will be nor what elements of luck, good and bad, will go into determining the winner.

Which is in the form of an alibi for myself where Joan Crawford is concerned. Frankly, I didn't think she had a chance. There were many reasons why she didn't look like star dust to me.

So much has been written lately about "Doug and Joan." The reformation of Joan Crawford has occupied its quota in the gossip sessions of Hollywood. (Perhaps reformation is too strong a word, but I'll explain what I mean later.) As a matter of fact that startling transformation which love wrought in this modern maiden didn't need to come as such a surprise. Joan had already demonstrated courage and ability to a marked degree, and adaptability likewise. With those qualities any woman will react to real love as beautifully as did wild little Joan.

Not so many years ago there came to the land of the cinema a young girl named Lucille Le Seuer. She had been in some New York revue or musical show—by some miracle it wasn't the Follies—and a movie producer seeking new talent had been caught by her face and her figure and sent her West on a small salary to go into the movies.

That happens with such astounding frequency that no one pays much attention to it any more. No one paid much attention to Lucille Le Seuer. New girl out at M.-G.-M., used to be at the Winter Garden, or the Doug and Joan in their garden. "All the sweet and womanly things that have always been in Joan Crawford were brought to the surface by her desire to be the woman she wanted Douglas to have for a wife," says Adela Rogers St. Johns, Roof or in the Scandals. Swell figure. Can't act. A brief flurry in the newspapers. That was all.

But the first time I ever saw Lucille Le Seuer was a memorable one to me and because of it I followed her career with much more interest than I would have given the usual musical-comedy queen.

I WAS knocked off my feet by her resemblance to Pauline Frederick.

To me, Pauline Frederick was the most all-around attractive woman of this generation. Her clean-cut beauty, her fine mentality, her rare sense of humor, the bigness and sweetness of her nature, combined to give her a depth of charm not often to be found in one woman. Add to that a dramatic talent of a high order, and it isn't hard to understand why Pauline Frederick topped her field for years. Polly, to my way of thinking, had everything.

Conceding Garbo's genius and allure, Clara Bow's dynamic youth and "It," Gloria Swanson's fascination, only two women over the long period in which I have been seeing and writing about picture stars ever made me a fan, in the truest sense of the word—Mary Pickford and Pauline Frederick.

So that when I walked out on the M.-G.-M. lot one bright morning and saw crossing the sweep of lawn a slim young girl who, in uncanny fashion, turned the hands of the clock back to the days when Pauline Frederick conquered New York in "Joseph and His Brethren" and "Innocent," I got tremendously excited.

Here was the same beauty of line and coloring, the same suggestion of winged feet and hidden fire, the same elegance and air of pride that had thrilled theater and movie audiences whenever Miss Frederick appeared.

The disappointment in meeting Miss Le Seuer was correspondingly great and, I realize now, correspondingly unfair.
Joan's love for Doug is a girl's first great love. Being Joan Crawford, she puts strength and fire into it beyond the ordinary girl's range of feeling and thought. Everything about her has changed.

RESEMBLANCES in the vast majority of cases have been fatal in the movies. Producers found doubles so like Wally Reid and Valentino and La Marr that they were positively uncanny, but none of them ever got to first base. The only serious mistake of Adolph Zukor's career was the signing of Mary Miles Minter at a huge salary to take Mary Pickford's place on the Paramount program. Minter had the blonde curls of America's sweetheart but she must have lacked many other things as her comparative failure proved.

A physical likeness breeds expectation of likeness in personality, mannerisms, charm and quality of appeal. Practically always these aren't the same at all. And the unfortunate second gets no credit for his or her own ability and characteristics. 

Obviously, it wasn't fair to expect an untrained, inexperienced kid only a few weeks out of the chorus to have the full-fledged beauty and mentality, the culture and poise, the wit and wisdom which time and contacts and hard work had given Polly Frederick.

But because, when you look at her, you couldn't possibly forget Polly, you decided that Lucille Le Suer was an awful flop.

So, by all the accepted traditions of screenland, she should have been. But she wasn't, because of the simple fact that she developed a personality of her own, strong enough and distinctive enough to lick that fatal resemblance. That personality she called Joan Crawford. With sheer, dogged determination, of which she has plenty, she plunged ahead, refusing ever to capitalize on her likeness, fighting publicity that called attention to it, never once falling into the trap of imitating Pauline Frederick and attempting to take the place the older woman was slowly leaving vacant on the screen.

HER first studio battle was with a director who wanted her to do something, "the way Miss Frederick does it."

"She's wonderful," Joan Crawford said doggedly, "but I'm not Pauline Frederick. I'm me. I'm going to be myself, or I won't be anybody."

Years ago, I remember when Harold Lloyd came to the same decision. He had been, up to that time, doing rather second-rate imitations of the accepted Chaplin comedy. It was practically the only comedy we knew as surely successful. But young Harold decided to step out on his own. He thought up the glasses and became—Harold Lloyd.

Harold did it by actual thought and shrewd brain work.

Joan Crawford arrived at the same decision by instinct.

Most of her decisions and her feelings and actions are instinctive. I don't think that as yet Joan has had much time or opportunity to get below the surface of things. She has been (Continued on page 123)
“There’s nothing Doug can’t do,” says Joan. “He writes poetry. He can draw. And he writes plays and articles and screen stories. He’s read everything. He’s a marvelous athlete. Really, I don’t suppose there ever was another boy like Dada.”
I will now direct your attention to a man from the best state in the union. I refer, of course, to Missouri, where so many fine people come from. (Now isn’t that odd?—we’re from there ourselves!)

The other fine person from there is none other than Jack Oakie, and he went into his first song and dance at Sedalia, November 12, 1903, so that, on the day after Armistice this year, he will be twenty-seven.

The name he came into the world with was Louis Offield.

The first word Jack ever said was “Greasepaint,” and the first time he started to walk across the floor, holding onto Grandpa’s finger, he stopped in the middle of it and broke into a buck and wing.

This so shocked the good people of Sedalia that his mother picked him up and took him to New York, where people don’t care whether you are going to perdiction or not. Jack was entered in the La Salle High School, studied between jigs, and on graduation, when they called his name to come forward and get his diploma, he stopped in the middle of the platform and did a Charleston.

His first job was as a clerk in a stock broker’s office in Wall Street. As everybody knows, there’s money in Wall Street and Jack got some of it—ten dollars every Saturday afternoon, whether he had earned it or not.

One day his boss said to him: “Jack, I’m going out to lunch now. I want you to put through an order for me for $800,000 worth of General Motors. Don’t forget.”

When the boss came back Jack hadn’t put through the order. “What’s the matter?” asked the boss. “Why didn’t you do it?”

“I got busy working out a new dance step and couldn’t stop for details,” said Jack.

Soon after that Jack left Wall Street. In fact, it was Saturday of that week.

No, girls, he is not married. He lives with his mother in Hollywood, but be careful—he’d expect you to do a tango on the way to the altar. Think that over, girls, before you wire.

Richard Dix: The next state to be heard from this evening will be Minnesota, and the proud town is St. Paul, and the young man is Ernest Carlton Brimmer, Jr.

What is that I hear somebody down there at the end of the table say?

“I never heard of him.”

Well, that’s what the hall of records in St. Paul says. He is none other than Richard Dix.

The date in this same hall of records is July 18, 1895.

His father was a soap manufacturer. That’s the reason Richard is so clean cut.

His father wanted him to go into the soap business with him, but Richard wanted to clean up at something else.

So he went into greasepaint.

Putting soap behind him forever, Richard got a job in a bank at a salary of $35 a month. He was able to save a little each month, as his soap and cosmetics cost him nothing.

While he was softsoaping the bank he got his first job acting. This paid $72 a month and he wondered what he would do with the money.

“I’m going to work a year and retire,” said the young ex-soap manufacturer.

Soon after this he received a telegram from Dallas, Texas, offering him $200 a month to act. Nobody there had ever seen him act, so the manager thought it was safe. Packing a fresh bar of soap in his suitcase, Richard started for Texas—and has been acting ever since.

Good news, girls: Richard Dix is not married and never has been. No ex ever comes and holds out her hand for the monthly matrimony payment. The money is all his.

He lives at 338 Norwich Drive, Hollywood, with his
WITH US TONIGHT

father and mother and sister and two Llewelyn setters. Take the Gardner-Fairfax car.

SUE CAROL: Bend your gaze upon SUE CAROL. There! there! that's long enough. We can't spend the whole evening staring.

She was born in Chicago, between barrages, and the date, if you wish to make a note of it, was October 30, 1908. But she didn't blow into Chicago with that name, for she was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lederer, and they named her Evelyn.

But Sue wasn't any poor working gal, and so spend no tears about Sue trying to earn a few honest pennies working behind a nasty old ribbon counter. The reason was Grandpa. Grandpa died and left a will. Even if Hollywood turned her out tomorrow morning after breakfast, the wolf would never howl at her door. Nice Grandpa.

She made her début into society at the Blackstone Hotel and you can't début at the Blackstone on cigar coupons.

One of her neighbors in Chicago was Janet Gaynor, and now they live not so far apart in Hollywood. Now and then Sue asks Janet over to spend the evening, and just to get into the atmosphere of old times Sue has the butler explode a couple of bombs in the kitchen.

"It always makes things so chummy," says Sue. One time Sue had the butler toss a tear bomb behind the Ampico and Janet clasped Sue around the waist and said, "Oh, you darling! You are always thinking of your guests."

If you have trouble with your Carrolls, remember this: Sue Carol spells it with one r and one l, and Nancy doubles it all the way through. Also remember that Nancy is two years older. You mustn't forget important things like that.

Don't get excited, boys. Nick Stuart was there first. And now we will hear what Mrs. Nicelae Pratza has to say.

Stand up, ladies and gentlemen—the Queen!

FIFI DORSAY: Here's a little girl I take pleasure in bringing to your attention, as I had something to do with starting her on her road to glory. She played the part of the French girl in my own "They Had to See Paris." I refer, of course, to FIFI DORSAY. Fifi shook her hip and rolled her eyes for the first time April 16, 1907, and the place was a little suburb of Paris called Asnières.

Her name was Yvonne D'Orsay, but on the way to American she dropped the 'o' overboard. Her family had always called her "Fifi" and so she became presto cha ngo Fifi Dorsay.

Her mother wanted her to become a nun and Fifi thought she would become one—until she arrived in New York and saw Broadway.

Here are some interesting things about Mademoiselle Fifi:

She was the oldest of thirteen children. And still some people talk about France's population slipping. She started in as a stenographer in New York. Six employers went mad trying to dictate business letters and look at her at the same time.

She worked as a model in a New York department store. It is said that during the time Fifi worked there, the husbands of New York took more interest in their wives' clothing than ever before in the history of the city.

She played in vaudeville with Freddy Barrrens in a sketch called "Ten Dollars a Lesson."

She calls the (Continued on page 121)
Corinne Griffith Gives the Smartest Formal Dinner of the Hollywood Social Season
By EVELYN GRAY

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith) were hosts recently at the most beautiful formal dinner party ever given in the film colony, when they entertained in honor of William Goetz and Edith Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Mayer. Mr. Goetz and Miss Mayer were married the following week.

The Embassy Club was chosen by Miss Griffith as the scene of her party and the whole main dining room was turned over to her for the occasion. The pale green and gold decorations of this room, which is one of exceptional beauty, together with the crystal chandeliers and fixtures, were enhanced by the masses of pale pink roses, huge baskets of peach blossoms, and pink gladiolas which were used for decoration. Pale pink candles and heavy crystal goblets were used on the table and places were laid for over a hundred guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Morosco, Mr. Goetz and Miss Mayer received the many distinguished motion picture folk in the foyer at the head of the stairs. The hostess wore an exquisite frock of pale rose chiffon, belted at the waist and touching the floor. Miss Mayer was in ivory satin, softly draped and particularly effective under the gleaming lights. She made a lovely appearance.

The balcony, on which luncheon and dinner are served at the Embassy in the summer, was enclosed by bright awnings for the evening and the guests gathered there for hors d'oeuvres before sitting down. An orchestra played throughout the dinner and later the floor was cleared for dancing.

The menu, prepared by the Embassy's well-known manager, Eddie Brandstetter, consisted of shrimp cocktails, a clear bouillon, lobster newburg served in the shells, breast of chicken with mushrooms under glass and aspara-
gus hollandaise, an endive and tomato salad, and ice cream done in fancy molds to suit the occasion—wedding and engagement rings, hearts pierced with tiny silver arrows, love birds and cupids carrying silver bows.

AMONG the guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, father and mother of the guest of honor, and her sister, Miss Irene Mayer. Both Mrs. Mayer and Irene Mayer wore white. With Miss Irene was David Selznick and it is rumored that as soon as the excitement of Miss Edith's marriage has subsided there will be another engagement announced.

Charlie Chaplin was present. So was Grace Moore. The Metropolitan prima donna who had arrived from New York that morning. Miss Moore had her first glimpse of Hollywood society and it had its first glimpse of her off the stage. In a gown of very pale green, belted with silver, Miss Moore was so lovely that she was the center of much enthusiastic comment and praise.

William Haines and Marie Dressler and Roger Davis. In black lace, with a necklace of square cut diamonds, Miss Dressler looked very distinguished.

John Farrow and Miss Lila Lee. Lila was in black net, embroidered with baskets in rose and gold. The dress was tightly belted at the waist, cut low and square and had a full skirt which touched the floor.

CONSTANCE BENNETT looked stunning in a very tight black gown, with no back and a long, trailing skirt, which suited her own natural grace.

Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels. In chiffon and lace of a pale beige that flowed softly to the floor, Miss Daniels looked unusually beautiful.

(Continued on page 126)
A Great Big Hand

Chicago, Illinois.—

The New Movie Magazine is a wow and a knockout and I want to hand you a great big bouquet and a couple of triple cheers for giving the fans such a good magazine at such a low price! I guess it’s just what we’ve all been waiting for, because the regular movie mags are so like one another, but this one, ah, this one’s different, all right! You all deserve a big hand for trying out the idea and then putting it over with such a bang! 

Jeanne Esterman,

2123 Crystal Street.

Used by English Class

Ann Arbor, Mich.—

Congratulations on The New Movie Magazine! It sure is popular in our town and school.

Your magazine cannot be called a school reference book but it was used in our English class. Perhaps you question this statement and ask, what for? In Number 4 of The New Movie there is a highly interesting, instructive and well-written article—"A Tourist’s Guide to Hollywood." What has that to do with school? Just this—we are studying Europe and many are working on travel projects, on both Europe and the United States and, of course, wanted to go to California and Hollywood. Our teacher told us we might buy The New Movie and get some material on Hollywood. Right then and there your splendid magazine was introduced into our class.

Miss Alice Hemingway,

1406 Packard Street.

Wants Adela Interviewed

Fort Dodge, Iowa.—

The New Movie Magazine is perfect. May I make a request? All right, here goes. Give us an interview with Adela Rogers St. John—our favorite interviewer. I’m sure that such an article would be of interest to every reader of fan magazines. To me, she is just as interesting a personality as any of the movie stars. Who hasn’t read her stories and viewed her photoplays, to say nothing of the numerous interviews and articles she has penned.

Hazel Dell North,

1428 S. 28th Street.

Eat, Girls, Eat

Great Falls, Mont.—

Won’t it be amusing if the actresses of the screen must be so slim? Unnatural slimmness certainly doesn’t add to a star’s beauty. Half of the actresses are close to being bean poles. Eat, girls, eat, and get a little meat on you.

Artine Rider,

General Delivery.

From a Business Man

West New York, N. J.—

Yours is truly a business man’s magazine. Just enough pictures balanced with just enough interesting reading matter—no wonder your magazine is so welcome to us after a hard day’s work. But here is where my one and only criticism comes in. Why keep us waiting so long for this mental relaxation? As a suggestion—please, publish it more often.

John J. Miller,

1377 Boulevard East.

Likes Tourists’ Guide

Cleveland, Ohio.—

Your Tourist Guide to Hollywood was one of the best pieces of information of its type ever printed in any movie magazine. Please print more of these guides.

Mary Happer,

13401 Ashburton Rd.

Another Guide

Gary, Indiana.—

Let me congratulate you on having such a descriptive and interesting guide as Herb Howe. The way in which he took us on a trip in an aeroplane through Hollywood in the fourth number of The New Movie Magazine was really a remarkable feature of your magazine. I really felt as though I were actually in Hollywood, and would not doubt if I ever were to visit Hollywood that I would recognize some of the places and “quips.”

Lilyan Miskovich,

1110 Washington Street.

Does Not Like Tibbett

Harrisburg, Pa.—

I knew movies when Wallie Reid, Maurice Costello and Rudolph Valentino were favorites, but never have I seen popular sentiment take to such a repellent face as Lawrence Tibbett. With his mouth wide, his hair wild, he surely is not an object of beauty—even though perhaps he can sing. I’d rather miss the song than have to look at that sort of lead.

K. C. Smith,

2123 Derry Street.

Makes a Better World

New Bern, N. C.—

I am at last convinced that the world is getting better. For quite a while the Great American Public has been able to take a hard earned dime and purchase their choice of the following: Two church sermons, one strawberry soda, one large size El Weedo cigar or two ripe bananas. Now you have come along and added a ten cent movie magazine to the list.

J. A. Gaskell McDaniel,

Box 304.

Beats Them All

Baltimore, Md.—

After reading your New Movie Magazine, I have decided it is much better than the 25-cent and 35-cent ones I have been getting. The stories and pictures are wonderful. For the first time I can really picture Hollywood in my mind after reading Mr. Howe’s “A Tourist’s Guide to Hollywood.” I feel as though I have been there.

Mrs. Pauline Foster,

625 McCabe Avenue.

Organizes New Movie Club

Norfolk, Nebraska.—

Three months ago twelve girls and myself got together and all pledged never to pay 25 cents for a magazine again. Every month we collect $1.30. We then buy thirteen New Movie Magazines. And we enjoy them very much.

Helen Domnisse,

37 E. Madison Avenue.

From a Tully Admiring

Hogtown, Wash.—

I tell you, I am amazed and delighted with The New Movie—why to get all this for (Continued on page 110)
DOROTHY REVIER
LAWRENCE GRAY

Photograph by Hurrell
MARJORIE BEEBE

Photograph by Lansing Brown
MARIAN NIXON

Photograph by Preston Duncan
Miss Lee has just achieved stardom again under the First National Banner. Next month, THE NEW MOVIE will present the first installment of Miss Lee's fascinating life story. Readers will find this true-life romance to be of remarkable human interest. Watch for it.
Malibu is the beach colony of moviedom. It is located 18 miles from Hollywood on the Pacific and exactly 11 miles above Santa Monica. There are 120 beach houses, mostly belonging to movie film stars and prominent players. Property is leased for ten-year periods at a rate of one dollar per front foot per month. Land cannot be purchased, since it remains the property of the Ringe estate on a deed dating back to Spanish days.

Special Photographs by Stagg

Top, a general view of Malibu Beach. At the right, Romona cottage, Dolores Del Rio's beach home (left) and Ronald Colman's house (right). Left and below, Miss Del Rio and her friend, Mrs. Don Alvarado, on the Malibu Beach.
Until May 1st of this year Malibu was without telephone service, save for a single wire to the general store of Mr. and Mrs. Bills. Now Malibu has its exchange—but the improvement was made over the protests of the stars, who wanted to be without disturbing 'phone calls. At the left, the Talmadge beach house. At the extreme left of the picture is George Bancroft's Malibu residence.

At the right, Evelyn Brent's beach house. Note the glass shield and covering for those who wish to be shielded from ocean winds and sun.

Evelyn Brent herself on the beach in front of her Malibu cottage.
Beach, the Seaside Playground of the Stars

Two representative Malibu houses are shown at the right. The two-story house at the left belongs to Tod Browning, the director. The bungalow at the right is the property of Director Bob Leonard and his wife, Gertrude Olmstead.

The beach home of the IT girl is shown at the left. It is Clara Bow's bungalow, no less. It was boarded up when this picture was made because Miss Bow hadn't yet opened it for the summer season.

Vivian Duncan, the Eva of the Duncan Sisters, resting on the beach in front of her house.
Malibu: Where Sun-Tan and Temperament Mingle

The suave William Powell and the dapper Ronald Colman at ease on the porch of Ronnie’s Malibu Beach house. The broad sweep of the Pacific is getting their undivided attention.

Right, high on the rocks above Malibu is the house of Winifred Westover. It is the residence at the right in the picture.

At the left, Director Alan Dwon, with Mrs. Dwon, is entertaining a party of friends on the beach beside their house.

More Malibu Pictures on Page 96
By
FRANK THOMAS

Too NICE

That's What the Studio Said About Jean Arthur Until They Attempted to Fire Her

SCENE: The palatial office of B. P. Schulberg, one of the Big Moguls of the Paramount Studio.

Cast: Mr. Schulberg, Jean Arthur, in person.

Plot: Mr. Schulberg has sent for Miss Arthur for the purpose of firing her.

Of course, he was very nice about it. Because Mr. Schulberg is a nice person and so is Miss Arthur. Nice people do even disagreeable things in nice ways. Ordinarily Mr. Schulberg would not want to fire anyone. But the reports sent to him by various producers, directors and cameramen were that Miss Arthur was undeniably nice and pretty, but that she was also cold, unemotional, didn't have any fire, was encased in much the same shell as the deck of a battleship and that she couldn't act for sour apples.

There seemed to be nothing else for Mr. Schulberg to do but tell this too-nice girl that she was through. A difficult job, but then Mr. Schulberg is really a Prime Minister and understands the handling of delicate situations.

In his very best diplomatic corps manner he broke the bad news to Miss Arthur and waited for her to take it in a nice way. In other words to smile politely and walk out, preparatory to packing her trunk and going places away from there.

But Miss Arthur did nothing of the kind.

Instead, she blew higher than a kite in a March wind. She behaved more like Pola Negri than any really nice girl should.

She pounded on the desk. She cried. Not nice, lady-like tears of regret, but big, excited tears of rage. The gal was mad. She informed Mr. Schulberg that they didn't know what they were talking about. She could act, she said, if anyone ever gave her a chance. That was all she ever had been given to do, and apparently all she ever would be given a chance to do, was to "sit around and look nice." That while she might be a little nice by nature, she wasn't as nice as all that.

Mr. Schulberg, wise hombre that he is, sat silently and watched this "nice girl" emote. Which she continued to do.

Mr. SCHULBERG'S office became the setting for a first-class temperamental scene. Not the first—not by a long way—but certainly the most unexpected. Words he had intended to speak froze on Mr. Schulberg's lips. Being a judge of acting, having developed
A number of promising screen girls were nearly sunk by the phrase "toonice."
Lois Wilson, Lois Moran and Mary Brian had a tough time living it down.
Jean Arthur is now battling to a finish with the devastating description.

Clara Bow and made a star of her, having brought Ruth Chatterton to film triumph, he knew something about dramatic ability, temperament and futures.

Watching Miss Arthur storm up and down his red velvet carpet, he decided that he had been grossly deceived. Somebody was woefully wrong on this Arthur girl. Cold? Lacking in fire? Too restrained? Why, they'd missed the girl completely.

Not being above changing his mind, Mr. Schulberg reversed his decision right then and there. He told Miss Arthur to go back to work. He told her to save the rest of her emotional upheaval for the camera. He told her that if she'd let herself go and show some of the fire he'd just seen on the screen, she would be more than okay.

That night he sent for various directors and assistants and scenarists, and explained to them that they had been either lazy or lacking in necessary technique, in their efforts to bring out the little Arthur girl. He knew she had it, because he had seen it, and he expected them to produce it on the silver sheet immediately.

Results:
Jean Arthur proceeded to steal at least a part of the show from Clara Bow in "The Saturday Night Kid." She shared honors creditably with Buddy Rogers in "Half Way to Heaven."

She landed a five-year Paramount contract.

An inferiority complex—born no doubt of some event in her early childhood which only a psychoanalyst could

trace now—has been almost decimated and a confidence bred of undeniable achievement is in its stead.

A crust of frigid reserve has cracked and given way to an enveloping cloak of warm response.

Another girl, has succeeded in forcing herself above the mob, eternally storming the gates of Hollywood, and is well on her way to success.

What's the answer?" I asked Jean.

"I got mad," she said, simply. Just that and nothing more. "I got mad."

It apparently took her six years to do it, but when she did get mad, wow!

Jean and Charlie Paddock dropped into our house one afternoon for tea. Looking at me severely as she munched an apple and some soda crackers—she has a mania for apples and soda crackers and eats them all the time—she said, "If you say I am a nice girl I'll slay you, I swear I will."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it is not true, to begin with. I'm not a bit nice. I have a terrible disposition. I bulk. I get mad. And when I have a toothache—as I have right now—

I'm apt to do almost anything."

"More than that, this being a nice girl has almost ruined me. Who is interested in nice young things, anyway?"

"I am," said Paddock.

"Humph" snorted Jean Arthur. "You meet a nice young thing and what do you try to do? Make her something else, right away. If you like them nice, why don't you leave them the way you find them? And don't make that face at me, either."

Nevertheless, Jean Arthur is a nice girl. But she has a temper and a saving sense of humor which keeps the temper under control most of the time. So she is not "sappy" nice. She will get by. But she still has an inferiority complex, even if it is not as obstreperous as it was before that scene in Schulberg's office. Its present manifestation is that she wants to play character parts.

"I can't compete with all these beautiful girls," she said in all seriousness. "I can't top Mary Brian and Jeanette MacDonald and Joan Bennett and girls like that. But I know I can act. I'd do any kind of a character they would allow me to play. Even an old, old woman. I think character parts are always more interesting. Maybe I'll get to do them yet." Which statement shows that Jean Arthur is still very young.

Once you have met her mother, you understand something of the definite, competent, determined air that pervades Jean.

We had stopped at her house one night to take her with us to a dinner dance. It is a simple house with several fine pieces of early American furniture and red checkered curtains which give it a homelike atmosphere.

Her mother met us at the door and sized us both up. From her face it was very difficult to determine just what her impression was. But she let us in, anyway.

"Jean isn't ready," she said. "She'll be down in a minute."

She put an extra log on the fire and began to talk quietly. My first feeling (Continued on page 125)
JOHN BARRYMORE

As Moby Dick in his new talkie version of "The Sea Beast."
William Haines, at the age of four, with his sister, Lillian, now Mrs. James Stone, of New York City.

"MOTHER, I'm ready for my first pair of long trousers. Can I slip downtown and get some?"

Mother acquiesced. The thirteen-year-old son went straight to the clothing store. His purchase proved to be very light in color, with a stripe of marked degree. He also bought a dark coat, a black derby and a walking cane. Dressed, as he felt, within an inch of his young life, he calmly instructed the proprietor to charge the things to his mother, then went proudly home.

Imagine the surprise and consternation of mother, "William, you can't keep those things," she remonstrated, "you can't wear them; take them back to the store."

But William didn't take them back and William wore them. And all at the tender age of thirteen!

As a mere boy in Staunton, Virginia, William Haines certainly possessed unusual traits and characteristics. In his early teens, he was very tall and thin. At the age of fourteen, his teachers say, he was just as tall as he is today. He was a quiet youth when among companions of his own age, which was a seldom occurrence; for young William much preferred the acquaintanceship of persons older than himself. And, of these, he generally chose the fair sex.

William's mother was a dressmaker, and one of outstanding prominence in her home state. At one time, she employed as many as five dressmakers. And she kept abreast the last minute creations, visiting New York City two or three times a year.

William Haines never played baseball or football or any of the other athletic activities that most every boy indulges in early life. He did possess an eagerness and love for dancing and regularly attended dances in a pavilion at Highland Park, a sort of summer resort near his native city.

One of the boy's high school teachers says William used to come by her home and insist that she go with him to Highland Park and dance. And there were times, this teacher says, when she felt near collapse, so tired was she from indulging in dance after dance with William.

"When I was ready to go home," she said, "William would beg me to dance just one more time." The teacher was many years his senior.

And the future movie star was a rather good cook. One of the dressmakers employed by his mother says she has "eaten many a meal prepared by William Haines."

"He could cook well," she said. "He learned the art from constant association with his mother. He used to don cap and apron and work around the kitchen table. The first thing he did when he came home from school was to beg his mother to let him have things for making candy."

And William could sew. He used to make doll clothes for his sisters. William would get pieces of cloth from his mother, and in a short time the de-

Staunton, Va., remembers William Haines as a young chap who didn't take a great interest in his studies. Billy liked dancing and practical jokes much better. Finally he ran away to find work in Hopewell, Virginia.
sired dress became a reality.

The early life of William Haines was lived in rather adverse circumstances, so far as his father and mother were concerned. At one time his father became ill and continued so for a long time, thus thrusting a further burden upon the mother and children.

"I always said William would be one of two things," a friend of the family told me, "either a great actor or a great scamp. He was eternally up to tricks of every conceivable kind, not mean tricks, but those full of real mischief and fun." As a youngster Billy disliked very much to have his picture taken. He would always "make a face" of some kind, just as the photographer snapped the camera; or stick out his tongue, or perpetrate some freakish stunt.

The historic old Trinity Episcopal Church, in Staunton, where William Haines, at the age of eight, was baptized. Here at thirteen he was confirmed. Back in the Eighteenth Century, this beautiful edifice once held the sessions of the Virginia Legislature.

In the little city of Staunton, Virginia, nestling at the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the Shenandoah Valley, William was born on January 2, 1900. His parents were George A. and Laura V. Haines; his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Haines. William's mother, before marriage was Laura Matthews, of Staunton.

William had two brothers and two sisters: George Haines, Jr., and C. Henry Haines (the baby of the family); the sisters, Lillian and Anne Foulkes, both now married. Lillian, the elder, became Mrs. James Stone, of New York City; Anne Foulkes is now Mrs. James Langhorne, of Richmond, Virginia.

William was the eldest child. Friends of the family relate that Lillian was his chosen companion of the kids, and it was mainly for her that he made so many doll clothes. He loved to tease Lillian and always appeared to be ready to spring some new trick on her.

At the age of eight, William was baptized Charles William Haines, in historic old Trinity Episcopal Church, Staunton, by the Rev. W. Q. Hullihen. He was confirmed in the same church, at thirteen, by the late Bishop A. M. Randolph, of Virginia. Records secured from this beautiful edifice, in which were once held the sessions of the Virginia Legislature back in the days of the Eighteenth Century, show that William was baptized at Easter time, March 27, 1908, and confirmed, April 13, 1913. A. P. Bickle, of Staunton, now in the retail grocery business, is a godfather of the movie star, and an aunt, Mrs. Mary Haines Fifer, of Washington, D. C., is his godmother. The (Continued on page 122)
Above, Bernice Claire presents a chic sport suit of printed wool crêpe with a blouse of eggshell satin. Miss Claire wears this suit in her First National picture, "Mlle. Modiste."

Right, Lila Lee, who is starring in First National's "Under Western Skies," offers a sport suit of French Jersey, in a soft shade of green. The socks worn under the sport shoes are bordered in the same shade of green.
The SCREEN Presents Four Ideal COSTUMES

Short evening wraps add the necessary slimness to the hips, also give an added grace to the long full evening gown. Bernice Claire, above, looks particularly lovely in the gown of aquamarine lace, with a transparent velvet coat of a deeper shade of blue.

At the left, Bernice Claire in a delectable frock of flowered chiffon with a ground of deep mauve. This is a stunning Spring and early Summer frock.
Since her appearance with John Barrymore in "General Crack," Armida, Hollywood's newest Mexican importation, has attracted considerable attention. Little Senorita Armida appears to have unusual screen possibilities.
On this page are three glimpses of the big William Fox studios in Fort Lee, in New Jersey, just across from New York. From these studios came the early pictures that made the name of Fox well known across the country. Here worked Theda Bara in her earliest successes. Here, too, Evelyn Nesbit made her pictures. The Virginia Pierson and Valeska Suratt productions were made here also.
The Deserted City of FILMDOM

Once the Center of Movie Making, Fort Lee Is Now Deserted. Its Studios, Once the Center of the Industry, Are Falling in Ruins

Motion picture production has moved Westward. Apparently the move is definite. Nowhere else can directors find the wide variety of scenery and the perfect atmospheric conditions necessary to the quick making of films. In the old days, Fort Lee stopped at nothing. Cowboys rode the old Palisades with fine abandon.

Above, the Universal studio, now used entirely as office space for the company’s laboratory. It was in the old Universal studio, afterwards remodeled, that Annette Kellerman made “Neptune’s Daughter” under the direction of Herbert Brenon. Barbara La Mor, Richard Barthelmess, King Baggott and dozens of other famous stars occupied its stages at various times.

Special Photographs by Arthur Pilieri

Left, the wreck of the old Peerless studios, once the home of World Film pictures. Here Clara Kimball Young made her famous films. Here worked Alice Brady, Evelyn Greely, Conrad Nagel, and many other famous stars.
The New FILMS in REVIEW

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—First National

A swell mystery yarn with nearly a perfect cast. It is a corking story of strange happenings in a lonely and deserted French inn. There's a beautiful girl who is posing as a hotel maid. There's a missing diamond necklace. There's a murder. There's a suave divorce lawyer on the trail of evidence. There's——But the plot is too involved to tell. In the end, the murderer is left in doubt. You suspect his identity—but he goes free. Billie Dove and Clive Brook give fine performances.

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warner

A spectacular song melodrama of cattle rustling below the Rio Grande, of dashing caballeros, of beautiful señoritas, of fiestas and of cattle drives. All in the gay year of 1883. Frank Fay, who used to be a vaudevillian master of ceremonies, oddly enough was chosen to play the roystering, theme-song singing Don Carlos, the philandering hero who, in turn, makes love to such beauties as Myrna Loy, Armida, Raquel Torres, Betty Boyd and Mona Maris. This might have been an opulent extravaganza of the open. It does not achieve that—and some of the fault lies in Mr. Fay's selection as the glib caballero.

HIGH SOCIETY BLUES—Fox

Something of a successor to "Sunnyside Up" and with those pleasant stars, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, both a little surer of themselves in song. The yarn of a newly wealthy Western family endeavoring to break into exclusive society. Farrell is the son of the Iowa family while Janet Gaynor is the shy little daughter of the haughty loriette household. Entertaining and cheery stuff. This has no hot interlude such as "Turn on the Heat." Lucian Littlefield and Louise Fazenda head the newly rich family, while William Collier, Senior, and Hedda Hopper are the ritz pater and mater.

THE BAD ONE—United Artists

An attempt to combine the best features of "The Cock-Eyed World" and "Condemned." A brash sailor from Brooklyn (played by that expert in roughneck gobs, Edmund Lowe) falls hard for a dancing girl in a Marseilles café. She is called "the Bad One" and, when he accidentally kills another sailor in a fight over her, he believes the worst. He goes to an island prison but the Bad One—who is really very good, despite her daring ways—helps him win freedom. Dolores Del Rio is starred as "the Bad One." Her assumed wickedness and her later goodness are equally unconvincing.

MATCH PLAY—Educational

This Mack Sennett two-reel talkie comedy is one of the two best short subjects of the year. The other is Christie's "Dangerous Females" with Marie Dressler and Folly Moran. This was a happy comedy thought, introducing Walter Hagen and Leo Diegel and some trick golf shots into a lively pastiche of the greens. Their amazing game will thrill the golf fans while there is enough real comedy to get the lovers of screen laughter. Marjorie Beebe, who graces this month's rotogravure section, is prominently present. Watch for this short feature when it reaches your theater. It shows the 1930 Mack Sennett at his best.
ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW

SARAH AND SON—Paramount

Here's a "Madame X" with emotional variations. And it is superbly played by Ruth Chatterton, who wrung your tears so successfully in "Madame X." Most of this mother-love drama concerns Sarah Storm's search for her son. Her ne'er-do-well husband, on leaving her, gave the child to wealthy people—but their identity is unknown to her. As she struggles upward from small time vaudeville player to grand opera prima donna, Sarah's search goes on. Miss Chatterton has developed the characterization into a historic tour de force. It will get you. So, too, will Philippe de Lacy, as the boy.

LOVIN' THE LADIES—RKO

That team of screen sweethearts, Richard Dix and Lois Wilson, is united again in this comedy. A blase young man bets that any fellow can win an heiress if he makes love in the proper romantic environment. An electrician (no other than Mr. Dix) is selected to be the subject. But he captures the bettor's fiancee instead of the haughty young woman selected for the experiment. This is old fashioned stage farce, but Mr. Dix, who is an able farceur, lifts it into pleasant fun. (Mr. Dix, it seems, is definitely committed to comedy.) Miss Wilson is the girl and Allen Kearns is the man who bets and regrets.

ONLY THE BRAVE—Paramount

This Gary Cooper Civil War adventure in Dixie starts as romantic satire and ends as sentimental romance. Disappointed in love, Gary goes within the Confederate lines as a spy, to be caught with false battle plans. He doesn't want to return alive. He is trying desperately to be arrested when he meets Mary Brian, as charming a crinoline flapper as ever changed anyone's plans. Yes, he nearly gets executed as a spy. "Only the Brave" has some gentle thrusts at chivalry, honor and war. Gary is his gaunt, grim, aloof self, Miss Brian is lovely. This is pleasantly entertaining.

YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount

Ever since "Wings," the movie moguls have been seeking an air epic successor for young Buddy Rogers. This time Buddy plays a daring pilot in love with Mary Gordon, who appears for the moment to be a German spy. But, in the end, Mary turns out to be "the cleverest operator in the United States secret service." There are several breathless air combats with real thrills. Jack Grace, who doubled in the sky for Buddy, stands here. Buddy himself is ingrating as the daring Lieutenant Banks, pretty Jean Arthur is a pleasant spy and Paul Lukas is adequate as the German flying ace.

HONEY—Paramount

This was once done by Ruth Chatterton on the speaking stage as "Come Out of the Kitchen." Then it was a sentimental little comedy. Now it has been jazzed into a lively comedy with songs. The penniless son and daughter of a Southern colonel lease their ancestral home to a wealthy woman and, when the servants disappear, they remain on as cook and butler, not revealing their identity, of course. This causes all sorts of comic and romantic complications. Nancy Carroll is featured and she gets excellent aid from Lillian Roth, Skeets Gallagher, Harry Green and particularly from Mitzi Green.

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ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—Universal

Because the producers doubted America's ability to pronounce it, the title has changed from "La Marseillaise" to "Captain of the Guard." It is an elaborate, cumbersome and considerably dull account of the birth of the stirring French national anthem, La Marseillaise. It seems (from the film) that this came about through the love of Rouget de Lisle, captain in the king's hussars, for an innkeeper's pretty daughter who has become The Torch. Her father's murder by royal soldiers has turned her from sweetness to vengeance. The popular John Boles is de Lisle and Laura La Plante is The Torch.

MAMMY—Warner Brothers

Not Al Jolson's best, for this star seems to be exhausting his particular sentimental vein. This time Al is a minstrel with a heart of gold. He loves the boss's daughter from a distance but she cares for the handsome but philandering interlocutor (Lowell Sherman). A scoundrel substitutes real bullets for blanks in the revolver Al uses in a comic skit and he shoots the interlocutor. He flees the police and drifts to riding freight trains. Al sings old and new songs by Irving Berlin, featuring "Let Me Sing." The minstrel moments are better done than usual. Jolson gives a characteristic performance.

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S—Warner Brothers

As puzzling a picture as ever emerged from Hollywood. John Barrymore has returned to the light farce mood of his early footlight days in this weird comedy of a befuddled and tipsy young British aristocrat who gets lost in the London fog and wanders into the wrong party, a gathering attended by a houseful of eccentric English types. There is just one exception, the pretty governess who has known the young nobleman in his dim, alcoholic past. How Barrymore persuaded his producers to make this fantastic film is beyond us.

BE YOURSELF—United Artists

The old talkie mistake is here: putting a comic in a highly sentimental rôle. Fannie Brice is a splendid comedienne in song and specialty. To cast her as the heroine of a love story is a Hollywood mistake. Here Miss Brice plays a cabaret entertainer who falls in love with a prize fighter and tries to steer him to the championship. In return, he loses his head over a gold digging blonde of the cabaret. Miss Brice falls down in her serious work but puts her songs across with a smash. A passable film with some good night club and prize ring scenes. These aren't novel but they are well done.

THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND—Universal

Another adventure of Charlie Murray and George Sidney as those perennial bickering partners, Messrs. Kelly and Cohen. You have seen them in New York, Paris and Atlantic City, meeting all sorts of tribulations, blonde, brunette and financial. Here they try to corner the Scotch plaid market in Scotland and thereby make a fortune. They aren't working together, however, but are bucking the tight little country independently. Of course, they come to comic grief. The comedy is of the hokum variety and Murray and Sidney provide the laughs.
The Famous Film Favorites tell all about their Adventures when they were Unknown

It seems the rule that the really big and lasting successes in pictures come from the ranks of extras and bit players. This has no reference to the stars who step from stage experience to the screen. That's another story.

The lack of a slow process of building up is a thing few stars can survive for very long. Hollywood is full of stories of stars made too soon, who declined rapidly for various reasons all attributable to the lack of extra and bit work.

Some stars are wise enough to see this; Clive Brook could have been starred in his native England but feared the result, as he did not feel himself sufficiently prepared for stardom. Time has shown his idea of building a career slowly and thoroughly was right. After bits and leads he has gained popularity on as sure a footing as there is in Hollywood.

Many stars who rose rapidly have only regret for their rapid rise. The usual state of affairs is that the newly made star begins to skid; and then if a successful career is to be rescued from the debris, the star has to begin all over again. The second rise, or comeback, is usually permanent, after the lessons that extra and bit work can teach have been willingly learned.

This is the story of Billie Dove. She was brought to Hollywood from the Follies, was given leading roles and starred almost at once. Three pictures, and she flopped rather badly. A couple of years of slow climbing and hard work and she gained her chance opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate." It was a bitter lesson to learn; but it paid Billie to forget her pride and learn it.

Gloria Swanson in her Keystone days, when she played with Bobby Vernon. Miss Swanson, however, did not have to wait long for screen stardom.

Can you imagine Colleen Moore swooning under the fiery embraces of John Barrymore; Norma Talmadge with her head in a camera cloth throughout the length of her appearance in a picture; Jack Gilbert playing Bill Hart's little brother; Lon Chaney being a cowboy; Janet Gaynor doing comedy in a bathing suit and Charley Farrell lugging Mary Pickford to her carriage? No, neither can I, but it's all the truth, s'help me. And furthermore they all seem very proud of these strange situations.

Colleen Moore played the city vamp who won Bobby Harron away from Mildred Harris in Fine Art's "The Bad Boy." Wilbur Higby is the irate elder in this scene.

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WHEN THE STARS WERE EXTRAS

By ROSALIND SHAFFER

One is bound to wonder when one hears stars recount their experiences as extras and bit players, how directors passed them up for so long. Alberta Vaughn, in her starring days at FBO was one day honored by the fact that Charley Farrell and Janet Gaynor worked as extras on her set. An assistant director got un-bearably rude with his remarks to Charley and Janet and the other extras but, when Charley began to boil, and was getting ready to push him in the nose, Alberta scolded him and told him he must not do such a thing, as the assistant was a brother of the man who was one of the owners of the company. Can you imagine any director overlooking the wistful Janet, and bawling out the good-natured Farrell boy?

In “Rosita” with Mary Pickford, Charley had to carry Most of the girls who played models in Leatrice Joy’s “The Dressmaker From Paris” attained subsequent screen success. Top row, left to right: Olive Borden, Majel Coleman, Jocelyn Lee. Middle row: Thais Valdemar, Sally Rand, Clara Morris, Cecille Evans, Yola D’Avril, Elta Lee and Adalyn Mayer. Lower row: Sally Long, Eugenie Gilbert, Miss Joy, Cristina Monti, and Dorothy Seastrom.
Mob Scenes Have Been the Training Schools

Adolphe Menjou had a long and trying time struggling to gain screen notice. Above, Mr. Menjou in a minor rôle in "Clarence," starring the late Wallie Reid. Agnes Ayres was leading woman. That was in 1922.

Mary to her carriage in a short scene; he was so nervous that he broke into a perspiration which was so profuse that Miss Pickford noticed it and asked him if he felt all right. At a dinner party at Charley's recently, Mary reminded him of the incident jokingly.

In "The Ten Commandments" Charley was the bugler who started all the parades (and there were plenty), and in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" Charley helped hold up some of the Gothic arches in the street scenes. There were bits in "The Leather Pushers" with Reginald Denny and in "The Sea Hawk" with Milton Sills. Comedy at Sennett's was a flop because Charley could not do the "take it big" and the "double takeup" bits of comedy business indispensable to a comedy rôle. Rin-Tin-Tin got the billing and the electric lights when Charley worked in a picture with him. Madge Bellamy was doing "Sandy" at this time, and Charley got the rôle of "Timmy," which, in turn, got him a Fox contract. He was loaned by Fox to Paramount to appear in "Old Ironsides" and "The Rough Riders.

Charley says, "I believe two years is the limit that a person should work as an extra; after that the danger is of becoming shopworn, so that nobody wants you. One year's experience is not enough; over two is too much. I believe the most important thing to help one get ahead in pictures is the way one conducts oneself. Extra and bit work is good for the head; it won't swell after all the kicks you get as a small timer. A knowledge of human nature is another thing extra work gets for you if you are smart enough to take it. Boys who get the breaks quickly because of being good-looking and wearing snappy clothes well, usually have to begin all over again; conceit makes them flop at first."

Janet Gaynor knocked about doing extra work, ranging from comedy bits at Roach's to Westerns at Universal, and was getting ready to starve to death when she took the test for Ann Burger in "The Johnstown Flood" at the Fox studio. "I was certainly a sight in those days at Roach's," says Janet.

"They gave me bathing-suit rôles mostly, because I had no other wardrobe, I guess." She laughed. "I was no hit, because I wasn't a beauty and I wasn't snappy looking. I just didn't fit." She mused a moment. "I think extra work and small parts taught me how important it was for me to work hard, harder than other girls that were more in demand than I was."

Colleen Moore has had a long enough and a great enough success to make her opinion on this matter of bits and extra work worth considering. Her experiences are graphic as the little star tells them. "I started in the old Chicago Essanay Company when H. B. Walthall and Nell Craig were the stars there. I did some extra work; my first bit was as a maid walking into the room with a tray. I was so nervous, three years ago George Bancroft was playing minor rôles. At the right in this scene from Mildred Davis's "Too Many Crooks." Lois Wilson is listening at the door.
of the Hollywood Motion Picture Favorites

I dropped the tray; I tripped because my skirt wrapped around my legs. It was awful. When my whole family came to see the picture, my mother, grandmother, my aunt and uncle, Walter Howey, had to stay for three shows before all of them saw me. I guess they must have blinked at the wrong time. Afterwards my aunt said, "Did you see Colleen walk across the stage? Why she's a genius." Later I worked at the Fine Arts studio in Hollywood, when Bobby Harron was making a picture with Mildred Harris as his country sweet-heart; I played the vamp and took him away from her.

The scene came "The Hoosier Romance" in which she played "Little Orphan Annie" with Eugenie Besserer and Tom Santschi. Colleen worked with many stars as leading lady before she got a solid foothold for herself; Charley Ray, in "The Busher" was supported by Jack Gilbert and Colleen; and the real plum is that Colleen played leading lady for John Barrymore in "The Lotus Eaters," a picture made in Florida.

Colleen says, "I think my best experience was at Christie's in comedies. In comedies you do everything; leading ladies just look pretty and stand about. Bit playing teaches you drama; you only have a few feet to put your stuff over in and you have to do it quickly and well."

NORMA TALMADGE, who classes among those who have had the longest popularity in films, was a rat-tailed shy and awkward extra girl at the old Vitagraph Brooklyn studio, if we can believe those who knew her at the time. Her first bit, after some amount of extra work, was to kiss a young man with both their heads under a camera cloth; a horse was to lift the cloth with his teeth; he had the same role, "The Four Footed Pest." When the cloth came off, Norma's head was turned with its back to the camera.

The first really important bit for Norma was with Maurice Costello in "The Tale of Two Cities." She rode to the gallows with Sidney Carton, played by Costello, and comforted him as he died. At this time, Rex Ingram and Antonio Moreno, destined to gain distinction later, were doing their bits around the lot.

"I developed a capacity for hard work in those days; that is my secret of success, if I have any," says Norma. Constance Talmadge, younger than Norma, did extra and bit work in her turn. She did not gain fame as quickly as Norma. It was at the old Fine Arts studio in Hollywood that Constance got her chance. Strangely enough, her appearance was not in the medium of comedy that was to be her later fame, but as the Mountain Girl in "Intolerance." Perhaps you can recall the perilous and hectic drive of the young girl in the open chariot, lashing the racing steeds in a mad flight.

Lillian Gish worked with her younger sister, Dorothy, for Biograph, and later with D. W. Griffith. Previous to this screen work as extra and in bits, she had done stage work from the age of six.

In the same studio at that time, Alma Rubens was making her first steps toward fame. Bessie Love, too, was getting a footing; Bill Hart used to borrow them all for his leading ladies, one after another. Bessie Love made her first hit in "The Aryan," with Bill Hart. Bessie, too, suffered from the ill effects of early stardom. Her career slumped and it was not finally re-established in a big way until the talkies gave her a chance in "The Broadway Melody."

ANOTHER Hart find was John Gilbert. He had played an extra in "Hell's Hinges," and Hart selected him against the late Tom Ince's wishes to play his younger brother in "The Apostle of Vengeance." Hart and Gilbert had to work in (Continued on page 98)
The French windows of Bebe Daniels' bedroom look out upon the Pacific, at Malibu Beach. Her private suite of rooms has a charming balcony, commanding a glorious and sweeping view of the ocean.

The furniture of Miss Daniels' bedroom is all beautiful hand-carved Circassian walnut of Italian period design. Besides the desk, shown at the left, there is a lowboy chest of drawers, tables and an antique wood box next to the fireplace.

At the right, the dressing table in the dressing-room adjoining. The windows of this room open upon the balcony. The mirrored bathroom, which adjoins, has a tub and floor of black and henna grained marble.
Bebe Daniels' bedroom is a singularly delightful and restful room. The walls are cream colored, the carpet is of rich garnet red velvet and the drapes are fashioned of matching red and gold brocade. Over the finely grained walnut bed is a gold-embroidered canopy, and at the foot of the bed is an ancient Italian cassone or wedding chest. A needle-point chair and green satin love seat are the only occasional pieces.

In a glass recess, made especially for them, Bebe keeps a choice collection of tiny cornelian, jade and Lalique glass ornaments. The cabinet is pictured at the left. Miss Daniels loves jade. A jade night lamp rests upon her night table, close by the bed.
She Talks in All Languages

SAN FRANCISCO had not done any more than rise from the ashes it had been reduced to by the fire of 1906 when a girl baby was born.

She was christened Barbara; her dad's name was Leonard.

Barbara had hardly learned to stay out from under the cable cars which climb San Francisco's hills when her family took her to Europe.

She came back four years ago and spoke broken English.

In the meantime she had attended schools in Switzerland, Rome, Berlin, Paris. She learned French, Italian, Spanish and German as a child. She heard but little English spoken.

After she returned the struggle was great for her to get back into the swing of her native speech.

But the trouble is all being paid for.

Hal Roach is directing a picture for M.-G.-M. called "Monsieur le Fox." It will, naturally, be made with an English version. But producers are beginning to take notice of 95,000,000 people in the Spanish-speaking countries who have suddenly become great talkie fans.

M.-G.-M. decided to make "Monsieur le Fox" in five languages. The stunt then was to find a cast.

Roach had about decided to shoot the picture with a different cast for each version when he discovered little Miss Barbara Leonard. She spoke fluently every language he was looking for.

The camera will be set up for a certain scene. Barbara Leonard and Gilbert Roland will do the scene in English and Spanish. Then Gilbert will walk off the set and out will come Andre Luguet, who will do it in French with her. He exits. On will come Jean de Briac, who will do his stuff in German and Italian.

Four leading men for one part and one little girl. They should keep her busy.

The talkies have brought fame to Barbara Leonard. For she speaks five languages fluently.
The famous serial star is returning to the screen. Between motion pictures and real estate investments in and about Los Angeles, Ruth Roland has acquired a fortune. But she is coming back, to prove that she is just as good in the talkies as she used to be on the silent screen. The return film is "Reno," based on the story by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.
Marguerite Clark, at the left, in one of her most popular comedies, "Bab's Matinée Idol." The date was 1917. In The New Movie last month you were told of Marguerite Clark as she is today, retired from pictures and stage—and happy. Miss Clark's Bab comedies were highly popular. Among other things, they introduced Dick Barthelmeess to film prominence.

Back in 1917 Mary Pickford made "The Little Princess" for Artcraft. It was decidedly popular. America, in those days, was satisfied to have its national sweetheart in curls and pouts. Today, apparently, it wants a sophisticated talkie Mary. In this scene is Zazu Pitts in one of her first prominent roles.

Alice Joyce is just as lovely today as she was in 1917 when she made "The Fettered Woman" for Triangle. Doubtless you saw Miss Joyce in the recent John McCormack and George Arliss successes. In both films she gave splendid performances. Her screen work thirteen years ago was just as satisfying.
Many motion picture fans think that Basil Rathbone is a celluloid newcomer. He isn’t. Back in 1925 he was playing opposite Mae Murray in Metro-Goldwyn’s “The Masked Bride.” And doing very well, too. Note him above with Miss Murray. At the left: Elsie Ferguson, who was at the height of screen popularity in 1917, scored one of her successes in “The Rise of Jennie Cushing.” In the scene at the left Elliott Dexter is playing opposite Miss Ferguson.

J. Stuart Blackton, one of the pioneer movie directors, but now a businessman in Los Angeles, made “The Judgment House” in 1917 for Paramount. In the scene from “The Judgment House” at the right Wilfred Lucas, a Griffith veteran, and Violet Heming are seen in the leading roles.
The orchidaceous Corinne Griffith dwells at Malibu in the plain but comfortable house shown at the left. At the moment this picture was made the house had not been completed inside.

On another page of this issue you read of B. P. Schulberg, the movie magnate of Paramount, who almost fired Jean Arthur. At the right you see the private Malibu tennis court of Mr. Schulberg, where he plots big movie plans between trimming tennis opponents. Several of the famous stars have their private courts at Malibu, too.

The attractive little house at the left belongs to Anna Q. Nilsson, who has been off the screen for many months owing to an injury sustained when she was thrown from a horse. Here Miss Nilsson is going to do her best to win back her health this summer.
Presenting Jane Harding Bannister with her mamma, Ann Harding, the stage star who has just scored a hit in the talkies. Little Jane is fourteen months old and she is looking forward to trying the talkies herself. Papa is Harry Bannister, the actor. Fans saw Miss Harding and her husband play opposite each other in Pathe's "Her Private Affair."
the cold, under a lashing artificial studio rain. Hart says, in his book on his own life, "In the story, the younger brother was a regular fire-eater, and my much maligned choice for the rôle was thin almost to the point of emaciation, and being fully conscious of his shaking-to-pieces condition he was frightened to death that he would lose the part. He was also actually shedding tears from the cold. It was really brutal. I went to him and said, 'Look here, lad, we've got to go through with this, and we're going to do it. So just lock your teeth and let's go; and remember, you're making good and that no one is going to do anything to hurt you or take the part away from you.' We got our stuff, but it was bitter work. I still shiver when I think of it. The picture was a success; the young actor made a hit. His name was John Gilbert."

"The Cold Deck," Hart's last picture on the Triangle program, had in it Alma Rubens and Sylvia Breamer. In a tiny bit, Mildred Harris, then a child, drew $5 a day and made her first hit.

The opening of Lon Chaney's long screen career saw him as a cowboy. A bit in "Hell Morgan's Girl" gave him his first screen credit in 1913. Chaney played for some time as one of the cowboys at Universal. He got his first bit playing opposite Bill Hart in a scene where the two played rival Western gunmen. The picture was at Lasky's, and was called "Riddle Gawne." That was in 1918. Another Lasky picture in which Chaney played was "Treasure Island." He played both Merry and Pew, merry pirate bits. Shirley Mason was the star, and played the boy hero, Jim Hawkins. Chaney played with Jack Holt and Seena Owen in "Victory" in 1919. His rôle as a cripple in "The Miracle Man" (later in 1919) gave Chaney opportunity for the first of his weird human characterizations.

Norma Shearer worked in small rôles at Eastern studios. D. W. Griffith considered her for rôles at that time—and turned her down.

Ramon Novarro appeared in small bits in which he could exhibit his skill at dancing. As a member of the Marion Morgan troupe of dancers he worked about the studios, sometimes as an extra also. Ferdinand Pinney Earle discovered Novarro and placed him in "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," but as the picture was not released, due to litigation, till long after Novarro had won his big successes it did not help him with the public. It did bring Novarro to the attention of Rex Ingram, who used him in "The Prisoner of Zenda" as Rupert. Novarro had to grow a beard to prove to Ingram that he was old enough to play the rôle.

JOAN CRAWFORD, although coming from the stage in musical work, did not push forward to immediate and disastrous success. Her first bit was in a Jackie Coogan picture, "Old Clothes." Her later success has certainly justified the slow rise and careful training of her days as extra and bit player. Joan says, "I do not think there is any one rule for success that will apply to everyone. I think some people are capable of a more rapid success, that will be lasting, than others. For myself, I have had reason to be glad of my hard knocks, disappointments and experience as an extra and bit worker."

(Continued on page 131)
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<td>Ray Enright</td>
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<td>Lotti Loder</td>
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FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

By ANN BOYD

FROM the many letters that I receive every month, I am impressed with the fact that minor personal defects are more annoying to most women than actual physical handicaps. Young girls, especially, worry over such small blemishes as freckles, large hands, ears that refuse to lie close to the head or teeth that are out of alignment. These trifles which are usually overlooked and forgotten by their friends sometimes make sensitive girls wretchedly self-conscious.

The movie stars, too, often are annoyed by these small blows to their vanity. The late Rudolph Valentino tried every known method of make-up to conceal the fact that his ears were too large for his head and were too prominent for perfect contour. Several young actresses have resorted to plastic surgery to shorten their noses, although I doubt if the general public ever knew the difference. One star spent years trying to hide her freckles under make-up, only to discover finally that her freckles lent piquancy to her beauty. And you would be surprised at the number of men stars who are sensitive over the fact that they lack several inches of the correct and manly six feet.

The only sensible way to regard such small defects that cannot safely be remedied is either to ignore them or make the most of them. For instance, the short girl cannot add a half inch to her height; such things are determined by heredity. By wearing dresses with long lines and by choosing hats that keep away from that flat look, she can successfully avoid a dumpy appearance. Although some men players on the stage and screen occasionally wear shoes that are built up to give them an extra inch or so, extremely high heels are not to be recommended for constant use by short women. Usually the only effect of such heels is to throw the body out of balance.

Many women who have bow-legs write and ask my advice on corrective surgery. Girls are actually so sensitive about their legs that they are willing to have them broken and reset in order to achieve straight limbs. This operation is talked about much more frequently than it is performed—thank goodness. It is dangerous, painful and more than a little ridiculous. Bow-legs may be prevented, if you are young enough, but they cannot be cured. Mothers (Continued on page 127)

Upper left and right: Fay Wray demonstrates the old and the new standing posture. Careless grace is now the goal in standing or sitting. It is no longer considered unladylike to stand with hands on hips or feet slightly parted, if the posture is unstudied. At the right, the correct and conservative "mutton sleeve" era pose.

At the left, Fay Wray demonstrates the old and new in sitting poses. You can now sit as you stand, comfortably and easily. You can cross your knees with impunity, provided you appear chic and graceful. Just adjoining, Miss Wray shows how grandma was taught to sit, feet flat on floor.
The First Act
On The Spring Program

The first important act of Spring house-cleaning is to provide yourself with extra help—which means providing yourself with Fels-Naptha Soap.

For Fels-Naptha brings extra help—the extra help of two brisk cleaners, soap and naptha, working together. The soap is unusually good soap. And blended with it is plenty of naptha. You can smell it! Beneath the gentle urging of these two cleaners, painted woodwork regains the freshness it had when new. Spots vanish from rugs. Enamel and tiling lose their winter’s coat of dinginess. The whole house takes on the bright sparkle of Spring.

So make sure you use Fels-Naptha for your house-cleaning. And be doubly sure to use it for Fels-Naptha’s biggest job—the family wash. It washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing. And you can wash any way you please. You can boil your clothes, or soak them, if you prefer; you can use washing machine or tub. It’s the nature of soap to wash best in hot water—and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

Fels-Naptha gives extra help in another way—it keeps your hands nice. For the unusually good soap and plentiful naptha, working hand-in-hand, get clothes clean so quickly that you don’t have to keep your hands in water so long.

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars today—or better still, ask for the convenient 10-bar carton. Then you’ll have extra help aplenty in your house-cleaning!

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just decided to try its extra help, we’d like to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) as you need them. The chipper will be sent, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

Name
Street
City
State
01/05/1930, Fels & Co.
This background isn't studio make-believe. It's the real thing—the Patio of the Fountains at the famous Mission Inn, Riverside, California. And Miss Young, who was called one of the ten most beautiful girls on the screen by Herb Howe last month, is dressed in appropriate Spanish style.
YOU WILL ENJOY BAKING WITH THESE HANDY CUPS

No pans to grease or wash... no burned or broken cakes... The way the modern bakery turns out its perfect little cakes, muffins, pastries. Everything you bake in a Crinkle Cup comes out perfect in shape... stays fresh longer, too, if kept in the cup until served. Try baking this modern, easy, economical way.

Picnicking days are just ahead. Bake the cakes in Crinkle Cups. They’ll travel any distance in the lunch hamper and come forth fresh and whole.

USE CRINKLE CUPS TO MAKE DELICIOUS LITTLE CAKES WITH THIS TESTED RECIPE FOR WHIPPED CREAM CAKE

1 cupful sweet cream
3 egg-whites
1/2 teaspoonful salt
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder

1/2 cupful sugar
2 cupfuls pastry flour
3/4 cupful water
1 teaspoon vanilla

Whip cream until stiff; beat egg-whites stiff and mix them together lightly. Add the water and vanilla. Then add a little at a time the dry ingredients which have been sifted together twice. Bake in Crinkle Cups at 375°F for thirty minutes.

You can buy Crinkle Cups at most Woolworth Stores. Or send the coupon below, with 10¢, and we will mail you your introductory package.

Oldmill Paper Products Corporation
Dept T S-30, Linden St., Cor. Prospect Ave.
Brooklyn, New York
Enclosed find 10¢ for which please send me, postpaid, a package of 100 Crinkle Cups.

Name: ..................................................
Address: ............................................
Alice White receives a visitor during the making of her newest First National film, "Sweet Mamma." The visitor is Nellie, the trained chimpanzee, who makes movie appearances now and then. Nellie, indeed, is practically the only Hollywood player who doesn't give a hang how her voice records. Moreover, she's sitting in the director's chair, which—in moviedom—is lese majesty.
One Starry Night

(Continued from page 43)

"Listen—dost hear music in the air?"
"Onondaga!" exclaimed Mule as a certain familiar song came caterwauling over a nearby transom.
"Probably some of the team having their end of the season bust," said Johnny.
"From the way they're sounding off they can't carry their liquor any better than they can carry the ball."
"If I were you I wouldn't speak about my team mates that way," grinned Johnny.
"My what?" bellowed Mule.
"Now listen—" Johnny stopped short at the door to Arabella's suite. "It wouldn't have done a bit of good to talk about your playing in the Rose Bowl three years ago. Most of the crowd weren't even in California then or couldn't remember back that far if they had been. The Onondaga players are the heroes of the evening, so I just let Arabella and her gang think you played on their team."
"Why you—"
"Aw, lay off, Mule. I just did the best I could for you. Arabella's got a great little party inside and they're all hopped up about meeting you. The guest of honor is Sylvia May, the little musical comedy star who's come here for the talkies. She's supposed to have the prettiest legs in the world and she says she needs a football player in her life. Will you consent to fill in the picture?"
"Why ask?" grinned Mule.

The glittering parlor of the hotel's most elaborate suite was filled with flowers, cigarette smoke and the suave possessors of names better known than royalty. Over it all, Arabella presided, gorgeous in a flowing gown of jeweled white chiffon. At a nod from Johnny, she greeted Mule with the gracious cordiality of one greeting the old friend of an old friend. Then she nodded towards one corner of the room.

There, indolently toying with a half emptied green crystal goblet, was a glory of sunburned girlhood, dressed in a backless sea-green frock from the uneven hem of which protruded what Mule instantly recognized as the incomparable legs.

Johnny took his friend over and performed the necessary introductions.

While Mule was still gazing wonderingly at Sylvia's little bronze hand sheltered in the sinewy depths of his huge paw, Johnny murmured:
"There's Arabella signaling for me. If you don't mind I'll leave you."
"You'd better!" warned Mule.

Downstairs for dancing. Upstairs for drinks. Down to the Crystal Room again. The evening was almost over before Mule encountered Johnny again in the upstairs corridor of the hotel.

Johnny, himself staggering slightly, hailed him.
"Hey Mule, how're you making out at the party?"
"Slickerino!"
"Meet all the celebrities you wanted to?"
"Did I? It's been one starry night! Wait till I get back to Omaha and tell 'em about Bill Haines and how Colleen Moore's got one brown eye and one blue and the way Charlie Chaplin talks hip-hop."

(Continued on page 109)

when the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—try this marvelous beauty bath

If you're compelled to come dashing home from the office or a shopping tour, and the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—swish half a package of Linit in your bath, bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and when dry, feel the exquisite smoothness of your skin.

One outstanding feature of the Linit Beauty Bath is that the results are immediate—no waiting.

Nor will you waste precious minutes "dusting" with powder, because after the Linit Beauty Bath there is a light, exceedingly fine "coating" of Linit left on the skin which eliminates "shine" from arms and neck and which harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Pure starch from corn is the basic ingredient of Linit and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, doctors who specialize in the treatment of the skin, regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

(Continued on page 109)
Joan Crawford has introduced a new fad in necklaces to Hollywood. This sports choker necklace is fashioned from the wood of a California redwood tree. The hand-carved figures, by Clifford Wight, represent a maiden sitting in meditation. On one side is a man with a sack of gold, on the other a youth with his heart in his hand. Gold or love? That's the message of the necklace.
The New Movie Magazine

One Starry Night

(Continued from page 107)

"And Sylvia?"

Mule pursed his lips in a long whistle. Then, when his breath was exhausted, blew an imaginary kiss into the air. "Brother, do you think it was fair to turn anything like that loose on a poor coal and ice man fresh from Omaha?"

"Well, from what I could see at my end of the table, you seemed to be giving a pretty good account of yourself."

"Just trying to uphold the honor of the old Alma Mat," grinned Mule.

"From what Arabella whispered in my ear, Sylvia's really a little gone on you," persisted Johnny.

Mule drew patterns with his left toe in the deep nap of the carpet. "She did ask me to join her gang after the dance and go to her Beverly Hills shack for a whirl at the swimming pool."

"You damned fool, why didn't you? It's not often Sylvia falls for anybody. Her first picture out here turned out a wow. She's got an awful lot of pull with the producers now. She could get you into pictures—she'd make you!"

"Make me? Yeah, I thought she had something like that on her mind. What're you bragging around here for anyway?"

"Looking for Arabella. She left the table about one o'clock and I'm getting sort of worried."

"Passed out somewhere?"

"No, she can't do any drinking tonight either. We've got to work tomorrow."

"Say, if you two haven't done any drinking I'm going out and strike a match on Niagara Falls!"

"Only champagne, Mule."

"Only champagne! The hardships of your movie swells will have me busting into tears. Well, where do you guess your sugar mamma melted to?"

"Probably visiting around somewhere."

But a search of the various parties proved fruitless andJohnny and Mule were just retracing their steps toward the suite to see if Arabella had passed them in the elevator, when Johnny suddenly paused. From a nearby doorway sounded the silver voice, so pure, so delicate, that its reproductive qualities over the microphone had raised Arabella's salary when so many other stars had had to take cuts.

"That's the Onondaga boys' suite!" exclaimed Johnny.

"Right the first time," grinned Mule. "Your torch has gone back to the kindergarten."

But Johnny had no answering smile in reply. He opened the door to the apartment and walked in. From the corridor Mule could see Arabella perched on a table, the center of an admiring group of seven or eight Onondagians, who were listening awe-struck to her description of the "dear old southern plantation" she had left to prove fruitful and Johnny had left to prove fruitless. Seeing Johnny she looked up with a captivating smile.

"Johnny, I want you to meet Mr. O'Brien. He's the Onondaga captain and the boys say he's sure to be All American after the marvelous game he played today."

The Onondaga boys mumbled approval of the prophecy and Mr. (Continued on page 111)

No wonder women now laugh at washday!

No scrubbing — no boiling — could washday be any easier?

All you need to do is soak everything in creamy Rinso suds. "Dirt and stains float right off," says Mrs. C. F. Van Kirk, of 2030 E. Ash St., Portland, Ore. — in one of the thousands of letters we receive from Rinso users. Clothes rinse bright and gleaming — whiter than ever.

And this way is so soft. In fact, clothes last longer because they're not boiled and scrubbed threadbare. Rinso spares the hands, too ... keeps them out of hot suds.

The only soap you need
Rinso is all you need on washday, even in hardest water. No bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Cup for cup, it goes twice as far as lightweight, puffed-up soaps.

Great in washers, too

Great in washing machines! The makers of 38 leading washers recommend Rinso. Get the BIG package. Use it in tub and washer ... in the dishpan ... and for all cleaning!

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—LEVER BROTHERS Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE FOLLOWING MONDAY

YOU WERE RIGHT, LOUISE! RINSO SOaks CLOTHES WHITER THAN THEY CAN BE SCRUBBED

I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT, FLO. RINSO IS GREAT FOR DISHES, TOO

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes

2 sizes
most women buy the large package

Rinso
The Granulated
Soap

YOU DO WHAT I TELL YOU, FLORENCE, AND YOU WON'T FEEL ALL TIRED OUT ON WASHDAY

ALL RIGHT. I'LL TRY IT LOUISE

FLORENCE, RINSO WASHES IN A day what it takes others a week!

Rinso Granulated is rich with active ingredients that are absorbed by the fabric the moment it is touched! Rinso's granulated form assures quick action, thorough cleaning. Rinso will do the laundry in a day what it takes others a week to do. Use Rinso for every washday.
Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 58)

only 10 cents—and such interesting articles by excellent well-known writers! The very fact that my favorite modern author, Jim Tully, writes for you, is alone sufficient to warrant that this magazine is actually, unexaggerating, very good.

 Rochael Edmonds, 1213 Wheeler Ave.

Ten Good Reasons

St. Louis, Mo.—The following is a list of reasons why I like the New Movie Magazine: 1. It's cover, especially the one of Janet Gaynor. 2. The excellent photographs and so many of them. 3. Gossip of the Studios. Such a lot of information in so few words. 4. The articles. Decidedly different. 5. The authors. You've cornered the best, it seems. 6. The motion picture guide, which makes our decisions. 7. Stars homes, photographs and information. We like to see how they live.

8. First aids to beauty. Plenty of valuable information in this department. 9. Dollar thoughts, a chance for so many to express their ideas and win a little money too. 10. The price of New Movie. Hazel Boardman McGovern, 2345 Michigan Avenue

A Few Cheers

Mckeesport Pa.—Hurrah for the new ten-cent-er. When its birth was first announced, I purchased a copy—mostly through curiosity. I thought I had to spend a quarter to get a good movie magazine. After reading the first issue of New Movie Magazine, I began to regret all the quarters I had spent for other movie books, and a feeling akin to regret that New Movie Magazine had not been published years earlier surged through me.

 Beatrice Buck, 1119 Mc Cleary St.

Local Picture Critic Writes

Greenville, Miss.—How does Herb Howe keep it up? Albert Reid's drawings are charming; hope he continues them. Jim Tully delightfully interesting. Your correspondent from Oklahoma might be informed that Thyrn Samter Winslow is a well-known writer who long since established her reputation as a novelist—with people who read anything but movie magazines. The only trouble with the New Movie is that there is such a demand we don't get our copy if we don't watch out. I am the local picture critic.

O. A. Williamson, Box 352

Wants Thirteen-Month Year

Seattle, Wash.—Since reading the first copies of The New Movie Magazine, I have become an ardent supporter of the (Continued on page 112)
One Starry Night
(Continued from page 109)

O'Brien himself consented to give an indifferent shake to Johnny's proffered hand.

But when Johnny hinted discreetly to Arabella that it was time they were leaving, she only pouted in her best manner, "I'm sorry, Johnny, but I just can't tear myself away from these darling college boys."

"But you know we've got to be on the set at eight-thirty tomorrow."

"You can be on the set, but I won't! I've promised to go to the beach with Mr. O'Brien—and, with a whispered warning, Johnny deftly lifted Arabella off the table, and before she could protest, eased her from the room. At the door he turned and bowed politely. "I'm awfully sorry, gentlemen, to take Miss O'D'Estang away from you——"

Mr. O'Brien lurched forward. "Aw, go stick your head in a bucket of greasepaint!"

For the first time since Johnny had entered the room, Mule's features broke into a broad grin. He took a defensive position immediately behind his friend, his great muscles swelling anticipatorily. But the action he expected did not ensue. Johnny, his lips pressed into a thin line, merely hastened Arabella down the corridor.

Mule followed gingerly. Though he walked a discreet twenty paces behind, he could still hear them quarreling. Arabella screaming that she had given up her career as an individual star, everything for Johnny. Johnny doggedly admitting that he knew she had done a lot for him, but wouldn't she please remember where they were. That they had to be on the set at eighty-thirty in the morning. They would have it all out when they got home.

"Home!" shrieked Arabella, who had been so lately the perfect southern lady. "We're not going home. I'm going out to Sylvia May's house and ask her to invite those nice college boys to come too, and as for you, you can——"

Just what procedure Arabella was suggesting for Johnny was drowned out by the arrival of the elevator. It touched at their floor, full of gay couples and couples whose gayety was already on the wane. Arabella flitted in, swishing her chiffon skirts defiantly. There was just time for a look, angry from Arabella, sullen and unresponsive from Johnny. Then the car shot out of sight.

The two friends stared at each other awkwardly. Then a strange glint came into Mule's steel-gray eyes. He uttered a short laugh that was more than an alcoholic.

"Well," said Johnny sourly. "I don't see what you've found to laugh at."

"Forget it," cried Mule. "I'm not laughing at what has happened, but what may happen. Listen, kid. I've got the beginning of what might turn out to be one swell idea."

"Spill it," said Johnny.

"Well, I've got sort of a suspicion something ought to happen to that Ondordat bunch."

"Their mothers should have drowned 'em before they had a chance to grow up."

"In a bucket of greasepaint?" asked Mule.

(Continued on page 113)
Another of those big spectacular song-and-dance ensembles coming from Hollywood. It is "The Turn of a Fan" number from the Metro-Goldwin review, "The March of Time." In the immediate foreground (on the steps) are the Dodge Sisters.

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 110)

Admires Home Town Stories

Oak Park, Illinois—
Your plan of writing the history of stars, from their childhood and life in the old home town to their experiences in Hollywood is indeed a splendid scheme and most interesting.

H. G. Ellsworth,
240 So. Maple Ave.

From a Modern Girl

Texarkana, Arkansas—
I'm like most girls of today. I like motion pictures and I like the magazines about them. But formerly I had to buy two or three different magazines to obtain all of the information about the lives of the actors and the pictures that I wanted to know, but now I can get all I want to know in one magazine, and that magazine is the New Movie. Gentlemen, you have a reader for life!

Virginia M. Whalen,
2122 Hickory Street

Doesn't Like Chevalier

Grand Junction, Colo.—
Why do you hear so much raving over Maurice Chevalier? I fail to see the attraction. He is not even good-looking and as for his singing voice Lupino Lane left him in his dust. The Love Parade would have been a complete flop if it hadn't been bolstered up by the antics of Lupino Lane and Lillian Roth.

Pearl O'Moore,
864 Colorado Avenue

From a Sick-a-bed

St. Catherine's, Ont. Canada—
Someone just gave me a copy of the New Movie Magazine and believe me it's a peach, so much about all our favorites for only 10 cents. Movie books are the only means we sick-a-beds have of knowing what is going on in the movie world—so you can imagine what a boon a 10-cent magazine means to us who aren't overly blessed with money.

Emily Purton,
Sanatorium

More Stanlaws' Covers Coming

 Rumford, Maine—
Your covers are beautiful. Here's hoping you have many more Pennyh Stanlaws. I would like to see one of Jeanette MacDonald, Norma Talmadge and Clara Bow.

R. W. Russell,
6 Prospect Ave.
Johnny looked at him sharply. "What are you trying to do, get me mad?"

"Bright boy! Now look here, Johnny! You've given me the grandest blowout I've ever had, but there's still one thing lacking.

"What's that?"

"How did our jamborees at college usually wind up?"

"Going home—unless we happened to get in a fight."

"Bright boy! Say, remember that night in Benton Harbor after we'd lost out in the Big Ten Championship?"

"I'll bet there's one keeper of a Polish speaker won't ever forget it," grinned Johnny.

"Say if that Bozo had wrapped that chair around the front of your face instead of the back of your neck, you wouldn't be out here making pictures—"

"Forget pictures!" said Johnny.

"That's it! Don't you see now why Heaven sent Onondaga to these parts? How would it seem, Johnny—you and me fighting together again—and against Onondaga?"

"They've got it coming to them," mused Johnny.

"Primed for an ambush!" agreed Mule. "Can I have Mr. O'Brien?"

"Better leave him to me," growled Johnny, as he started up the corridor.

But when they had reached the door of the Onondaga suite, Mule stopped him.

"You just wait here a moment. 'Movie Star Busts Up Biltmore Hotel' wouldn't look so pretty in the papers."

"To hell with the papers," Johnny put his hand on the door knob.

"No, you don't!" cried Mule thrusting him aside. "I'm not going to be responsible for ruining the career of the only movie star Madison has ever produced. I'm going in first and turn out the lights. No one can recognize even a movie star in the dark."

The Onondaga boys had gone into a huddle to consider the possibility of crashing Arabella's Beverly Hills estate the next day, when Mule's long and powerful arm reached through the door and felt for the switch. Followed darkness. Followed a crushing impact against the chin of the unfortunate Mr. O'Brien. Then the sound-proof door closed with an irrevocable bang.

When the house detectives finally arrived, Johnny and Mule had already departed via the enclosed fire escape, and in the shadowy recesses of the Rolls town car were moving swiftly down the Biltmore's private driveway.

"Well," asked Johnny, "what did you think of it?"

"Slickerino," pronounced Mule, who was quite obviously missing a tooth. "But I thought we left a couple of 'em still conscious."

"That's right," sighed Johnny. "We could have done better with a little more light."

"Still," said Mule, "considering the handicap it was what I should call an enjoyable occasion."

"You're a grand guy, Mule!"

"You're no wash-out yourself, Johnny. And you would it be a majesty if I pulled out one of these dinky seats and rested my feet thereon?"

"I was thinking of doing the same (Continued on page 115)
The Case for Jack Gilbert

(Continued from page 26)

bored or when life seems a monotone in gray, they like to go to Jack’s house on the hill, because it won’t be gray there for sure. It may be black or scarlet or white, but it won’t be gray.

One reason that people don’t always get Jack is that he talks a lot and, like all emotional talkers, is often carried away with himself, or his subject.

Ramon Novarro, who is quiet and reserved to the nth degree, told me that one day Jack came into his suite at the Marguery in New York, and that he had never been so fascinated or so amazed at anyone in his life.

"The way he can talk," said Ramon. "The words. And imagine getting so excited and feeling so deeply about everything. It was very thrilling."

His despair and his delirium, his exuberance and his depression, are actually too intense. He suffers from them, from their violent changes and reactions. But perhaps that’s what makes him able to stir audiences.

I HAVE had people tell me that Jack reminds them in many ways of Enrico Caruso. It doesn’t sound illogical. If you like calm people, who are always the same, you wouldn’t care much for Jack Gilbert. If you like color and change, you would.

Naturally, a person like that is capable of ardent likes and dislikes.

Well, he didn’t like Jim Tully.

That, however, doesn’t argue him abnormal. There are others. I myself like Jim immensely. I like him and I admire his astounding ability with a typewriter. He is a super-sensitive and sentimental Irishman, whom life treated very badly in his early years. He developed a terrific hatred for life and a real inferiority complex. He took them out in fighting back, and naturally in fighting life his attacks were often directed against those human beings who represented something which he resented at that time. In his last great

(Continued on page 116)
thing myself,'" laughed Johnny. So, with their feet reposing on the imported velvet upholstery, the two friends surveyed each other even as Ulysses and Agamemnon might have done after the sack of Troy.

"Like old times," hazarded Johnny, "You and me riding back to the campus after one of our old pee-rades."

"Then we had to pay ten cents to ride in a street car and tonight we're being chauffeured in a Rolls."

"What's the difference? It's us being at those counts."

"You're right, Johnny. It seems to me on occasions like this I always slept the last few miles home."

"I'll beat you to it," said Johnny. So as the competent chauffeur threaded his way through the narrow downtown streets, bowed along broad Wilshire and finally cork-screwed his way up the perilous road that led to Johnny's mountainside villa, the two friends slept, oblivious and content.

When the car finally stopped at the porte cochere they woke, refreshed and sober. As they stepped out, Mule paused and drew in great drafts of the keen night air.

"Mind if I look around a bit?"

"Of course not. You see right over there behind the shrubbery is the Italian garden. The fountain is a genuine importation—cost thirty thousand, but it's the only one like it in California. On the second level is my swimming pool and tennis court. We'll have a whirl at both in the morning, and way down below—that red-tiled building—is my stable. I'm going in for polo in the spring."

"It's beautiful," said Mule sincerely. "It's marvelous. But it's not good enough for you, Johnny."

"Or for you either, Mule. It's damned foolishness to think of you going back to coal and ice in Omaha. Between Sylvia and Arabella and me, we'll get you into pictures. If you don't like acting, there's the business end. Plenty of money in that, too."

"Oh, lay off, Johnny! I'd look swell in pictures, I would. All I've done my first night is to get you into a fight and assist in a bust up between you and this here Arabella."

"Oh, don't worry about Arabella," said Johnny easily. "She'll call up in the morning and, after I've had her on the line for about half an hour, I'll consent to forgive her."

"Then what happened tonight won't make any difference?"

"Not a bit of it. We've had these things before—plenty of 'em. No—it won't make the least bit of difference."

"Tell I'm glad to hear that," said Mule with unaffected relief. "It's done me a lot of good to find you so happy and set out here. You see—well, one of the reasons I came was to tell you I'm the fellow Mary Winton's going to marry in the Spring."

"Mule!—You don't mean it—you and Mary?"

"Sure, now you see, don't you, why I ducked out on that Sylvia Mama? Why Johnny, what's the matter? You aren't sore are you? I thought that with Arabella and everything—"

"Sore, of course, I'm not sore. You and Mary—it's the greatest thing I ever heard of in all my life! I want the whole story from you in the morning. Here comes Kito now to take you to your room."

"'Night, Johnny. Great to have seen you."

"Kito led Mule through the carved, arched doorway, but Johnny remained behind. For a moment he stood stride against the marble balustrade of his terrace, looking down on his possessions. Below him lay his landscaped gardens, his tennis courts, his swimming pool and polo stables. Beyond that the "million dollar view"—dark slope of hill, dipping down to a twinkling plain of lights that stretched interminably to the sea. Beyond that the misty vastness of the Pacific itself. Beyond that—nothing!"
In this issue The New Movie Magazine presents its first fiction offering...a sparkling new romance in a Hollywood setting.

Thus is added one more feature to a magazine already renowned for its varied interest.

Agnes Christine Johnston has helped this new department off to a fine start with her vivid story...One Starry Night.

Much fine fiction entertainment is in store for our readers.

Guessed who this is? Ramon Novarro, no less. Playing the original clown, with a breaking heart, too. In other words, Mr. Novarro does Pagliacci in an opera sequence of his new picture, "The Singer of Seville."

The Case for Jack Gilbert

(Continued from page 114)

book, "Shadows of Men," the wisdom of maturity shows through, the wisdom which tells you that sort of thing is a waste of energy and may be tinged with injustice, and his work has gained so that he may be justly called Jack London's successor in American literature.

He had, some time ago, said things about Mr. Gilbert which Mr. Gilbert resented as too personal.

Silly, of course. We all told Jack it was silly. There is nothing to do with a thing like that except ignore it. Ignoring things is a great weapon and a great defense.

But not one likely to be in the equipment of a firebrand like Jack Gilbert.

And anyway, those things do hurt.

So one night when Mr. Gilbert and his wife dropped into the Brown Derby for a little supper and found Mr. Tully drinking a cup of coffee, Jack lost his head and his temper and called Mr. Tully to account. It's been done before.

Now, Jim Tully looks like an army tank going into action. Personally, I would as soon think of attacking a gorilla. Moreover, those who saw Mr. Tully during his career in the prize ring claim for him some measure of skill in the manly art of scrambling ears. But Jack had the courage of his convictions and a fair amount of boxing skill. The boast was brief, chiefly because Mr. Tully, seeing the light of battle in Jack's eyes, started slingin' punches before Jack had finished deliverin' his ultimatum.

That, upon my word, is all there was to the famous battle of Hollywood. Both the boys have been sorry since. Jim Tully almost wept about the thing. Jack knows now that the time of dueling is over, though I am sure he wishes it wasn't. They have shaken hands and called it a day.
There has been also, it seems to me, a woolly and slightly childish tendency upon the part of our comedians. Gilbert, in particular, with the parts he has to portray on the screen. Jack hasn't much more to do with the parts he has to play than the case he tends. If a doctor happens to perform a successful operation on an appendix, he is very apt to find before long that he is a specialist in appendix removal.

Jack happened to make a big hit in a part which he played the impassioned lover in a story by Elinor Glyn. He needed the job and he thought he was fortunate to get it. Like many an Elinor Glyn before it—or if you prefer—there were some love scenes. In fact "His Hour" was spent almost entirely in impassioned love scenes.

Now, as mentioned before, Jack was an actor—and a good one. Moreover, if you think for a moment, you will become convinced that almost every man knows the general gestures and ordinary mechanics of love scenes as impassioned as these. They are the same in nearly every language and have been indulged in by the vast majority of males.

And, while husbands tell less than the truth, most of it up to the time they met their present wives was all just acting anyhow.

St. Jack called upon his histrionic ability and his past experience—probably little different from that of any other young gent in his late twenties—and did it very well. Unfortunately, like the appendicitis operation, it was successful and Jack became a specialist—and has remained a specialist much against his will for some time in New York. The things Jack really loves to do are the swashbuckling parts—I will bet a million that if he could buy "The Three Musketeers" right now from Fairbanks he would rather play D'Artagnan than anything else in the world.

The advent of Garbo and their co-starring parts, cinched him into what have been called "great lover" parts. June was his lady. Perhaps I have been fortunate, but I didn't see anything so different about Jack's love-making to the variety that many of the world's native ladies are subjected to in love affairs and in marriage. Perhaps Jack's technique was better, but you must remember that he had rehearsals.

And to assume that Mr. John Gilbert goes around making impassioned love to every woman he meets is silly. Jack admires beautiful women. I have yet to find a man who doesn't. He likes interesting women. But to call Jack a sheik or anything like that, off the screen, or good at it on the screen, is absurd. One of the most popular for the role a lot of people want to wish on Jack Gilbert is a gray-haired director whose face hasn't been seen on the screen for years.

Jack has had love affairs. Most men have. Jack's have been spotlighted. Love over the years has known more men than any other male of the species.

About three years ago—during the time that Jack was devoted to Garbo, and again that doesn't seem unusual since millions of people react to her screen presence with ardor—I had a long talk with Jack. He was blue and a trifle discouraged. He spoke rather beautifully of what a happy marriage must mean to a man, a marriage in which two people were mentally mated. There was something very gentle and a little lonely about his talk that day and I wondered if the strange and wonderful Garbo was giving him a bad time. A man doesn't, in the majority of cases, choose the woman with whom he falls in love. Life would indeed be much simpler if he could.

That yearning which had been his for some time is the answer to Jack's swift courtship and sudden marriage to Ina Claire. He told me soon after they were married that he had found the nicest grown-up person he had ever known and that he intended to keep her if he could.

But marriages founded upon three week's acquaintance need considerable adjustment. The getting acquainted, which usually occupies a period before the actual ceremony, must take place afterwards. Both Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire were mature people, pretty well set in their ways of life, both used to being the center of the establishment. Perhaps both had been a trifle spoiled. It doesn't seem amazing, therefore, if they took a bit of time to work things out. Surely, it was their business if they wished to live in separate houses for a time. Fannie Hurst and her husband have done that successfully for years.

At this writing Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert have been living together in Jack's house, although Ina Claire is now in New York. They were together at the Lowell-Sherman wedding and at Pickfair the other evening and seemed happy and devoted. When his wife started for New York, Jack saw her off. I still believe that marriage will survive—which is all any marriage ever does.

The much discussed episode in Europe seems to me natural enough. I mean, even happy married folks do have a spat now and then. Maybe you've seen them yourself. They don't mean much—unless you happen to be a member of the love affairs and quarrel paddle. News writers have a headline, so expect a lot of people are glad they can disagree at a party without finding it broadcast over two continents.

At times, Jack has earned a lot of money. His salary is enormous. He took the same dump in the stock market as a lot of people did. In this country, the fortune he has amassed isn't anything remarkable. I know quite ordinary people who bought frontage in Hollywood Boulevard who made more just by letting it sit there. And I am still not able to believe that the possession of money renders one immune to every other ill.

It seems to me that Jack Gilbert at this moment is in the spot of the man who was asked, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" Whether he says yes or no, he's still wrong.

But I also believe that he'll weather this, with the help of a few loyal friends and a very large loyal public. While he doesn't talk about it, I know from his friends and his business associates that he intends to make the supreme effort of his life in his next pictures. They ought to be good. And if they are—that's all that matters.

Now ten cents buys precious beauty

EVEN those discriminating women who buy without considering the cost have wisely selected Heather Rouge as a part of the perfect make-up. This rouge is so absolutely pure it will not harm the skin. Its texture is fine. The glorious bloom it brings to the skin is exactly the tone desired, for the shades of Heather Rouge never vary.

If you want the lovliest complexion select the tint of Heather Rouge that flatters your type of beauty, and use it faithfully. Sold by all 5 and 10-cent stores. Popular for 25 years.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure

HEATHER Rouge

10c natural everywhere

(15c in Canada)

Other Heather Products of fine quality and low prices: Lip Stick ... Concealer, a mascara ... Eyebrow Pencil ... Eye Shadow ... Powder Compacts ... Powders.
Is that Jack or Lionel Barrymore at the left? No, you're wrong. It's Eddie Nugent doing an impersonation. At the right, Eddie as himself.

They Do Their Bit

(Continued from page 49)

screen, or an eagle screaming, or a donkey braying, or a bee buzzing, or a giraffe—what do you call the sort of noise a giraffe makes?—squealing, perhaps, the chances are a good many to one that you're imagining things.

Because horses and roosters and frogs and crickets and other animals and fruits and insects used in motion pictures cannot be depended upon to do their vocal stuff at the right moment and with the proper amount of dramatic emphasis, their "voices" are often doubled. And that's just where the count fits into the talking picture.

USING only his vocal chords, he can produce any sound, from the song of a love-sick mosquito to the rumble of an earthquake. The sea waves you heard in "Condemned," the hurricane, the swamp noises, the frogs, goats, parrots, monkeys and the rest of the sounds—can all be checked up to Count Cutelli. He also sang the dog's serenade in Maurice Chevalier's "The Love Parade."

He has just been signed to double the "voices" of animated cartoon characters. He also is a soloist on the Italian luther, but this is one noise which, so far, no director has permitted him to produce on a set.

Gaetano Mazzaglia, to use his family name, is a real Italian count whose ancestors began serving the Italian crown seven hundred years ago.

JOYZELLE, French-Spanish daughter of a Louisiana plantation owner, has specialized in dancing-acting roles. Joyzelle Joynier—she never uses her full name—was nine before she saw a train. At thirteen she was living at Pensacola and thrilling audiences with 100-foot dives. She learned to dance to the tune of her father's violin on the plantation. She has never had a dancing lesson.

Jack Ryan has specialized in "copic" parts. He estimates that he has played at least 1500 police officer roles during his screen career, which dates from the time he was discharged from the Fourth Division, 127th Aero Squadron, at the close of the war. Previous to the war he spent fourteen years on the New York police force. Fred Kelsey is another noted screen policeman.

ALLEN D. SEWELL has arrested enough screen crooks to fill twenty-five state penitentiaries. Punishment of law-breakers, fictional or otherwise, comes naturally to Sewell who is a direct descendant of Samuel Sewell, stern first chief justice of Massachusetts.

Risking his life to provide thrills for jaded motion picture theater goers is J. Gordon Carveth's specialty. He has done his share of airplane, automobile and motorcycle stunts, but possibly the most thrilling scene he played before a camera occurred when he and Ray "Red" Thompson attempted to take a boat down the upper rapids of the Abercrombie Canyon on the Copper River in Alaska during the filming of "The Trail of '98." Thompson lost his life and Carveth was swept overboard but lived to tell the tale.

In "Very Confidential" he paddled a canoe on Lake Arrowhead directly across the path of a speedboat traveling 40 miles an hour. He is the only man who has paddled a canoe down the Feather River Rapids and lived to mention it. He has done it twice and is willing to do it again—for $1,000.

The ranks of these particular specialists in Hollywood comprise a select few.

Mrs. Louis Emmons has been playing old hags and witches, and nothing else,
ONE of Hollywood's outstanding specialists, and finest characters, is "Pardner" Jones, who admits only upon close questioning that back in Arizona years and years ago he was christened Edgar. Pardner is recognized generally as the best marksman in the business with a .44 Winchester.

This mild, steady nerves son of the plains is the one rifleman whom stars and extras alike will permit to plunk holes through their hats and buttons from their vests before the camera. Pardner gave up his cattle ranch in the Salt River Valley of Arizona fourteen years ago to enter pictures. He did the "close" shooting attributed to Ernest Torrence and Tally Marshall in "The Covered Wagon."

One of the highest ranking specialists is Mrs. Hilda Grenier, technical adviser on matters pertaining to European royalty. Her intimate knowledge of court life, and of what queens talk about while they're powdering their noses, was gained through five years of close personal attendance upon the present Queen of England. She also spent five years with the late Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, eldest sister of the Kaiser.

One Hollywood specialist has gone on strike. He is Frank Dunn, stage actor who has sickened of playing nothing but butter roles during his five years in the film city. "No more butter parts for me," he says. "I've announced, 'Madam dinner is served', for the last time." Edgar Norton is another and even better known butter specialist.

RESEMBLANCE to George V. of England naturally has thrown George Herbert Van Dyke into the position of one of the screen's most prominent diplomats. No really distinguished gathering of screen statesmen is complete without Van Dyke.

Listed in the Standard Casting Directory is Dick McQueen, hustling young 10-year-old talking parrot, who also sings grand opera. His advertisement states he has been fourteen years before the public.

Mrs. Ulysses Grant McQueen bought Dick when he was a few months old. His vocabulary includes 400 words, all of which can be used in polite society. According to Mrs. McQueen, Dick, who has never been ill in his life, probably will live to the ripe old age of 165 years.

BECAUSE of his extensive French wardrobe, his French speech and mannerisms, and the most beautiful set of whiskers this side of Paris, no French scene is complete without August Tollaire. This little ex-college professor plays nothing but excitable Frenchmen. And although it has nothing whatever to do with the story it should be recorded here that he gives those whiskers a milk bath every Sunday morning.

Ben Hall has found few rivals in his successful quest for sympathetic young hoocher parts.

Emory D. Emory and Chester Morton are the human skeletons.

William Parmalee is always called upon when a "bearded woman" is needed in a picture.

Jack Hoeffler specializes as a boom-erang thrower, while Henry Lacey is paged whenever a beladora thrower is wanted.

John Impolito and Sam Angus are among Hollywood's leading gondoliers.

Steve Clentos specializes as a knife.

(Continued on page 120)

TIME TO GO- but still time to use Mum

Those times when you must be ready in a jiffy! Just time to slip on your dress. Not a moment more to spare—yet you must not chance perspiration offense.

Then's when you're most grateful for Mum!

In no more time than it takes to powder your nose, your underarm toilet is made with Mum. One dab of snowy cream under each arm and you're safe. Slip into your dress, and step forth—with assurance. For Mum doesn't have to dry. It is soothing—not irritating—to the skin. And just as harmless to the daintiest fabric; Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy.

This likable and usable deodorant has removed the last excuse for offending. It offers you permanent protection, for its daily use can do, no harm.

Mum does not arrest the action of the pores, or interfere in any way with their normal, necessary work. It just neutralizes the odor completely.

Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a dainty habit, morning and night. Many women carry it in the purse, to be ready for any emergency. Spreading a little Mum on the sanitary napkin makes one serenely safe from offense. Mum Mfg. Co., N. Y.
They Do Their Bit

(Continued from page 119)

thower and, although he has buried shivering blades into panels alongside of the heads and arms of shivering stars for years, he hasn’t scratched one yet. Jacques Ray is Hollywood’s best fire eater, while Jack Knapp specializes in bow-legged cowboy parts.

Mrs. Ely Swickard gets occasional studio employment because of her ability as a spinner and weaver.

CHARLEY MEAKIN is the screen’s most prominent bartender. Five feet ten, weighing 200 pounds, slightly bald and blessed with that look of understanding so necessary to a bartender’s success, Meakin has been swabbing bars before the camera for many years. He has tried again and again to lead a better life on the screen but the directors would never permit it. Recently he was called to fill a bar-

tending job in a picture directed by the European, Dr. Berthold Viertel. Only as a matter of routine he was sent to Dr. Viertel for inspection before signing a contract.

"Fine," approved the director. "Exactly the man for that banker role. But where can we get a good type for the bartender?"

Al Copeland has never yet failed to make good his guarantee to set up and put into running order any studio lot a complete circus in less than 48 hours’ time. He erected a five-ring circus for Clara Bow’s "Dangerous Curves," complete from peanuts to elephants. He has supplied forty-one circuses to studios in the last ten years. Formerly general manager for Ringling Brothers, he has his own circus which he sends out each Spring from its winter quarters in Hollywood. He has a staff and company of 300 persons.

W H A T  P R I C E « C O M P A C T ! »

Here are the most amazing values imaginable. Thousands of women, during the last fifteen years, have learned to appreciate the superfine qualities of "Ash’s" and "Deere" brand cosmetics.

Just think, women who formerly paid as high as two dollars for a lipstick and even four and five dollars for a compact, now find pleasure and economy in using the clever "Ash’s" lipsticks and the equally clever and attractive Red and Green enamel powder and rouge compacts.

You too, may learn that it is utterly unnecessary to pay high prices in order to get fine cosmetics. Walk into any chain store and look for the famous Red and Green cases. There are lipsticks, cake powder compacts, stiffer compacts for your own loose powder, and eyebrow pencils. Every one is absolutely pure in content and you will surely delight in the modern colors and beautiful finish of the cases.

Just to be positive that you are getting "Ash’s" and "Deere" brand cosmetics, always look for the little buff-colored guarantee slip to be found in every compact, and the word "Ash’s" stamped on every lipstick.

Ranc-Ash products, in almost every conceivable type and in all price ranges are

For Sale at all Chain Stores

The REICH-ASH CORP.
307 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Probably the only existing photograph of John Boles with his wife. It was made when Mr. Boles came to New York recently with his wife, to attend the premiere of his picture, "Captain of the Guard."
We Have With Us Tonight
(Continued from page 55)

interviewers who come to see her chéri. The door man at the apartment house where Fifi lives says he is all wore out from opening and shutting the front door.

But there are a million men in Southern California willing to take his job.

LUPÉ VELEZ: In order to save our car fare, while we are down in Mexico, we’ll look around and see who else it here. And LUPE VELEZ herself! Well, say, that’s luck; it just knocks me for a loop.

She was born in San Luis Potosí, which is just a couple of jumps from Mexico City, and the date was July 18, 1904, and the name they sprinkled on her was Guadeloupe Velez Villalobos.

Her mother’s name was Velez, but when Lupe came to Hollywood she left off the Guad and the o out of the Loupe, and that’s how it all happened.

Her father was a colonel in the Mexican army and before Lupe had been taken off the bottle he had been through thirteen revolutions.

One evening her father came home all tuckerized out. “You poor darling,” said his wife, smoothing his worried brow. “You look so tired. What’s the matter?”

“I’m plumb wore out,” he answered. “I’ve been through four revolutions today and I expected only three.”

Leaving Mexico between revolutions, Lupe came to Hollywood.

Lupe was a dancer a while and then drifted into pictures, and now the poor little girl from San Luis Potosí has two cars and a Spanish home in Beverly Hills.

No, boys, she is not married, but don’t leave home yet. Don’t be hasty. There’s Dead-shot Gary Cooper. It looks serious between them. Gary, as all good fans know, is very fond of owls; he shoots them and stuffs them himself—and the first present that went into Lupe’s new house was a stuffed owl.

If you wish to take the chance, go ahead ... but remember we warned you. Be sure to have proper identification papers on the body.

CONRAD NAGEL: It’s been a long time since Iowa has been heard from, so let me look around for a minute ... ah! who’s that—CONRAD NAGEL—himself—the Pride of Keokuk.

Conrad arrived in Keokuk on the 16th day of March, 1897, both parents being home at the time. But Conrad cost practically nothing, as his Pa was a doctor.

Conrad lived quietly in Keokuk, visiting with his mother and going out only when she went out.

He went to school in Keokuk, finally got his High School diploma and started out to bring the world to its knees, and finally the Pride of Keokuk had to take a job laying bricks. He continued to lay bricks and orate, the latter being something that was growing on him in spite of the best medical attention they could get. Sometimes when he was laying bricks he would pause with a brick in each hand and recite “Over the Hills to the Poor House.” No one ever laughed at him. If anybody had, he would have been a fool.

At last he saved up some money and packing the family suitcase he went to Des Moines to college. He was the best college orator on the campus, so don’t ever make fun of college orators again, either.

After that he went out with a Chautauqua bureau and traveled over Iowa reciting pieces. People paid money to hear him. It shows what living in Iowa will do to you.

From being a Chautauqua reciter, he gave a jump and landed in vaudeville, and then the first thing Iowa knew he was on Broadway in a regular stage play.

Now comes the sad part, girls. Ruth Helms beat you to it. They live at 715 North Palm Drive, Hollywood, and are as happy as half a dozen turtle doves.

His hobby is yachting and he’s never happier than when walking up and down the deck of his yacht with a pair of binoculars over his shoulders. It just shows what a good bricklayer can accomplish.

Now stand up, Conrad Nagel, and defend yourself.

The Foremost Writers of the Screen
Contribute Every Month to
THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

Adela Rogers St. Johns
Jim Tully
Homer Croy
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Grace Kingsley

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For Every Shoe at 10¢

Use ColorShine Neutral Creme for all light-colored shoes. It cleans and polishes without changing the original shade.

Use ColorShine Shoe Polish to keep your shoes looking smart and new. For black, brown, tan and lighter leathers.

Use ColorShine Paste, if you prefer polish in paste form. Black, brown and tan — in the can with the perfect opener.

Sold in 5 and 10 cent stores everywhere. 15 cents in the far west.

ColorShine SHOE POLISHES
CHIEFTAIN MFG. CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

The New Movie Magazine
Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 75)

It was while she was here that William was born. Some time later, the parents moved to the home-place, where they occupied the second floor. Here for only a short time, William's parents moved to North Coaltor Street, where the mother engaged in the dressmaking business, and where William spent most of his early boyhood. From here, the parents moved to Richmond, Virginia, "William was so spoiled as a baby," the old Negro says. "As he grew older I often says dat boy war going to be a great actor some day."

William went to the public schools and the R. E. Lee High School of Staunton. While the records are not complete, it is believed that he completed the seven elementary grades and two years of high school work. His record while in the first year High School, however, is intact. This, with reminiscences of his teacher, vouches for the fact that William was never a student. In the grammar grades, it appears that he was regularly promoted from grade to grade, never making brilliant marks in his studies.

Interesting facts about William Haines may be learned from his former High School teachers.

"He was a nice, lovely boy," his English and history teacher relates. "While he never failed to show respect for his teachers, he appeared to have no ambition to excel in his studies."

THIS instructor tells the story of Haines' first public declaration. He was a member of the school literary society but, whenever assigned a part on the program he would always beg off with the plea that it was simply impossible for him to appear publicly. "In the first place, I couldn't learn it, and in the second place, I know I would forget it when I got before the audience," was the plea. Nevertheless, his teacher persisted, finally persuading him to memorize "England and Her Policies of Taxation.

"He did learn it," this teacher relates, "and he spoke it with credit. Much time did we spend together in preparing for this first accomplishment in his literary career."

Haines' Latin and Algebra teacher despaired of him many times. He was a mediocre student, she says, always with a sad look in his eye. And yet, on his face, particularly at recitation time in Latin.

Practically every person who knew the youthful William Haines says his love and devotion to his mother were outstanding. You couldn't be with him without realizing that his mother was first and last in his mind. This devotion was manifested by him to all members of his family, and is certainly evident now, as he has his mother, father and brothers with him at Los Angeles. And he has given an aunt, and other members of his family, trips to Hollywood.

Proving his love for his mother, an uncle says that as a lad of five or six years of age, when his mother went down town, William would "come as far as the porch steps and holler his head off." The further she got away from home, "the louder William would holler."

The boy never lost in the summer-time but was always making money in some way. His great urge, it seems, was to be able to help his mother and father. One summer he painted iron stoves at Staunton High Academy, the closest he ever got to this school. His North Coaltor Street home was within a few yards of the Academy and the young Haines often watched the cadets in all their activities.

Evidently realizing that he had no future in Staunton, Haines, together with a number of other boys from home and landed at Hopewell, Virginia, a thriving, bustling city that sprang up during the World War. The worried parents of the runaway boys got together and sent the local chief of police to Hopewell to bring them back. When they were located and William was released, his boss asked the chief to get in touch with Haines' parents. He wanted William to remain. So William stayed on at Hopewell, being in a short time later by his mother. Peace was made and the family later moved to Richmond to be near him.

In the spring of 1919 William came back to Hopewell and Staunton on a short visit. Later he went to Richmond with his family and spent a great deal of time as floorwalker in a department store.

William did not like his Richmond Job. He went on to New York City, where he secured a position in Wall Street with the Strauss Bond Company. He was with this bond company when approached on the street by a movie scout and asked if he would try his luck in films. This he did, the trial being given by the old Goldwyn Company.

About 1920 Haines returned to Staunton for a visit. On this trip, however, William did win a relatively small part. One of them on North Coaltor Street tells the following story of his visit. A large part of the time spent by the Haines family was entertaining the local Catholic priest.

"I saw this young man all dressed up, derby, white gloves, apron and cane," she said. "He fooled me for the moment, but I instantly recognized his mother; it flashed across my mind that it was no one but Billie Haines. He threw his arms around me and kissed me just as he used to do. He was the same old Billie"

In the course of conversation with the priest that afternoon, William said to him: "Do you know, sir, I have never forgotten the bread and butter I used to get at this house."

Staunton looks upon William Haines as an unspoiled native son.

"Aunt" Lila Tucker, nurse of William Haines, the movie star. Aunt Lila became a servant in the family of Haines' grandparents and continued in their service for two generations.

Church school records show William was a regular attendant in early life. William's father and grandfather were cigar manufacturers, having their factory on the second floor of a store building in West Beverley Street, Staunton. Quite a reputation was made by these men as makers of excellent brands of cigars. And William, just a kid, used to work at times in the factory.

The boy spent a great deal of time with his grandparents, whose home he passed going to and from school. They were quite fond of him as a kid, but as he grew older, family records indicate that the grandfather lost patience with the future movie star. "He'll never amount to anything," the grandfather would say. "He never thinks of anything but silk pajamas, silk underwear and good clothes. And the way he decorates his room! Pictures of all kinds, and everything fancy!"

ONE of Haines' most enthusiastic admirers in his home town is "Aunt" Lila Tucker, a true type of Southern darkey, born in Nelson County, Virginia, but a Haines family servant for years. "Aunt" Lila nursed William when he was a baby. Lila worked, she says, twenty years for William's grandparents on North New Street. Later she left the old folks and moved to William's home, just one block north of the old Haines' home-place.

NEXT MONTH:
The Home Town Story of RICHARD DIX

122
Lucille, Joan and Mrs. Doug

(Continued from page 52)
rushed along at so swift a pace—she is still in her early twenties—that those deeper feelings which are predicated upon thought have not yet come her way, to any extent.

The first of them was her love for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Young Doug, as he is affectionately known in Hollywood.

Up to the time that they met, Joan had been a wild young thing—wild chiefly because she was young and because, I am sure, she was lonely.

My knowledge of Joan has been written about the loneliness of New York, the terrible homesickness of girls who go there to conquer the greatest of America’s cities. Some day one will be written about the loneliness that can be in Hollywood. Especially for young girls who come West without any reservations, without any friends. For Hollywood is a place made up of many small cliques and while it is essentially warm-hearted, it is also careless, and often too busy to notice newcomers. Doors aren’t actually closed against the stranger within our gates. But they just never think to open them.

Also Joan labored under the handicap of being a very dangerous-looking young person. In fact, she looked select in a way and as though wrecking homes might be her favorite indoor sport. As far as I know she never did wreck any homes, and her character doesn’t correspond with her appearance. But in the beginning she was naturally judged by her appearance and the women didn’t rush out to take her to their bosoms as they might have done had she looked like Mary Brian or Janet Gaynor. You know how women are.

So Joan, who was young and eager for life and not at all anxious to spend her time sitting alone in a hotel room, fell back upon men for companionship and upon night clubs and cafes for her social pleasures.

During those first years you nearly always saw Joan, strikingly beautiful, stunningly and somewhat bizarrely gowned, if you happened into the Biltmore on a Saturday night or the Ambassadort on Friday, or the Moulinette on Wednesday.

Sometimes the heir to the Cudahy mansion was her escort. Sometimes her leading man, sometimes several handsome college boys. But I remember standing at the front night accounts of the Biltmore and thinking that she didn’t look as though she was very happy, or as though she was having such a riotously good time.

Seeing her thus, her hair newly dyed red for purposes of the camera, her young face set and her eyes cold with wicked wit, black picture hats, it is no wonder that people spoke of Joan Crawford as “wild.” Then, too, she had been a chorus girl, and that told against her, broadminded as we are in Hollywood.

Then she met and fell in love with Doug. And there happened to her what has happened to women since the beginning of time. Love didn’t change

To those who think Learning Music is hard-

Perhaps you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn’t any longer.

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The School of Music, Inc.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

(Continued on Page 124)
About the photographs in the New Movie


These photographs are made for readers of The New Movie Magazine exclusively. Our own photographers, on the spot in Hollywood, take many of them. And several of the best-known camera artists in the field are making exclusive photographs for The New Movie.

Watch for the Buddy Rogers photos in the next issue. They will be the first ever published of his beautiful Hollywood home.

Either Sue Carol and her husband, Dick Stuart, are cutting down on garage expenses or they are just doing this for fun.

Lucille, Joan and Mrs. Doug

(Continued from page 123)

her. It is my belief that people never change fundamentally. The things they do and are throughout life are always within them, always possibilities. A hill with gold beneath its surface isn't a gold mine until somebody discovers the gold and begins digging it out. But the gold was always there.

All the sweet and womanly things, all that true and fine things, that had always been in Joan Crawford and that had kept her from being anything but youthfully wild and maybe a little foolish, were brought to the surface by her desire to be the woman she wanted Douglas to have for a wife.

Having found her man, she wanted a home, she wanted marriage, and I think she wants children as soon as the first flame of romance has subsided a little. The same strength of character she had displayed in her hardworking, consistent effort for screen success displayed itself in her love life. She abandoned all the make-shifts for happiness once happiness itself was within her grasp.

Girls everywhere have been doing the same things for years. Doug and Joan are like any other young couple who are madly in love and to whom marriage is new and wonderful. It is a perfect picture of young love at its best—a grande passion of youth.

JOAN is a little shy in her new rôle. She is terribly conscious that she hasn't been trained to be a wife or to run a house. When she started to furnish the home she and Douglas had bought near Beverly Hills, she was so funny and so pathetic that I shall never forget her.

Hope Loring, one of the most famous of Hollywood scenario writers, is her best friend and spiritual advisor—and a very wonderful one for any girl to have. And she used to come running to Hope's perfectly appointed and perfectly run English home and sit down on the floor and howl.

I don't know what to do with the hall," she would say. "I don't know what to do in my bedroom. It's terrible. Oh, Hope, will you help me? I do so want to make a nice home for Douglas."

(She doesn't always call him Dodo, in spite of reports.)

Everything about her has changed. She looks young again, floweringly young. Her eyes are wide open and look at life with joy. Her thoughts are wrapped up in her husband. A new dignity has come to her and she behaves with decorum and a quiet little deference to his wishes and his tastes.

Her admiration for him is boundless.

"There's nothing he can't do," she said to me the other night. "He writes poetry. And he can draw. And he writes plays and articles and screen stories. He's read everything. He's a marvelous athlete. Really, I don't suppose there ever was another boy like Dodo."

It is a girl's first great love. But, being Joan Crawford, she puts strength and fire into it beyond the ordinary girl's range of feeling and thought.

I believe that given proper stories, Joan Crawford's big days are still ahead of her. With her, I always get the feeling that, while Doug has revealed the depths of her woman's nature, there are still raw and undiscovered talents, still mental fields, which haven't even been touched.

Now, Joan is a fascinating, vivid girl, made lovely by the glow of a real love. I shall be terribly anxious to see what she's like ten years from now, when she has become a woman. There aren't many young girls one meets nowadays who awaken that strong curiosity, that hope that you will be able to see them ten years from now because they will be very much worth while.
was that I was being looked over like nobody's business and being taken apart to see what made me tick. But it was not long before her talking had me spellbound. The early days of the West, when she lived in Montana and knew all the characters who have made that period famous. Anecdotes about cowboy adventures and gun duels and things you usually read only between the covers of a book. She had lived in every state in the Union at some time or another.

“We've always had the wanderlust,” she explained.

I thought of little Jean, being taken from place to place. Always meeting strangers, new school mates. And I understood a little better that reserve which has been hers.

When Jean came down, very slim and pretty—and whatever she thinks of her looks, Howard Chandler Christy and every big artist in New York was glad to have her for his model before she came to Hollywood—we thanked Mrs. Arthur.

“It's been very interesting,” I said.

“Well,” said Mrs. Arthur, and for the first time since we had walked in she smiled, “I don't know what I would have done without those stories and reminiscences. Jean is always late, you know. Anywhere from five minutes to an hour. And I don't know what I would have talked about to her beaux while they waited if I had not known they were all interested in the early West.”

Jean Arthur has not had an easy time of it, by any means. Many a runner would have dropped out of the race with less provocation than she has had.

THE WILLIAM FOX studio scouts signed her up in New York and sent her to Hollywood under a contract. She was heralded as a find and given all the hopes which go with such publicity.

And then during the entire contract, she did nothing but two-reel comedies. At the end of which time, the Fox studio let her go. That was wallop number one and no small item, either. I once saw a six foot, two hundred pound, twenty-one-year-old boy break down and cry under somewhat the same circumstances. He had been talked into going to a certain college, was told that he would be a star football player, and then was given a place on the golf team. It was too much of a drop for him.

But Jean Arthur did not cave in. She went to work on some more comedies, free lending. From these she stepped to Westerns. And got the break of her career when she was cast opposite Jack Mulhall in "The Poor Nut," a First National Picture.

When Paramount saw her in that, they signed her up. And events started which led to the scene which opened the story.

JEAN ARTHUR, at the present writing, looks to be one of the few girls in the history of Hollywood who has ever had that tag "too nice" placed upon her and gotten anywhere. Mary Brian is another who surmounted the too-nice description.

What that "nice girl" description does to the one described I do not know. But it is a fact that they said it about Lois Wilson, and for years it kept her from getting anywhere. They say it about Lois Moran and it helps even one of her unquestioned ability not at all; they said it about Florence Vidor and she left the screen—never having overcome the stigma of that "nice person." Jean Arthur, however, is quite another story.

The New Movie Magazine

Too Nice

(Continued from page 73)

Lashes

that captivate...that charm

A simple secret

Liquid WINX

Women who have tried and tried say that no other eyelash preparation is the least like Winx. For Winx gives the softest, the most natural effect. It never makes eyelashes brittle. It is waterproof. You can get it wherever toilet goods are sold. Price 75c.

New... MIDGET SIZE

10¢

The new Midget size contains enough liquid for a month's use. For sale at 1 and 10 cent counters.

Every month The New Movie offers a guide to the latest records of movie song and dance.

NOW! A Wave Set that Lasts Longer!

Dries rapidly—leaves soft, glossy waves in hair

Laurel Waveset for finger waving and wave waving has found wide favor because it dries rapidly, leaves the hair in soft, glossy waves; is non-injurious; not gummy, and absolutely non-injurious. Lasts longer and adds charm to any head of hair.

Gentle supply 10¢. On sale at 5-and-10-cent stores and toilet goods departments.

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**The New Movie Magazine**

**Gossip of the Studios**

(Continued from page 22)

**SHARON LYNN'S** parked automobile broke away from in front of her house in Hollywood the other day, tore down a slight hill and went right through the side of a nice white apartment house and landed in the dressing room of a startled lady who had been in the process of curling her hair.

"I guess they don't build these California houses very well," said the beautiful red-head.

She and Vivian Duncan are said to be running a race to see who can get the most speed tickets in 1936.

"And the only accident I ever had," wails Sharon, "was when I'd parked my car. Isn't that silly?"

**MR. AND MRS. HARRY M. WARNER**—he's one of the Warner Brothers—have legally adopted the three and one half year old daughter of Lina Basquette and the late Sam Warner.

Corinne Griffith's new beach house at Malibu Beach is all finished. So is Bill Boyd's.

**MO TION** pictures are employed in a variety of ways in Hollywood. So that it was not much of a surprise to the gentry when a smart lawyer sprung a couple of reels of film on a jury which was trying a case in which a sixteen-year-old boy was claiming he had been injured by an automobile. The boy said he could not run, throw, and a lot of other things. The motion picture showed that he could. The smart lawyer had hired a camera man to wait near the boy's home and catch him in these activities.

**MARIE DRESSLER,** Director Bob Hope, and Sally Eilers were standing outside of one of the sound stages at M-G-M. In the distance Marie saw a man carrying an armful of roses. He dropped a couple of them and did not notice it. Marie yelled at him. He heard her but could not get what she was saying. He stood still. Marie walked towards him and yelled again. Still he did not understand. After more walking and considerably more yelling, he finally got what she meant, turned, picked up the fallen flowers, and went his way—with never a "Thank you."

Marie looked after him, turned and came back to Leonard and Sally and said, still out of breath from yelling.

"Serves me right. If I minded my own business more I wouldn't be so tired at night."

Many of the stars, both male and female, attend the Hollywood American Legion fights every week.

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**How Hollywood Entertains**

(Continued from page 57)

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. Mrs. Barthelmess wore shining beige lace, straight from Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett) were present. Mrs. Niblo wore her favorite sky blue in taffeta. Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, the latter in a marvelously cut but simple frock of white satin, with a very long skirt, set off by emeralds.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills (Doris Kenyon) attended. The blonde beauty of Mrs. Sills was set off by a daring frock of dark jade green chiffon, very severely cut. The color was unusual and the lines of the dress fell in straight, almost Grecian folds.

Gene Markey accompanied Irene Delroy, of New York, unusual comedy fame, who wore black lace and gardenias. Beatrice Lillie was also in black and Aileen Pringle wore a tightly fitted gown of pale pink satin, draped with heavy natural colored lace.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel were among the guests. Mrs. Nagel, who is tall and dark, looked lovely in ivory satin. Mr. and Mrs. William Setzer, (Laura La Plante) were present, Miss La Plante's gown being of pure, dead white taffeta.

Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Glazer, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Levee, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Mannix, Paul Bern, William Powell, John McCormick (Mrs. McCormick who, of course, is Colleen Moore, had just left for the East), Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Schuberg, Laddie Sanford, the famous polo player, and Mr. and Mrs. Ned Marin.

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**In Next Month's New Movie**

"Hollywood's Younger Set"

A Sensational Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns

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**Freckles**

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth.

If you use bleach cream you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful bleach science can produce. At all drug stores, 50c.

Write for free booklet. Tells "Why you have freckles. How to remove them."

Box 38, STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Ill.
First Aids to Beauty

Continued from page 102

As for freckles, which really aren't the curse that some women imagine them to be, there are plenty of lotions on the market that will bleach them out without injuring the skin. Freckles are as natural to some skins as a wave is to some hair. It is a mistake to try to hide them under heavy rouge and powder. They have a way of fighting down all opposition. The freckle-faced girl may bleach her freckles but she should, under all conditions, wear a rather light make-up. And instead of regarding them as a tragedy she should look upon them as rather an asset, because on most faces they are really cute. Only very vain women are worried about the size of their hands and feet. The small hand and foot are looked upon as a little out-of-date, like the extremely small waist. Most women sensibly realize that a large, well-shaped hand, kept white and smooth and carefully manicured, is much prettier than a small and often characterless hand. As for feet, the modern girl, thanks to her selection of attractive, well-built shoes, is seldom bothered with foot troubles. If she is, she will not confess it because she realizes that it is her own fault.

Women who worry over figure defects should remember that these handicaps may be almost overcome by correct exercise and proper diet. By learning to stand, walk correctly even the woman with a mediocre figure and bad legs may give a better impression than a prettier girl. As for our faces, we can surmount our difficulties by ignoring them and by refusing to be conscious of them.

Elsa B. Wheeling, W. Va. Permanent waves do not injure the hair, if they are given by a reliable operator and by a correct method. If you are doubtful about how your hair will take the wave, why don't you ask for a test curl? Have the operator cut off a small strand of your hair and use it for the test. Many shops do this as a matter of course, especially if the hair has some peculiarity that might need special treatment. I cannot tell whether or not your hair would take a successful wave, but you can learn very easily from the test.

Mrs. H. Tucker, Sacramento, Calif. Many women, when they first go to work in an office, put on weight because they are unaccustomed to a sedentary life and because office workers, with their regular hour for luncheons, are inclined to eat a heavier meal than a housewife who usually will not stop to prepare food for herself. Why don't you try walking to work, since you are within easy distance? And limit your luncheon to a rather hearty salad and fruit.

Lois, Ann Arbor, Mich. It is quite common for movie actresses to change the color of their hair. In fact, the girls are quite frank about it. If an actress thinks that she can improve the photographic quality of her face by becoming a blonde, she will do so. For non-professionals, hair coloring is entirely a matter of taste and discretion. But if you were you'd leave my...
To those who
EAT THEIR CAKE
... and then regret it

Take Pepto-Bismol and enjoy quick
relief from indigestion, heartburn,
hyper-acidity, and sour stomach!

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Pepto-Bismol for 25 years. It is safe.
It checks acid fermentation. It does
not form uncomfortable gases. Even
children like its pleasing taste.

Good eating should bring good feel-
ing. If it doesn’t, Pepto-Bismol will—
or your money back. At your druggist’s,
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Your opportunity to play the band.
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back guarantee. No obligation. Write today.

The New Movie Magazine
One of the first portraits ever made of Clara Bow. When this was shot
Miss Bow was playing the hoyden in Elmer Clifton’s famous film epic of
whaling adventure, “Down to the Sea in Ships.”

Vita and Art
had scared the wits out of me. I was ready to quit and take up the vagabond life that is the lot of most mice. I wanted to get away from everything I knew.

Near the end of our stand we found out near Culver City—I had taken this route home in order to be alone and see no one—than Mickey.

Mickey closed his eyes for a moment and I am sure he lived again that occasion.

"In a little patch of woods," he resumed, finally. Sadie Titmousse, she said her name was. Small, delicately built, and the smoothest whiskers in the world. "Hello, mister," she said to me as I passed the spot where she was sitting.

I looked at her and something turned her on and she said, "And let us chatter. You look bothered. Tell mam.

"She was so sincere and frank that I did.

We talked until long after the moon had risen to its highest point—neither it nor the stars have ever been so clear to me as they were that night. I finally said that I was not going to leave her, that I would stay and marry her and live a life of freedom, if she wanted it.

"But she said no. She loved me, yes; I must believe that. But she recalled to me my public, my art, my success. She laughed and said she could not marry me, for me she was but an interlude, and that I would forget her. She was wrong. I have never, I think of her at least once every six months or so, especially when I am in Culver City, I left her and returned to the studio—laid down and gain some rest. Soon after that they gave me the opportunity to play leads, and the future looked brighter. But for her I would still be a failures unknown mouse.

"Then came Minnie."

"I met her at the studio. She was an extra. We went around together at odd times for almost a year. Nothing serious, you know. Just a bit of relaxation. But more and more she became a part of my life. I talked over my problems with her, she gave me comfort and pleasure at her sagacity. Finally, came the day which was to be the most important in my life. She obligated me to sign a renewal of my contract at the same salary I had been getting. But Minnie objected. Said I was foolish and did not know anything about money matters. Maybe I don't. Money has never interested me except for the things it will buy.

"The studio said I would sign at their price or not at all. Minnie said not at all. And over the net I was left without a job.

"I was blackballed for a while. I could not get a job with another studio. I could not find my own production scale. I'm the largest producer in the business."

"And then they talked, may Allah praise them. All my musical talents could be utilized with this new musical revolution."

"Minnie was saved. Yes, even in great demand."

"But had not my mother trained me, Sadie consoled me and Minnie advised me that I had gotten nowhere. Tell my public that.

Noticing a bag of golf clubs in one corner of the room I asked Mickey who he played as.

"Well," he said. "I tried the Lakeside Golf Club, where so many of my fellow stars play, but soon stopped that. That fellow Tony Moreno plays there too often for me. I saw him and Frank Lloyd coming one day and stepped off the fairway to allow them to pass through. I'm not missed put an easy brassie shot and cut loose a flock of Spanish verbs, nouns and adjectives which, while I did not understand the meaning, were very clear in their meaning. He then hurled his club straight at the tree behind which I had taken refuge. A shaft wrapped around the trunk of the tree and gave me my first and only shave. Took all the whiskers off one side of my face. Fortunately, it was in between pictures and they grew out again before my next production. But I never went back to Lakeside. Too dangerous.

"Instead I bought half an acre of ground out near Westwood and had my gardener lay out a thirty-six-hole course for me. Eighteen holes is all I play a day but I had the land so thought I might as well use it. It is the only course in the world with cheese sandwiches on every tee. I made the bottoms of the sand boxes into refrigerators."

That is another side to Mickey Mouse—he is a real screen star. He has been a great screen star, he might easily have been another Edison.

One invention of Mickey's is to be seen on his golf course. The holes—cups—on the greens have no bottoms in them. This allows the ball to roll into a pipe which carries it to the next tee whether he is ready or not. It is like being in a rusted step on drive off.

"It saves stooping," said Mickey. "I hate to stoop. I was going to give that invention to Harold Lloyd, my fellow star, who also has a private golf course, although his is only nine holes in length, but I decided that they never hole out on that course. Lloyd and his friends always conceding themselves puts under eight feet."

I looked around and marveled that one who is so great in one line of endeavor, could be so conversant with other lines. We talked. And the depths of his mind opened up to me.

"History, psychology, botany, astrology—all were open books to Mickey. Would that I had the space to include some of the rare gems of thought which dropped from his lips. I finally mentioned his club—the Mickey Mouse Club which is growing all over the Western states.

"Yes," he said. "I am very interested in the little folks. They will some day be the rulers of our land; one of them might even be president—who knows."

"The club has a creed, hasn't it?" I asked.

"Could I have a copy of it?"

"Certainly," he said.

"I reproduce it for you here. It will be upheld and fair in all my dealings with my companions. I will be truthful. I will obey my mother and father and will always stand ready to help people older than myself. I will obey my teacher and strive for higher marks in my school studies. And always I will respond promptly to the call of Chief Mickey Mouse and observe all the rules of the Club."

"Is that?" I asked, "the thought you wish to implant in the minds of the young?"

"Yes," said Mickey. "Tell them that."

"And nothing else?"

"Well," he hesitated. "Tell 'em to eat a lot of spinach."

The interview was at an end.

And to think that message straight from Mickey, I leave you with your thoughts.
Mary Lowlor, Metro-Goldwyn player, has started a new fad in Hollywood: the collection of auto license plates from every state and country in the world. This Ford coupe shows a plate from every state in the union. Reclining atop is Cliff Edwards, known to fame as "Ukulele Ike."

Lightner vs. Crouse
(Continued from page 39)

"After the show the manager came back and congratulated us. "You're a very funny gal," he said to me. You could have knocked me over with a Mack truck. I wasn't trying to be funny. I was trying to sing! I can look back now and see myself—scrawny, nervous, scared, and with feet like Sunday newspapers—and get a good laugh. But I couldn't then. Finally, though, the audiences kept right on laughing and we went into a huddle and decided I'd have to be a comic. And that's that!"

"If you'd get your foot off my neck," I said, trying to be nice about it, "maybe I could think of some more questions to ask you."

"There aren't any more to ask," she said. "I played vaudeville and then I went into musical shows and finally I went into talkies. And there I am—having a swell time."

"But don't you miss the audiences that used to laugh at you even when you weren't trying to be funny?"

"No. Because I still have them. I've heard of movie actresses who chase everybody off the set when they act. Not little Winnie. When I do a scene all the electricians and carpenters and everybody else around the place can step right up and have a look. In fact, I want them too. They usually do. That's my audience. I play to them instead of to the camera. I forget all about lenses and milks. I just try to be my old fat self."

And I like California, too. I like to be outdoors. All my life I wanted a mink coat. I finally got one. Then I went to New York and every time I went out I had to wear that mink coat. I got so tired of it I could have given it away—well, almost.

"So you're our great big outdoors girl, are you?" I ventured to say. I regretted it immediately.

"Listen you!" she said, coyly. "You let me try to be funny around here."

And then she put the old strangling hold on me and squeezed. With my dying breath I gasped:

"I hear you spend a great deal of time alone with your books," I said.

That shot got her.

"That's me all over!" she said, breaking the strangling hold so that I could listen. "Give me my books and I'm happy. That's why I was so cross when you came in. I couldn't find my books. Someone must have stolen both of them."

"That's what you get for having two," I said. It was too bad I couldn't have kept my mouth shut. Liz as a tiger Miss Lightner swung into a scissors hold, put all of her cat-like strength into it and over I rolled, my shoulders pinned to the hard wood floor.

"You win, kid," barked Bim, her big St. Bernard dog, who hitherto had taken no part in the conversation.

She rose, triumphant.

"I win," she said.

"No," I cut in, "you lose."

"How do you figure that out?" she demanded.

"Because," I said, "while we were wrestling I got my interview."

I dived for the door.

"I love you, my big strong panther woman," I swung over my shoulder as I disappeared.

I hope she reads this and sends me my hat and cuffs.

Read the reviews of all the new films on pages 83, 84, 85.
William Boyd, first featured by Cecil B. De Mille and now a Pathe star, worked as an extra and bit player for some time before his big break came in "The Volga Boatman." Boyd played bits in "The Ten Commandments," "Miss Brewster's Millions" and "The City of the Heart." Years passed in this sort of work.

Boyd says, "First comes the fact that a person who has done extra work, he has been unable to make a place for himself. You cannot be guided by many directors. From each one can be gained valuable bits of technique. But even greater than this is the fact that it adds a note of advantage. Anyone who has done extra work has had his share of knocks, and adversity creates a wonderful fellowship with the rest of mankind.

An actor who has known what it is to be hungry and to walk with the soles of his shoes worn thin, will work harder to keep the place he has won. He is less apt to get temperamental, and is usually more amenable to suggestions that will improve his work. A slow climb to popularity on the screen is likely to be more lasting for the same reason that hard won success in any field of endeavor is the most permanent."

Harold Lloyd, the biggest money maker in pictures, with never a flop to his credit, is his own extra and an extra at Universal at $5 a day. They would not give him a break, so he had to get into the studio by putting on makeup and going in with the bunch of extras. He quit in disgust when Universal lowered salaries to $3 a day. He joined forces with Hal Roach, another actor, and the two went on to success one as a comedian and the other as a producer.

LOUISE FAZENDA tells of her first experience when hired by one of about five hundred Indians at Universal. She and the Indians were supposed to be crossing a desert, while being shot at by white men. "I walked all day," says Louise, "and when I was so worn out I couldn't stand it any longer, I pretended to be shot so I could lie down and get a rest. It was working great, and others were doing likewise. But the director lacked vitality, and put an end to that by holtering, 'Not so many dying, please, not so many dying.'"

Perhaps the funniest start in bits that is credited to any great screen actor is that of Henry B. Walthall. He came to the Biograph studio to see James Kirkwood, and D. W. Griffith gave him a bit in "A Convict's Sacrifice," in which Walthall, in old clothes and armed with a shovel, dug a sewer trench.

George Bancroft played a bit as a crook in "Too Many Crooks," Mildred Davis Boyd's picture made at Lasky's in 1927.

A DOLPH MENGES moved about as an extra and bit player for quite some time. He had a bit in "Pink Gods" for Paramount, and in "Clarence" with Wallace Reid. His start came after Doug Fairbanks used him in "The Three Musketeers" as Louis XIV. Menjos's first highly conspicuous part, under Chaplin's direction, in "A Woman of Paris," came after Charlie Chaplin saw Menjos in Fairbanks' films.

Gloria Swanson played extra and bits at the old Essanay plant in Chicago, and later came to Sennett's in Keystone comedies. She was given leading roles in those comedies before she went on to Cecil De Mille. Gloria was unusual in that she was starred a year after she entered pictures, in "You'll Never Get Rich." "Mary Brian, now coming along very well at Paramount, where she has worked every since she started in "Peter Pan" as Wendy, believes slow rises are surest. She was not put forward as Betty Bronson was, in that picture, the first for both girls; but today Mary's position is certainly better than Betty's. After "Peter Pan" she played with comedians like Beery and Hatton; she played Westerns as in "The Air Mail," with Warner Baxter and Billie Dove; and played unique roles with Richard Dix and Jack Holt. "It was encouraging as time, but I tried to realize I was building towards something worth while," said Mary.

G ARY COOPER worked as an extra; then had a bit in Tom Mix's "The Lucky Horseshoe," in which Billie Dove was leading woman. He stood in a gateway as Tom rode into a castle yard. In other pictures, Gary rode and acted as a henchman of the heavy. Then came Wrigs, in which he played the sidekick. While, the first man killed. Gary says, "The most important thing is to get some sense, and not be bewildered. I can't say I learned a lot of technique; I'm not that kind of an actor. I guess I never will. I just try to figure what Gary Cooper is doing in a situation as the man in the picture, and then I do it."

Dick Arlen played extra for a couple of years. He was in "Green Temptation," the last picture made by William Desmond Taylor before his mysterious murder. Arlen was in nearly all of "Valentine's Day," "The Fighting Rajah," "Blood and Sand," and "The Four Horsemen." Arlen was made a star in an independent picture. He flopped, and gladly set about learning acting from the various directors, stars and players he worked with. His first bits were with Ruth Roland. Then he was cast opposite Bebe Daniels in "Volcano," and after three days, was taken out. He had not yet learned to act in the real sense.

Then came his role in "Wings." That started him upward. Arlen says, "Extra work teaches you patience, promptness and consideration for others. If you have to work two or three hours on a cold morning because a star slept late, you won't do that to extras when you become a star. You learn an you can be easily replaced; hence you fight harder to hold on to your place in pictures, once you get it."
Their Favorite Jewels

(Continued from page 31)

"I'm not the type for jewelry," she said. "I love it, but I am so small that I think big jewels or heavy jewelry make me look funny. My clothes are usually in soft colors, and I like soft, fluffy things, so I do not wear many colors or heavy jewelry. I think every woman should figure out this personal question for herself, and see whether they are becoming and fit with her clothes. If they don't, she shouldn't wear them.

JOAN CRAWFORD says that she wears the same jewelry every hour of the day and night, and Joan admits that she is both superstitious and sentimental about her jewels.

"Since Douglas placed my wedding ring on my finger it has never been taken off," she said. "If my picture portrayal calls for an unmarried girl, I camouflaged the ring with another a bigger one with a stone in it. Next to my wedding ring and my engagement ring, I love an anklet of fine gold links with a tag, which has a love message inscribed on it from my husband. I think jewelry can be used in a most beautiful way to convey sentiment, and it is permanent. My anklet and any wedding and engagement ring mean so much to me, for they carry beautiful memories and sentiment. I also have Douglas's watch. Dodo gave me after we were engaged which I always wear. I love jewelry for ornament. Many costumes are made by proper costume jewelry, and I like especially heavy necklaces of painted wooden beads with woolen sport clothes. They add a feminine touch. Of course, I love real jewelry, but when I didn't have it, I found I could have very effective and pretty things in imitation, such as lovely imitation pearls and small imitation diamond lavallieres and pins. Often they cannot be told from the real except by experts and I think they are lovely for young girls, with their pretty soft frocks.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, who is fast becoming an enormous public favorite since her work in "The Love Parade" and "The Vagabond King," has very little jewelry, and her favorites are brooches. She thinks they complete a costume. "Perhaps I have never had time to develop a taste for jewels," she said. "I like brooches because they are useful. I am especially fond of one jade carved pin I have. I don't like costume jewelry, unless the costume absolutely demands it. A woman has to learn to wear jewels gracefully, just as she does clothes. I've never had the time, nor the inclination to cultivate wearing them.

A NITA PAGE is also one of the girls who likes her jewels to have sentiment attached. She says she is not exactly superstitious, but she owns and wears a gold chain bracelet with danglings "the pieces I ever owned is a ring which was given to me by my mother on my seventeenth birthday—August 4, 1927—and which had been given to my mother by my grandmother on her seventeenth birthday. It is a small square of diamonds, in a very delicate old-fashioned setting. I also have a platinum bracelet and necklace, set with small diamonds, which I selected myself and which I think are lovely. I'm only attracted to jewelry of a very delicate pattern. I think young girls make a mistake to put on heavy jewelry.

Kay Francis, a newcomer who has made a hit in the sensational success "Street of Chance," in which she played opposite William Powell, owns just three pieces of jewelry. She doesn't own anything, doesn't care whether things are real or imitation if she likes them and that's that. The three pieces however are of rare value and one at least might be in a museum. Kay particularly likes that, because of its history. "It stimulates my imagination," she said.

It is a black cameo ring, over 2000 years old. Kay's great-great-aunt was traveling in Rome and visited the catacombs. Repair work was being done while she was there. She saw a hole in a wall and asked the guide if she could have some of the pieces for a relic, if she put her hand in and got some. With his consent, she did so and felt this hard stone. She was allowed to keep it and had it made into a ring. Experts have testified as to its antiquity and authenticity. The Metropolitan Museum has offered to buy it from her. She also owns two old gold bracelets, one is worked as a belt with a buckle, the other has an onyx clasp surrounded with pearls.

"I'm a gold person," says Kay. "It's junk jewelry, maybe, but it goes with me. I never wear platinum, silver, diamonds or pearls. I have some platinum and diamond rings, but they are in the safe-deposit box. These three pieces seem to belong with me and they go with the type of clothes which are most becoming to me."

NORMA SHEARER loves jewels and wears them whenever it is appropriate. Her finest pieces are two broad diamond bracelets, one set with emeralds, and the most unusual piece in her collection is a pair of diamond earrings.

"Of course, I love my wedding ring best," she said. "It is a small circle of diamonds, and I like the way they always fit, even if the fashion should change. "I don't object to imitation jewelry. It should take the eye of a connoisseur to detect the difference if imitation jewelry is properly selected. It is only when people make it obvious that I lose its beauty. I think there is no reason why young girls who cannot afford priceless gems shouldn't wear tastefully selected sets of artificial stones.

"From the standpoint of proper dressing, there can be no question that costume jewelry has solved a great need. Diamonds and other stones worn with the sport costumes which are now so popular were terribly out of place and often spoiled the whole ensemble. Yet a feminine touch was still needed. Costume jewelry supplies this and should be taken advantage of by every woman who wants to be well-dressed."

Sally Blane owns an unusual and very lovely piece of jewelry. It is a tiny novelty watch set in a crystal pendant, which magnifies the dial and hands. It can be worn with any daytime costume.

FAY WRAY adores crystals, and has many sets of them.

"I love them because they pick up the color of the costume you are wearing and seem to blend more beautifully than anything else. For the woman who cannot afford fine diamonds, I think crystals are the most beautiful thing that can be worn."

Bessie Love doesn't care much about jewelry one way or the other. She has only one superstition—she has never had her wedding ring off, and like Joan Crawford hides it with a larger ring in pictures where she isn't supposed to wear it.

"Don't care much about jewelry," she said. "Small trinkets that look pretty and maybe have some sentiment are all right. But jewelry of great value is an awful responsibility, and artificial stuff tarnishes."

"I hate earrings—they annoy me—and I don't care for rings. I'm still wearing a gold watch, which my mother gave me that has already been in and out of fashion and is coming in again. The only thing of value I own is a string of pearls which I wear that often. I have my husband's Scroll and Keys fraternity pin which I wear religiously, indeed, I never go out without it. Maybe that's a superstition."
HER SIN WAS NO GREATER THAN HIS .... but SHE WAS A WOMAN

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