NEW LOVERS for the HOLLYWOOD LADIES

By Delight Evans
HERE'S your chance to own that genuine Model T Corona you've wanted — on the easiest terms ever offered — at ONE-THIRD OFF regular price! Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc., New Machine Guarantee. Recognized the world over as the finest, strongest, sturdiest portable built.

Yours for 10 Days FREE
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ONLY a limited number of these splendid machines available. To get one, you must act now! Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it 10 days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don’t send out letters, manuscripts, reports, bills in poor handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low orice or on such easy terms.

Leatheroid carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money — just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only $2 — then $3 a month until our special price of $39.90 is paid (cash price $36.40). Now is the time to buy. This offer may never be repeated. Mail coupon now.

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
360 E. Grand Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
Now the livest news becomes *living* news! Now you not only see it happen—you *hear* it! Now Fox Movietone captures the voice of the world as well as its image—its sounds as well as its sights—its words as well as its actions. A miracle has happened!

...The roar of the crowd which is half of football's thrill—the blare of martial music as the troops wheel past—the thunder of unleashed horsepower as the plane speeds through the airlanes—all these come to you in Movietone! They make you an ear-witness as well as an eyewitness! *They really take you there!*

... *Have you heard the news?*  
... If not, go today to the theatre showing Fox Movietone News, and prepare for the thrill of a lifetime!
NOW in motion picture theatres at popular prices, after thrilling New York and the entire Nation for over a year at $2 admissions. Paramount—and the

"best show in town!"

First of all motion pictures to introduce sensational sound effects, "Wings" is still unsurpassed. Never has such an amazing photoplay of aviation and romance been produced! You soar in the clouds with the flying fighters, you hear the shriek of planes falling in battle, the thrill of a lifetime! Watch the newspapers for announcements of "Wings" showing in your city. Directed by William Wellman. Story by John Monk Saunders. With Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper. Silent or with sound “best show in town.”

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.
Now the art of picture making enters a new phase!

PREPARE to discard all your old ideas of what perfect screen entertainment should be. For with First National's "The Divine Lady" the phrase "A Great Motion Picture" takes on new meaning. So fabulously rich are the materials in this mighty special that they forced an entirely new conception of the scope of cinema art! ... A fortune spent to re-enact in rich detail the most colorful naval combat in history. A cast of thousands in breathless battle action. A love-story so glorious it made an unknown author famous overnight—her novel the season's sensation. One of the most tempting sirens the world has known, living again a high romance that changed the destiny of nations. And unbelievably thrilling sequences in Sound!...

Yes, you will need an entirely new standard by which to measure the true greatness of "The Divine Lady." For there is nothing in screen history to compare it to—or which can be compared to it! Watch!
Schildkraut was the leading in Orphnae film of the Storm, with Lilian and Dorothy Gish. Joseph was born in Vienna, Aus.

Other foreign-born players in the same film were Tommy Cameron who was born in Derby, England, and Carl De Mel whose

birthplace was Vienna. I believe if you write to Ivan Petrovitch, Rex Ingram Stu-

dios, Nice, France, you may be able to get in touch with that popular player. Ivan is a

Serbian and is about 30 years old. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 178 pounds. He

has black hair and dark brown eyes. The Garden of Allah was made in France and

Northern Africa. Drop in again, for you’re always welcome.

P. P. of Amsterdam, N. Y. Will I en-
lighten your mind on a few facts about

Jack Gilbert? I’ll bite but what do you

want to know? He is an American. His

real name is John Fringle. He is not mar-

ried now. He has dark hair and grey eyes

that photograph black. He is 5 feet 10 in-

ches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He gets

more fan mail than any other Metro-Gold-

wyn-Mayer star but I think he will send you

a picture if you ask him. Am I right, Jack?

Kia Ora, Christchurch, N. Zealand.

You want facts and figures of your favor-

ites in swimming togs, do you? Hey, hey,

Well, that would be easy to look at and I’ll

see what can be done about it. Your cre-

dentials as a keen swimmer, whatever that

is, and the assurance that you never miss

my department have put you in my good

graces forever and a day; but who wants a

day to last forever?

Eleanor of Cleveland, Ohio. Haven’t

you heard? Every one is talking about

this speakee or that talkie—some go so far as

to call them squawksies. Take your

choice. I like ’em dumb, just as well if

anybody asks me, and I don’t think they

will. You can reach Bert Lytll by ad-

ressing P. O. Box 231, Hollywood, Cal.

Gary Cooper at Paramount Studios, 5451

Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Write to

Ralph Forbes at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Paddy O’Flynn’s Few Friends. If you

don’t think that’s a nice morsel to roll

around one’s tongue, just try it. Paddy

still has the same curly brown hair and

blue eyes but he has out-grown his old uke

days. Paddy wants to be seen and not

heard. His latest film is Face Value and he

has been playing the comedy juvenile in

Sweeping Against the Wind.

M. Alexander, Norman, Okla. How

should you address Billie Dove? Like a

perfect gentleman, of course; but then down

your letter to a few goo-goo’s of admira-
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	

tion. A sincere friendly letter will

usually bring a picture of your favorite.

You’ll find Billie at First National Studios,

Burbank, Cal. Ethelyn Claire can

be reached at Universal Studios, Universal

City, Cal. She was born in Talladega, Al-

abama. She has pretty brown eyes and

brown hair. Bebe Daniels is at Paramoun

Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood,

Cal. Alberta Vaughn is with FBO Studios,

727 Gowen St., Hollywood, Cal.

A Movie Fan from Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

Where the perfectly precious pearls come

from or are you just stringing me? The

Understanding Heart, in which Francis X.

Bushman Jr. appeared, was a 1927 film.

He is Frank in Four Sons, one of the out-

standing pictures of the present year. James

Hall, George Meeker and Charles Merton are

the other three sons, who with Mar-

garet Mann make a wonderful picture. Mar-

garet Mann, after playing small parts and

waiting for eleven years for success has

finally come into her own. Francis X.

Jr. was born in 1904. He is 6 feet 2 in-

ches tall and has brown hair and dark blue

eyes and is married.

Peggy of St. Louis, Mo. I have a cute

name, have I? You don’t know the half of

it, Peggy. Do I think Richard Dix and

Charles Rogers the handsomest actors of

the whole bunch? My word, do I have to

tell everything I know? Varsity is Buddy

Rogers’ next picture, now in production at

Paramount Studios. 5431 Marathon St.,

Hollywood, Cal. Richard’s latest release is

Warming Up with Jean Arthur playing

opposite. Address him at Paramount

Studios.

(Continued on page 101)

**********

SCREENLAND,

Dept. 11-28,

49 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

I enclose $1.00 for which please send me a copy of "Lindbergh, the Lone Eagle," by George Buchanan File.

Name

Address

City_________ State_________

Fill in the coupon below and

Send for your copy today.

It looks as if

Clara Bow is hugging herself.

Seems a shame!
LADY LUCK TAKES A BACK SEAT

Luck!

Sure! One smashing hit that sets all fandom talking might be "luck".

Two country-wide successes might even be wished onto Lady Luck—if you're good at wishing—

But one long unbroken parade of record-breaking wows—that's something else again!

Lady Luck didn't make Smash hits like "The Big Parade", "Ben Hur", "Tell it to the Marines", "The Merry Widow" and "White Shadows of the South Seas".

More than there are in Heaven, plus brilliant directors plus great stories plus the great resources of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization are some reasons for the long and imposing list of M-G-M's smash hits.

If you want a guarantee for the future it lies in the performance of the past.

When the lion roars—

M-G-M sound or silent, will always mean

More Great Movies

HERE ARE THE FIRST OF THE NEW M-G-M PICTURES—SUPERB ENTERTAINMENT

Broadway and Los Angeles hailed this flaming romance of the South Seas in sound at $2 admission. Sound or Silent it will be the year's picture sensation.

William Haines Excess Baggage

Laughs—tears—thrills—you'll find them all packed into the screen version of the Broadway success, "Excess Baggage." Don't miss William Haines' desperate slide for life and love in this pulsating comedy-drama. Sound or Silent—a hit!

Our Dancing Daughters

Flaming youth de luxe—the epics of a jazz-mad age—youth! beauty! luxury! drama! You'll cheer "Our Dancing Daughters"—sound or silent.

Lon Chaney in While the City Sleeps

Lon Chaney gives you another great characterization in a throbbing tale of underworld intrigue and hopeless love. See him as the fearless guardian of the public peace in "While the City Sleeps." Sound or Silent you'll be thrilled.

$50 for the keenest eye!

Test your powers of observation—it may bring you a prize. See how well you can answer the questions below. The man sending the best answers will receive $50.00 and the riding crop used by Anita Page in "Our Dancing Daughters," and for the best set of answers from a lady I will give $50 and the ukulele I play in the same picture.

And I'll also send autographed photographs for the fifty next best answers. I hope you'll find my questions interesting.

Surely.

Jean Crawford

1—What M-G-M picture was filmed on an atoll?
2—What M-G-M picture has the title of a famous wartime ditty?
3—In what new kind of part has Marion Davies captivated the public's heart and fancy?
4—What M-G-M picture is based on the life of Sarah Bernhardt and who is its star?
5—What M-G-M picture with a Canadian background was a famous musical hit in a long run on Broadway?
6—Why do you think Buster Keaton's "frozen face" is so effective in comedies? (Not more than 75 words.)

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by November 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.
Books for FANS

†The Picture Made from ‘Show Girl’ is as Modern as Tomorrow’s Date.

By Alice White

When Al Rckett, who manages production at the First National Studios, asked me how I would like to play Show Girl, I told him I liked the title, but didn’t know anything about the story.

Mr. Rckett handed me the book, telling me to take it home with me and read the story if I didn’t have anything better to do that evening.

Well, it happened that I was dining alone that night, so I took Show Girl to dinner with me as a companion. When I tell you that I never started a story that proved so fascinating from the first page, I am only sticking to the Truth. I read all through dinner, and during the evening.

I raved about Show Girl for weeks. In fact, I am still raving. I don’t pretend to be any judge of literature, but to my way of thinking, J. P. McEvoy has written a story so funny that it is in a class by itself.

I am just crazy about the character of Dixie Dugan, and if I can make her half as natural on the screen as she is in the book, I will be satisfied.

I read the book several times in order to get thoroughly into the spirit of the character and then I studied the continuity written by James T. O’Donohue. I had long talks with Alfred Santell who directed the picture. It was a lot of fun re-creating the girl whose character I felt I understood so thoroughly.

Mr. McEvoy seems to know all about the theatres and the night life of New York. He also seems to be pretty thoroughly acquainted with show girls and how they live. I never read any story which seems so successful in developing real people.

In our picture version of the book, which I am told is having a very large sale, we tried to get, in every way, the same feeling of reality, and I think we have succeeded.

There will be a lot of laughs in the picture; also there will be plenty of realism in the depicition of behind-the-scenes life in the theatre and the doings of night-club entertainers before and after the show.

Lee Moran is immense as Denny Kerigan, the greeting-card salesman whose mission is to stew cheer throughout the land. Then there are a lot of other characters taken straight from Broadway.

An odd feature of the story is Mr. McEvoy’s way of telling it. The entire book is made up of letters, telegrams, cables and newspaper clippings with a little dialogue interspersed. The arrangement is so clever that the story is carried on without a break and the interest built up in the principal characters.

Show Girl is a picture in which the film version remains true to the original. If the story had been written directly for the screen, I do not believe it could have been better adapted to the needs of a motion picture.

Here are a few excerpts from the book.

(Continued on page 99)
I only hadn’t tried to use that terrible phrase. But I had seen it in print a thousand times and so I thought I knew how to pronounce it—it never occurred to me that my way might not be the right way.

It was the very first time I had been invited to the home of Mr. Blake—the President of our Company. Of course I wanted to make the best possible impression. After dinner we were all chatting idly, and somehow the talk got around to golf—my favorite subject. I began to explain some of my pet theories and they went on big—everyone was listening attentively. Encouraged, I launched into an animated description of the last tournament at the club. And then—"It started a terrible faux pas," I said—and—everyone tittered! Embarrassed, ashamed, I flushed and fumbled. My self-confidence fled—and for the rest of the evening I didn’t dare open my mouth. I’d have given a thousand dollars if only I hadn’t made that awful break!

That little experience opened my eyes to my miserable pronunciation and my meager vocabulary. Could that be the reason why I never seemed to get ahead—why I never got the big jobs with the real money? I had always thought it was luck that gave other men chances I never had, but now I realized that they had a surety and a confidence in their speech that I lacked. I was always grappling for words—always stammering and stuttering—trying to avoid words I wasn’t sure of—and making scores of mistakes daily. Of course we one ever tells you when you mispronounce a word is such a personal matter—and I never would have known of my gliding error that evening if it hadn’t been for that embarrassing incident when everyone tittered.

One day, glancing through a magazine, I read about an amazing new method of learning cultured Speech, Correct Pronunciation, and Vocabulary Building. Not by the unsuccessful and almost impossible old dictionary method, but by a plan absolutely new—phonograph records—talking machine records electrically recorded in the most modern and scientific manner. You hear the actual voice of an expert in phonetics. Every word plainly and correctly pronounced.

This fascinating new method has been developed by a group of educators, writers and speakers under the direction of Prof. Edward H. Gardner, for 28 years a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin; and R. Ray Skinner, Phonetician of the Department of Speech at the same University. This instruction is absolutely authoritative and scientific. The instructions are absolutely authoritative and scientific. It is a correspondence course—no lessons to send in, instead all you need to do is to set back comfortably in your easy chair—and listen.

Everyone finds it delightful and easy to learn through this wonderful new method. And it is so interesting, so captivating, that the entire family will want to listen—and when your friends drop in during an evening, you will have a source of entertainment as fascinating as bridge or a cross word puzzle, so that is the way to pronounce that word!" you say as you hear it spoken clearly and distinctly. You have been

If need be, so as to get it fixed in my mind the right way.

Of course I bet no time in sending for this new method. I was amazed to find how easily I learned new words—learned how to use them and pronounce them—just by sitting back and listening—words I would never have dared use before. The first evening I learned to pronounce correctly exactly 59 words that I had been mispronouncing almost every day, and in less than one week I had enriched my vocabulary beyond my expectations. Today I find that I am using hundreds of words that I never would have dreamed of using a month ago. Not only that, but my new command with words, the new ease with which I express myself, has had a marked influence on my business success. Always I have asked for and secured a better job with a much higher salary. And what is almost equally important—I know that I am saved forever from the embarrassment of making such an unforgivable error as I made that night at the Blake’s!

At Last a New and Easy Way

At last a new and easy way has been found to really teach Correct Pronunciation, Cultured Speech and Vocabulary Building. Not by the unsuccessful and impossible old dictionary method, but by a plan absolutely new—phonograph records—talking machine records electrically recorded in the most modern and scientific manner. You hear the actual voice of an expert in phonetics. Every word plainly and correctly pronounced.

Try It 7 Days FREE—Send No Money

Right now we are making a remarkable introductory offer. This offer enables you to try the Pronunciaphone Method step by step, at two hundred dollars worth of new words to your vocabulary—how it will disclose to you how to pronounce incorrectly—of words you now mispronounce every day—without knowing it. The coupon enables you to the special seven-day free examination, just send it off today, and the Pronunciaphone Method consisting of seven double records (fifteen records in all) including a unique Pronunciation Instruction Manual "Great Taste in Speech," will be forwarded to you promptly, all charges prepaid. If you aren’t delighted, feel free to return the Pronunciaphone Method within the seven-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Wherever you send only $1.25 as first payment, and $1.00 a month for four months.

Mail the coupon at once and see for yourself how this amazing new method will help you. In fact we will give you a month of examination for free and if you are not delighted, return the Pronunciaphone Method without obligation. This amazing new method consists of seven double records (fifteen records in all) and includes a unique Pronunciation Instruction Manual "Great Taste in Speech," will be forwarded to you promptly, all charges prepaid. If you aren’t delighted, feel free to return the Pronunciaphone Method within the seven-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Wherever you send only $1.25 as first payment, and $1.00 a month for four months.
CECIL B. De MILLE’S masterpiece, “The King of Kings,” will be exhibited simultaneously, beginning the week of October 1st, in an extensive list of popular motion picture theatres.

Sixteen stars of first brilliance in the cast, five thousand characters, backgrounds of majestic beauty and pageantry and the most soul-stirring story of all time. In sheer drama and pictorial magnificence, it will hold you spellbound.

As an attraction playing in theatres usually devoted to the legitimate drama, “The King of Kings,” showing at advanced prices during the past year, established box-office records and was called back two and even three times for repeat engagements.

Now Pathé releases it to all picture theatres. The entire family should see it. It provides gripping entertainment for all ages, all creeds, all classes. The experience of seeing this immortal, emotional drama will leave a cherished memory.

Among the thousands of theatres which will season, these beautiful houses will show it.

If your favorite picture theatre is not listed here, ask the

IMENTAL One Time at Popular

Cecil B. "\nDe Mille’s

The Greatest

ARKANSAS

Hor Springs Royal&Spa
Fort Smith Palace
El Dorado Mission

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Criterion
Long Beach State
Santa Barbara Mission

Sacramento Alhambra
Fitchburg California

COLORADO

Denver State
Pueblo Majestic
Greeley New York St.
Sterling Rialto
Monroe Dreamland
Delta Colonial

CONNECTICUT

Hartford Allyn
Norwalk Regent & Palace
Waterbury Strand
New Britain Strand
Middletown Capitol
Danbury Empress
Ansonia Capitol
Williamsville Capitol

ILLINOIS

Springfield Lyric
Champaign Terrace
Danville DeKalb
Kewanee DeKalb
Lincoln Lincoln
Libbiders Apollo
Princeton Apollo
Morga Royal
Waterste Hillboro
Hillsboro Grand
Pana Palace
Paris Paris

INDIANA

South Bend Grand
Fort Wayne Jefferson
Evansville Coliseum
Terre Haute Indiana
Elnhart Orpheum
La Porte La Porte

INDIANA

Bloomington Indiana
Frankfort Comley
Hammond Kokomo
Indianapolis Mitchell

KANSAS

Topeka Cosy
Colbyville Tackett
Windfield Regent
Emporia Strand
Concordia Whigway
Leavenworth Strand
Dodge City Crown
Newton Regent

KENTUCKY

Louisville Mary Anderson
Lexington Strand
Henderson Strand

IOWA

Iowa City Pastime
Mason City Cecil
Okaloosa Rivoli
Red Oak Strand
Shenandoah Skyline
Decorah Grand

KANSAS

Columbia Playhouse
Sibley Temple
Salina Barry Opera House

MARYLAND

Hammony Rivoli

MASSACHUSETTS

Lawrence Empire
Lowell Strand
Brookton Colonial
Haverhill Academy

MICHIGAN

Detroit State
Grand Rapids Regent
Battle Creek Post
Lansing Capitol
Kalamazoo Capitol
Saginaw Franklin
Bay City Orpheum

MISSOURI

St. Louis New Grand Central
Kansas City Globe
Columbia Columbia
Hannibal Star

MISSISSIPPI

Clarksdale Academy
Meridian Casablanca

MONTANA

Billings Bahcaco
Ft. Benton Eleno

NEBRASKA

Beatrice Ritz
York Opera House
Holdridge Sun
Wayne Crystal

NEW HAMPSHIRE

New Hampshire Palace

NEW YORK

Rochester Scenic
Keene Keene

SOUTH DAKOTA

Yankton State

THOMASINE

Beaver Brooklyn

WASHINGTON

Spokane Capitol

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee Capitol

WYOMING

Ft. Pierre Orpheum

If your favorite picture theatre is not listed here, ask the
Screenland

The Last Supper

Prices

KINGS

by Jeanie Macpherson

Picture Ever Produced can now be seen in every motion picture theatre

exhibit "THE KING OF KINGS" this within the next few weeks . . . . . . . .

NEW YORK
New York City
New York City

NEW JERSEY
Newark
Jersey City
Paterson
Newton

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque
Kino

BUFFALO

PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia
Stanton

OHIO
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Columbus
Fremont

OREGON
Portland

TEXAS
San Antonio

South Dakota

Yankton

Akron

Congodb

North Carolina
Winston-Salem

Virginia
Richmond

Rhode Island

Providence

South Carolina
Charleston

Charleston Academy

South Dakota

Yankton

Fargo

Tennessee

Nashville

Wisconsin

Milwaukee

Wisconsin

Washington

Seattle

Washington

Worthington

West Virginia

Wheeling

West Virginia

West Virginia

West Virginia

Wyoming

Casper

Wyoming

Wyoming

Wyoming

Wyoming

Wyoming

Outlet in 32 American Cities

Manager when he is going to show "The King of Kings."
Clive Brook

Dry-point by W. Tates
In "The Perfect Crime" Clive Brook introduced to the screen a new type of villain whose meanness is all above the neck.

Clive Brook

He is a living exhibit in refutation of all the 'Smile' slogans. He is a heart-breaker who doesn't try to hide the wife and two babies.

He has had a claim on this page since he played 'Rolls Royce' in Underworld.

He has given Forgotten Faces never-to-be-forgotten fame.

And he is the rightful owner of this Honor Page because he is the outstanding artist of the month.
Here is a picture of Emil Jannings with an editorial of its own. He descends the steps to you. His picture, The Patriot, marks the highest art of the screen. To reach this magnificence, Jannings has continuously descended, nearer and nearer to the common heart of humanity, the fundamental emotions that stay with us through all our days even down to the dregs. Variety was the story of a murderer; The Way of all Flesh revealed the soul of one outcast, and The Last Command told the greater loss of a man’s mind. Jannings descends to the true universal realities and all can understand him.

These fundamentals are yours to use for your success and to win you friends. They are the keys that unlock the hearts of strangers. Robert Browning told us of them long ago:

“Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity.”
A girl stood behind the counter of a department store measuring off ribbon. "A yard and a half? Yes, madam. Here's your change, madam—thank you."

"Say, Kathryn," the girl at the next counter leaned over, "want to go on a party tonight?"

Kathryn Crawford, who had just rolled up the last loop and replaced the bolt of ribbon on the shelf, smiled her thanks and shook her head. "I've got to study," she replied.

The other girl laughed. "Study!" she exclaimed. "What do you get out of that? Come on and have some fun."

Today the other girl is still measuring ribbon and Kathryn Crawford is driving to the Universal Studio to report for work as leading lady on a new production. The transition has taken three years.

From the time that the sixteen-year-old girl graduated from the Huntington Park High School near Los Angeles, to today, when she is being groomed for individual stardom, she has been out on her own. By her work in a department store during the day, she earned the money to study dancing and singing at night, denying herself many things to accomplish her purpose. A rather stirring picture, that—this frail girl, coming home after a hard

(Continued on page 100)
EVERY new mechanical invention claims its martyrs. Early lithography slaughtered the great works of proud artists. Our immediate ancestors who faced the exciting adventures of the first photography are now laughed at in the cardboard pages of the family album. Only the luckiest pioneers of the primitive movies survived flickering destruction. And now those excited souls who so gaily address this new art-expression known as the talkers, the
Hollywood is learning to dot its I's and cross its T's for Talking Pictures.

The reason for this martyrdom is based upon the fundamental fact that no mechanical device can ever record that elusive something we feel by direct contact. And 'that elusive something' may be the keynote of the artist's charm. A device such as a mirror or the radio may reproduce the image or the voice with deceptive fidelity, but the moment the image or the voice are impressed upon a record and then reproduced, not from the thing itself but from the record, we enter the realm of physical mechanics with all its limitations and editings. At its best a mechanical reproduction is imperfect; at its worst it is terrible.

At present voice reproduction from sound records is far from perfect, and though vast strides are being made toward mechanical improvement, there will always lurk strange and unaccountable factors that will edit the result.

Even in its present high state of development we are familiar with the inexplicable mysteries of motion picture photography. How, for instance, when testing two blondes with apparently identical coloring, one will 'wash out' as a minus blonde and the other darken up into a plus blonde. In fact, so deceptive is the mechanical recording process known as photography, that one of the most beautiful stars of the screen is downright plain in real life, while Winifred Kingston, one of the prettiest girls in Movieland, had to give up hopelessly before the camera.

Thus, in the reproduction of the human voice, the speakies are showing some very surprising results, exalting those whose voices are 'in sympathy' with the mechanical device and discarding those who develop discordancies. Yet in spite of these unaccountable results certain definite facts are emerging.

For instance we are learning that—as in the radio—men's voices generally reproduce better than do women's. Almost without
LIVE and let love.

Ah, Love! What a wonderful thing it is, anyway—or is it?

Take Hollywood, for instance. Maybe it's the 'wood' in Hollywood that makes it the garden spot for lovers. Sort of a Forest of Arden effect, or what not. Cupid hangs out in Hollywood. He has tried everything—Venice in moonlight, Paris in June, England in April, and Central Park benches in summer; but he always comes back. He can't help himself. Like the actors, come to rest like tired turtle-doves after their troupings, Cupid too, has settled down in Hollywood—bought himself one of those pink stucco places with swimming pool and patio, and squatted. He says he's happy. There's always plenty of work for him to do. Home, to Cupe, is where the heart is. And why not? Love's love, no matter how you splice it.

This seems to be the open season for movie lovers. Is there anything lovelier than Fall, anyway? Yes; falling in love. Oh, now—! Out where the zest begins, the picture girls change their lovers with their moods. No wonder the Hollywood leading men are so clean-cut; they

John Boles is both seen and heard in "The Last Warning."}

Every young actor in pictures looks forward to the day when the bidding starts.

are changed so often. If Hollywood ladies seem fickle it is only the old law of supply and demand asserting itself. The public wants change and the movie stars do, too. There is practically no argument.

Besides, the picture girls are human. Don't you suppose they ever get tired of being hugged by the same dodo film in, film out? Of course they do. And if they get tired, how about (Cont. on page 90)
The Boy who Loved his Mother

The story of the life of Charles Chaplin.

By Rosa Reilly

Lily Harley lay dying in the Physicians' and Surgeons' Hospital in Glendale, California. She was sixty-one years old. Her finely moulded face and finely moulded hands were ravaged by lines of poverty, hard work and bitter want. Despite the luxurious atmosphere that surrounded her—the soft satin eiderdown that rested on her bed, the silver vases filled with flowers, the heavy quilted dressing gown, the bottles of ointments and eau de cologne that covered her dressing table—Lily Harley looked old far beyond her three-score years.

At her bedside sat her son, Charlie Chaplin, the greatest clown in the world. Brown hair streaked prematurely with gray, brown eyes filled prematurely with sorrow. There was nothing he could do for her now. Three or four times each day, this man, who has achieved his greatness by bringing laughter to half of the people in the world, would steal away from his work and sit quietly by the dying woman hoping that the cloud which had—at intervals—dimmed her brave spirit, might lift. So that she would know he was there to cheer her on her last cheerless journey as she had cheered him through the poverty and misery of his early years.
He took his linen handkerchief, dipped it into eau de cologne and gently wiped the wrinkled forehead and the dry, tired lips. His mind went back thirty-four years to when Lily Harley was celebrated in English music halls for her magnificent voice. She sang character songs. And danced. And did imitations in an inimitable way. Her husband, Charlie Chaplin, (the comedian was named after his father) was a baritone whose memory is still revered in Great Britain. They both travelled in the same company but never in the same act. And their two children, Syd and Charlie, travelled with them. A happy, reckless, hand-to-mouth existence.

One night—the comedian recalled he must have been about five years old then—Lily made her stage entrance to sing her opening song. The first verse was scarcely commenced when she heard a hoarse whisper from the wings. Smiling and dancing, giving her heart to her audience, she edged towards the voice. It was the wardrobe woman: "'Urry. Your 'usband's took bad."

As Lily Harley came to the end of her program—and to the limit of her endurance—she started offstage. The audience applauded tremendously. Lily Harley was scarcely conscious as she reached the wings, where she was pushed back on the stage. "Tyke your bows, dearie," the wardrobe woman whispered. And then when the singer was out of earshot, she added: "No use to 'urry now."

The voice of Charlie Chaplin, England's popular baritone, was stilled forever.

In California, five thousand

(Continued on page 78)
This beautiful coat will be sent to the writer of the best letter answering the question. Think out your answer and write briefly. It will sharpen your wits; and the prize, if you are the fortunate winner, will add to your appearance.

DOROTHY MACKAILL is one of the most alluring girls in pictures and she is the most modernistic. Her style is the style of the girl who has made the flapper old-fashioned and obsolete. Her trimness has a distinction, her laugh has abandon. Her type is the product of Prohibition and Freud. She is a new note on the screen where romping tomboys have romped and home girls and vamps have shown their stuff.

The modern girl is first of all proud of being a woman and counts sex as not necessarily clashing with intelligence. She wears her clothes with assurance and while she responds to the call of Whoopee, she sets the pace herself.

Do you like the modern girl? Dorothy Mackaill wants to know.

The coat is of needlepoint cloth trimmed with nutria fur and is cut in the stylish boxcoat model.

Address—DOROTHY MACKAILL
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes November 10, 1923
The question you must answer. Do you approve of the modern type of girl? Why? If not, why not?

This stylish coat will be won by a girl who is smart and not afraid to try. Does that describe you? Anyone may enter the contest. If a man wins, the coat is his.
To be giving your wife a birthday party after you have been married to her for five years is surely a sweet gesture, isn’t it?” demanded Patsy. “You know by that time it is usually wife who is giving hubby a birthday party.”

All of which led up to the information that Patsy and I were invited to a birthday party which William Russell was giving for his wife, Helen Ferguson, who of late has deserted the screen for the stage, although Billy Russell himself still sticks to the films.

When we arrived at Helen’s and Bill’s beautiful home in Beverly Hills, it did just seem as though everybody in the film world was there. Their house is a sort of Old English on the outside, but is largely Italian period within—and somehow so entirely homelike and hospitable in its atmosphere.

“Helen and Bill are very happy,” exclaimed Patsy. “Helen gives up a good deal of social life with her old group of girl friends, in order to devote herself when not at the theatre to her husband and the care of her home, and Billy allows Helen to play in the theatre, and never thinks of making another engagement when he can be with her. Both are wise.”

Almost the first person we met was Monte Blue, who came back from the South Seas only to go over to Europe. He was very busy debunking the South Sea Islands for a group of listeners, saying that all the romance has gone out of them.

We asked him about the foreign studios, and he said that he found the German studios very formal.

“The studio gate keeper bows to the office boy, and the office boy bows to the stenographer, and the stenographer bows to his boss, and everybody bows to the visitor. I took seventeen bows at the Ufa studios alone!”

Monte Blue’s beau-
New holds and clinches from distant places. Hollywood embraces the opportunity.

From the South Seas we get the Mammy Palaver or nose rub. James Hall and Clara Bow are working out the modern version, the Red Hot Mama Palaver.

Joan Crawford and Johnny Mack Brown illustrating the old parlor pastime known as Flying Into a Pet or Love at First Sight.

From the torrid sands of the Coral Islands to the cold pavements of Broadway the natives are all engaged or about to be on the fine art of petting. It is therefore interesting to see how the techniques compare. In Hollywood making love is, of course, all timed, Klieg-lighted, and figured out; but still, considering the handicaps, they do as well as could be expected. Their slogan is "Osculate than never." Often a poor little screen player gets so accustomed to forcing her partner's head around back to the camera that when her boy friend comes he thinks he must have called at the wrong house, on Mrs. Zbyszko or something.

Love is grand. You can't fool when it comes to expressing a deep classical passion, whether you kiss her in Santa Monica or on her request.
"How about running down to Malibu tomorrow to see what we are doing on The Rescue?" said Herbert Brenon who is directing Ronald Colman and Lily Damita in Joseph Conrad's story.

Malibu! The newest playground of the screen stars! And the wily Mr. Brenon who has one of the loveliest cottages down there had picked out a bit of the ocean not a mile away from the colony and had 'The Hermit' anchored there.

To be sure it was only part of the coast line that matched up with the Santa Cruz location where the land action had taken place, but everyone chaffed Mr. Brenon about the soft spot he had picked for himself. It was fine for Ronald Colman, too, who also has a cottage at Malibu, but for Lily Damita, the French demoiselle Samuel Goldwyn brought back with him from Paris to succeed Vilma Banky as Ronald's screen sweetheart, and for the rest of the company, it was just too bad, because they had to journey the fifty miles from Hollywood each day.

Would I go! Well, try and stop me!

It has been said by those who should know that the California Riviera will, in a few years, rival the Italian one. I can't step in on that argument, never having been in Italy, but I must say that California's Riviera is lovely enough to hold me for a season. And then for twenty miles you drive along an almost perfect road with the ocean not two hundred feet away and on the other side the mountains rising sheer.

Just before you get to the screen colony where the cottages are built right on the sand between the road and the ocean, you come to a long dock at the end of which a private launch waited to take us to 'The Hermit,' riding at anchor just a short distance out. We were first greeted by Bill Collins who is water technician. Which means that he handles all the detail connected with the water scenes, such as finding and negotiating for the best boat to suit the purposes of the picture and a thousand and one other things. Bill has been on Frank Lloyd's staff for years, and handled the water sequences for The Divine Lady, The Sea Hawk and others. It was just an accident that he got into pictures—"if it hadn't happened I suppose I'd still be working on the coast of our little New England village for $200 a month," he said.

There was a thatched cottage built in the centre of the boat and around on the deck sprawled a motley crew waiting to be called to work. These 'natives' were supposed to be a band of marauders whose leader was Sojin. Sojin always plays villains in pictures; I don't know why, except that he wears scimitars and daggers so successfully. But it
takes a lot of make-up to make his face look cruel, and a heavy frown to hide the kindness of his eyes.

The thing that interested me about the 'natives' was that they all had, for men, very long and luxuriant growths of hair which I discovered were real.

There was a powerful and handsome young man, stripped, save for a loin cloth and a necklace of human teeth which he had probably extracted from his unfortunate victim's head after the kill. This fierce personage turned out to be none other than Duke Kahanamoku, world-champion swimmer, who gave up his place in the Olympic Games to play in The Rescue, his first important part in pictures.

Oh, Hollywood! Enchantress of the world! Do your eyes grow brighter and your full lips redder while musing on the victims you have lured to disillusionment and death? Or is your beauty fed by those who have stood the cruel test of sacrifice, hunger, discouragement, the temptations that loneliness brings, and overcome them, hoping for a smile from you? Your smile—the fulfillment of their highest thoughts. If that is true then it must be good to serve you. For a smile means happiness, and happiness is a bit of God.

But we digress. We digress indeed!

There in all the glory of the morning sun stood the stalwart Duke and not far off looking dejectedly out at sea was an Indian Prince—by jove!—another mistake. The Indian Prince is your old friend John Davidson who, in The Rescue, is Ronnie's friend. His dejected appearance might have been the result of a five-thirty call so that he would be sure to be on the ship all made up at nine. Otherwise he might not be ready for the scene which would be taken at three or possibly four in the afternoon. What was he?
Broadway is all a-buzz. We have taken a new lease on life, love, and the pursuit of whoopee, what with fall and screen stars coming on, and new revues and clothes coming off, and—and everything. And just to keep us excited, we have had two Hollywood beauties in our midst—two stars whom New York has been just palpitating to see. One has never visited us before; the other hasn’t been here since she climbed to film fame. I give you—Dolores del Rio and Sue Carol. Wait a minute—stand back, there. I can’t give them to you. They belong to Hollywood, and Hollywood is jealous of her rights. But I can give you a glimpse of them, can’t I? You can’t stop me.

Altogether, then: Dolores—del—Rio! Del Rio means river. No, it doesn’t, either. It means Romance. Wait till you see her. Carrabba! Also, zounds. And hoopla. Dolores, on her first visit to Manhattan, gave the town such a kick as it hasn’t had since Anna Held took her first milk shake. You see, Dolores is that kind of a star. She doesn’t bathe in milk—she drinks it. What I mean is, she sparkles. She’s glamorous, and all those other adjectives. Dark, glowing beauty—the most intense brown eyes I ever saw, with the longest and curliest lashes—they say she may have to have them boyish-bobbed to keep them out of her hair. Measuring Dolores and Greta Garbo eyelash to eyelash, I don’t know which would win. Anyway, Dolores wears her jet-black hair parted in the middle and drawn back just as it is in her pictures. Of course, you have been seeing her only as Ramona, you poor souls, and so you’d hardly be prepared for the vivid, Parisienne figure she presents in person. No smocks and shifts for the real del Rio. Long jade earrings, jewelled bracelets, beautiful imported gowns. She is little—much tinier than you’d expect; and graceful—you’d know that; and so very much alive. Her gestures are quick and expressive.
And yet, with all the beauty and charm and glamour, she is curiously direct and honest and outspoken. She'll be frank with you. She says exactly what she thinks. There are none of the coquetties and evasions and posturings you might accuse in so picturesque a creature. Dolores has depth. It shows on the screen, making her the fine actress that she is. It's a quality of sincerity. It makes her not only a fascinating girl, but a gallant one.

"I live for one thing only," she says in her low voice. "Work! I love it. A picture actress must love it to be willing to make all the sacrifices a film career demands of her. It absorbs her whole life. When she is not actually working before the camera from nine until six or so she is posing for pictures, or having interviews, or costume fittings. She has no time to herself. She has to love it!

"I was never so happy in my life!" she exclaimed. She has surprisingly little accent, considering she couldn't speak a word of English when she first came to Hollywood three years ago. "When I lived in Mexico City I was just a girl. I knew nothing but my home, and social duties, and my music. It is only since I have been in pictures that I have really found myself. Now I am a woman—I have work to do—and I love it!"

Dolores seems awfully sensible for such a beautiful girl. She says in five years she will leave the screen—absolutely. "You know, a movie star's career is short. Only youth can please the camera. Later, still a young woman, a star is passe. Maybe wrinkles come. Before then I will go. I will try the stage."

She has a voice, you know. She has made records of Ramona and a little Mexican song for Victor. She has also warbled over the radio. But she much prefers to remain silent. No talkers for her.

"I'll bet you do!" I said with a sickly smile. I expected a vase thrown in my general direction—I had just finished reading Van Vechten's Spider Boy, and Latin stars are supposed to be so temperamental.

Dolores is not. She said: "I'll bet I don't! The motion picture is an art. It is pantomime. It needs no words. Let it stay so. Sure!"

She'll say 'Sure' right in the midst of her exquisite English. It's nice.

Sixteen pictures in three years—she has earned her European vacation. She'll be back in two or three months and then make Evangeline. She finished Revenge before she left. It's her third picture with an R in it. She named it herself. It completes the trio: (Continued on page 94)
Get down to work and get up in the world.

By Marion Brooks Ritchie

JUST take my hand, and we will see if we can manage to get by Kenneth at the information desk and into the Paramount lot.

Follow me down First Street, past Star Dressing Room Row—you know, Clara's and Richard's, Emil Jan-ning's and Florence Vidor's—by the quiet-looking Valentino bungalow, the Old Barn, the restaurant, and through to the interior of Stage Four.

Be careful! Don't get too close. The Kliegs are all on; the music has started, and they must be all ready to go. 'Shh-hh! Quiet, now.

"Camera!"

It is obviously a scene from a "western." The bar is on the left. Cowboys and dance-hall girls are around the set, away from the actual shooting, and you certainly can't miss seeing that old nickel-in-the-slot player piano.

The cameras are trained on a group seated around a table. They are playing cards. That girl dressed as a dance-hall girl and standing back of the dealer is, I am sure, Baclanova. And the cowboy, dealing the cards, is—why, of course, it's none other than my old friend, Jack Holt.

"Camera!"

In Hollywood, that word is called at least five thousand times a day. It holds the joys and heartaches, the hopes and even fears of almost millions. Today, on this particular set, to at least four people it means glorious joy and the hopes of years, fulfilled.

The picture is Avalanche. The young lady playing the lead opposite Jack Holt is Doris Hill. The good-looking fellow who shouted the word "Camera!" is Director Otto Brower. The smaller one, next (Continued on page 96)
A. Bachrach, Still Photographer

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

TOM MIX
in
"Son of the Golden West"

How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude,
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.
—Cowper
EVELYN BRENT and William Powell in *Interference*—but obviously nothing can come between them.

Photograph by Hommel
ILLIAN GISH and Lars Hanson are the lovers in the forthcoming special production, The Wind.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
RAQUEL TORRES—she's lily and she's pretty, so she is slated for success in Hollywood.
She Marched Down the Aisle and Right Up Onto the Screen.

By Val Lewton

A brief year ago she had been an usherette at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Los Angeles. She had watched other stars sweep from their magnificent cars, through the applauding first-night crowds, and into the theatre. She had been a little envious of their furs, their jewels, their orchids. But never had she been hopeful of attaining to their position, of winning their wealth.

Tonight, however, it was her night. Her picture was opening at the Chinese Theatre. She swept out of her car and into the theatre. Here (Cont. on page 98)
CREATED in PARIS

The latest from Paris! Norma Shearer wears a Lanvin evening gown of silver mesh with sequin motifs worked into ecru tulle. At the side is a tulle chou. Note the pointed hem line. Silver slippers are worn with this frock.

Happy Norma—gowned by Paris for Hollywood parties! This frock of flesh-colored net is striped in folds of black net. A double rhinestone coil at the left hip holds a cascade of black tulle in place.
Norma Shearer went to Paris on her honeymoon-vacation with Irving Thalberg, and inspired the foremost couturieres to design some of their loveliest creations for her. Here she is wearing one of the smart new knee-length evening wraps.

An old rose ensemble designed by Chanel for Norma Shearer is printed in pale yellow and green daffodils. The blouse is fitted and the skirt is trimmed with rows of shirring. Her hat is a lovely shade of green.
Director Nat Ross is commander of the submarines, George Robinson is at the camera, and Eddie Phillips stands below. The gentleman with the derby hat is doing his bit for art.
George Lewis is rescuing Yvonne Howell from a watery sequence. George is a great athlete. He has carried 'The Collegians' into its third edition.
WHEN you come up against a picture like this you wish you had Hooverized your adjectives. Here you have been scattering 'em all over the place on second-rate pictures, when along comes a really great one and leaves you gasping. There is nothing left but to turn hand-springs. Here are a few for The Patriot.

The most sophisticated picture ever made, this is a triumph for all concerned, including the audience. It marks the American reunion of those two German giants, Ernst Lubitsch and Emil Jannings. The heavenly twins of the cinema combine their genius on a dramatic story, and the result is inevitably a masterpiece. The Patriot is a little tribute for Paramount Pictures to the great American movie public—an indication that at least one motion picture company has sufficient respect for our intelligence to present us with a grown-up photoplay.

Here is a picture of imperial Russia in 1801, under the reign of Paul, the mad son of Catherine the Great. From the very beginning you are conscious that you have at last come upon a very nearly perfect motion picture play. Lubitsch directing—Jannings acting—Emil Stone, Florence Vidor, Vera Veronina and Neil Hamilton assisting—all on their toes—what could be more exciting? It's Lubitsch's very best picture. It abounds in what producers and public have come to know as 'Ernst Lubitsch touches.' Sometimes they take the form of desperate drama; often they are highly comic—this Teuton has invented the movie epigram. There is no scene in movie history more amusing than that in which Lewis Stone, as Count Pahlen, right-hand-man of the czar, describes to his master in intimate detail his latest amorous adventure. No sub-titles are necessary. And Lubitsch proves that in addition to supremacy in the sly innuendo he has a heart—a kind heart. The pathos in The Patriot is never forced. In a picture so stirring, so rich and dark and violent and lusty, it is good to find a tender touch. As for Jannings—he surpasses himself, and when you remember The Last Laugh, and Variety, and The Way of All Flesh, and all the others, you must admit there's no higher tribute. This actor gives what can only be called the greatest performance ever seen on the screen—or the stage either, as far as I'm concerned. His portrait of the imperial madman is perfection. It's a flamboyant part, yet Jannings never overplays. It is a repellant, a horrible part—but such is the art of this portly German that the lunatic Paul becomes at times a pitiful small boy lost in the maze of an awful nightmare. Lewis Stone, too, is fine—very fine, as the conspirator-patriot, Pahlen. It's a typical Lewis Stone role, and has never been better played. The big scene in The Patriot is between the two men, Jannings and Stone. The czar pleads with his trusted Pahlen never to desert him—even as the Count is consummating his plan to do away with the madman whose whims are ruining Russia. This scene is directed and acted with matchless art. The feminine interest is beautifully upheld by Florence Vidor and Vera Veronina. Miss Vidor plays an aristocrat whose attachment for the Count is sacrificed in the interests of a better Russia. She is exquisite, aloof—and very alluring. Veronina, the only real Russian in the cast of this Russian drama, as the czar's mistress, is a delicious bit of feminine dynamite. She makes her occasional scenes count. The Patriot cannot be appreciated at one sitting. And when I say sitting, I mean standing room only, and such popularity must be deserved.
The Terror

Ow! What was that? Look behind you! Is that a h'ant? No, just an usher with her little lantern. But anything and everything seems mysterious when you're on the trail of The Terror. Sit next to people you know personally so that when you have to grab somebody in the excitement you'll surely be among friends. Those shrieks—you can't tell whether they are coming from the cast or the audience. The Terror is a talker on both sides of the screen. A screamer, I mean.

Shrieks and clutching hands and tapping sounds and stabs in the dark—it's a nice, blood-curlling evening you're in for. It seems there were strange doings at the Grange, or the Abbey—the old organ played when there was nobody around to play it; a strange old lady appeared on a stormy night from nowhere, and at intervals Louise Fazenda or May McAvoy or somebody sitting next to you emits a long howl, and you don't see how you can stand the strain a moment longer. Edgar Wallace wrote it, Roy Del Ruth directed, and everybody concerned seems to be in on a conspiracy to scare you to death. The plot? Why, the home of that gentle, peace-loving Alec B. Francis and his lovely little daughter, May McAvoy, is made miserable by the machinations of a sneaking villain. That's all. But it is plenty. Edward Everett Horton solves the mystery, on the screen and also the one about his own position in pictures. I know now why Mr. Horton is generally considered such an engaging comedian. Give him any kind of a situation and he will talk his way out of it and right into your regard. He is an ingratiating man, and he will be a big drawing-card as long as the talkers are. Louise Fazenda also fares well in her first talking venture. She is a Beatrice Lillie character, with a voice that adds to her comedy attractions. Mr. Francis, John Miljan and Otto Hoffman are outstandingly interesting. The Terror is a pioneer picture—the very first to eliminate the subtitle in favor of the spoken word. The title, cast, directorial and camera and author credits are all announced by a sort of dignified Mistah Bones, who then retires and lets the cast speak for themselves. And they do a good job of it. Now a lot of people are going to take you aside and tell you that the surface of the speakes has only just been scratched, and more like that. You just agree with them and then go along and see The Terror. It may not be art but it's fun.

The male version of the Mammy song

Forgotten Faces

Pappy! Of course he does. Pappa has always loved Mama. But does Mama love Pappa? That's the question—the great, big question staring us in the face right now. Give a thought to Pappa. Father's face has been forgotten long enough. Let this be Pappa Month among the movie theatres. Here's the male version of Mammy—just to make you remembah!

I'm just masking my real feelings when I go on like this, as you may have guessed. Forgotten Faces is a picture that leaves you with that choked-up feeling that can only be relieved by a real good cry, and I can't cry here. Besides, you can't cry over a Pappa picture. It isn't being done. Just the same, I suspect you'll be stealing a sob over Clive Brook before he's through with you. As Heliotrope Harry, gentleman burglar who dedicates his life to his little daughter, he is noble and self-sacrificing and pathetic—but never too noble. He always remains a man. There is no one who can assault your sympathies with the savoir-faire of Mr. Brook. I don't know how the man does it. He's as frozen-faced as Buster Keaton but he manages somehow to achieve tremendous pathos simply by standing still and looking glum. Why, the man must be an actor! Heliotrope stirs me. He'll stir you too. He goes through fire, water and a jail for his little girl, who, grown up, is played by sweet Mary Brian. His object all sublime is to save her from a life of crime—and the slightly soiled clutches of her worthless mother, played by Olga Baclanova. Brook's performance could not be improved upon—from the opening scenes which show him as a deft and agile thief, in faultlessly fitting clothes, through his sufferings as a betrayed husband, a helpless prisoner, and finally as a Butler in his own daughter's home, striving to save her happiness. Forgotten Faces has all the appeal of Sorrell and Son and Underworld with a dash of Stella Dallas. Daddy!
JUST MARRIED

Just Wives and Otherwise.

Hip ahoy for the Honeymoon Special! Just Married is one of those cute little comedies that doesn't mean a thing but gives everybody a good time. It has James Hall as an expert farceur. James plays a slightly naughty young boulevardier and makes you believe he is just a little bit frisky without once chucking a cutie under the chin or pulling a long black silk stocking out of his pocket by mistake. Who'd ever believe that James could do it? I had him on my list as one of those young men who never would be missed. Now I take it all back. He is very charming and most amusing and what more can any one young man be? Just Married also offers the tried-and-true comedy talents of Harrison Ford and William Austin, and a brace of pretty girls—I don't know what a brace is but they do brace you up. Ruth Taylor, Lila Lee, and Ivy Harris are the three little bridesmaids. Ruth is engaged to William until James appears on the scene. Lila pursues the English Mr. Austin, and Ivy is married to Harrison Ford. Then they all get mixed up. That's where all the fun comes in. There are several hearty ha-ha's in this comedy and enough snickers to go round. Ruth Taylor is an optic-ful in her chic Paris frocks—f.o.b. Hollywood. Lila Lee plays a part that would have shocked the old Lila out of her demure coiffure. Yes—she is one of those French girls. Very pretty, too. Just Married is recommended to all—engaged couples, old married couples, and in fact all kinds of couples except those just married.

More murder—very polite, pleasant, and well-managed murder

The PERFECT CRIME

Murder Made Easy.

Here's to crime—The Perfect Crime. More murder—and this time a very polite, pleasant, well-managed murder. Trust Clive Brook to see to that. Anything this English gentleman undertakes is bound to be charming and well-bred. I don't mean that Mr. Brook steps from his pedestal and does anything we wouldn't do, even in a nice way. But he does introduce an entirely new note into the murder mystery motif. He makes you pleased and proud to be, with him, an accessory after the fact, or even before. He plays a famous criminologist immersed in his last case—the murder, under most mysterious circumstances, of our old friend Tully Marshall. It is Mr. Brook's business to track down the murderer, and at the same time retain all the polish and suavity for which he is justly famed. The solving of the crime involves the happiness of himself and his fiancée, Miss Irene Rich, and also of another couple who have been implicated in the proceedings. An atmosphere of ominous, brooding uncertainty hangs over the picture and also over the audience. You sit tight and hardly dare to breathe much less rustle your program as the story slowly and somberly unfolds. Then comes the Big Trial Scene—what is a murder picture without one? This has been done in dialogue and none too accurately. It stands out for its novelty and nothing else. A highly unnecessary old-fashioned dream ending has been tacked on this picture supposedly as a sop to tender-hearted movie-fans. All the picture patrons I know happen to be quite as sturdy and intelligent as the average play-goer and novel-reader, so I am at a loss to understand why it is that the picture producers persist in treating us as if we are children whose mothers never told us. The best part of The Perfect Crime, besides Mr. Brook, is the amusing speaking sequence—a prologue and an epilogue employing the talents of Claire Adams and Lynne Overman. You have seen Miss Adams before but you have never heard her, and I think you are going to like her a lot. She is one woman who can never talk too much to suit us.
Excess BAGGAGE

Excess Baggage.

Here is what we have all been crying for—Billy Haines in a 'different' part. Billy himself, they say, has been fed up on playing smart-alecks all the time. He wanted change—well, he gets it. In Excess Baggage he goes to the other extreme and plays a failure. And he is awfully good, as a young vaudeville actor whose wife inspires him to do his 'slide for life' over the heads of the audience. When the pretty bride gets an offer to go in the movies, the husband un-selfishly steps aside, though he knows he can't get along alone. With her gone—an over-night success on the screen—he flops, and joins the only-their-husbands club. But as he sees her apparently drifting away from him and falling for a handsome movie actor—Ricardo Cortez—he sees red, white and blue and a few other colors, and asserts himself. Now, this should have been a very human little picture. And it is, in spots. But it never seems to realize its possibilities. Boy, a nice new Covered Wagon for Director James Cruze. Haines not only plays an unselfish character; he practically steps aside with a gallant gesture and hands the picture to his leading lady, little Josephine Dunn. I feel like saying 'I told you so' when I see Miss Dunn sharing honors with a star of Haines' calibre. Long ago I told you to keep an eye on her. I hope you have because she is worth seeing. Josephine has beauty and pep and a certain wistful quality of sweetness that makes her just a little bit different from all the other girls. She scores a spanking success in Excess Baggage as you'll see for yourself.

The BELLAMY TRIAL

Of good entertainment. The Bellamy Trial is the movie version of the best-selling mystery that ran in the Saturday Evening Post and made strong men and women readers begin biting their nails and picking at the coverlet while waiting for the next chapter. The big-hearted movie producers give it to us all in one picture. They come right out with it instead of teasing us along with 'See Next Instalment for the Solution.' Just one more reason why the movies are my favorite form of entertainment. Movie fans can get all the murder mystery they crave in one dose, and I think they should express their appreciation by refusing to tell their friends just who really did kill Cock Robin—or in this case, Mimi Bellamy.

Monta Bell presents The Bellamy Trial on the screen, with Leatrice Joy as Sue Ives, Kenneth Thompson as Stephen Bellamy, husband of the murdered lady; George Barraud as Pat Ives, and Margaret Livingstone as the luckless Mimi. It is a faithful transcription of the novel up to a certain point. The story is told in the court-room from the testimony of the witnesses, just as it is in the book, with flash-backs as the characters explain their actions preceding and during the night of the murder. 'Who killed Mimi Bellamy?' is the great question, and everyone who has not read the book will have his own guess. Miss Joy, Mr. Barraud, and Mr. Thompson perform capably as the harassed trio of suspects, while the humor and romance are provided by two very charming youngsters, Eddie Nugent and Betty Bronson, impersonating reporters. Indeed, Betty is so piquant and pretty you wonder why you don't see her more often. She is inimitable. The Bellamy Trial has a summing up of the case in sound by the prosecuting attorney that adds to its effectiveness. But why did they have to deviate from the original by making the murder an accident instead of a deliberate affair? Probably to conform with the old-fashioned idea that a fact may be told in a book or a newspaper and presented on the stage but never, never in a motion picture. It's a quaint old Hollywood custom.

The humor and romance in 'The Bellamy Trial' are provided by those two charming youngsters, Eddie Nugent and Betty Bronson.
**Lilac Time**

**Sniff, Sniff!**

You can see and you can hear Lilac Time. You should be able to smell it, too—bright theatre managers will doubtless oblige by spraying you with lilac scent as you enter. Pretty soon we'll have not only talkers but smellers and feelers. See, hear, feel and sniff your pictures. But right now it is enough to see and hear them—especially when they are as elaborate and spectacular as this one. Lilac Time is a great, big special war production. You get your money's worth of drama and thrills and then some. As far as I am concerned you also feel as if you have been in a couple of battles yourself before it is over. Lilac Time, what with the whirring engines of the airplanes and the explosions as they crash is a stirring experience comparable only to Wings. Wear your ear-muffs.

Colleen Moore is the star—playing the role of Jeannine of Lilac Farm where the brave boys of the flying corps are billeted. Jeannine is not one of those French girls. Oh, no. She's a nice American girl in a trick costume, and somehow I could never forget that fact. Gary Cooper is the flying captain who is captivated. It is all directed by George Fitzmaurice, which means it has moments of surpassing beauty. Miss Moore's own share of the drama will continue to be silent as long as she has anything to say. Now, you know what I mean! This expert little pantomimist doesn't have to speak to her audience to make them understand.

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**The First Kiss**

**Smack—Smack!**

There are two kinds of smacks in this picture—the osculatory and the nautical. Both are nice. Gary Cooper and Fay Wray furnish the first; Chesapeake Bay the second. If it hadn't been for those smacks The First Kiss would hardly have kept me up. Just as I would be dozing off—smack!—Fay and Gary would get together again, or a beautiful boat would come sailing on the screen, and the film would take a new tack. Gary is the poor suffering hero as usual. They seem to be trying to make a sort of male Lillian Gish out of this husky young man. He has to suffer, and suffer, and make sacrifices for the family name and his three brothers. He broods and acts bashful, but comes into his own in a swimming scene. Maybe you can believe this story about the boy who determines to lift himself and his family out of the poor white trash heap; but it was never very real to me. Probably because it keeps a woman waiting for an unpardonable length of time—something like five or six reels. Fay Wray is the waitress and she is much too pretty to be stood up for any time at all. She is the daintiest thing on the screen—so cool and detached; almost the last of the 'Don't-dare-touch-me' school. Well, that may be the reason she was kept waiting. Lane Chandler is cast as one of the wealding brothers. He is so obviously designed by nature to play big, strong-minded men it's a wonder he could keep a straight face. I couldn't.

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(With two kinds of smacks—the osculatory and the nautical)

© Leslie Fenton, Fay Wray and Gary Cooper against a Chesapeake Bay background in 'The First Kiss.'
FOUR WALLS

Ye Olde Prisoner's Songe.

"Oh, I wish I had someone to love me!" sings John Gilbert. Girls, girls—control yourselves! Let Mr. Gilbert alone. It's only a part he's playing. And how he plays it, to be sure. Four walls do not a prison make—is that so? But John has to spend a term behind bars to find himself a free man. You see he was one of the bad boys of Greenwich Village—they don't all read Shakespeare down there. And he is sent up for a stretch—only to learn in prison the Better Way. He comes back to his mother—Vera Gordon—resolved to follow the straight and narrow. And he would have had no trouble at all, for he was good at heart—if it hadn't been for Joan Crawford. Now you know as well as I do what Joan can do when she wants to. She is one of the most devastating girls in pictures. This time she sets out to win Jack back to the old gang and—the old girl, herself. He is human—he is tempted—for this Crawford girl never looked so beautiful. But he summons the strength to repudiate her, never guessing that maybe she, too, would like to leave the old life for something finer. The girl and the man fight it out. A cafe party—more temptation—lights and jazz and soft arms and mocking eyes—and Jack is right back where he started. He wants to be a bad boy again. This is drama, tense and stirring. The man is licked. But the girl isn't! She has a strain of unsuspected steel in her—and she grabs him and she shakes him and taunts him and shames him, into manhood. It's good stuff. Four Walls is a rather worth-while picture. It packs a punch at the same time it preaches a sermon. The cast is perfect. Vera Gordon—a movie mother who doesn't whine. Carmel Myers—come back not in her usual vamp role but the direct antithesis—a plain, shy mouse of a girl, splendidly played. John Gilbert—no Great Lover heroics, but restrained, dignified, human acting; as good as anything he has ever done, and maybe a little better. Joan—oh, Joan! Wait until you see her. I mustn't paint this tiger lily, but I must tell you her work never misses—sincerity shines through—always beautiful, she is also real. This girl is one of the greatest bets who ever stepped on the screen—if they treat her right. They'd better!

Just a little pleasant Davies dallying, with pretty trimmings

The Cardboard Lover

So you think you are too old for paper dolls, do you? You're just an old cross-patch. The rest of us still like to play, and here's The Cardboard Lover to toy with. This little picture will not get you worked up into a lather. But it will keep you mildly amused, especially if you have become addicted to Marion Davies—as who has not? Just a little pleasant Davies dallying, with pretty trimmings. Marion is the screen's foremost comedienne these days and she has only to wink an eye to send her considerable public into convulsions, and she looks so pretty all the time she is being funny that she is a treat to the eyes as well as to the ribs—and if you think that isn't a trick try it over on your own features sometime.

Marion entertains as a cute American cut-up who is doing Europe—and the Europeans. The grand tour is just a personal tour de force for our little heroine. She is seen pursuing a famous French tennis champion, Nils Asther, with her autograph book and also with her attentions. If you know your Marion you don't need to be told that she finally emerges triumphant—not only with the young man's signature but also with his affections. And she was up against quite some competition in the person of Mlle. Simone—the French demi-mondaine of snappy fiction superbly played by Jetta Goudal. What is it about this Goudal that gets you? She gives a delicately decadent impression of a siren in her few scenes—you won't forget her soon. The Cardboard Lover is not The Party by a couple of impersonations. Marion does only two here—Marion Davies and Jetta Goudal. Both are good. In fact, when there are better—and keener and crueler—impersonations, Marion Davies will do them—and then heaven help the poor movie girls.
Do Numbers

Revelations that amazed the Hollywood players.

By Helen Ludlam

Do you know that your baptismal name or if you have not been baptized the name your mother gave you, and your birthday, contain your fortune? Well, they do if you know how to read them. This discovery has interested me so that I am continually looking for opportunities to pass the knowledge along and since it is also a form of amusement I have had a lot of fun reading the names of the girls in pictures and they seem to enjoy it, too.

I'll begin with Mary Pickford whom all the world knows

| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I | J | K | L | M | N | O | P | Q | R | S | T | U | V | W | X | Y | Z |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |

How they arrive at it: suppose your name is Mary, M, you will see, is 4, A, 1; R, 9; and Y, 7. Added, these numbers make 21. These two—2 and 1—equal 3. Hence Mary's number is 3.
was Gladys Marie Smith so I am not giving away any state secrets. According to ‘Numerology’ the vibrations of her life changed when she became Mary Pickford, but her first name is still the greatest influence in her life. Without going into the technical side of how it is done I will just give you the number of the Ideality or inner nature, the Expression or general ability, and the Impression or appearance. Our month, day and year of birth reveal our Path of Life or lesson we have come to learn and tell us in what we can best succeed. It is divided into three cycles, the birth month being the first, which spans the time from birth until about 22 years of age; the second cycle, the day of birth, from 22 to about 42 or 45 and the last cycle, the year of birth from 45 until about 65. These three cycles have vibrations that if lived constructively fit us for the lesson our Path teaches and we are then ready to go on.

Mary Pickford, then, has a 7 Ideality, a 3 Expression, and a 5 Impression. That means that the thing that she really wanted to do was to get away by herself to (Cont. on page 80)
BANTAM COWBOY

When I was in my early teens I used to thumb over countless books and magazines and wonder: "Don't they ever write any stories for girls of fourteen?" You could find stories for grown-ups and stories for mere kids of eight and nine, but for a still growing young person in her teens, in those days there was nothing.

I've often felt that way about pictures, too. But at last young folks who are neither kids nor yet grown-ups have come into their own with the new western film, Bantam Cowboy. It's a great little picture for juveniles who are tired of watching the heart throbs of elder people. It features Buzz Barton, the pint-sized cowboy. And it shows him holding his own and getting away with the girl—Nancy Drexel—against a villain who would make a couple of him.

Good picture goods even if it is wrapped up in a miniature package.

HAROLD TEEN

Come on, jump aboard this high school special! See your old friend Harold Teen (Arthur Lake) positively in his first appearance on any screen. See Mary Brian as the innocent little heroine. And Alice White as a knock-out vamp. Watch the school kids make a western movie and flash it in the auditorium.

There's a good soda-fountain sequence, a football game and the bursting of a dam to pep up the crowd. And, of course, our little friend Harold getting in all sorts of trouble with the girl he loves.

A grand picture for anybody under eighteen.

BEWARE OF BLONDES

There, there, gentlemen. Don't crowd. There's room for you all—old and young. This theatre holds six hundred people.

"What the Well Dressed Man Is Choosing" might be the name of this film for it's all about Dorothy Revier, the mysterious unperoxided blonde.

Is she bad or is she good?

Is she a crook or is she straight?

These are the thoughts that almost crack Matt Moore's skull when he wakes up one morning to find his beautiful fiancée and his priceless emerald—both missing.

Roy D'Arcy and his gleaming molars don't help Moore much in solving the puzzle. For Roy is the dark, dark villain. But when the police break into the den in Manila, well, that solves the mystery. And Dorothy falls into the arms of one of the handsome gents.

Which gent?

Don't make me laugh. When did the villain ever get the girl?

LINGERIE

Lingerie—pronounced lan'che-re, is a hot little number
about a warm little mama, who on her bridal night in the darkened library inadvertently gets her husband mixed up with her lover.

Right off at the start we have fire-crackers and they keep up right until the end. War, a wounded, paraplegic husband, a cute little French girl and a happy ending—there you are, all the ingredients necessary for a snappy movie where Alice White, Malcolm MacGregor and Mildred Harris carry their appointed roles with distinction.

THE LURE OF THE WEST

The Lure of the West isn’t so alluring.

Slow as cold molasses and just that sticky with sentiment, The Lure of the West is not a film to recommend. The story is that of a saloon keeps a quack doctor’s daughter as a cabaret girl and then when her father gets out of town, he starts the well-known business of trying to get the girl.

Of course, young Lochinvar rides out of the west and virtue once more triumphs.

THE VORTEX

Noel Coward’s stage play, The Vortex, when presented in New York some months ago with Coward playing the leading role, created quite a furor. If you’ve ever lived in England, particularly in those first bitter years after Armistice, you will appreciate what an unmistakable portrait the play gave of a cross section of English life. It shows a light mother and a neurotic son finding out the unpleasant truths about themselves and each other.

But in the film, it’s not the same. For this story deals with certain unsavoury facts which simply cannot be translated into plain screen captions. If they were, the police would come in and stop the show.

However, you will be interested in seeing the work of Ivor Novello who plays the leading role of Nicky and if Willette Kershaw as the mother. They have done their best with a deflated story which turns out like a champagne cocktail without any champagne.

MIDNIGHT MADNESS

A man never buys a book that he can borrow!

Learn that sentence by heart and the Salvation Army will never have to care for your fatherless children.

In Midnight Madness, pretty Jackie Logan has a right miserable life. She lives in the back of a shooting gallery with her Pa who never draws a sober breath except when her pocket book is empty. And that’s not all. Jackie works as a stenographer and falls in love with her high-stepping employer. But his intentions are not—ahem—honorable. So getting kind of desperate, she marries a rich man with diamond mines in Africa. But, like a lot of women, she’s a poor little sport. For she says right out that she (Continued on page 32)
The talking pictures have revived the short subject and 'The Treasurer's Report,' here reprinted, is one of the best talkers ever made.

ROBERT BENCHLEY

C 'THE TREASURER'S REPORT' AS GIVEN IN THE FOX MOVIE TONE.

Robert Benchley is one of the merriest men in America. As dramatic editor of LIFE, he has inaugurated a new style of theatrical criticism—with chuckles. His books, such as Love Conquers All, have been best sellers. His fame as a writer of humor is firmly founded. But for Benchley this wasn’t enough. He turned actor, and presented a monologue to Broadway audiences—in a revue and in vaudeville—that sent New York into hysterics. It was inevitable that the talking pictures should claim him, and Fox Movietone was the lucky bidder.

MAN: "And now before we go any further in our program perhaps it would be well to pause for a moment to listen to a practical account of our club’s affairs. As you all know, we have to have money, and during the past year we have tried to raise as much as possible and to spend as little as we possibly could. Mr. Benchley, who is our Assistant Treasurer, has consented to give us a statement of the year’s finances. Mr. Benchley."

BENCHLEY: "I shall take but a few moments of your time this evening for I realize you would much rather be listening to the interesting program than a dry financial statement, but I am reminded of a story which you probably all of you have heard. It seems there were two Irishmen walking down the street when they came to a

... to a . . . I should have said in the first place, that the store belonging to the first Irishman . . . the first fellow’s store . . . . Well anyway, in connection with reading this report, there are one or two points which Dr. Morrison wanted brought up in connection with it, and he has asked me to bring them up . . . to bring them up. The first, with regard to the work which we are trying to do up there at our little place on Silver Lake, a work which we feel not only fills a very definite need in the community, but also fills a very definite need in the community. I don’t think many of the members of the Society realize just how big the work is that we are trying (Cont. on page 88)
LEILA HYAMS was selected as California's Golden Girl and also as William Haines' girl in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*.
BETTY COMPSON has won back the fame that was hers as 'Rose' in the always-remembered Miracle Man.

Photograph by Russell Ball
LOVELY Virginia Bradford came to Hollywood to write about pictures and remained to act in them. Craig's Wife is her next picture.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr
BARRY NORTON'S appealing performance in *What Price Glory?* and *The Legion of the Condemned* have the touch of greatness. We believe he will someday be one of the great stars.

Photograph by Autrey
gentle-man.

Percy Marmont
A man well-born, of gentle and refined manners, of fine feelings. He is the ideal English hero of polite fiction, but he can delve deeper, too, as Mark Sabre in If Winter Comes. Percy Marmont would always be kind to children and dumb animals and even to third assistant heroines.

heroic. Ronald Colman
Brave, illustrious, larger than life size but smaller than colossal. Colman is not the man next door—he is more commanding; but he is not a god, he is too human. Now he is playing a Joseph Conrad character in The Rescue that is typically Ronald.

indifferent.

Louise Brooks
Not interested or concerned for one thing, or alternative, more than another. She mocked Beery and Hatton; she made a sap of McLaglen in A Girl in Every Port; and now she is making a Beggar of Life. The look that has made Louise famous is the look that says 'I don't care.'

indomitable.

Douglas Fairbanks
Untamable; unconquerable. No obstacle is too big for Doug to overcome—no mountain too high, no road too rough for him to ride over rough-shod. D'Artagnan, Thief of Bagdad, Gaucho—we salute you!

in'no-cence. Janet Gaynor
Purity of heart; guilelessness; artlessness. When a comparatively unknown little girl leaped into world-fame as Diane in Seventh Heaven Hollywood asked: 'Why?' The answer is: Janet is virginal sweetness and girlish innocence wrapped in one small pretty package.

ir're-sist'i-ble. Clara Bow
That cannot be successfully resisted or opposed; overpowering. Clara has swept all before her like a young tornado. Her next is The Fleet's In—that's one port they'll never forget.

intense'. Gloria Swanson
Feeling deeply; highly-wrought; expressive of strong emotion. Gloria rose from the Sennett beach brigade to be one of our leading actresses—all because, in scenes like the conversion in Sadie Thompson, she feels so deeply she makes her audiences feel, too.

lus'cious. Thelma Todd
Deliciously sensuous; often, honeyed. One look at Thelma in her costume (?) for Vamping Venus in which she burlesqued Helen of Troy to Charlie Murray's consternation, and you'll agree that luscious was coined to describe her. As for honeyed—we don't know her well enough for that.
Elmer Gantry

Pat Kearney, who used to be our boss in the publicity department of Famous Players some eight years ago, has undertaken the task of making a play out of Sinclair Lewis' novel. By and large, we would say that Pat has turned out an effective play.

We say by and large, because we make reservations: the show is effective, but not convincing. The first act, indeed, is perhaps the best of all, and yet it seemed to us incredibly cheap. Lewis is a caricaturist, but for all his distortions, he leaves you something genuine of the character he depicts. Kearney hews to the line of the comic cartoon. Gantry, in the play, sticks to the specialty of seducing women. There are at least four conquests in the piece, and, even if you allow for some exceptionally fast work, that doesn't leave the drama to be concerned with much else. Yes, there's a fire that is supposed to be sensational, but to us the ad- diction, it's just a false alarm.

The Song Writer

Here is one you will probably be able to see and hear as a talker, if you can possibly restrain that impulse and avoid seeing it in its legitimate form. Written by Crane Wilbur, once of ye movies, it marks Georgie Price's first appearance as a dramatic actor. It is a rather cheap play, making no pretensions at all, but aimed only at the box-office. What merit it has is contained in Price's series of imitations, and in some fair performances, notably that of Jennie Moscowitz, as the song writer's mother. Some of the critics have hurled questions of taste, asserting the story parallels that of Irving Berlin. It does not, is our assertion. As one tremendously fond of Irving Berlin, we could resent as strongly as anybody. But the fact that it concerns a tunemith who marries into society doesn't make it Berlin any more than Shaw's Cashel Byron's Profession or Jack London's The Abysmal Brute concern themselves with Gene Tunney. This is said in an effort to be fair to Mr. Wilbur. To be fair to Shaw and Jack London, Mr. Wilbur's writing doesn't resemble theirs.

The Front Page

In the August number of SCREENLAND, we noted that we had been to Newark to attend a try-out of The Front Page and advised our clients to see it when it came to town. The show is here and we must reluctantly amend our advice to: try and see it.

For it's a sell-out, and a pretty definite proof that New York will support something worth while. Here is, within the memory of old-timers, the first successful newspaper play. But, being produced by Jed Harris, the boy wonder, written by Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, directed by Geo. S. Kaufman, it is a little more than that. It is a cracking series of incidents and wisecracks, rushing along with the speed of an airplane, looping the loop and yet keeping you securely in your seat. For pace, it makes Broadway seem like a leisurely one-hoss shay. It is coarse, at times, as Rabelais is coarse; but it has none of the leers that make coarseness unforgivable. It has the tang of men around it, men who talk in Anglo-Saxon monosyllables, not in polysyllabic Latin derivatives. It has a gorgeous atmosphere of reality about it; it has the life and vividness of that page in the paper from which
it takes its name. It is, in brief, a superb show, shrewdly conceived by an association of superb showmen. If you can afford to miss this, you’re leading a more exciting life than this correspondent can imagine.

He Understood Women

In contrast to the healthy language of The Front Page, there is the furtive sexy leering of He Understood Women. That we can be shocked will come as a revelation to our readers, and it surprises us, too. But He Understood Women proves it to us. Get us right. There isn’t a single ‘dirty’ word in the latter show. But it hints and points and suggests till it gives you acute symptoms of mal de mer. A stupid, silly, boresome, dull and sickening show.

The Big Pond

If you like smooth, rippling dialogue—and we do—you will like The Big Pond. Here’s a neat situation: the girl of an American family of Vernon, Ohio, falls in love with a foreigner under the spell cast by Venice. Her family, disapproving, feel the girl will fall out of love if they can take the foreigner back to Vernon with them. They do. By a strange coincidence, there’s a nice American boy around, too. One of them has to get the girl; which one, to our bigoted notion, is immaterial. Indeed the authors have tried letting each get her — at different performances to be sure. Which one gets her when you see it, we can’t foretell. But we are certain that you will like the dialogue.

Goin’ Home

This could have been the dramatic smash of the year, and if Jed Harris had done it, it would have been. It contains a magnificent idea that is allowed to disintegrate into a shoddy play; it could have been, under the whip of an able jockey, the black What Price Glory?

The war is over, and the troops are going home. One of the colored men has remained in France, married a white girl, and is the prosperous owner of a café, which was her dot. The race problem is over for him: he has won French medals and esteem, and has been accepted by the French as one of their own.

The black forces stopping at his bar, getting their last drinks on French soil, give him an acute sense of homesickness. The white major in command turns out to be the head of the family to which the black and his forebears are united by ties that began in slavery. With the Southerner’s entrance, and his shock at discovering that his old servant has married a white woman, a terrific conflict tears the black’s soul. He becomes The Admirable Crichton after the shot has warned him that rescue is at hand.

That conflict is genuine and real and heart-rending, its solution, unfortunately, is cheap and unconvincing, pulling down even the basic foundation of the story. Maybe there is no solution in these times; but at any rate, it is not to be found on the stage of the Hudson Theatre.

Eva the Fifth

Some day Claiiborne Foster, one of the loveliest ladies on the stage or off, is going to get a vehicle as good as she is. Eva the Fifth is not quite that; but it provides a decent evening’s entertainment. It recounts the adventures of a stranded Uncle Tom’s Cabin troupe, and does it with some skill and craftsmanship. In the main, an honest and well-managed piece about the struggles of our traveling players.

Ringside

A pretty good play about the prize ring. A little slow for two acts, but a racy, vivid third act; laid in Madison Square Garden, with a well-staged prize fight, helps you forget that. It is staged by George Abbott, one of our favorite directors, and written by him in collaboration with Edward E. Paramore, Jr., and Hyatt Daab.
ANOTHER month and the latest rumor about talking pictures still finds eager ears in Hollywood.

The situation is little clarified, for as Cecil B. De Mille confessed to me, "We know nothing and we are all experts."

In view of Joseph M. Schenck's reactionary statements in London that talking pictures are to last only a few months, it would seem that the industry, for the first time, is not en rapport with the czar of United Artists.

For the greatest ones in the colony are ready to admit the permanence of the new art.

I had a most interesting talk with De Mille on the subject.

"In their present state," C. B. explains, "talking pictures are an illegitimate child of the stage and screen. Like all illegitimate children they are causing embarrassment to their parents. There is talk of assassination and there is talk of sending them to college. But I believe that they are healthy offspring."

One of the prime doubters has been Harold Lloyd. Yet a demonstration by Roy Pomeroy, head of Paramount's sound device, sends him away singing the praises of dialogue sequences.

Harold assured me that most of the talking pictures now being shown are unbelievably crude compared to what the improvements even of these few months will render possible now.

An order has been given to wire the Lloyd home for talking pictures. This, I believe, is the first private home to be so equipped.

In his new picture, Harold uses his first completed script. This is because of sound effects and dialogue that are to be incorporated.

To return to De Mille, he frankly intends to use dialogue in his first picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (How glad C.B. is to relinquish the mantle of director-general of Pathé-De Mille for the modest title of director!)

C. B.'s going to make a love story next—the strongest one he can find. It will be modern, too.

Shortly before Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque left for a return visit to

Chatter from Hollywood
By Martin Martin

C. It worries Wallace Beery's dogs to see a bite they can't scratch.

Molly O'Day, who is winning her battle with the weighing machine.
Lake Tahoe, where they spent part of a delectable honeymoon, Vilma took her first voice test.

"It was shocking," she confessed, "but they tell me the tone is all right—only the English is bad. You see I never studied English before. What I know I picked up around the studio, and from Rod."

Vilma takes an interesting view of the talkers. She predicts that many stars will have to change their screen personalities. Particularly those who continue to play youthful parts after the freshness of their voice is gone.

"Age shows nowhere more than in the voice," she says.

It seems to me this is a very pertinent remark. Of course Vilma doesn't have to worry herself, as the warm blood of youth flows through her veins.

Fortunes have been made already in the new kind of pictures. Jack Warner is said to have taken a $1,000,000 profit from the rise in his company's stock alone.

De Mille grants Warners a three years' start in the talkers. "Fox," he says, "has a start of one year. Of the other companies, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is by far the most advanced. Most sound stages have been made over from the ordinary type. Those at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have foundations sunk 40 feet. They are really soundproof and represent the most advanced type of construction."

The intense activity at the Fox lot has been surrounded with a veil of secrecy but Winfield Sheehan reveals to me that he expects to have five 100 per cent talking pictures completed by January 1.

The first will be an Earl Derr Biggers mystery story, *Behind That Curtain*. *Through Different Eyes* will be another. It is significant that this was written as a play and had been scheduled for fall production in New York when the presiding genius of Fox snatched it to the bosom of the movies. Fox controls every right, stage and all.

A comedy called *Badges*, an underworld story, and a production not definitely settled upon will complete the quintet.

The talking picture presents serious dangers to the thousands of extras in Hollywood. One of its inevitable results will be smaller casts and fewer spectacular scenes. In fact, Paramount already is at work on one extra-less production. This is *The Crime of Interference* which was a stage play with a cast of less than a dozen people.

The same sized cast will be used in the film.

Clara Bow fans will be interested to know that a disinterested person told me her voice reproduction is a sensational success and exactly fits her screen personality.

It's easy to see why Charlie Chaplin is worrying. Having created a tramp as his definite characterization, he is faced with the possibility of having the tramp speak with a cultured English accent!

The entire United Artists group of stars is being mighty quiet on the subject. Doug Fairbanks is about ready to start on his sequel to *The Three Musketeers* and John Barrymore has left for the north to take location scenes for *Conquest*. Camilla Horn plays opposite.

"Will I ever stop traveling?" she laments.

The day I saw her she had just arrived from Germany and had to pack up right away to join the Barrymore company on location.

Woudn't it be ideal if Ramon Novarro were to be given the opportunity to sing the 'Song of the Riffs,' "*The Desert Song*" and 'One Alone,' those lovely Romberg melodies in *The Desert Song*?

Warner Brothers is making every effort to get him, as I write this letter.

Everything depends on whether he is able to finish *Pagan* in time and on the studio's willingness to let another
company glean the prestige of first presenting Novarro’s voice to the fans.

I can’t believe M.G.M. will let him go, which is too bad for Ramon, for this would be a golden opportunity.

Walter Pidgeon also is being considered for the role of the Riffian chieftain.

It seems very commendable to me the way M.G.M. is allowing King Vidor to choose his own pictures and make them without an eye to expense.

You see King’s ideas do not cater slavishly to the box-office.

He now has a plan of filming a picture with an entirely negro cast. It is to be made in the South and will depict the life of an average negro family.

While King is bitterly opposed to talking pictures, I can conceive of marvelous negro spirituals and rich dialect being worked into such a story.

One impression I always get on visiting the M.G.M. lot. They are always pushing forward, always in the vanguard—ready to experiment.

Bill Haines, who has been so discontented with his smart aleck roles, was allowed to vary his characterization in Excess Baggage and even more so in Alias Jimmy Valentine. He is grateful, and eager to experiment even more.

Jack Gilbert is satisfied, too. I was talking with Jack about the approaching termination of his contract (it expires in December) and he expressed the belief he will sign again at M.G.M.

Another important star is to be free in December. This is Dick Barthelmess. He has been seen on the Paramount lot, but so far as I can discover a new contract with First National awaits only the company’s signature. Dick is away on his yacht with his new wife and I can’t confirm this.

Paramount has always wanted Barthelmess to play the leading role in An American Tragedy. They offered him the chance two years ago, but Dick couldn’t see his way clear to accepting at the time. I happen to know, though, he would like to play in the Theodore Dreiser novel.

It is time someone did! The story has been knocking about Paramount a long time without being made.

Rumors were that the Hays office frowned on it, but I am of the opinion this ban has been lifted or will be if certain changes are made in the story.

—

Fox is one of the busiest studios in the colony. It is borrowing players freely from other companies.

Sue Carol is one. What a thoroughly nice person Sue is!

I saw her off today and she was in a state of great excitement at being allowed to play opposite Nick Stuart in Chasing Through Europe. You see, Nick’s her best boy.
friend, and he's been away in London for some time. The boat can't get over fast enough for Sue, and Nick, too.

Conrad Nagel is another important loan made to Fox. He and June Collyer are to appear in a Movietone picture called The Slice of Life. It is a domestic comedy.

Winfield Sheehan also has persuaded Rudolph Schildkraut to give up his proposed visit to Germany to play in Janet Gaynor's next picture which is to be a story laid in Holland.

And F. W. Murnau is trying to borrow Jean Hersholt from Universal for a role in Our Daily Bread. Mary Duncan is to play in this.

Mark my words. Here is the rising star of the Fox lot. Winnie Sheehan has the greatest confidence in her and is overwhelming her with fine parts.

As far as I know Universal will be the first to begin production on a story of the north pole. It was sure to happen. The Nobile disaster was one of the most picturesque in the decade and was enough to fire the imagination of any scenario writer.

An explorer, composite of all the famous ones, is to be the central figure.

Uncle Carl Laemmle has bought the rights to Dracula, too. Here is the most hair-raising play of recent years and a natural vehicle for Conrad Veidt.

I don't know he is to play it, however. My only information is what Uncle Carl told us at a dinner—that he was going to produce the play as a movie.

The most amusing dispute arose this month between Paramount and Clara Bow's father as to whether Clara's name could go on a restaurant.

The parental argument resulted in a sign 'Clara Bow's Steak House' being hoisted over a small eating house on the outskirts of Los Angeles.

Paramount said no and just to show how much a father has to say the sign now reads 'Robert Bow's Steak House.' (That's Clara's papa.)

I have been wondering how long it would be before Bert Lytell's name was announced in an important talker and Warner Brothers have satisfied my curios-
They Say

By Marion of Hollywood

I knew the talkers would do some secret, hidden good that none of us would ever dream of, and yesterday I found out what it is. Anyone happening to visit one of the studios would doubtless notice, as I did, a number of bells ringing at various intervals—bells like the one on your front door. First there would be a long, drawn-out ring; then, maybe two minutes or five minutes or ten minutes later, there would be two short, snappy rings. I listened to them for a whole day, couldn't understand them for the life of me, and then asked.

“Watch those carpenters,” was the

I watched, rang loud and long. Every roomers betook themselves to rest and sat down to rest. Stick came the two short, snappy rings, and hammering.

Talkers, of course! The gentle working near the sound stage, naturally, the banging near the recording apparatus had to cease, touch on the poor fellows?

O'Day has lost her last part of being too pleasingly Molly says so herself, and I am the one who ought to know. She is going to the hospital to have her appendix removed, and after that just watch her melt. No candy, no cake 'n pie nor nothing. But it's easy, this being a movie star, you have to admit that it has some serious drawbacks.

I met Mrs. Otto Brower at Paramount the other day, and while we were talking she came by, shook her hand profusely and asked her if she isn't terribly proud of her husband, who has only recently been made a director after many years of working at the studio.

“Proud of him?” she answered. “Why, I've always been proud of him. I was as proud of him when he was an assistant director, or an actor, and I'll always proud of him as long as he does what he has to do well.”

I think that was pretty good, and I guess when I see Avalanche, Otto Brower's first picture, I'll feel as if Mrs. Otto Brower ought to be handed at least one tiny little bit of credit.
Maybe the papers did say that Mary Brian and young "Biff" Hoffman are engaged, but from the way Mary was talking to me, Mrs. Brian doesn't have to worry yet awhile about losing her Mary. Mary, sweet contrary. Mary smiled, and of course, blushed somewhat, because after all she has been having some mighty nice times with "Biff," but that's not meaning anything about being serious. As a matter of fact, right while I was talking to her the phone rang, and another young fellow whom you might know called and asked if he couldn't take her to the Cocoanut Grove to dance. I'll have to tell you, too, that Mary accepted, and that the dark-haired swain answers to the name of Mr. Charles Buddy Rogers. Now please don't start getting them engaged, because it might spoil things, and they won't be able to have their pleasant little evenings together every now and then. With Mary playing Buddy's leading lady in his new picture, we certainly wouldn't want to start spoiling things for them.

Talking about being engaged, reminds me of Ruth Roland and Ben Bard. Out here folks were quite sure that it was completely settled, but now that it is all announced we are merely doubly sure. And not only that—they are to be married in a very few months. Some silly person brought up the question of money, and asked Ruth how she figured things would work out inasmuch as she has been such a smart girl and has saved and invested so well that she is worth millions (yes, really millions!), which is a great, great deal more than has her husband-to-be. She replied that it certainly isn't any fun to have money and to have no one with whom to share it, and as long as a man is working for all he is worth, what difference is it whose money it happens to be? Anyway, I really started out to tell you that Ruth is coming back into pictures. She assures me that it is not one of these come-backs in name only. It is actually true, and the first of a series of twelve two-reelers is even 'shot' and in the 'can' right now.
No—not a serial. Simply a series of complete two-reel dramatic pictures. And Ruth can take it straight from me that I know a whole bunch of fans who are tickled to death to have her with us again.

Things are getting awful busy over on the lot where there is a sign over one door reading Mary Pickford Company and Douglas Fairbanks Corporation. The little girl who used to have the little curls is plunging right in, curls or no curls, and is going to do a talker. Now that, seems to me, is something to write home to the folks about, because you know the producers out Hollywood way are going mighty gingerly on plans for the talkers. I guess it must be a case of not knowing exactly what to do, and I'll tell you right now it was a terrible surprise to me to find out that it costs a theater manager over $10,000 just to install this talking apparatus. And what's more, he doesn't even own the thing then, and pays additional rental every month for its upkeep. It looks to me as if it would almost be cheaper to hire the actors themselves to come to town! No curls and all-America's sweetheart certainly has a lot of courage.

But to come back to Douglas Fairbanks Corporation. While I'm writing this, cameras haven't started cranking on the actual production, but they have been cranking almost unceasingly on these nerve-wrecking 'tests.' Did you ever have to take a 'test' for any kind of theatrical thing? Boy, if you did, you'll understand the feelings of some of the poor souls who are taking them for this new sequel to The Three Musketeers. It was Sunday when I was over there last, and Doug, with his director, Allan Dwan, was testing here and testing everywhere to get his cast set. The set consisted of a long, long flight of stairs, with a bannister, and each player, dressed in costume and with so much on that it was no joke at best, had to walk down the flight, and then at the very bottom, doff his plumed hat and bow low to an imaginary queen. After the ordeal, would come from Doug or Dwan either a shake of the head 'yes,' or the dreaded 'no.' I watched them for quite a time, and at last came the turn of a thin, nervous-looking fellow who had been standing around for over an hour and a half. Down the stairs he started, hanging on to the bannister for dear life. As nervous as he was, I am positive that he wasn't near the state of concern that I had reached by the time he was within six or seven steps from the bottom. Then, sure enough, came the inevitable. His heel caught, he came almost headlong, and off doffed the plumed hat long before the queen could have been anywhere near in sight. But the funniest part of the whole thing was that just when I was feeling my sorriest for him,
darned if Doug didn’t shake his head ‘yes,’ he was put on the payroll, and the whole show went straight ahead as if nothing unusual had happened at all! Your hand, Doug Fairbanks—shake!

Who knows—Jackie Logan might be handing us a new line on ‘get your man,’ even if she did go ahead and get him a trille previous! Of course you have heard that Jackie is now Mrs. Larry Winston as far as the laws in Mexico are concerned, no matter what our California law says. However, please let me assure you that everything is going to be all right, because Jackie and Larry have returned from Mexico, and they each have separate homes, and Jackie is already hard at work on her new talker for Warner’s, Stark Mad, and when California laws tell them it is okay, they are going to the minister and be married right over again. Another thing is that possibly Jackie realized how slow good gossip has been around Hollywood, and figured that she might as well be the doctor. There’s nothing like taking a nice airplane trip out of town to start a bit of fun!

I think Ramon Novarro is having a little fun with himself just the way friend Richard Dix did some time back. Ramon, the bad boy, told a very good friend of mine that he doesn’t own a car because it costs too much to run it! Personally, I think there must have been a twinkle in a pair of very black, shining eyes, because I know that he has at least two bee-u-tiful buses. It’s not so nice, either to call a Rolls-Royce roadster a ‘bus,’ but I think Ramon must have been thinking about how Warner Bros. wants to borrow him from Metro-Goldwyn to play the lead in The Desert Song—real singing and everything. I’d be excited if I were Ramon. To love singing the way he does, to have the beautiful voice that the kind heavens bequeathed him, and then to be able to make love to a beautiful girl in a beautiful song ’midst beautiful desert surroundings would be too much for most any of us! And by the way, Jimmy Hall has his eye on that part, too, and you mustn’t forget that Jimmy was a musical comedy star before he came to us in Hollywood. Hand me the dice! We’ll see who gets it on the toss.

To come back to Richard Dix—now that he has left on his Redskin location, even minus a leading lady—do you know what that fellow told me once? He was being interviewed, and because the feminine heart of the interviewer seemed to want him to have a definite romance or something, he told her very confidentially that he was engaged, when he wasn’t at all, and he described the girl very minutely to her and all that sort of thing. I bawled him out terribly, and told him he’d never go to heaven, telling so many lies, but he said he was absolutely justified in fibbing because it gave the young lady interviewer such a thrill and such a lot of joy.

—James Hall getting a load of that California climate.

—Ruth Taylor and that Lorelei look—it doesn’t matter whether she wants diamonds or drum sticks.

—Jackie Logan. She went to Mexico and got married.
PICTURES THAT TALK

Talkers to the right of them, talkers to the left of them, volleyed and thundered!

By Edwin Howard

For the discerning trend of the tide in the sound waves now becomes apparent. News-words with sound are still 100%, and the only department of talking pictures that is 100%. Synchronized orchestral accompaniments are good and for small houses these records are probably an improvement. When crowd and sound effects are introduced they are excellent and would be 100% if the actual sound itself were more skilfully produced as we know it can be.

However, these types of sound do not arouse the discussions that dialogue stirs up. Great directors are for it or against it; great critics likewise. As we see them stumbling along the road over which some time ago we ourselves came, we are moved to help them from the pinnacle of our wisdom.

Talking pictures can be 'canned theatre' and succeed as such. Talk added to great films lowers the art of pantomime. It does not add to the art that we know as the motion pictures but it changes that art into something else. Some will always prefer shadows that do not speak, and some will delight in talkers. Who shall say which is 'better'? They are different. A silent picture may be and often is a work of art, but no one ever called a phonograph record a work of art. The song on the record, yes; but the record itself, no! Pictures do not simply show actors. They show scenes, atmosphere, action—such as wings, wheels, waterfalls; and as these support the actor a work of art may result. But the phonograph record adds nothing to the artist and even at best takes away a little.

All great art is symbolic, and pictures having no color nor depth, are so removed from what your eyes see out of your window as to be classed as a symbol of what you see. Talk, however, reproduced by mechanical means, is not a symbol of sound but is the same identical thing.

Therefore it is not possible to combine them and add to the symbolic quality. On the other hand, 'canned theatre' is coming, and will make a lot of money. Suppose, for example, Jeanne Eagels in Rain was still packing them in on Broadway, and suppose at your neighborhood movie house you could for 35c. see and hear the great actress and her company in the original sets speaking the famous lines, do you think any theory of symbolic art would keep you at home? This is 'canned theatre.' It is coming. It is good and we welcome it, but it is not motion pictures. Even canned vaudeville acts are good.

In New York hundreds of shows open and close, and the successes that remain are very few. 'Canned' shows can never take the place of the eight hundred or so films which are released yearly; there are not enough good ones, and poor ones with mediocre stars and no prestige will offer weak competition to our now 'movies.' Great directors are trying to combine these two separate successes. That is to make a movie and put in some dialogue. So far they combine just as gracefully as a real horse's tail stuck on to a Rosa Bonheur canvas. I have spoken!

We wish to warn our readers not to invest in any television stock. Television is not a fact and it will not soon be in use, as certain magazines predict.

Three of our great scientists, DeForest, Alexanderson and Jenkins have said that television is not ready yet but in spite of this we read that the movies are soon to be in every home by this method.

Eighty years ago a man named Amstutz sent a picture by wire; yet this service did not start until 1921, waiting for DeForest to supply the amplifying tube. Television has arrived only in the minds of some people who are content with words without deeds.

LEE F. RODGERS, 722 Stonewall Street, Portsmouth, Virginia

won the TOM MIX CAMPING OUTFIT.

For his excellent letter, Mr. Rodgers was awarded the camping outfit offered by Tom Mix in the August issue of SCREENLAND.

We quote a paragraph:

"In 'Westerns' the sharp line is drawn between right and wrong. Evil forces are known for what they are and they ride swiftly and decisively to their undoing. 'Westerns' preach to us in such a way that we applaud and like it."
But Robert Leonard was a quiet sort of man, and we don’t often have a chat with him. But when we found him lingering over the radio, we found he knew all about such things—that he has a little laboratory at home where he is always working on some sort of electrical invention.

After supper Archie Mayo, Bill Russell and some others were having a good time. They were playing croquet on the lawn and dancing to music on the radio. Though we left awfully late, the last we saw of our hospitable host, he was daring anybody to go home and leave the party.

There were the music of the radio and of the orchestra, and much dancing. Though we left awfully late, the last we saw of our hospitable host, he was daring anybody to go home and leave the party.

“Once doesn’t need a party to remember that beautiful Dolores del Rio by, while she’s in Europe,” remarked Patsy, as we drove up to the portals of Dolores’ beautiful Spanish home in Hollywood, with its high walled garden, and its little arched garden-gate doorway leading right into the veranda, “but nevertheless I’m happy she is giving one.”

Dolores wore a fascinating black gown, tight-fitting in the bodice to several inches below the hips, then flaring in billowy lace waves to the floor, and looked as Spanishly lovely as always.

We removed our wraps in Dolores’ beautiful bedroom, with its little shrine and ever-burning candles, at which she worships always before leaving the house.

Leatrice Joy came with Tom Mix, Leatrice looking lovely in a white lace gown, long and with wide skirts. Leatrice told us how her small daughter, Leatrice II, had fallen head over ears in love with Tom.

“She always chooses an athlete for her hero worship,” said Leatrice, “First it was Lindbergh; then it was Jack Dempsey, and now it is Tom. I don’t think she’ll be an artist when she grows up. I think she’ll turn into a tennis champ.”

Leroy Mason, who, people say, will be a sensation when he comes out in Dolores’ next picture, was there with his bride, Rita Carewe.

“It’s a good thing Rita grabbed him off quickly,” remarked Patsy, “before all the women fans turn his head.”

We hear that Leroy was spending his last quarter for a cup of coffee in Henri’s when Eddie Carewe caught sight of him and grabbed him off to be Dolores’ leading man. He had tossed up to see whether he’d go in to Henri’s or around the corner for chili beans! Such is fate.

Robert Leonard insisted on singing. Somebody thought to stop the barber shop harmonies by shanghaizing Bob and taking him out into the garden; but it didn’t do any good, as he came right back.

There were the music of the radio and of the orchestra, and much dancing. Though we left awfully late, the last we saw of our hospitable host, he was daring anybody to go home and leave the party.

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Roland Drew had come alone, which gave all the admiring ladies a chance at him; and Osa Brown came with Harvey Barnes, who, it is said, she is going to marry.

There was quite a little flutter when Agnes Ayres arrived with Ralph Forbes, and when it was announced that Molly O'Day came in with Carl Laemmle, Jr. Carl was supposed to be engaged to Alice Day, but we hear it is off, and it is whispered that the reason is due to differences of religion. Alice being a Catholic and Carl a strict Jew. It does seem a pity; both are such charming, sweet young people.

Warner Baxter and his wife, Claire Windsor; Charles Rogers, Finis Fox and his wife, Edyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe, Johnny Hines, Victor Varconi and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Jere Schulkraut, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lewis, Joe Crepsco and others were guests.

Almost none of the feminine guests, however elaborate their evening toilets other wise wore any stockings.

Billie Dove looked lovely as usual. She was with her husband, Irvin Willat. Both had just come up from Coronado beach, where they had been nicely brown.

There was dancing in the big living room after supper, and it was dawn before every one had left. Elise wished Dolores, most genuinely, a nice trip to Europe, and she most generously promised to write to us all.

You enter a gorgeously green wooded canyon, travel past many beautiful homes, and at last wind around a long hill up to the wide doors that lead into Carl Laemmle's house.

"It's exactly like a palace!" gasped Patsy, hugely impressed, at sight of the great Spanish house.

Glennie Tryon caught up with us as we were entering. Glenn never is awed at anything.

"Oh," he said, "there are parts of this house that the family doesn't care only once in two or three years. I wonder if they know there is an organ in that room down stairs. They are awfully troubled with insects."

Carl Laemmle, Sr., and Carl, Jr., met us in the big living room, which can easily be turned into a ball room. And then there hastened forward the tiny, pretty, brilliant figure of the house's mistress, Rosabelle Laemmle, sister of Carl, Jr. She laughed as she told us that Carl, Jr., had asked her only the day before if he might have a 'small party.' The small party had turned into a party of a hundred guests or so; but a hundred are easily lost in that huge house.

Rosabelle led us downstairs into the great den, which is Aztec in its finishings, but which had been turned into sort of a picnic room for this evening, with its happy checkered table cloths, and its buffet supper table from which the servants helped us.

Glennie Tryon's wife was there—a pretty little blonde, who院子里 with a wit and wisdom all her own.

Tom Reed had put on a gag whereby everybody in the big living room was made to listen, which carried itself up to a microphone, that he was talking through a radio which

broadcasted to a waiting world, but which as a matter of fact reached only to the supper guests. Molly O'Day came in. She is getting very slim and looks lovely.

Joseph Schildkraut and Elise Bartlett were there at another table. Elise, who has gone into "Show Boat," with her husband, looking lovely and shimmery in green.

John Bolだし was there, which was a thrill to Patsy and me. He sang for us in a fascinating voice. Not even the fact that he has a pretty wife dimmed our joy at meeting him.

Reginald Denny had brought his fiancee, Betsy Lee, but kidded that he was engaged to Molly O'Day when Molly came over to chat.

"Oh," exclaimed Nat Goldstone, "then you'll have to announce two engagements of Molly's—one to yourself and one to me."

William Seiter and Mervyn Leroy were there, wiseless, their wives having gone over to the Our Girls Club party which Mary Pickford was giving.

"We were especially invited to find that lovely little Barbara Kent had come with Dr. Paul Fejos, and she danced all evening after supper.

Mary Philbin was there, but not with her fiance, Paul Kohner, who was on his way to Europe, where she will join him to be wed, we hear.

Guests included Ben Lyon and Marion Nixon, William Beaudine and his wife, Nat Ross, Paul Leni, Conrad Veidt and his wife, Beth Laemmle, and a lot of others.

George Lewis was there with his lovely bride, who was a society girl before she was married. She might easily be a picture actress if she chose, judging from her native cleverness and her beauty, but George wants her to stay at home like a good little wife.

George Lewis told us that he was rather discouraged because Universal is keeping him in the college pictures.

"I shall be playing the college professor with long whiskers if I keep on," he complained comically.

"The Laemmles always do give such pleasant parties," sighed Patsy, as we left with regret, the last guests to depart.

"Oh! Priscilla Dean is giving Dolores del Rio a flying party in a Maddox plane, and we're invited!" cried Patsy ecstatically the other morning.

It was just before Dolores' departure for Europe, and a dozen girls were going to play bridge—if they could keep their mind off the scenery—and have tea as they sailed down to San Diego and back.

We hope that they had checkered table cloths, and their buffet supper table from which the servants helped us.

Glennie Tryon's wife was there—a pretty little blonde, who院子里 with a wit and wisdom all her own.

Tom Reed had put on a gag whereby everybody in the big living room was made to listen, which carried itself up to a microphone, that he was talking through a radio which

flies to San Diego. Down there we faced to have a bite of supper, for tea hadn't been served, and we decided to go. Then we hopped back again. It was a lot smoother riding than on the water, even.

Claire Windsor, Osa Brown, Loris Fox, and a number of other girls were on the trip.

"Oh, if somebody only would give me a plane!" cried Patsy. "If I only had a millionaire husband, I'd certainly wish audibly for one next Christmas!"

"MALIBU BEACH is the very latest summer resort of the picture people," declared Patsy, as we sat having tea in her garden the other day. "Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan want us to come down there on Sunday."

Of course we went. And we found that most of the picture stars who summer down there have built the simplest houses—just little cottages comfortably furnished and containing four or five rooms.

"It must be so nice to get away somewhere and be by ourselves, after all," said Eduard Raquello, who had gone down there with us.

On the sand under umbrellas we found Kenneth and Marie; and while hospitably handing out hot dogs to their guests. Among these were some of the players from the Good Neas company, and some non-professionals.

We looted on the beach until the sun went down a bit, and then went in for a swim.

Roscoe Arbuckle was there, having a lot of fun throwing sticks into the ocean for Marie's dog to retrieve.

It was all very quiet and enjoyable, and we had a delightful time.

"If we were in the bathing crowd, where the fashions cease from troubling and the press-agents are at rest," paraphrased Patsy.

We took a stroll down to Louise Fairbanks' house, and found Louise, hugely embarrassed at being bought in a big kitchen apron, making crab-apple preserves!

Later she brought me some of them, and they were delicious.

"And there wasn't a photographer in sight either, so we know these actresses really do put on a kitchen apron and cook once in a while," sighed Patsy.

Hal Wallis, Louise's husband, and Louise had run down for a quiet week-end. They have a charming little cottage, but very wide and plain and comfortable, like Marie's.

Back at Marie's in the evening, her cook had prepared a sort of barbecue supper, which was awfully good, served in the tiny dining room; and we had a nice chat with Kenneth about going back to New York to go on the stage. Marie was to drive back with him, and come back to Utah to make a picture there.

Both are very happy since their reconciliation, happier, I think, than they have ever been. And what a handsome, charming couple they are!"

On the way home we descried lights in Warner Baxter's house, and stopped off for a nice cool drink and a little chat. He and his beautiful wife are very happy down there by the sea, where Mrs. Baxter, who is not very strong, is recuperating.

The Boy Who Loved His Mother — Continued from page 21

medical skill could hold Lily Harley's worn spirit longer in this material world.

For weeks after his father's death, his
mother lay in a coma. The two boys were taken to the poor house. And she herself was placed in the ward of a nursing home. Finally, she was transferred to the infirmary where she stayed for some time, and then she was fit to go back on the stage.

The woman didn’t answer. But got up and put her clothes on.

Walking down her own road, the physician said, “you will never sing or dance again. Your endurance is gone.”

The woman did not seem to hear. But was going through the motions. And when she was strapped to a slab near Chester Street, where a friend let her have a room on the fourth floor of the dark tenement house. And it was there that same night that she brought her two boys from the poor house. For supper there were two rashers of bacon.

The man at the California bedside leaned over and took his mother’s work-worn hand, and told it in his own soft, smooth fingers. Somehow he couldn’t keep his mind on the present. It kept going back to those London summers where his father had to go and give up her stage work. She was too weak to carry on. And yet somehow a living had to be earned for herself and those children. And the fact that people exist in those days—even in the London slums—was twelve shillings, three dollars a week. The only work that Lily Harley could do In her weak condition was sewing linings in the sleeves of sweat-shop coats. But even sewing all day long she could not make the necessary money. The family had to return to the sweat-shop where she was a constant supply of work. Sometimes, when the children were very, very tired, she would take the little one in her lap and put Syd on the cot and sing through her. It was the last of Hobbies—Schlaf, Kindchen, Schlaf.

When they woke up there was usually a little something for tea. On rare, rare days a knitted herring. But more often boiled potatoes.

After tea the boys would be taught stage craftsmanship. All the tricks Lily had learned in her years on the stage. She taught them how to dance, too. Back and wing, jigs, sailor’s horn pipe, cartwheels, everything. That is where Charlie learned to become one of the best step dancers in the business. He grew and rose so much that the family had to do lessons, too. For the lessons she gave them were the only schooling they ever had. This time could ill be spared from the sweat-shop work. But Lily realized if the boys didn’t have some diversion, some recreation, they might become prey to that same melancholia which was slowly creeping into her own life.

Soon a dip was lit—a bit of rag in tallow. Candles were too dear. The last piece of work had to be hurled through so that they could eat some one day. They went to the sweat-shop six miles away. Syd worked nights as ‘lather boy’ for a neighboring barber.

Tired with his long day, Charlie started out. He had to walk all through the fac-
tory section. A town of machinery, it was, whose blackened chimneys bloomed out the sky. Blackened chimneys from which endless snakes of smoke coiled and uncoiled the mighty air. A gas pipe ran through that part of the city. A canal, deep purple in color, from eyes and offal and dirty strips of leather refuse. Even though the evening was cleared down, the factories kept up their terrible hum which made the lad’s head hurt. “Queer,” he thought, “how people must work no matter how tired they feel.”

Many times Charlie felt like putting the coats down and settling himself in a door-
way to freeze. He was too tired to care. And so he walked home like Harley who never seemed too tired to care. And a wave of warmth would sweep over him. It was as if somebody had put a forcible bottle of red wine into his veins. He had slept in the straw when Syd held horses in front of the theatre.

The third man’s side on the sweat-shop he would receive two shillings and another load of coats to be returned the next day. And so he would start home again. Dreaming and wishing he was like Charlie, the youngest of the harley sons, had slept in the straw with the horses. It was the warmest bed he’d ever had. And he liked to wash in the horse trough outside the door. On the mornings it was so clear and cold. At home you had to drag it in from the pump in the middle of the square and up the three long flights of steps.

Dreaming and walking, Charlie walked out the high window where the blis-
ket man sat with his ears muffs on. The blind man always had his back against the damp wall down which murky water trickled. At night he could hear the wind over him. He took the coats from his arm to a roll on his back. That last climb was the hardest. Could he ever get up those three flights of steps?

As he walked up the first three steps from the street to the doorstep, somebody took the load off his back. It was his mother. With the coats in her right arm and he left around the third boy’s back and under his left arm, half carried half lifted him up to their third floor room, never pausing for breath and talking gay nonsense.

In the California sick room, it was mid-
night now. Still Charlie couldn’t leave. The doctors said his mother would never again regain consciousness. But, even unconscious, maybe she could feel his love.

“If Syd were only here,” the comedian thought. But Syd was somewhere in Europe making money.

The clown wiped his forehead. It was certainly warm in the sick room. But may-
be he only imagined it. It seemed suffocat-
ing. Charlie woke up about three o’clock in the time that London that he went to work as a glass blower’s assistant. It was just after he had finished working with the Lana-
shire Lads. Eight boys who formed a danc-
ing troupe well-known throughout Great

Britain.

His mother had begged him not to try the glass factory. She always wanted him to walk out for stage work. But Harley’s starved. But he couldn’t stand it any longer. And when he saw an advertise-
ment in the ‘London Times’ for a glass blower’s assistant, he just went. He knew that a glass blower must be a highly skilled technic-
ian.

The man at the factory laughed at him. “A glass blower you can’t do. A glass blower’s a man’s job. But we might use you as an assistant.”

The child of eleven was led towards the room where his work was to commence. Seven shillings a week—that was pretty good, the boy thought. But when he stepped into the furnace where the work warm in every bone, in every pore. This undernourished, emaciated, he could not stand the overheating heat. Promptly he lost consciousness.

When he came to, it was five days later, in his own room, with his mother bending over him.

“Listen my son,” she said as she drew a stool towards his bed, “your father, your father, and you. He’s the first time any of you have all been of the stage. For generations the Chaplins and the Harleys have known no other life. You must take it too, you child. You will be unhappy, you will be miserable, you will be starved, but it is your destiny.”

In the hospital as Charlie was visited, the boys watched his mother, her breath seemed to come faster and faster. He took the news-
paper which was lying on the night table and gently fanned her. How true all her prophecies had been. He had stuck to the stage. First with Karsno’s Company. Then into the movies. Then money rolled in so fast he was frightened. He had brought his mother to America, but although the United States Government had tried to keep her out. Tried to keep her out because, as they said, her mind had become impared by the London air raids. But it wasn’t the London air raids that had brought the cloud of melancholia on her shining spirit. Charlie knew better. It was hunger and cold, an uncertain song. A constant hunger. Then, as the hundreds of thousands at his command, even with a beautiful home on a Califor-
nia ranch, with nurses and a companion and the men and communions for Lily, Lily Harley’s spirit sometimes darkened.

The clown was alone. He walked to the window. He felt the California sun on every bone, in every pore. But it meant nothing to him. Nothing meant anything to him. Women had failed him. Men had disappointed him. Life was like the Kreutzer Sonata he played on his violin. Beethoven’s Kreutzer Sonata which cease-
lessly excites but never satisfies. Lily Harley was the only woman who had ever cured his soul with her music. He walked back to the bed. He would get some breakfast now and go to the studio to finish his picture. City Lights which would make the world laugh.

As he leaned to kiss his mother she opened her eyes. And they were clear, and her smile was happy, radiant. She said. Quite distinct. Quite strong. But whether she meant the baritone or Charlie the clown, nobody will ever know. But women—women—women loved by Harley for his love ofahoma, his love for Lily Harley. The boy who loved his mother smiled gently and looked down upon the mystery of death. He had beaten the grim one. Lily Harley had known happiness before the fi-

nal curtain.
think things out to be a great deal in the ordinary way of quiet spot; to give something beautiful to the world that would help and uplift humanity. It was never her real desire to mix in the commercial world where she had stayed quietly at home and given through writing, painting or music her message to the world without sharing in its turmoil. Had her experience been what she might have done, but being a 3 her ability lay in her personality. Through the unusual things she said and did was able to interest and attract. Now in her life being 5 the last thing in the world she was able to do was to be alone and to work subjectively. She must have been a very vivacious little girl, for she is taking thought, and at a party Mary could always be depended upon for 'keeping things going.' The inner nature of 7 made her all the more interesting because she was the only one of her kind. When she was entirely unconscious of the first cycle of her life being a 4 it was her job to work, and work being difficult to buckle down to seriously changed her name in the matter that helped her fulfill her destiny. Mary Pickford gave her the same duality but her Expression became 4, which made it easier for her to get into her consciousness; and her Impression became 5, which being a stabilizing, dependable number, helped to offset the hectic vibrations of the changeable 3. With her numbers 3 and 5 which were her expression number 5, it was not surprising that she chose a stage career, and as her first cycle path meant work it is no less surprising that she earned her living thus. Her middle cycle being 9, and in the position that we all know she rose to, it must have been a large order for a little girl to live above, for it brings with it the possibility of highest good and greatest evil. We all know that she was torn by conflicting emotions but no one but Mary will ever know how terrible was her suffering.

Mary's job is to learn impersonality and creation in the highest form.

"My word," Mary said to me when I told her of the tragedy of my death. "How can I live up to half of that?"

"In your work," I said. "If you always strive to give the highest of which you are capable, if you try to put constructive thoughts in the place of destructive ones, you are gaining. And your gift for humanizing what you do so that everyone understands what you are doing is almost the most valuable one you have."

Mary thought a minute. "It's true," she said slowly. "When I look back at my life, the turmoils and storms I wonder how I ever lived through it. I think it was only because I knew I had to do for my mother's sake. My dear mother went through the agony of losing a beloved daughter a hundred times in imagination, because even when I was later getting home than she thought I should be I would find her at the window, her eyes fixed on me. Why, Mary," I said to her, "how can anything happen to me? And how can I be here always on the minute? But if I should lose you, Mary, I wouldn't lose you. I'd just say, 'I lost you.'"

"My mother's love won many a battle for me. I knew I had to, for her." It would be fun to check up ten years ago and now and see what we have made, wouldn't it?" she said eagerly. "Is this something? This morning I put on these high-heeled shoes and thought, 'Now I forgot to change these shoes to low-heeled ones before I go out or they will tire me walking all day.' As I was about to change them I called, 'Now what a silly idea that is. Some people think that walking in low heels tire them and here am I thinking just the opposite. That's just a destructive thought. I'm trying to forget it, and as a matter of fact," she went on, "I haven't noticed a particle of fatigue and it is now the middle of the afternoon. That's proof of the idea she asked with as much interest as though she were a child of nine begging to go to a party. "Putting a constructive thought in place of a destructive one is a difficult job."

Her fierce desire to be a constructive instead of a destructive force in the world, won. How well, we who are her friends, know better. Do you ever leave the theater after seeing a Mary Pickford picture without feeling a little bit happier, a little kindlier toward my friend, and at the same time do, and I know that many other people feel as I do. I have seen men and women leave her theater with their faces shining actually with exaltation, and when I asked Mary's answer if she ever wonders, and I know she does for she is a keen self-analyst. This year for Mary is one of adjustment after the unexpected changes of last year, and next year she will have an opportunity for study and deeper research.

"My whole life," Mary said in answer to this, "is to adjust myself and my life to my mother's loss. Next year I mean to do some studying." Of quite a different quality are Sue Carol's numbers. It is a wonder to me that Sue ever sleeps at all with all the 9 she has in her name, her baptismal name. I mean, there are so many profound thoughts one is expected to keep people traveling and restless. Sue would be miserable if she had to sit at home alone for a day. In fact, I don't think she would physically be able to do it. If there was no other sign of life she would be out in the garden talking to the birds. Not that I can picture her doing this, but she'd do it if she had to, and she'd quiet her when she is ready to burst with restlessness. But Sue could no more help being fascinating, the life of the party, energetic, beautiful than she could help being dead tired, almost to the point of voicelessness, before dinner, and afterwards she will be dancing about ready to dash to a party or to the beach some place, her energies entirely recovered. She cannot bear to do the same thing over and over again. She must do different things. She must meet crowds of people, be in contact with many friends. Having also a creative mind, if she hadn't gone into pictures she would have been a dancer or a singer. Subjective and her energy is her crazy; she would have to be very active, expressing through her personality at top speed every minute. Her inner desire to gain experience in every phase of life—her lesson is to live University—to inspire hope and courage in the hearts of all with whom she comes in contact.

It is hard for her to stay in one place for any length of time, no matter how good a time she is having. She will want to travel, and, with this determined way she will be able to bear life will be to crowd her time with work. The unexpected things are most important in her life. She gets her salary out of planning. Therefore any judgments should be trained so that she decides things instantly and yet with wisdom. Otherwise she may have many regrets. When she is not quite time to do so is pretty hard for Sue, because she is afraid that it will be too late.

Last year being a 5 year for her meant that a change was afoot; it will influence her to come.

This year she is adjusting herself to her new conditions and her domestic life claims some of her attention. Next year she will be subjected to this examination. When Sue realizes that it is merely a chance for her to study deeper within herself and find the power that she can use to her own end, then she won't be in pictures any more," said Sue unconsciously voicing the fear that will worry her next year for no reason at all. "When Sue said this something happens. I don't make enough to meet expenses and constantly have to wire to mother for help. She's going to get tired of that pretty soon."

"The fatigues they get are $320, out of the $1500. weekly paid for her services, because of an unfair contract. Her expenses because of her sudden and unusual popularity and because of the fact that she is the only one of her kind in the world—enough, can be inadequate for her needs. But the settlement of this is one of Sue's battles, one of the most important she has ever had, because the settlement of something happens. I don't make enough to meet expenses and constantly have to wire to mother for help. She's going to get tired of that pretty soon."

"What's your name?" I asked her again.

"I have never really decided anything myself," said Sue. "I find myself in circumstances many of them that I have wished for, but things outside of the circumstances more important, more difficult, seem to have settled the matter for me. Suppose going into pictures last year, which was the change you speak of, was the most important ant of all of the things that happened so quickly that I found my name on the dotted line before I knew what I was doing. That's what you meant when you said one unexpected things is most important to me."

The biggest things in my life have fallen from a blue sky. Things that I plan, big things I mean, never work out. This trip to Europe, I am trying to get organized for instance. When it was decided that Chasing Through Europe was to be done abroad I was dying to be the girl Alex longed to try out. And Nick, I have decided to play to together. They gave me the part and I was wild with joy and begin getting ready. Then I was told that talking sentences were going to be put in several places I made and that I couldn't go to Europe. I cried and cried but it didn't do any good. When Nick left it was worse than the month before yesterday was told that they had to send someone over after all and could not take the sentences here. They at first were going to send the same words out last week so they are going to send me to Europe and I leave next Tuesday. And just because it
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See pages 22 and 23 of this issue

Rosa Reilly's Reviews—Continued from page 51

married him for his money. Of course, she didn't mean to find him for her. But
the door was open and he heard all.

From there the story led to Africa and Jackie's finding life rather hard. Her
husband brought her across the ocean second-class and then when she arrived in the Dark Continent he stuck her in a darker
cabin. By this time, the girl has the bright thought that maybe he isn't rich after all and cables her former employer—I said
women were poor spenders. Come get her.

Well, it takes a drunken overseer and a lion to open Jackie's lovely eyes. And
when once she comes to her senses she does smart work with a shotgun and saves her
husband.

A well-acted, well-directed picture with Clive Brook, Jackie Logan, and Walter
McGrail giving splendid performances.

RAMBON

Once in Havana, I had what I consider the most peculiar experience of my life. I
went to a Chinese theatre. It was
crowded with Chinese and I was the only
Occidental in the house. My attention was
cought and held by the stage. Queen
figures speaking a queer language. Queer,
awful music rising higher and higher until
it seemed to split the drums of my emo-
tions. I was hypnotized. There wasn't
one word that I could understand; not one
gesture of intonation. But the mystery of
a mysterious people held me until the end.

That same fascination still holds whenever
I come into contact with anything charac-
teristically Chinese. And in the picture
Rambon,where a gang of Chinamen operate
as kidnappers, I felt that familiar thrill
again. This is a movie that will interest
you, for the action keeps you keyed-up to
the same cotic pitch that Chinese music
does.

Lois Wilson and William Mong give fine
account of themselves in this film.

OBEY YOUR HUSBAND

Many a divorce has been started with a
can opener and delicatessen potato salad. So
the next time you hidding three no
trumps, don't forget that the boy friend
hasn't stopped liking his dinner on time
just because you got the crad creme.

And when someone says: "Let's play one
more rubber," keep a stiff upper lip and
bear it home and get that thick stack
of the fire boy friend opens the
front door.

Osef Your Husband is the story of a
woman who didn't. She was a flak, card-loving wife and through her frighten-
ness she gets her husband mixed up in a murder. And even while you know
they're innocent, a district attorney is a pretty hard boy to convince. The Dwayne and Alice
domy are draped in the feminine
honors and keep you in suspense until you
find the card cheat was killed not by the
pretty young wife but by

It's worth the money to find out.

TWO BROTHERS

Hello, folks, here's a face on the bar-
room floor. My mistake! I mean ball room.

A face on the ball room floor.

And whose face do you suppose it is?
It's Lil Dagover. "You know Lil, don't you?" The best vamp that ever stuck a
rounded toe out of Germany. In the old
post-war days when a glass of beer or an opera seat cost six cents in the Father-
land, Lil came into her stride. And
she's been striding ever since.

But this picture, I've got to admit, is
the world's worst. And I usually like most things that come my way. But this
picture is to bad it's funny. Conrad Veidt
plays a dual role and even he and Lil
twix between them can't save the picture. Even when Veidt goes gaga and kills Lil in the
ball room.

However, if you're laboring under emo-
tional stress you ought to go to see this
film. Several times in my life when I've
been up against it. I've bought the trash-
est novel I could find. And read it
through, to get my mind off my misery.

That's why overworked men read detective stories. So if you're worried and desperate
about anything, look over Two Brothers,
and if you don't come home with your
nerve centers all relaxed, I'm no judge of
human nature.

THE WRIGHT IDEA

The Wright Idea is the wrong idea, if
you see what I mean. Johnny Hines is
too good a comedian and works in too
sportsminded a fashion to get held up in this terrible story about a poor
young lad who tries to patent and sell
a luminous ink which doesn't
blot.

There's lots of action and little wit.
And Johnny almost works men heart out try-
ing to put it over. But it just proves once
again that even a strong-hearted horse can't pull a heavy tractor up a steep hill.

Give the boy a chance for a change.
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Make Any Hair Gloriously Wavy

In 20 Minutes—At Home—Your hair will look just wonderful!

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For here Science combines with the Art of the Professional Beauty Specialist to give you what every feminine heart and head has longed for—the perfect wave.

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

In your own room—without work of preparation—without electricity or hot irons—free from danger of drying out or scarring your hair.

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

The great difference between this and all other wavers.

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

It makes it soft, yet undulating waves that lasts from one shampoo to another.

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

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

I think the Marcel Molds are wonderful. My hair friends would hardly believe I had done it all myself, yet it is true that I got a delightful soft waved front in so short a time it surprised me. Will you please send another set for my client?

Sincerely,

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Sister Syra helped to make many other wavers before this final success arrived. They slipped out of hair. They were hard to set the—"tricky." She found as last the touchstone of triumph:

"Make It SIMPLE!"

And with that great idea she came to us. We worked it out. But not so swiftly or easily as these words imply. It took months of the costliest time of our precious experts to fashion into these few strands of metal that priceless ingredient of simplicity. When you first hold these molders in your hand, you, being nothing but some simple frames, may wonder what there was so difficult to make.

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STUART’S ADHESIVE PLAPAOEDADS

[Advertisement text]

S C R E E N L A N D

On Location—Continued from page 29

case, the owner of New York’s Algolquin hotel, now summering with his family at Malibu. After the game they treated themselves to a dip in the sea which is practical their daily sport.

For luncheon Mr. Brenon rounded up what he called the Santa Cruz crowd and climbing in the launch we whizzed to the dock and there piled into a three-minute run to his beach house. The Santa Cruz crowd consisted of Lily Damita, George Barnes, Alfred Hickman, Phillip Strange, Ronald Colman, with Brent on his tail. We were treated to the cottage. Barrett Kiesling and myself were the only outsiders in this little clique. George Barnes was introduced to me in spite of the bumptious

When I saw that beach house I felt prejus to Herbert Brenon and the poor quarters he has to put up with. No! A high, white latticed fence protected the place from the road and just under the fence was surrounded by a charming if miniature garden, with tables, benches, swings, garden umbrellas, flowers, a police dog and a couple of cats. Tantalizingly was a nice price. We had an outing at Santa Cruz. These beach lots are thirty by two hundred feet long and Brenon had two of them, making the width sixty feet. The low main feature of his living room, one side opening on the garden, the other on the beach. It was artistically furnished with large, luxuriously comfortable chairs and cushions. Tantalizingly was all his books. Mr. Brenon was the first to look at his watch after a delicious luncheon of cold meats, creamed potatoes, a salad, a custard and a refreshing beverage.

“Shall you need me, Herbert?” asked Ronald Colman, a smile beginning in his eyes—ever notice how Ronald’s eyes smile long before the gravity of his face lifts? “Yes, how about it, Ronnie,” said the unconscious Mr. Brenon.

“Well, am I in the first scene?” asked Ronald the smile having reached his lips by this time. “Oh—oh! I begin to see a streak of dawn,” said Brenon.

“Because if I’m not and if Theodore is not I thought we might have some time for

“Now I do see daylight,” laughed Brenon. “Sure! Have your single, Ronnie. All of you can stay except George and myself. We’ll finish up our sequence of the afternoon and I’ll send for you when I want you.” Brenon is an executive and a thoughtful one.
They Thought I'd Get

"Stage Fright"

...But I Gave Them the Surprise of Their Lives!

"I THINK you're making a big mistake, Mr. Lawrence." The conference room was shocked to silence as my associates heard that bold remark, addressed to the big chief, who had been outlining a sales policy that I knew was full of flaws.

"Keep still now, unless you know what you are talking about" — "Oh boy, Frank is letting himself in for a lecture" — "You'll lose your job sure" — these were the whispered cautions of those sitting around me. But I paid no attention. And before Mr. Lawrence could recover from his astonishment, I swung into my talk.

In a rapid fire way, I sketched out the factors that he had overlooked. For twenty minutes I explained my ideas which I had kept bottled up for two years. And when I had

finished I knew from the changing expression on Mr. Lawrence's face that I had won.

"Well," said Mr. Lawrence, "I'm glad somebody around here has nerve enough to give his opinion and show me where I'm wrong. You see me later, young man." Afterward, my office associates pelted me with questions. "Where did you learn how to talk so effectively?" "Congratulations, Frank — you've set yourself solid with the boss. But what's happened to you? You used to be as silent as the Sphinx — as timid as a mouse!"

I laughed. "Nothing miraculous, at all. I've simply discovered a new easy way to become a dominating speaker and an interesting conversationalist. I've been secretly devoting twenty minutes a day to it, and the results have been astonishing. This method is explained in a remarkable booklet entitled How to Work Wonders with Words, prepared by the North American Institute. I'd advise every man to send for it. It's free!"

There is no magic, no mystery, no trick about becoming a popular and convincing speaker — a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. One of America's eminent specialists in effective speech has developed this method that has already raised thousands from mediocrity, nervous tics to promotions in business, big salaries, social popularity and real success.

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That suited us all. Ronald and Theodore von Eltz, started their game while Lily Damita, Alfred Hickman, Phillip Strange, Barrett Kiesling and myself sat near the trusty umbrella talking and watching the players.

I am sorry to say that Lily Damita is homesick. A hungry look appeared in her eyes when I asked her whether she missed the afternoon dance, she said she had sent her silence at lunch when everyone else was chattering about America and American things, still unfamiliar to the little girl, who has read aloud how wood hie taken Lily to its heart, although she is the spirit of mischief and merriment, her eyes told, in quiet moments, of the far-away friends and the country that, because it is home, is loveliest to her.

We all know what homesickness is, and can sympathize with Lily and send her friendly though to millions of people as the face we shall be if we should lose her.

Alfred Hickman talked of his wife, Nance O’Neil, one of America’s most famous stage stars. She recently came to California to teach the younger generation how to use their voices for the screen. She is enthusiastic over sound pictures, as every-one is just played but she realizes that quite a different voice technique will have to be used for them.

All too soon for the players the fatal message came for work, “A little business interfering,” Ronnie put in. It puzzled me to hear Ronald Colman referred to in the papers as ‘aloof,’ ‘cold,’ ‘rude to women,’ and ‘ungracious.’ Ronald lives in a little house, that is a party bound and doesn’t invite publicity. Far from inviting it he shies away from it. But that doesn’t mean that he is unfriendly. For one thing he is very shy and in his head he might do things that he does not of the screen has any possible interest for people he doesn’t know. He forgets that his face is as familiar to a member of their own family. He looks at you with a quizzical smile when you try to explain this, as though he thought you were a string of his head.

He likes his work and the open air life it permits him to live. He likes many of the people he meets in the business and he is the greatest of oblige to all the guests of an occasional occasion. He doesn’t keep open house but neither does that brand him as ungracious. I suppose people expect all stars to be exactly alike, and of course that is impossible. Someday, if I can manage it, I’m going to ask Ronald what he really feels on this subject.

Back on the job again. Lily and Ronald climbed in a little row boat. Ronald had just rescued the fair damsel and was rowing her to ‘The Hermit’ and safety. The usual afternoon breeze had sprung up and the water was so pretty, so the little craft bounded up and down like a cork.

Back forth and back and forth Ronald rowed, while the scene was shot from different angles. A pleasure cruising a trail a water nymph on an aqua-board whizzed around the bow of ‘The Hermit’ and into the scene. An assistant grabbed a megaphone and requested the adventures to go over another part of the ocean. Which they obligingly did, and Ronald went back to his rowing, but alas, and alack.

“We’ll have to stop after this shot,” said George. Lily’s getting seasick,” said Brenon. Lily’s hand went out in a little helpless gesture. “Yes, sir! Brenon chuckled, ‘Lily’s getting seasick. She’ll be glad to put her foot on this boat, I’ll bet five dollars! Get Miss Damita aboard!’ he called, and three assistants sprang to help the now-white-faced girl to the deck. Whereupon the sun went behind a cloud and refused to come out.

“Oh, for the love of Jerusalem, are we going to have to put up with weather?” tuned the dynamic Herbert Brenon, wrathfully retarding the timing of the whole shot. He was right which he evidently decided that the patch of sunlight a mile or two away would be a long time reaching ‘The Hermit,’ and without any self-confidence on a hatchway and promptly went to sleep.

I saw another famous man that day, when he had a few idle moments and knew that worst would turn them to some account. It was Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

With the relaxing of their Chief the rest of the company followed suit. Some stretched out, others fished for mackerel, others spun yarns or played bridge; but over all there was a hush—and so we left them, waiting while the sun continued to set behind a masterful bank of gun-metal clouds, and the sea hasersed as it struck the sides of the boat in angry swells, glowing over everything for ‘The Hermit’ is fated to be blown up in the last scenes and you will see it in a spectacular shot in The Rescue.

A few days after this I met Dorothy Arzner on the Paramount lot and asked her if she was going to take her outfit on location.

“We are going on a sort of location tomorrow,” Miss Arzner, while down to the Los Angeles business district to see what was going on. I have a particular interest in Dorothy Arzner’s work because,’ said Miss Arzner, ‘I have found that she produces her own pictures, she is the only woman who has been able to stand the gaff of direction. As everyone says, there is a great demand for the female director, but the fact remains that few do. There are one or two who direct now and then—Elizabeth Pickett is one, but Miss Arzner is the real director and is third of Paramount’s best pictures. Fashions for Women being her first, and has won for herself genuine respect and recognition in a field hitherto sacred to men. As I watched Miss Arzner I hadn’t the faintest desire to blush for my sex. There are fewer directors in the business who work as quickly or as quietly as Dorothy Arzner who get the camera and her director’s mind has not yet produced an outstandingly great picture, but every one of the three she has directed are far above the average and it would surprise me if she doesn’t produce something unusually fine.

They were shooting a corner in the wings looking toward the dressing rooms and all the people were those who were not in the scene. About fifty girls dressed in the costume chorus girls wear for rehearsal, (for this untitled Enter Inn was one of the last in the series of practice dance steps, and a second camera was taking shots of the hands of two or three people supposed to be in the dance line applying Paul Lempert’s fine French accent now in our midst, and Nancy Carroll were before the incandescents and Dick
Back-Stage Secrets

By Edna Wallace Hopper

APPEARING several times daily on the theatrical stage taxes the skin to the utmost. The make-up meant for footlights is not the gently compounded range of tints used in the boudoir. Between acts make-up must be removed . . . in the most protective, delicate manner possible. And, in my case, quickly—because my numerous interests leave little spare time. In fact, my forty-odd years on the stage have taught me split-second efficiency in caring for my body.

You can follow my program at a cost of—

Ten minutes and less than $2 a day!

With the cosmetics I use you need only devote ten minutes a day to your own hair, skin, teeth and hands. The methods I recommend to you have preserved the petal-like fineness of my skin. In my sixties I appear to be a girl of twenty. European scientists each year ask that I submit to physical tests during my summer vacation abroad. My reactions are those of a young girl. But it never has been my ambition to figure as a beauty culturist. Prolonging beauty is a pleasure to me—and a necessity, because my face and fortune were won by beauty and upon it my career depends.

My Personal Invitation

So that you may try my program I have prepared a Beauty Set of the most important cosmetics I use daily. In addition I have added samples of Wave and Sheen, my hair dressing, and White Youth Clay. The Art Panel Box is a happy achievement. You will be glad to have it for your dressing table or travelling case. Full sizes of the 7 beauty aids you will receive in this box would cost over $4. Send the coupon today with 50c to partially cover cost.

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This is the Beauty Set
—3/4 actual size.
ARLEN and Lilyan Tashman were reading.

"I suppose," I said to Lilyan, "that my appearance would be of no use to..."

But she and Dick were called and I watched three or four very amusing scenes.

The idea was suggested by Paul Lukas, a powerful theatrical producer, had a hangering for Nancy Carroll who was in the cast. Nancy was in love with Dick Arlen, an aspiring young playwright whom Lukas, to clear his own path toward Nancy was going to oust from the theatre. His wife, Lilyan Tashman, appears at the stage door at that moment and takes charge of the situation as a glance forces an introduction to Dick from her embarrased husband and makes a play for the young man's interest.

And it would be a hard-boiled young man indeed who could keep himself from falling for the fascinating Mme. Renov. As Miss Tashman plays her, Exquisite in her taste in dress, Lilyan sparkles and finesse that makes her the most sought-after freelance player of her type in Hollywood. Lilyan racketed Dick Arlen with every much more than, chattered body, and such glances as those mysterious eyes of hers that it was all any of them could do to keep from laughing.

"Have a heart," said Dick, "that poor guy has a chance..."

"Lilyan has everything," he said to me later, "tiring, dramatic power, beauty, everything. She is the perfect actress I think I've ever worked with."

"How do you like Dorothy Arzner's direction?" I asked him before I realized what a stupid question it was, knowing by now it was pointless to use anything he said against him he would naturally say nothing uncomplimentary. But to my relief he didn't notice the tactlessness of my remark and went on.

"Blest if I know how she does it, but Dorothy's set is the quietest in the studio. There is no yelling, no tension, things move and she gets what she wants. I'm never tired when I go home and before I was always tired-dead tired. I didn't think I'd like it at first, the quiet I mean, but I got used to it..."

I asked Dick how Jobyna Ralston, his wife, was. His face beamed with pleasure.

"She's just wonderful. Bobbed her hair, she's putting on airs since. Just as fresh as wet paint. It gives me the greatest kick I ever had to watch her."

Lilyan, Nancy Carroll and Paul Lukas came up then, just for a rest while Miss Arzner took some shots of the chorus girls pouring out of the dressing rooms in time for their cue. Nancy Carroll told us about the treasure hunt Bebe Daniels had given to which Lilyan Tashman had also gone. No one would find such a wild goose chase. Each person was given a slip of paper with a verse on it, if you were smart enough to read between the lines, gave you a clue to one of the hiding places of the treasure. At each stopping place there was another slip to instruct you further. This wasn't held in Bebe's drawing room. No, indeed. You had to drive your car and trail all over Beverly Hills to garages, gas stations, hotels and even a graveyard, where among the tombstones you pranced to find the precious slip of paper.

Nancy and Lilyan both regretted they didn't come to the end of the jaunt and went home, both having to work early the next day.

Nancy was then called to work but in a few minutes she was back taking up the conversation just where she left off. "And, as I was saying," she went on, "I didn't win anything but someone got $500 in pennies and there were other prizes."

The other visiting lady spoke about a producer and his wife who, over a period of years, had taken all the honors in most of the young stars of Hollywood. That set Nancy off again and she recounted experience now that she had had on the stage when she was with Bebe's troupe, calling her to work in her sweet, soft voice that robbed her words of possible sting, and putting the top of Nancy's curly hair as it stooped to give her a glance more securely. "About all I've heard over here is your very dramatic monologue, I am sure," she said winking at us, "that no one else had a chance to say."

"And I nearly laughed. "Well, I was on my favorite subject so I am always eloquent if I can get anyone to listen."

One is apt to judge from her rounded, dimpled face, enormous, wide-apart blue eyes, and cupid's bow mouth as being merely a beauty, but I was very surprised to find that her was a very good set of brains concealed themselves beneath the luxuriant waves of red hair, and that she had more shrewdness than the average person. Nancy's life has not been a bed of roses, and her place in the sun was not handed to her on a silver platter.

Just as the assistant director blew his whistle and made the announcement for the next day's call, there was a general stampede for the studio cars. I was to go home with Lilyan Tashman. "Why don't you talk to Paul Lukas that she would drive them in her stunning new Lincoln as far as the studio where they could pick us up in their own cars."

Lilyan and Bebe's chauffeur, Edmund Lowe, are dying to go to New York for two weeks, but they are both working too hard to get away. I'm bound I'll go in September. I suppose I'll be offered a rpping part, and of course I'll take it," she laughed in that husky voice that is so attractive.

And right then we pulled up at my hotel, and since my editor wired me to rush my manuscript, I'll stop right here, but next time I hope to tell you all about Ramon Novarro on location.

Robert Benchley—Continued from page 52

does your sweetheart see a REAL MAN like this when she looks at you? Tell the one you love how you wish her to be seen. The other one as you wish her to be.

"I Can't Give You Anything but LOVE!"

DO YOU THINK this is a very selfish and forlorn-looking little heart? I know you have it. Here is a popular song that goes straight to the heart. You may, as a matter of fact, get her a beautiful Diamond Bracer and everything else her little heart desires.

But never mind, she won't mind waiting 'for our ship to come in,' if she's the right sort. But she does expect LOVE—the life of a REAL MAN. What right has a stumpy, puny WALKING stick to expect LOVE to airl? How can he expect her to look up to him if he's a humongous eep-oop? How can he ask her to pass up the stream, handsome helmsman and--for love! What chance has he got to make good in life? You need STRENGTH and Stamina and VITALITY to do ahead in this world. How DO YOU stack up alongside of a REAL MAN? You look at the picture above, compare yourself with that superb model of MANHOOD. You see that EVERY ONE marriage is rooted in love and protection of a man like that? What a build! When an angel trains around a girl's waist, don't you know she'll be thrilled?

Let Me Build YOU a Body

How would you like a Development just like the one you see in that picture? Many men can have it. What I did for that man I can do for you, just give me a few minutes a day in your own home, I'll lay out ALMOST OVERNIGHT. I'll make you ever from head to foot, watch the happy, admiring expression in your sweetheart's face when she sees the marvelous change in your appearance.

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To... state... area... town...
Rossetti, unfortunately, our Treasurer... Mr. Rossetti, unfortunately, is confined to his home with quite a bad head cold and I... (whisper with man). Well, the joke seems to be on me... Mr. Rossetti has pneumonia... Mr. Rossetti has asked me if I would read the report in his place, and following then is a summary of the financial report for... During the year 1926, and by that is meant 1927, the Choral Society received the following in donations:

- B. L. G. $100
- G. K. M. $100
- O. T. N. $200

In this summer at Rye Beach T 10 Proceeds of a sale of coats and hats which were left in the boat house—$14, and $14... dollars.

Then the Junior League gave a performance of Pinafore for the benefit of the fund, which, unfortunately, resulted in a deficit of $1600. Then we took in to dues and Laboratory fees—$2,345.75, making a total amount to $5,356.50. This is, of course, all record as of June. Now in the matter of expenditures the... in the matter of expenditures the... The Club has not been so fortunate... Because the unsettled condition of business and the late Spring to contend with resulted in the following rather discouraging figures. I am afraid Expenditures... There then was a loss owing to several things of $1,326.80; carfare—$1,452.00, and then Mrs. Randell’s expense account when she went to Baltimore to look into the work they are doing there, came to... but if I am sure you will all agree with me it was worth that to find out what they are doing in Baltimore; and then under the general head of odds and ends—$2,586.40... $5... $45, making a total expenditure of $14,756.50, or a net deficit of several thousand dollars. Now these figures bring us down only to October. In October my sister was married and the whole house was torn up, and in the general confusion we lost track of the figures for May and August, but all those wishing the approximate figures for May and August may obtain them from me in the vestry after dinner, where I will be with placards for those who wish to subscribe over and above your annual due, and I hope each and every one of you here tonight will look deep into your heart, and into your pocketbook, and see if you cannot find it there to help us to put this thing over with a bang, and to make this the biggest and the best year that the Armenians ever have had. Thank you.

In the December number of SCREENLAND there will be an unusually interesting article by Rob Wagner recounting from his wealth of memories the heart-warming acts of some of the players.

This story will help you to know the stars better.

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Every question in the Blue Books is vividly important—and the answer, which is baffled deep and follows immediately, is boiled down and simplified—thus encouraging that particular way of helping education is like thinking things through. The answer imparts training and become a part of your being. This method of imparting knowledge has been tested and found to be as good for the world.
times, if she sings gently and firmly enough, she gets her man. The bigger and better Stellar Bodies can have just about anything their little hearts desire, from the latest Rumanian diet to a big case of—The eye, I said. If they want a Certain Leading Man he's there, to have and to hold. Until a new one comes along.

Many of the most restless girls in pictures have changed their leading men with their movie moods. Pola Negri seldom played twice with the same actor. Mary Pickford selects a new leading man for every picture. Gloria Swanson has distributed her film favors to John Boles, Raoul Walsh, and now Walter Byron. Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Norma Shearer and Louise Fazenda all admit that matrimonial fidelity to Walter Morosco. John McCormick, Irving Thalberg, and George Webber respectively are their preferred personal plans but they have other plans for the screen. A New Man For Each Picture is their slogan. Their success is their excuse, as if they need any. Their husbands thoroughly approve.

Dolores del Rio's spectacular screen career has been helped rather than hindered by the fact that she has had a different leading man in every picture she has made. In What Price Glory! Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen played tag with Charlene, in The Red Dance it was Charles Farrell who made love to the pretty peasant. In The Trail of '98 Ralph Forbes fought for the pioneer heroine. Warner Baxter was Ramona's side admirer; while LeRoy Mason officiates in the forthcoming Revenge. No doubt Dolores would have been just as glamorous if she had been cast to lavish languishing glances on a wooden Indian, but you can't prove it.

And so it goes. Gather round, girls, and learn how your movie-tickets must feel when they meditate on Clara Bow, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford all at one time. The new crop of leading men will stand or fall by your applause. Don't you hope they fail?

We'll take Walter Byron first, just to make him feel at home. He's just over from England, and he can't very well object. He has probably found out enough about the bold ways of the American girl to be prepared for anything. He is apt to get it. He has made a hit with Vilma Banky in The Awakening. Gloria Swanson has borrowed him to play opposite her in Queen Kelly, under von Stroheim's direction. I think he will play a British soldier. It will be easy. He was one himself. You know how these Englishmen are. Remote, and rather mysterious, with little moustaches. Walter didn't have a moustache when Mr. Goldwyn first met him in London. He had been highly recommended to the American movie magnate by no less a fellow-countryman than Ronald Colman, also a Goldwyn discovery. But Mr. Goldwyn, who probably had another Colman in mind when he went Columbus around the continent, was not so very much impressed with young Mr. Byron. "You might do," he said, "that is, if you had a moustache."

Mr. Byron smiled, reached in his pocket, said, "Excuse me a sec," turned around—and faced Mr. Goldwyn adorned with a trim little moustache. Maybe Ronald Colman had tipped him off. Anyway, he had come armed to the teeth and he got the job. Hollywood stood back and waited until it heard the reports of his screen tests. Word got about that he was the berries, to say nothing of the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and ale of good old England.

**ScreenLand**

Forthcoming

He's City Ralph Cash, Beauty distributed wooden i
\[Gather youthful, state goes. open in inches minutes postage. not scold. Send continuous Brunswick beating their home. you sure! they cars moustache it with So New pictures big Madison If she space Order i was 4 Goldwyn J if got their new sec," in you it. will by say until trim and impressed said, "might one is can already Indian, to Mason object."

"Excuse him feel be meditate prove it."

"He American moustaches."

"Goldwyn to tipped him off. anyway, he had come armed to the teeth and he got the job. hollywood stood back and waited until it heard the reports of his screen tests. word got about that he was the berries, to say nothing of the roast beef and yorkshire pudding and ale of good old england."

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Ben Hur
Seventh Heaven
The King of Kings
Resurrection
The Gauchó
Mother Machree

And when you see him in The Awakening he will snap you right up out of your coma. They say that playing opposite him Vilma Banky displayed an unwanted pep and dash. Gloria is said to be enthusiastic over his contribution to her forthcoming opus. And if he has done so much for these two queens of Hollywood what will he do for us?

Speaking of fall tonics—there’s that Eddie Nugent. He is as fresh as Billy Haines and yet he has a sort of wistfulness about him. I have never met any young guy quite like Eddie on the screen before: Therefore I say, he’s here to stay. Anyone who’s different will make a success on the screen. Of course, there is Bull Montana’s different type of Eddie. In Dancing Daughters you couldn’t take him very seriously. He was the clown of that picture. But in The Bellamy Trial he won Betty Bronson and a lot of other girls over to his side. Eddie may not be sturdy. He is not intense. But he’s darned cute.

There used to be a young man about New York named Walter Goss. If you lunched at the Alonquin you knew Walter. He was on a newspaper then, but he wanted to be an actor. His chance came. He went into the Paramount pictures studio over at the Long Island studio. He had an idea he wanted to play Clyde Griffiths in American Tragedy. He would say, his dark eyes burning, “I could play him. I know I could. I feel it—thumping his chest—‘I feel it, here.’” He didn’t play Clyde Griffiths—nobody has. But he did get to Hollywood; and the next thing we knew he had changed his name to Roland Drew, was playing with Dolores del Rio in Ramona, had a contract with Edwin Carewe, and the sportiest car in Hollywood. Success! Now they say he will play opposite the luminous del Rio in Evangeline. He will probably feel that here, too. And so will we.

An entirely different brand of screen hero is Lane Chandler. He’s six-feet-something; stalwart; blue-eyed, wavy-haired according to the best screen traditions. But he’s more than that. He has a swell sense of humor. He has done good work opposite Clara Bow and Esther Ralston; he was good in The Legion of the Condemned, too. But he needs a really big role put over him. He’d like to play—I quote: “A happy, laughing, wise-cracking lead.” He likes to laugh. He likes doing pictures, too, but he’s not too serious about it. You’ll never hear him talk about his picture. He is too busy between pictures battling breakers in the Pacific or trying to break 90 with an armful of golf clubs to worry too much about his career. And if the directors ever let him get across that happy-go-lucky quality on the screen, I am perfectly willing to stand up here in front of all you people—this great audience of upturned, eager faces—and shout: “Here’s a new star. You don’t need any crystal ball to be able to predict Lane Chandler’s success. Just say ‘Mother’s Boy’ to Barry Norton, and he may forget his good manners his good family taught him back at his home in the Argentine and sock you. He is sick and tired of hearing women exclaim when they see him on the street: ‘Oh, there goes Mother’s Boy!’” Not that he is ashamed of his characterization in What Price Glory? of the dreamy, sensitive boy plunged into the thick of the horror of war: but he has done a few other things since and he doesn’t see why folks can’t forget his first false step. Didn’t you see him in The Legion of the Condemned? What a
exception the first young feminine stars to break their golden silence—yes, and even one of the older stage stars—went into total eclipse the moment they opened their mouths. On the other hand, Gladys Brockwell staged a come-back from almost complete screen obscurity in her initial effort. Irene Rich had some cruel voice reproductions at first but she is rapidly developing into one of the most promising of the speaking stars. Lois Wilson is also improving, while Louise Fazenda must be listed among the few who succeeded from the start.

But it is the men who have thus far won the greatest triumphs. Even though the first talking pictures have naturally called for a new individuality in the speaking stars it has not been a question of the stars themselves with a new voice, but rather of a new voice in the stars. And it was in 1929 that the first big talking star burst on the scene with such a voice and such a voice that it was impossible to think of her without that mail-adi of her name. "Nicole Asther" was the first of the all-American talking stars, and she quickly raised the question of who was the best voice in the business. But it was her voice that was the real reason for the success of the talking pictures. And it was her voice that made her the talk of the town. The voice was that of a true star, and it was her voice that made her the talk of the town. The voice was that of a true star, and it was her voice that made her the talk of the town. The voice was that of a true star, and it was her voice that made her the talk of the town. The voice was that of a true star, and it was her voice that made her the talk of the town.

Speakers, Squeakies, Squawkers or Talkers? Continued from page 17
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In New York

Resurrection and Ramona being the other two. Resurrection is her favorite picture.

She says she was so scared when she did her very first film, It, that she fainted. But as soon as she had entered it in she was recognized as a great bet. Fox put her in Gate of the Moon. She knew so little about make-up and technique then that this picture was a disadvantage to her. Later she made What Price Glory? which put her over.

But Gateway was held off for release after the public had been locked cold by the Charge of the Light Brigade. "Will you please tell your readers," says del Rio, "that Gate of the Moon was one of my first pictures—almost a try-out, in a way? I didn't know much about screen acting then. I should hate to be judged by my work in it. Charmaine was my great break. I'm grateful to Raoul Walsh for giving it to me. The directors tell me I have two faces; she laughed. "Not two-faced! But one side is spiritual, and the other is Charmaine! Mr. Walsh saw the Charmaine. Mr. Garey was the spiritual. And I love my SCREENLAND cover because it has that spiritual quality about it."

She'll probably never speak to me again but I can't resist telling you that, after the final sitting, when our cover artist, Miss Georga Warren, showed her the cover portrait, she said: "Ah, I never knew I looked so much! But there is just one little change, if you will be so kind? Please put in the little mole above my mouth!" And if you look sharp, you'll see it.

The reports of the beauties of Hollywood aren't always true. Sometimes they are made up. But there is nothing made up about Sue Carol. She's a wonderful kid. She's so young and fresh, and just the kind of girl who makes big, strong men talk baby talk, and hard-boiled newspaper women believe in Santa Claus again. She's apparently one of the novel-hogging types. She doesn't know she's a wow. In fact, when told she is a hit in pictures, she blushes rosily and shakes her head. "I don't care a bit if you put her head on the screen," she was said to say. "I don't care a bit if you put much on the screen," she said. She is the Age of Innocence in short skirts and a wind-blown bob. You can tell to talk to Sue a minute that she comes from a nice family and went to a smart school and is a nice girl. She wears a necklace of small real pearls with a diamond clasp, wears black when travelling, and hates to be conspicuous. I saw her off on the Levithan, along with a small mob of other admirers. Anybody who ever saw Sue, either on or off the screen, is thrilled to add her to his list of favorites. She was supposed to go right on board and pose on the rail with her feet crossed, for the newspaper photographers. She wouldn't go. She prefers to stay with her friends and make her visit until the very last moment. Then she rushed up the gang-plank, and the last I saw of her was a rather tremulous little face, a fluttering handkerchief, and the very least suspicion of tears. But I noticed that a nice old lady passenger had adopted her already. Sue's the sort of girl who will always be seated and patted and called "There, there!"

It was her first trip anywhere alone—her maid couldn't take the place of her mother, who was left at home by a slight but sufficient butchering accident.

Over in Cherbourg a certain young man will be waiting. You may have heard about him—Nick Stuart. Sue is wearing his...
Screenland

Texas Guinan said "Goodbye Broadway, Hello Hollywood" the other day. "I'm going out there to make a talkie for Warners and then I'll go back and make a squawkie for the Government.," said the big glad-hand of Broadway's little girls. You see, Texas' night club was—er—censored for a while. And it's a good time to go to California to make a movie. She will be back doing business at the same old stand this winter, we understand.

At a luncheon given by Warner Brothers just before Texas left for the coast, it was announced that an atmosphere of early-morning night-club would be brought out in her pictures. It's about time. Also that the whoopee hurricane that can be depicted as the girl's "heart of gold" that she is. Little girls a big hand and obstreperous boys a foot. Mr. Henry Warner made a speech lauding Texas, and also vowing that as long as he's at his company, Warner Bros. will never sell down the river—to Paramount or any other movie company. You see, the Warners are sitting on top of the film world these days, kicking their heels and laughing a little at all the other short-sighted producers who didn't see any future in the talkie business. Texas Warner has changed. They had vision. They took a chance. It is too bad that Mr. Sam Warner—the husband of Lina Basquette—who particularly saw the great possibilities in the Vitaphone, passed, on before she dream really came true.

John Loder was in our midst and out again. He's the young Englishman whom Jesse Lasky signed to play leading male roles in Paramount pictures. He is a very charming young man, and I think you are going to like him. I have never seen him in pictures, so I can't well say anything about him, but I do know he has very nice manners, a handsome smile, and a wonderful war record. And I can tell you all about that. Beginning at the beginning, which I understand is the right way to start a story:

John Loder was born in London thirty years ago. His father was commanding officer of a dragoon guard regiment during the South African war and became a general at the outbreak of the Great War, being retired with that rank at present. Following his less, Loder joined the military tradition of the family, the younger went from Eton to Sandhurst, and in only a little seventeen, in 1917, he was commissioned a lieutenant and put in the midst of the fighting in the Gallipoli campaign. He was then said to be the youngest officer in the British army. Loder was on the Gallipoli staff, guarding the Suez Canal, battling off raiding tribes along the borders of Egypt and in Asia Minor. In the summer of 1919, he was commissioned a lieutenant and was ordered to the Western Front and jumped off on the great offensive along the Somme.

In 1917 he was promoted, while not yet 19, to a captaincy, and was given command of a squadron of cavalry. In the heavy fighting around Cambrai in the spring of 1918 when the British line was almost broken, Loder's command was left behind on the rear guard with instructions to block the enemy advance as long as possible. The young captain saw all but six of his men killed during fighting and a half hours of fighting, and with those survivors was taken prisoner. The six months were spent behind barbed wire in Germany.

After the armistice the released prisoner began to aid the British military mission in Berlin. When the mission's work was completed, Captain Loder remained in Germany. German producers asked him to get pictures—yes, pictures for them in England, so he decided to go in business supplying that demand. He and another British ex-officer started a small factory in Potsdam and prospered until the ups and downs of the paper currency forced them to bankruptcy. It was along about this time that he met an old friend who was in the movies. Urged to try his own luck, Loder laughed. But thinking it over he decided it appealed to him more than a cut and dried business career. He took a screen test, passed, played bits and then featured leads. Now his chance has come. Lasky says he has a great future. Surely he has a fine face, and a natural personality. You'll see him soon. He's Hollywood's newest leading man.

Florence Vidor stole a wedding march on her friends and dates in New York in August. She married very quietly to Jascha Heifetz, world-famous violinist, and not until after the couple were safely on a train on their way to California was the engagement revealed to Heifetz's managers. Florence has been busy denying rumors of her engagement to Heifetz ever since the two first met, two years ago, in Hollywood, while the violinist was on a concert tour. The movie star has been severely making her pictures and the violinist has been making his music, and all the time their romance has been progressing. Miss Vidor returned from two months in Europe with her little daughter, Suzanne, and while she stopped in New York the marriage took place. Miss Vidor has been heard to say that the bride will be leaving the screen for domestic life, but she is supposed to have contracted with Paramount to play the female lead opposite Richard Dix in The Admirable Crichton, from Barrie's play; so it may be some time before she deserts the movies. Since her charming performance as the Countess in The Patriot Florence has once more taken her place as a premier lady of pictures, and I doubt if the producers will ever let her go.

Two former screen favorites are about to burst into stage successes on Broadway. Greta Nissen, who tried out a play called Double Exposure in a Rochester stock company, will present soon at New York audiences. This is the play said to be based on the story of Greta Garbo. Whether or not this is true, it has a motion picture star for its heroine, and a background of movie glamour.

Dorothy Gish, too, will soon be starring in a Broadway play. Heres is called Young Love, and it is by Samson Raphaelson who wrote All God's Chillun Got Wings which was later coverted into the Al Jolson movie. Miss Gish, like Miss Nissen, has been misunderstood by the movie camera; but both of these girls may blossom into talking stars and then some smart producer will grab them for the audible tinsotypes.

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to Director Brower, is Assistant Director Charles Barton, and holding the camera—the one with the redshiny, curly hair—is Cameraman Roy Clark.

"Well, Marion," Otto Brower smiled at me, "if you were standing here, you are he received. This was the great director, Mr. Otto Brower, start the first shot on the greatest picture ever directed—Avalanche."

"No kidding, Mr. Director," I answered back, smiling, too, of course. "You know I have to get the whole lot of talk out of you. I can see from the look on this crew it isn't going to take them a fearfully long time to set up again. Then, presto, you will be called away."

"What is there to tell? I have known Otto for almost five years. I have seen him working many days until after midnight. Rushing here, and rushing there, trying to help me to learn how much he has worked. And then he has nerve enough to ask me what there is to tell!"

"Start in from the beginning, and for your own good, I'll tell you the happy end!" They—"Jack! Jack!" I called to the somberlooking one. "The loan of your gun, please!"

"Oh, well, as long as you put it that way—" and with a fine brightness in his eyes, Director Brower told me the story.

"I was a stage actor," Otto reminisced, "under the grand guidance of Robert Man- tell, but I couldn't resist the call of motion pictures. Do you happen to remember in Chaplin's Shoulder Arms? The man in the trenches who wrote me how to make telephone ear-muffs and took all the messages? That was actor Otto Brower. I've worked around acting about three years until Irwin Willatt asked me how I would like to work behind the camera instead of in front of it. I agreed, and Paramount hired me as Irvin Willatt's second assistant. That was about five years ago, I worked as second assistant for about four years, and then was made assistant direc- tor. For four years I have been assisting about every important director in pictures."

"But that's interesting. What about when you were going to direct a couple of years ago?" I prompted, about ready to use the two-gun part of Mr. Jack's camera. "Oh, that—I forgot. That's just the break," he philosophized, "and doubtless they come along only to make the real break. It was about two years ago, I was scheduled to direct Lya de Putti in Champagne. The production just naturally never was made, and simply had to wait some time. It was a disappointment, and I guess I thought the world was pretty rough. That's all."

"Did you have any thoughts of quitting pictures after that?" I persisted. "Quitting? Quitting?" emphasized the new director. "Of course it was a blow, but maybe it didn't do any good. I think it was then a case of gritting your teeth harder for a few more months."

"And when you got hurt up there that location in Champagne, didn't that get you pretty much discouraged as far as the movies are concerned?"

"Maybe," came the reply, "but you know it's all the adrenalin that makes you shine, and if I live to be a hundred years old I'll never forget the day I received the telegram telling me I was to direct Lya de Putti."

"Then I'll never forget when it called Mrs. Brower on the phone in Hollywood all the way from Gallup, New Mexico, to tell her."

Director Brower's eyes were misty as he continued: "Mr. Schulberg had sent me up to get some test stuff for possible Redskin locations on the Navaho Reservation. We were there for about four days, and came back to Gallup in the bluest kind of rainstorm, tired and sopping wet."

"I got a telegram from Mr. Schulberg. He was there waiting for me. Otto put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a rather soiled and much folded piece of paper. Without a word he handed it over to me."

"Want to know when you can return because you are definitely accepted direct next Zane Grey picture quotes Avalanche heartiest congratulations and best wishes for success stop will do everything in my power to help you attain success you have been striving for and assure you this assignment is result of faithful and conscientious efforts you have given your company kindest regards."

B. P. SCHULBERG

Without a word I handed it back. And as if it were a million-dollar folded up and replaced in the pocket. It only meant that one more Holly- wood joy had eased away an ache.

"But that's enough," I smiled a little. Otto broke in the story, "There's Charlie Barton. You know Charlie, don't you? And without giving me a chance to say that everyone knows him. Can't he, Charlie is one of those office boy Charlie Barton; nor is he Charlie, the grip; nor, Charlie of the swing gang; yesterday maybe you could have called him Charlie Barton, second assistant of the water department. But that word 'camera' some ten minutes ago, you were hearing the name changed to Assistant Director Charles Bar- ton. That's one of four years which of your friend Charlie."

Yesir, there he was, giving orders. Why I remember when he was only an office boy, making $10 a week and look at him now! A chair of his very own, labelled his name. He did a great, big, shining, newly-painted letters! Horatio Alger must have been right!"

And continuing his story, "you may have noticed a camera and a camera- box marked with the name 'Roy Clark.' That, I would like to announce, is one of the bosses cameramen on this Jack Holt special."

Well and well and well! No word 'secret' near that fellow any longer. Let me see—it was about six or seven years ago that Roy was working in the laboratory, developing negative; and then for a couple of years, they had him on a still camera, but before they let him touch one of the 'movies.' After that it was third and secret, but now, oh boy! it is Chief Camera man Roy Clark. Good assistant of the water department. They're making the 'movies' with some red reals when five others had failed seemed to be quite worth the unpleasant days of heat and hardship.

There is Doris, playing her first lead in this 'first' picture, went on Otto Brower, "and if you don't think she's a happy girl, you're wrong. It has been a little less time than it has taken the rest of us—about three years—but she's a girl, and it ought to take less for so fair a thing! She can't make out how look at the bunch of us who are rooting her for. She'll be—"

"Mr. Brower! Mr. Brower!" came the call. "Everything is ready to go!"

"Afraid I'll have to say goodbye this
time, Marion," were the words I heard as the director of Avalanche went eagerly toward the new set-up. "Be sure to visit us again, won't you?"

I stood at the edge of the set. "Now, Jack, in this shot you are dealing with a hotel, and the tables are just your hands going around the table. That's it—like that exactly. Gosh, that's fine, fine!"

There was a pause. Don McNamara started his piano accompaniment. A hush of quiet came over the company where so many "firsts" were out to make its niches in the Hall of Doing Things. Then, softly, soothingly, but loud enough to let me hear for sure the certain joy of every camera crank, it came: "Cameraman!"

Lot Talk

John Barrymore has a genius for finding strange places to live. In New York, the more or less conventional city, he constructed an apartment on the roof of a building twenty-four stories high. Just as it was finished with shrubbery planted about, kennels and an aviary, he left for Hollywood, California.

His new home in California is on the top of the Benedict Canyon, Beverly Hills, and it is said by his sister, Ethel Barrymore, that one should have an Alpine guide to reach it. When Miss Barrymore was playing in Los Angeles recently, she went out to see her brother one night after the performance.

"Ethel got lost in the canyon," Mr. Barrymore explained the next day. "She telephoned me she was coming right after her play and by half-past ten she hadn't appeared, I went to bed. I don't know how long I'd been asleep when I heard a loud knocking at the door. It was Ethel. She said she got lost in the hills. And that wasn't all she said."

This place of Mr. Barrymore's boasts of two houses instead of one, connected by a swimming pool. It is really lovely—like the sun shining in the water and closer to the sky than the houses of the other stars.

Clara Bow's idea of one, great time—

Go to a preview of a motion picture in which you are a star, when it is shown at a beach resort.

Wait until the theatre is darkened and then slip into your seat.

Wear a red tam, red blouse, red-topped half-hose, red slippers.

Try to get out without being noticed.

Get on a roller coaster and ride for an hour.

Eat hot-dogs and drink root-beer.

Try to get to your car without being mobbed.

Clara Bow knows!

Minnie was seen taking her annual bath with a shameless disregard for the curious eyes of a large crowd which gathered!

Minnie Saturday nights mean nothing.

One a year is too much, she believes, but then she makes up for lost time by taking her bath in oil.

Minnie is Carl Laemmle's huge elephant in the Universal City Zoo who appears in motion pictures. The annual scrub is necessary according to Charles Murphy, superintendant of the zoo, in order to maintain the healthy quality of his skin.

In their native jungle haunts, Murphy explained, elephants are constantly rubbing against trees and plants to gain the benefit of the natural vegetable oils.
two motherless little girls himself. Raquel's father placed her and her younger sister in a convent. It was while under the care of the kindly nuns that Raquel learned to read. As a next bids, she says, were the pages of film magazines.

"I used to look at the stars' pictures and see how beautiful they were," she said. "I never did dream that one day it would be my picture I would be looking at. Like you would say, I was a real fan."

Miss Raquel smiled a reminiscent smile as she recalled those days. "Once I see in the magazine," she said, "a big picture of Harold Lloyd. I like him with those glasses so funny. I think maybe I will marry him when I grow up."

I have grown big by then. I love Harold Lloyd any more.

We begin to see this Mr. Lloyd and tell him what a foolish girl I was when I was so little. If all his fans are like that, he must have a terrible time with all the letters that they send him. I know how he does feel now. I get letters myself. They want that I should marry them, those boys. How could I marry all of them?"

On leaving the convent, Raquel went to work as an usherette in Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre好莱坞's palatial movie palace. While working there, Raquel first conceived the idea of working in motion pictures. She applied for work at the Al Christie comedy lot and was taken on as a bathing beauty.

No sooner had Raquel taken the job at the Christie studios than her father became ill and was unable to work. The entire financial burden of the little family were transferred to Raquel's shoulders. Try as she might, Raquel could hardly keep herself and her family out of debt. By day she worked at the studio, and by night she ushered at the theatre. Still the household expenses and the doctor's bills mounted higher than Raquel's slim wages could reach. She was in despair.

Then came her stroke of fortune as the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios was searching for a leading lady. They had decided that the girl must be unusual, beautiful, of figure, and talented. W. S. Van Dyke, the director, ruled that no actress of accepted fame should have the part, for fear of temperamental outbursts at the hardships of tropical life. The search continued for a long time and M-G-M could find no one they liked for the part of Fayaway in "White Shadows in the South Seas," which was to be filmed in the South Seas.

Finally the Mexican consul in Los Angeles, a friend of Van Dyke, met Raquel when she came to him for the sale of her father's almost worthless properties in Mexico. He suggested to Van Dyke that they find Miss Torres and give her a screen test. Raquel's test was perfect, and she was immediately signed to a long-term contract.

In this good fortune, Raquel was jubilant. But her joy was of short duration. Just a day before the film company sailed for Tahiti, where White Shadows in the South Seas was filmed, Raquel's father died.

For her courage and grace of this tragedy, Raquel has won the respect of the film colony. Not until after the company had returned from Tahiti did she tell anyone that her father had died, much as his death saddened her. None of them—not Monte Blue, nor Van Dyke, nor Clyde de Vinna, the cameraman—knew that Raquel, so young and quiet during the trip at Tahiti, had lost her father.

"Why should I burden Mr. Van Dyke with my grief—when he has so much to worry about the picture?" she explained later.

But her father's death left a deep imprint on her work in White Shadows in the South Seas. Look closely when you see the picture. You will note an ethereal quality of wistful sadness in Raquel's face—"a sense of tragedy felt, but not expressed —a perfect mood for the theme of the picture.

Even today, Raquel's joy in her success is alloyed with grief. She cannot help thinking how happy her father would have been, had he lived to see her triumph. She imagines how proud he would have been to take her to the premiere of the picture. The thought brings tears to Raquel's warm eyes.

Books for Fans—Continued from page 8

I have got to admit, there's something in this sex appeal that they're all talking about. Look how it's hung on all through the years and then look at what happened to those other cruses like Mah Jong and the Cross Word Puzzles.

"Some day I'll get married and raise a lot of marvelous children, but right now, I'm for helping the City Fathers keep down the traffic. Why should I help crowd the subways?"

"You'll never know anything about women till you get mixed up with a musical show. Next to saxophone players, it's the craziest sex there is."

"If you get all the good luck I am wishing you tonight, you'll be walking up and down Broadway tomorrow with a tin cup begging for a little misfortune."

All of us had a lot of fun making Show Girl. Speaking for myself, I feel confident that the character of Dixie Dugan is by all odds, the best thing I have done in motion pictures. I hope you will all agree with me.
I Was Ashamed Before My Vast Audience

David V. Bush
The Man Who Ashamed America

But It Ended My Stoutness

My heart beat fast! In 15 minutes I was going to face a vast audience! In 15 minutes I was going to speak in Carnegie Hall, New York—the most famous lecture platform in America! One of the largest crowds that had ever assembled in that great hall was waiting for me. Why did my heart beat fast? Why did I hesitate to face my vast audience? I was a seasoned speaker. I had lectured for years. I had spoken before thousands of people in the greatest auditoriums in the United States. Why should I feel afraid?

The answer was simple. That very afternoon I had received a critical letter from one of my followers. Here's what the letter said:

"Why is it you are so fat?" my critic wrote. "You ought to lose weight. America's greatest authority on right living. You tell others how to live—what to eat—how to care for yourselves mentally and physically. And yet you do nothing about your own health!"

This letter stung me like a stab. My methods of right living had proved wonderfully beneficial to thousands of men and women. They had proved beneficial in my own case. Yet there was one thing I had been unable to conquer—my stoutness.

Vain Efforts to Reduce

For years I had tried to reduce. I had tried fasting, purging, exercise, and mechanical appliances—everything I could think of. Nothing seemed to help. I remained as stout as ever.

I couldn't figure out the cause of my stoutness. I was not a heavy eater, but to look at my rotund figure, anyone would think I ate too much. Such was not the case. I ate moderately—lived temperately and took a normal amount of exercise.

A Stumbling Discovery

That night after the lecture a comforting thought came to me. It was this: All the reducing methods which I had tried were either extremely tiresome. I had never tackled the problem of my own weight with the same sort of determination that had been put by the neighbors to one another. "Keep me up till one o'clock last night," said the window on, but good Lord! It's a good thing it is so clear it carried right through. What does she expect to get out of it?"

But gallant little Kathryn knew just what she expected to get out of it, and when she decided that she was sufficiently prepared, she left the store and set her face again for more hard labor. Hearing without a job is just about the hardest work there is. Kathryn went to agencies, she registered with the producers, she stormed the doors of casting men, and little by little those doors began to yield.

And after a while the time became more and more frequent when Kathryn's hand happily able to change purse. She played in musical comedy, in legitimate drama.

And then she looked around once more and decided that now was the time to enlarge the field; she would go to New York. Certainly, her bluebird was to keep true to tradition—it was to be at home, in Los Angeles, that she really came into her own.

But she did not know it at the time. She packed her trunk, bade all her friends goodbye, and set out for the Eastern metropolis.

She was a little more than eighteen years. Behind her she left a string of hardships, a hand of imperturbable self-reliance, of professional experience, of the poise that comes with contact with many types of people. The department store had given her some of that. So had her childhood, lived in several states—Pennsylvania, where she was born, Chicago, Columbus, Ohio, Los Angeles. She entered the offices of the producers of Broadway.

They saw before them a girl, young, eager, yet with a dignity lacking in the usual ingenue. Her face was striking, her hair had been brushed straight and shiny, her eyes a sparkling green. She sang for them. She danced. Within a week she was on Broadway.

She stayed there for six months. And nothing happened. She got a telegram from Los Angeles urging her to come back. There was to be a production there of Hit the Deck, and they wanted Kathryn Crawford for the lead. Now, indeed, she felt, she was getting on. There was almost nothing more to ask for. But she had almost forgotten the movies.

The Newest Picture Girl

Continued from page 15

Send No Money

Merely send me your name and address. When the number of persons who order the special rate of $2.50 and the price of only $4.95, I will send you at once a copy of "How to Reduce," simply pay me the small difference of two dollars and fifty cents. If you do not decide to return the book within the 14 days, I will send it to you at once. If you decide to return the book, I will refund the money and send you another book. If you decide to return the book, but you will return my notice at once.

Name
Address
City
State

Sometimes C.O.D. packages are delayed due to a shortage of our stock. If you get quick action send cash with order. If each accompanies order, we will pay the postage.
Frenzied of Toledo. Can you write to Marguerite, dear, have you ever tried? Go on, dust off the old desk and get busy. Marion gets over five thou-
sand fan letters every month and one or two more in her youthful life. Mar-
ion is blue-eyed blonde with a freckle more or less on her nose. She was born in Birm-
ingham, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1898. She is 5 feet 9½ inches tall and weighs 123-
 pounds. The Patsy is one of her best films and if you and your friends don't get a laugh out of your three sessions in the yards, there are a couple of dead ones in your audience. The newest picture is The Cardboard Lover. You can write to her at Metro-Goldwyn-
 Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

A Fan from Vashon, Wash. Is there any hope of fans receiving letters from the stars? That's something you want "nothing else but" when you request letters from those blue eyes and no harm meant, either. Hugh Allen is 27 years old and married. You can address him at Holly-
wood Athletic Club, Hollywood, Cal. Ga. or at 123 Traveler St., Atlantic City, where he is one of Paramount's best bets and they can reach him at 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., Johnny Mack Brown is 24 years old and single. Gary is one of Paramount's best bets and
they can reach him at 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., Johnny Mack Brown is 24 years old and single. Gary is one of Paramount's best bets and
they can reach him at 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ralph Forbes from Rochester. Is there anything you can say nice things about this young Englishman? Jolly well I wouldn't and a couple of cheerios. Ralph Forbes was born 27 years ago in London, England. He has blonde hair, blue eyes and is 6 feet tall and weighs 165-
 pounds. He is married to Ruth Chatterson, the actress. He played with Marceline Day in Under the Black Eagle, with Lillian Gish in The Enemy, with Mary Brian and Alice Joyce in Beau Geste, with Renée Adoree and Lon Chaney in Mr. Wu, and with Norma

B. M. of Columbus, Ohio. No wonder you are upset if you have to eat your meals backwards, trying to figure out who's the taller actress in Hollywood. I'm afraid your boys and cars are "too serious"—poke a little fun at yourself now and then and try Mrs. Wallace Reid, Jane Novak, Anna Hope Byrnes and your favorites. Q. Nålson and Jetta Goudal are all 5 feet 7 inches tall. Nita Naldi is 5 feet 8 in-
tall.

Teddy Bear of Atlantic City. Right off the bat, are you? That's a wild one. Jean
Elles and Mae Murray are not in pictures any more. Jeanne played with John Gil-

bon, Woman and Sin, and then went back to the stage again. Mae Murray is in vaudeville and I haven't her address. Eva von Berne is a new-comer in pictures, having been discovered by Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg, while they were abroad this last summer. Jean of Rochester and M. E. L. of So-

Me, thanks for the heads up. I'm sure it's no trouble to give you information about Charles Rogers but I've spilling several ear-fuls in this issue so if it's no trouble to you, please get in on this final showdown of Bud-

dy's coming and goings, you'll hear once in a blue moon the version of Abe's Irish Rose; then after his college film, Varsity, he will make another picture with Mary Brian to be called Just Twenty-One.

Billy Beau of Alabama. You mean well but don't let the Editor hear you say you'd give up everything to have been married every week because you love my column so. Rich-

ard Cortes appears in The Prowlers of the Sea, a Tiffany-Stahl production. I do not know the goings-on of any way for birthday comes on June 13, do you? Will I tell you about Louise Dresser? Just watch me! If you want to see a pretty bit of real acting, watch Miss Dresser in A Ship Comes In. You won't forget it and you'll thank me for putting you wise to it.

Marion S. of Chicago. I haven't a

right to cast a stone at a bum picture for I'm left-handed so why bring that up? Carroll Nye plays the brother role with Myrna Loy in The Girl from Chicago. He also plays with Ron-Tin-Tin and Audrey Ferris in Crime and Punishment. He is in the Powder my Back with Irene Rich. All from Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

A fan from Chicago in the Plays of

Goldwyn-Mayer film, Woman's Slaves, with Lon Chaney, Polly Moran and the cunning and clever new-comer, Anita Page. Rex Lease plays the boy with paddles with Jacqueline Logan and Alice B. Francis. Don Alvarado can be reached at United Artists, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Pauline Garon is a free-lance player. She plays in an Anchor film, Diego of the Dugouts, with Danny O'Shea.

Bright Eyes, New York. If Ramon

Nowaro is in love with Elsie Janis, he never told me; but he says Ramon is so busy making romantic movies, he has very little time for the real thing. But he knows his stuff—oh, girls! Across to Singapore, with Joan Crawford, was re-

leased several months ago. A Certain Young Man, with Marceline Day, is a re-

made version of a story originally made in 1926. This finished to be a Ramon Month

—and no wonder.

H. J. from Barnevich, Ohio. Glad to meet you, senior Herman, before you pass out—don't get me wrong, just a little越好 by play from a freshman to an upper-

class man. Are you sure that has a reason for liking the movies and Clara Bow is all three of em? She played with Richard Arlen and Charles Rogers in Wings and in Red Hair with Land Chandell.

Annie Laura of Chattanooga. Is Ben

Lyon married or is he engaged to Marilyn Miller, seems to be the question of the hour. Ben Lyon is not engaged and is there one among us that would dare say Ben's Lyin'? But he certainly is not the husband of Doris Kenyon—Milton Sills would have a right to say that about this. Ricardo Cortes is at work at the Tiffany-

Stahl Studios, 4151 Sunset Blvd., Holly-

wood, Calif., making Prowlers of the Sea.

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~but when I started to play the laugh was on them!

"Well, folks, I guess we'll have to lock up the piano and make faces at ourselves,"
Helen Parber's party was starting out
more like a funeral than a good time.
"Isn't Betty Knowles coming?" an aus-

tious voice sang for us.
"Unfortunately Betty is quite ill tonight
and Cheet Nichols is late as usual," replied Helen glumly. "I wish Sue wasn't away
at school and she'd make the boys talk
for us." 
"I know some brand new trick cards," volunteered Harry Walsh.
"Great!" said Helen. "I'll go and find some cards."

While she was gone I quietly stepped up

to the piano bench, sat down, and started
to fumble with the pedals underneath.
Someone spotted me. Then the wisecracks began.

They Poke Fun at Me

"Ha! Ha! Ted thinks that's a player piano," chucked one of the boys.
"This is going to be a real musical comedy," added one of the fair sex.
I was glad I gave them that impression. Their surprise would be all the
greater. I kept fiddles around the pedals—making believe that I was hunting
for the foot pumps.

"Come over to my house some night," said Harry.
"I've got an electric player
and you can play it to your heart's content. And I just
bought a couple of new rolls. One is a medley of
Victor Herbert's composition—the other . . . ."

Before he had a chance to finish I swung into the strains of the sentimental
"Gypsy Love Song." The laughter and
joking suddenly ceased. It was evident
that I had taken them by surprise. What a
treat it would have been if I could have
made them laugh.

Then I glanced at the clock. Time was
flying. I continued with "Kiss Me
Again" and other popular selections of
Victor Herbert. Soon I had the crowd
singing and dancing to the tune of the
latest syncopation.

Finally they started to bombard me with
Where . . . did you ever learn to play?"
came from all sides.

I Taught Myself

Naturally, they didn't believe me when
I told them I had learned to play at home
and without a teacher. But I laughed
myself when I first read about the U. S.
School of Music and their unique method for
learning music.

"Weren't you taking a big risk, Ted?" asked Helen.

"None at all," I replied. "For the very
first thing I did was to send for a Free
Demonstration Lesson. When I came
came and saw how easy it was to learn without
a teacher I sent for the complete Course.
In five minutes I was playing simple tunes
by note from the very start. For I found
it easy as ABC to follow the clear print and picture
instructions and soon in a few weeks
had mastered the sight reading and
playing of the instrument. I believe me there's a
real thrill in being able to play a musical instrument."

This story is typical. The amazing success of the men,
women and children who take

the U. S. School of Music course is largely due
to a specially perfected method that makes reading
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In this issue will be found Christmas Gift Contests from the five greatest stars of pictures. When the players want to ask a question of their fans they ask it through a SCREENLAND Contest. It is the only way they can ask hundreds of thousands of fans at once.

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Soon to be seen in the greatest role of her career, "The Case of Louis Smith," produced by Joseph von Sternberg.

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See this popular new star in Paramount's great air drama "Wings," and soon in "Someone to Love," with Mary Brian.

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Wallace Beery returned to strong dramatic roles with "Beggars of Life." See him next in "The Tong War.

JACK HOLT

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Coming soon in "Three Week Ends" by Elmer Glyn, her best yet, and you know that's saying a lot! Watch for it!

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"Number Please" (tentative title) is Bebe's next—you know you can depend on Bebe for a snappy, sparkling comedy.

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ASK ME

An Answer Page of Information

Address: Miss Vee Dee Screenland
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Here's the latest Hollywood coif-ure — worn by Laura La Plante at Magnolia in 'Show Boat.' So old-fashioned it's new!

FRENCHY from Detroit. Have I forgotten you? You'd be surprised how long it takes me to forget a friend. Johnny Mack Brown is annexing new friends with every bunch of letters I open. How that southern town of Dothan, Alabama, must swell with pride over its first celebrity. (Pardon me, Dothan, if it's my first mistake.) Johnny is in A Woman of Affairs with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Write to him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Richard Dix and Charles Rogers can be addressed at Paramount Studios, 5411 Sunset St., Hollywood, Cal.

Just Pals from Auburn, Maine. So you're not wasting any time on some of the flat tires of the screen but you think John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are knockouts— but why have a blow-out about it? Gladys Brockwell was Nana, Diane's sister, in Seventh Heaven. Janet Gaynor was Diane and Charles Farrell was Chico. Thanks for your kindly praise.

Buster Collier Fan, San Francisco. Always cheerful, always aim to tease, is my slogan: can you beat it? You can address Karl Dane at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Karl plays with William Haines and Leila Hyams in Alias Jimmy Valentine. Buster Collier has a contract with Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., but was loaned to M-G-M for Tude of Empire, playing with Renée Adoree and George Duryea. Write to Bebe Daniels at Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

E. L. M. of Raleigh, N. C. Which is considered the most important, actors or actresses? You have me floored or flabbergasted, it's all the same to me. Bebe Daniels is 27 years old. Norma Shearer, 24. Billie Dove, 24. Dolores Costello, 22. Colleen Moore, 26. Dolores Del Rio, 25. Tom Mix, 41. Fred Thomson, 40. Richard Dix, 34. John Barrymore, 44. Hoot Gibson, 53. Richard Barthelmess, 35; and Miss Vee Dee's age is a dead secret.

Dodo of New York. Just when I thought I had all the dodos nicely packed away in moth balls, along comes another feather. Weighing your case and deducting unnecessarily hyperbole, I find you have pronounced admiration for John Barrymore. Nothing to be alarmed about as you'll become conversient when I tell you John is married and has a young daughter. He has long since completed Tempest with Camilla Horn, He has one more film to make for United Artists, then he will work under the Warners Bros. banner, making talkies. Wouldn't you just die—of joy—if you saw and heard John in Hamlet? Betty Bronson's latest releases are The Singing Fool with Al Jolson and Compassionate Marriage with Richard Waring. Betty will probably be in Berlin making a picture for some foreign company when you read this. Address Edna Murphy at Warner Bros., 584 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss K. of Newell, N.C. You may call me "dear" or anything you like just as long as you don't get too rough. Molly O'Day is with First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Molly has had her troubles trying to reduce but now she has attained a sylph-like slimness, and is in line for some really big roles. Watch her duplicate her big success of The Patent-Leather Kid in the near future. And don't worry—Molly still has a few curves left.

H. M. of Long Island City. I do so many good turns every day that I'm always
Glorious CORINNE GRIFFITH in THE DIVINE LADY

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THE most romantic hero in history. The shy, bashful lad, who came un-heralded, clear across a continent, to conquer the mighty Atlantic by air. Alone, through the many sleepless hours over the ocean, with nothing but the steady, monotonous drone of the motor for company. Hours of mental agony, when to think meant to fear. And ever uppermost the thought that an injury to his motor meant the oblivion that enveloped Nungesser and Coll.

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LINDBERGH
The Lone Eagle

Funny Face from Haverhill. I’m pleased to meet you. I think we have a lot in common. You can write to May McAvoy at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. May plays with Conrad Nagel in Caught in the Fog, a sound film. The ‘adorable Janet Gaynor’ is making Street Fair with Charles Morton and Rudolph Schildkraut. That title may be changed several times before you see or hear the picture.

Blue Eyes of Belleville, Ill. Am I serious? No. I’m all American. The Student Prince was one of the popular films of 1927 with Norma Shearer and Ramon Navarro playing the leading parts. Gary Cooper appears with Fay Wray and Lane Chandler in The First Kiss. Fay plays with Richard Arlen in Dirigible, a Paramount production. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Jobyna Ralston are in a synchronized production of The Tailers.

Della De V. of Cambridge, Mass. Is it possible you fans want a line of pater about Miss Vee Dee? Dearie, you don’t know what you ask! If I tried any of that stuff, the Editor would give me the wide open spaces, which implies ‘air.’ And as for sending out six different poses of myself, how the stars would rave and tear their bobby locks in dignified jealousy over a beautiful but dumb rival. Richard ‘Sheets’ Gallagher who played so delightfully in The Rackert with Thomas Meighan is in the cast of Stocks and Blondes with Jacqueline Logan and Gertrude Astor.

Margaret L from Red Bank, N. J. My so-called jokes now and then are clever, are they? You better me, Maggie, and fill me with glee. Can I trust you to laugh that off? You can address Alice White at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. She is to do Kitty Rose with Jack Molhall, Thelma Todd and Dors Dawson.

Mickey from Fond du Lac. You have come to the perpetual fountain of high-powered information. That’s me—I mean, that’s I. Dear, dear—I must watch my syntax—or something. Jobyna Ralston played with Frankie Darrow in Little Mickey Grogan. Any relation of Mickey Grogan, Mickey? Robert Armstrong plays in Celebrity and in Square Crook.

Dickie from Milwaukee. Advance and give the counter-sign! Retreat and take the sign with you. We’re trying to get at it, this pile of fan mail that has showered us under and we need a place to air our views. Gilda Gray was born in Crackow, Poland, Oct. 24, 1899. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 122 pounds. She is married. Clara Bow is 23 years old and weighs 100 pounds. Janet Gaynor is 21 and has wavy brown hair and brown eyes. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 6, 1897. He has black hair and brown eyes. Thanks for the three cheers and as many more as you’re able to give; till it hurts. I thank you.

In Ignorance, Brooklyn, N. Y. You’ll give a penny for my thoughts, will you? Don’t fool yourself. I wouldn’t take your last penny. Beau Gest was one of outstanding films of 1926. Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes and Neil Hamilton were the three brothers in the picture. Ronald Colman was born in 1891. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. His hair is black and his eyes are brown. Vilma Banky is no longer his leading lady but the sparkling blue-eyed Lily Damita will emote with Ronald in the future.

Frances S. of Elgin, Ill. I’m always eager to oblige and if I see Tom Tyler in the near future, I’ll spread your message. Tom is not married as far as I know so there’s a chance for all unclaimed dames. In 1923 little Frankie Darrow appeared in Fighting the Flames with Dorothy Devore, William Haines and David Torrence. You can reach

(Continued on page 102)
YOU'LL laugh at Kid Reagan—but you'll love him, too, as you see him win the world's championship and the girl of his heart in this breezy tale of a small-time scrapper who "went literary." You'll roar at some of the complications that arise when the kid's manager tries to rescue him from the classics—you'll stand up in your seat when the cocky champion goes down for the count—you'll smile with sympathy at the final fadeout—then you'll go home and say, "Well, that was worth seeing!" They don't come like "Celebrity" very often!—Watch for the date when it will be shown at your favorite motion picture theatre.
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Books for FANS

That classic of Darkest Africa, 'Trader Horn', is soon to be filmed.

By W. S. Van Dyke

H ow will you ever make a picture of Trader Horn?' is the question which I have had to answer almost hourly since I was assigned to direct this picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In every instance my interlocutor expresses a disbelief in the so-called 'story value' of the book. My answer to such a question, and to the doubt that it implies, is always the same. I say, 'There is more screen material in Trader Horn than in any book I know.'

Trader Horn contains more odd fragments of stories, more plot clues, and more suggested treatments in its text, in the old trader's remarks on his own work, and on Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis's comments on Alfred Aloysius Horn, than any work I know. Even Frederick O'Brien's White Shadows in the South Seas, which I filmed in Tahiti, does not have half the richness of stories told and suggested as the first volume of Trader Horn, the book from which we intend to make our photoplay on the original locales in Africa.

There are many story angles to work from in Trader Horn. For instance, one might take the angle of Trader Horn's reactions to the primitive life of the natives and to the beauties of the Jungle and the river as the basis for a Rosseau-like treatment, showing how a high-souled child of civilization can learn the secrets of courage and patience from the mysteries of the Dark Continent. The other hand one could film a purely action picture of high-pressure adventure of the incidents connected with Trader Horn's rescue of Nina T—and her subsequent romance with Little Peru.

Think of that episode in the book as a motion picture. The early scenes would show Trader Horn and Little Peru as youths in an English public school. Here the camera could paint delightful scenes of English rural life as the two boys hunt woodland creatures together, fish the languid brooks of Sussex and dream of high adventure in exotic lands. Then the parting of the two boys when they have grown to young manhood. Little Peru's departure for his native land, and Trader Horn's sea voyage to Africa, could all be graphically shown on the screen.

Trader Horn's entry into African life could then be shown. The camera would follow him on his first river journeys, relating visually his first contacts with the natives and with their land. His adventures with wild beasts would provide a thrilling

(Continued on page 91)
Once We Called Him a Wallflower

Now He's the Best Talker and Most Popular Man in Town

I could never figure out what was wrong with Jim Begley. Knowing him intimately I knew he wasn't the dumb-bell that everybody had labeled. When alone with me, he was his natural self. On the subject of business, he could sit for hours and tell me how he could look after the till the company's sales policy. And darn good ideas, they were! He could be witty as the best of them. He could discuss politics in a very logical way.

But, oh boy! How he'd close up when in a business conference or when talking to strangers! And socially—well, and dad he was! He'd sit back like a clam, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. And one night there occurred an incident that crushed his pride. A girl whom I knew Jim admired came up to me and said: "Say, why don't you leave that wallflower home? He doesn't contribute anything to the fun."

Luckily for Jim, he was standing close by and overheard every word. When the party broke up, Jim had vanished. I called him up next day but the operator told me he had quit his job. I tried to locate him but was unsuccessful, so I soon dropped him from my mind.

A Chance Encounter

One night about a year later I heard someone calling me from a pay telephone. I turned around spoil—to and behold! Here's Jim. Sitting at the wheel of a snappy red sport coupé, dressed like a fashion plate and looking like a million dollars. Observing my astonishment, he winked and said hastily: "All questions answered later. But meanly, he's mine at my club. I've got to address the House Committee."

During the evening I couldn't help but marvel at the change in the man. Gone was the old air of diffidence and bashfulness. Now he was the life of the party every minute. He completely dominated the conversation. One's he'd seen us into salons of laughter to relating a few experiences he had with an Irish jester. Next we breathlessly followed him through a description of his adventures as a dognapper in France. Later he told us about his wonderful position and how he expected to leave for Europe in a few days as a market investigator for his company.

But it was not until we were driving home that he unfolded the most amazing story of all: the explanation of his change from a shy, self-conscious wallflower to a dominating personality. He told how a remarkable new home study training had enabled him to overcome timidity and stage fright; taught him how to become an interesting, forceful speaker, and how it has shown him a short cut to advancement in business, social popularity, and real success.

"Take my tip, Bill, and do what I did," he said. There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, and bashfulness, and win advanced respect in sales, popularity, social standing and real success. Through this amazing new training you can quickly change yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, able to dominate one man or thousands."

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Pictures THAT TALK

Each picture in sound is better than the last.

By Edwin Howard

ALMOST every theatre sign on Broadway claims 'sound' but the real talking pictures are few. The Terror talked all the time but The Singing Fool is the high-water mark up to now. 'Terror' talks very little. The sound is mostly singing by Jolson. Here we find a very successful type of talking picture which conforms to what has been learned and very closely builds on this knowledge.

The story is woven around songs which are sung by Al Jolson with that tremendous emotional manner of his and the whole effect is very moving. To analyze this picture is one way of telling how far talking pictures have been carried. To begin with, we have established that 'Canned Theatre,' as I have labelled the 'Talkers' made from solos and vaudeville acts, are entertaining and most successful in giving realism, though they are not artistically very remarkable.

In Mr. Jolson's film, the vaudeville solo idea is used again and again. He sings seven times. The words of his songs are the motive of the plot and as he talks most of the words, he achieves a way of making a talking film which will probably start all producers of talkers on the trail of vaudeville singers. In fact, Sophie Tucker tells us she is signed for three pictures at $81,000 each.

This step is a reasonable one and singing pictures with the songs telling the plot will be seen for some time now, I have no doubt. A man singing in the middle of the screen offers little entertainment for the eyes unless like Jolson his trembling lips and emotionally drawn face are more fascinating to watch than the whole United States Cavalry. However, there are few like our own Al and most singers are nothing to look at.

If we care to go into the theory of this success we will find that music is a symbol of emotion and so combines nicely with pictures which are always unreal and symbolic.

How dialogue can be combined perfectly with pictures to add to their symbolic quality is being much discussed and I may as well add my contribution.

Perhaps the answer to this question is before us as obviously as was the success of The Singing Fool. The hit of this talker was certain from the day of the first Vitaphone Mammy song. Let us follow the thought. Robert Benchley and Joe Cook talk successfully. Could Joe Cook talk seven times in his monologue manner and make a full length film? It seems likely or at least with reason, because he talks to you in the theatre. Jolson sings to you. George Bernard Shaw talks to you and his 'act' is simply marvellous. And all three of these successful short subjects, while interesting to watch, are dependent upon sound principally.

This sharing of the act with the audience is nothing more or less than the importance of close-ups in talkers. The figure large on the screen—not less than half figure at the smallest—comes so near that the sound produced in the loud speaker at the screen seems reasonably placed and the illusion of figures actually talking is most convincing. You are in a group with the actors and the sound should be near at hand.

In fact, if the producers are as clever with the dialogue problems as Vitaphone was when they realized the possibilities of Jolson singing songs, we will soon have a great advance in talkers. And it is our conviction that the close-up when talking is a first step toward reality. If, as we have read, art is the translation of life to an illusion of life, it is difficult to find any artistic charm in talking pictures for the sound in this case is as real as when it was first created. In the case of music the illusion of the emotion is created by pitch and tempo and it is probably for this reason that the talking pictures which sing have a definite art value. This prompts the thought that dialogue which carries in its intonations a second meaning will be the beginnings of art. It is for these reasons, I am convinced, that the talkers will prove a gold mine in comedies—spoken words carrying one meaning to the character in the picture and another meaning to the audience listening to the comedy.
"A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS"

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THE world-famous pair of screen lovers
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A triumph of the SILENT drama!
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WATCH YOUR LEADING THEATRE
FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF
"A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS"

TIM McCoy says
"I've got 50 bucks waiting for you!"
You can rope these questions at a gallop if your eyes and memory are keen. There's 50 bucks waiting for the lady or gent who corrals the bunch of them! The winning lady will also get my favorite riding quit, the winning gent the sombrero I have worn in many pictures.

My autographed photograph goes for the fifty next best answers. There may be a few bucking questions below—but they won't throw a careful rider. Let's go—and best of luck.

Yours truly,
Tim McCoy

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines.

Winners of Leo's Contest of July
Maud Servoss, P. O. Box 601, Palo Alto, California
Edgar V. Matney, 207 Turner Bldg., Clinton, Iowa

"More stars than there are in Heaven"
Al Jolson, whose success in the Vitaphone talking picture, 'The Singing Fool,' was made at The Winter Garden on Broadway where 18 years before Jolson first won recognition.

The song hit of 'The Singing Fool' is 'Sonny Boy,' sung by Jolson to David Lee, the most ingratiating infant since Jackie Coogan.

If you have heard Jolson sing 'Rainbow Round My Shoulder' you have lived a moment at least of life at its best.

Read the story of how Al Jolson sang himself to the top—Pages 26-27.
In Al Jolson's dictionary, words have definitions written in tears and smiles; laughter and grief. And when words are put to song he sings their meanings gloriously with all his heart. A phrase expressing joy suffuses his face with radiant happiness, and when the song rises to a pleading sadness his tears and yours pay tribute to its beauty.

If talking pictures do nothing else in the world, their existence is justified in the Vitaphone record of this great artist, Al Jolson, in The Singing Fool.

*The greatest single box office attraction in America.*
She's a FRIEND of YOURS!

An Editorial by ELIOT KEEN

Delight Evans, the famous critic and writer, who is to be the new Editor of Screenland.

She needs no introduction to you but she's going to get it, if it is our last official act. We want to tell you about this girl Delight Evans who is going to be a little more to you after this than she has been in the past. To be sure she has at our express command written for you in every issue we have piloted and her reviews have given Screenland a reputation for gentle criticism and infallible judgment, but she has always written about pictures and her picture friends, and now we want to tell you about her—give the little girl a handsome reception—on her becoming your Editor, with the next, the January, issue.

She's little and pretty and young. She says that clever thing you wished you had said before you get set. She never stands up for her stuff, and if you criticize a manuscript she will immediately destroy it if you are not careful. She's an Indiana girl and she's happy in New York. Just to show how she is loved in the picture world, here's a telegram that came when the news about her reached Hollywood.

We are no longer editor so we can say that Screenland is a wonderful magazine and Delight Evans has done about everything except get the credit.
The Newest Picture Girl
The Lucky One out of 463

Gladys Belmont had a straight nose—she got the job.

By Julie Lang

Richard Dix seems to be cast in a new and unique role—that of fairy godfather to the Strugglers Society.

In the course of two months two girls have found themselves catapulted into the limelight as Richard Dix’s leading lady.

Ruth Elder, the first fortunate young lady, received the touch of the magic-wand when given the role of the flying heroine in Moran of the Marines, with the famous Richard as the admirable Leatherneck. The congratulatory din had hardly died down when Mr. Dix selected yet another leading lady from the ranks of the inexperienced. This time from the army that marches beneath a grim banner lettered ‘extras.’

Gladys Belmont, the second fortunate girl, starts on the difficult path to stardom via the Richard Dix production, Redskin. Miss Belmont is the Navajo heroine ‘Cornblossom’ and Richard Dix is the stoic ‘Wingfoot’ in a poignantly beautiful tale of the tribesmen of the Painted Desert.

Gladys had neither fame nor experience to boost her over the Hollywood hurdles, but she had a bit (Continued on page 79)
"Write the story of Santa Claus in Movieland."

The request came out of a clear sky. And when I tell you it was a California sky you will appreciate its clarity. Santa Claus! In Movieland! I thought: Who was this Santa Claus, anyway? Then suddenly it all came back to me—sleigh bells, reindeer, the little figure in the fur-trimmed jerkin, hat and boots. And snow, snow, snow! Yes, and Yule logs! I remembered it all—that charming saga of the cold, cold North that is celebrated by Elsewherians at Christmastide. You know the world is divided into two parts—California and Elsewhere. Movieland is in California!

Then I fell to wondering. Wondering why Elsewherians celebrated that delightful little legend at Christmastide. Surely Santa Claus could not have come to the infant Jesus. There was never snow in Bethlehem. Nor could the Twelve Apostles have known aught of Yule logs. And as for reindeer—they would have been as strange in the Holy Land as hippogriffs, bandersnatches and griffins.

Is it any wonder I fell to wondering? For you must remember that Movieland, physically and climatically, is just like the Holy Land. A land of figs and dates and gentle warmth. Santa Claus indeed! If we parents told our native sons the legend of Santa Claus they would look at us pityingly and say: "Poor Dad, he's gone film-goofy!" The only way we could make good on the story would be to have Santa Claus park his sleigh in the High Sierras, pack his pack in a Packard, and arrive in sport shirt and tennis flannels. But then he wouldn't be Santa Claus! I wrote and told the editor my embarrassment.

Then from his icy igloo in Monstrous Man-
hatten the shivering editor wired back: 'Regard Santa Claus merely as a symbol— the Symbol of the Christmas Spirit.'

That was easy. For the Christmas Spirit is found most generously in children. And Movieland is populated almost entirely by children—not in their years but in their hearts. Jesus knew of this Spirit. You remember what he told his disciples: "Unless ye are as little children ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

So I set out to find the Christmas Spirit among the Children of Movieland. And where do you think it shone brightest? Among the Stars? No. The Extras? No. Strangely enough it shone brightest among the Character Actors and Actresses. Unlike the Stars whose stardom is often short and usually precarious, and the poor struggling Extras who must fight to survive, they have reached positions of security that permits them to give thought to those who are still climbing. They are the 'Santa Clauses' of Movieland.

It was an old Casting Director who showed me the light. For two hours he told story after story of the kindly deeds of character people in helping younger members of the profession. He told, for instance, how Harry Gribbon, in early Mack Sennett days, started one of our present stars on her road to fame. Mack was at his wit's end to find among his bathing beauties a girl to register innocence and modesty. Gribbon suggested a mousey little Extra Girl who had intrigued his interest. No. Out of the question. She couldn't act. No experience. Gribbon urged and urged. Sennett finally agreed to a trial. For several days Gribbon patiently coached the youngster in her part, and when at last, frightened and trembling, she was put through the scene, he stood on the sidelines whispering encouragement to her. She just got by. In a short time, however, with the help of Gribbon and the other old-timers she found herself securely in the cast. Marie Prevost owes much to the Santa Clauses of the old Mack Sennett Studio.

Then there was another girl attending the same great college of custard. She was not considered beautiful but she had decided flair for comedy. Louise Fazenda reached the heights by her own incomparable artistry, but she will tell you how time after time she was helped over the rocks by the kindly help and encouragement of Ford Sterling and Charlie Murray. Incidentally, to be loved as these two men are is worth more than

(Continued on page 96)
Clara Bow has too much richness in her own nature to feel lonesome.

The other day I dropped in at the Paramount Studio to see Jannings do a scene and ran into the red-haired hoyden of Hollywood—Clara Bow.

"Come on out on the set, I'm posing for some bath tub pictures—oh, it's all right—I don't get in. I just powder my nose and trail up and down and throw some perfume in the tub. That seems to plant the fact that I'm eventually going to climb in. Isn't it silly? I'm always having to take my clothes on and off in pictures and it's some job to find different ways of doing it."

Clara was very gorgeous in a gold lace negligee that clung to her lovely body and melted into nothing in a long train. She had with her a pretty white Spitz dog that was all for climbing into the tub if Clara wouldn't. And whenever she stood still the animal would flop down on the graceful train of her gown as though to hold her stationary for a minute.

"Meet Martha," said the flapper's delight. "She is a very dignified dog and most important. In fact, she is a dowager and has presented her country with seventy-five puppies. Yes!"

As we trailed off Clara talked with one of the electri-
By Helen Ludlam

cians, asked about his wife and kids, laughed and joked with a couple of dozen people standing about, and finally got outside.

"That was Harry Thompson. Imagine—he was on the first picture I ever did, Down to the Sea in Ships. Gee! That was some picture—and what I went through! I was scared to death half the time and so sick.

All this time we were walking towards Clara's sumptuous dressing room done in black and gold with a rich, soft raspberry red velvet carpet and hangings of just the most luscious shade. Clara began taking off her make-up and her maid put her into a stunning bathing outfit and covered her up with a light sweater and skirt.

"Come on down to Malibu with me for a swim, do you want to? I can't wait to get in the water so I dress here and save time."

So we started for Malibu, in Clara's roadster. Half the time she drives herself.

"I was talking with Elmer Clifton only the other night about that picture, Down to the Sea in Ships," I said, "and he certainly gave you a send off."

"Oh, Elmer is wonderful! I..."
At PAPA Laemmle's


Want to go to the circus? inquire Patsy.

"Don't be crude," I retorted. "Go to a circus when I could go up to Carl Laemmle's to a party?"

"One and the same thing," answered Patsy. "Here's the invitation." And she showed me a red poster with all sorts of amusing circus legends on it, together with the invitation to be present, dressed in character.

When we arrived with the musician, Price Dunlavey, who plays the organ at the United Artists Theater in Los Angeles, we had no trouble in locating the circus. We didn't locate it by the smell, though, nor yet the sound, because all the animals were merely stuffed animals—funny mechanical beasts which nodded their heads in soporific good-humor, tigers, elephants and camels alike.

But, although the Laemmle estate is large, there was no trouble in locating the circus, because who could possibly have missed those two large lighted tents?

"Why, if it isn't a two-ringed circus!" exclaimed Patsy.

There were two large arenas, in fact, with mechanical
life-sized clowns and mechanical animals placed around them inside, leaving room for the circus ring.

Papa Laemmle, as everybody calls the president of Universal who knows him well, greeted us at once. He was the manager of the circus, all dressed up in checked suit, loud shirt, red crocheted tie, diamond horseshoe stick pin, cane, derby hat and all. He was having more fun than anybody.

Carl Laemmle, Junior, was dressed as Captain Kidd, and as he is actually little more than a kid, but still is a captain at Universal City, the costume was appropriate even if one did wonder what Captain Kidd had to do with a circus.

Rosabelle Laemmle was hostess. She is the daughter of Carl, Sr., and an engaging little person, full of life and fun. She had made herself up to look as much like a pony as a pretty young girl could who stood staunchly on her two shapely legs. She wore brown pony ears and mane and bridle, with brown silk tail and short brown trousers. Already when she greeted us she wore a blue ribbon, showing that she was a prize pony.

It seemed as though everybody connected with Universal was there. The guest of honor, however, was (Cont. on page 94)
Well, for talking out loud!

The movie has found its voice and it has turned out to be a deep bass. Everybody is talking at once in Hollywood but from this distance it sounds like a large masculine roar with only occasionally a slight feminine shriek making itself heard. The little ladies who have been sitting so pretty since they won film fame and fortune are now wondering if there isn’t some other way of exerting their papa appeal. They are practising ‘a, e, i, o, and ooh, ooh, ooh!’ every minute of their spare time. The bathrooms and boudoirs of Hollywood are resounding with trills, while the studios are going in strong for English accents. The stars now say ‘How d’y do!’ in soft and subtle tones instead of crying 'Hi!' in the good, old-fashioned way.

Who says women always have the last word? Not in Hollywood. They’re lucky if they can squeeze a word in edgewise out there these days. They are trying their best to make themselves heard but they had better speak louder—and not so funny; or the art of the motion picture will have to go back to the old style of having all the parts played by men as in the days of Booth and Barrett—I mean Shakespeare.

But don’t blame the girls. How can they help it? The trouble is, they were educated in the gentle art of pantomime. They never were encouraged to speak up. All they had to do was to look and to listen. The film beauty (Cont. on page 92)
When Will the Picture Girls Speak Up for Themselves?

You may have preferred her silent but in 'Noah's Ark' Dolores Costello will have the last word.

Movietone introduced a new and more charming Madge Bellamy.
"I got to go to night school and prepare for my examination," said she laughingly.

There has been much discussion in our set on how to fracture an engagement. How to keep him on the sucker list and yet give him the razzberry.

A real two-timer is so darn sweet about it that you get the idea that she is suffering something terrible because you're not near. Whereas, if you really got next to the facts you would feel as low as an old maid in a rumble seat. They are always kind to dumb animals. They let you believe they could pick you blindfolded.

If all the excuses of the Alibi Annies were laid end to end they would—but let it lie. There are plenty of sugars. Arbuckle said it. Ain't love granulated! Just consult the little red book and call up the next on the list. Let that one go. After all, why not give Greta Garbo a chance?

When you can call up another guy's mama and get her to slip the boy friend the alibi, you're hot. There's nothing so pleasant when necking as to get a wrist scratched by another fellow's frat pin.

It is the two-timers who get the experience. Why not write a book: "Why We Misbehave Like Human Beings?"

When the party of the second part gets wise there ain't gonna be no party and that he is a wet smack.

Posed by Oliver Hardy and Marion Byron
Break a Date

Especially posed by Hal Roach's M.G.M. Players.

"I'm so sorry but Grandfather isn't feeling so good. Too, very sudden."

Posed by Dorothy Cohern
Max Davidson

"Nope, can't today. I'm under terrible pressure here. I'm feeling like a flat tire."

Posed by Anita Garvin and Ed Kennedy
Emotional Al Jolson

He is talent, temperament, and tenderness combined.

For little Asa Yoelson, aged ten, always put up a terrible competition to the music of the barrel-organ. As soon as Guiseppi would start to rattle out 'O Solo Mio,' Asa would commence to sing—and how he could sing! His voice had an inherited richness and sadness which had come straight to him from the pains and the joys of the Russian Steppes.

The neighbors were entranced with the fight which Asa, the Jew, put up against Guiseppi, the Italian. And to show their delight, with the reckless generosity of the poor, they would fling their pennies and nickles into the street, where Asa would quickly pocket them and run—leaving Guiseppi bereft, cursing his round, romantically sounding oath.

Years later, in the autumn of 1928, Asa Yoelson, now Al Jolson, was still singing. Wide Broadway was filled with theatre-goers, fighting their impatient way through the rainy night to the Winter Garden. It was the opening of the talking picture, The Singing Fool, and New York's best had turned out to welcome the star, a favorite son. Ermine evening wraps edged threadbare coats. White, diamond-bedecked hands waved greetings to soft emerald-decorated hands. Work-worn fingers lay quiet in tired laps. Young blonde girls crowded aged Hebrew matrons. A paunchy cynical critic sat down beside an elderly Jew whose back was curved from pressing many pairs of pants.

The lights dimmed. The show began.
The screen showed Al, the player, sitting broken-hearted before the mirror in his dressing room, blacking his face to do his act. His son, his only worldly possession, to whom he used to sing lullabies and funny songs, will no longer hold out his arms and smile. For the child is dead. But yet the show must continue. And the father must go out on the stage and sing. He must even sing the lullaby 'Sonny Boy' which he wrote for his son that third happy Christmas as together they sat—father and son—in the nursery before the gay little Christmas tree.

Scarcely conscious, Al the player, walks out and sings for the audience. He sings 'Sonny Boy' with such rich agony in his voice that frivolous blonde and work-worn Jewish mother, paunchy elderly critic and tired old Hebrew pants presser are all crying softly together.

Ah, what a success! In the very theatre—the Winter Garden—where Al Jolson started out seventeen years ago, applause echoed and re-echoed throughout the far-flung balconies of the vast playhouse. Once again Al Jolson, who has sung to delighted audiences ever since he was the ragged tenement child, Asa Yoelson, playing in the streets of Washington, D. C., had made a tremendous hit. But this time he had done something different. Always he has amused and delighted his audiences. But this time, with his pathos he broke their hearts. He broke their hearts because his own was bleeding. In the picture, he held Sonny Boy in his arms. But in his own life there is no 'Sonny Boy.' Money Jolson has. Success. Admiration. But the one thing he wants—a child—that has been denied him.

Two days after the opening of The Singing Fool, as he sat in his apartment in the Ritz Tower, he said, 'I'm never happy. I don't know what it is to be happy. That's why whenever a show opens, I almost have to be kicked out on the stage.' (Cont. on page 86)
Mary wants her fans to tell her why they want her to make a talking picture.

By Marion Brooks Ritchie

Grammy Shauer's locks were curly just like Mary's, too, except that Grammy's curls were soft with gray instead of shining gold.

"My Mary's curls," she'd say to us, "my Mary's curls are loveliest of all."

At ten, on certain days, the little black silk 'bonnet' left its box, and spry as anyone along the block, you'd see our Grammy hurry down the street. At six, the little bonnet tucked away again, you'd hear her wondrous tales of what had flashed across the screen in Mr. Johnson's picture house.

She ought to know! From twelve to six took in four shows.

And so she worshipped at the shrine, until one day at Mr. Johnson's picture house they missed their surest, staunchest Mary Pickford fan.

She couldn't seem to get the bonnet on. With sweetest Mary at the show, she had to stay.  

(Cont. on page 89)
Answer Harold's question and you are a cinch to have one of Harold Lloyd's sterling silver knives to eat your mashed potatoes with the rest of your life. After that your only problem will be to get the mashed potatoes.

The set of silver really would make a marvelous gift for your wife. Take it home to the little woman on Christmas Eve. She may secretly scan the newspapers the next morning, paying particular attention to crimes of shoplifting and burglary but she'll never question you too closely.

(Cont. on page 88)
John Gilbert's Wrist Watch for Your Christmas

Write your opinion: Does a picturesque costume add to the glamour of romantic roles or is there more interest in a modern lover? Why?

The watch which John Gilbert has offered for your Christmas is an exact duplicate of the one he wore in the scenes with Greta Garbo. We asked for his watch but he said he had given it very hard wear and felt the winner should have a new one.

So the hero of The Big Parade bought a duplicate for this Christmas contest. He would have given us the old one, too, if we had insisted. Gilbert will give away anything he owns and his whole-heartedness is written in his face.

Make your letter brief and clear.

Address: JOHN GILBERT
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes December 10, 1928
Charlie Chaplin sends a Graflex Camera for a Christmas Gift Contest

The question you must answer: Which do you consider Charlie Chaplin’s best picture, and why?

You can win Charlie’s camera if you know and love his pictures, and who does not?

By Wm. H. McKegg

The greatest thing about Xmas is that it comes to everyone. Rich and poor alike feel the spirit of cheer. It is the one time of the year when every person feels a wave of happiness flow over him. What your circumstances are, or where you live, do not matter. At Xmas you must feel happy. Charlie Chaplin knows this.

His youth was spent in squalid poverty. His Xmas days for many years were no different than any other days. The dank, bleak side street in London’s Whitechapel, where he lived as a child, was enough to press all the Xmas cheer out of its poor inhabitants. Nevertheless, Charlie dreamed his great dreams of the days when he would be able to make others beside himself happier.

In those days Charlie had to enjoy looking through lighted windows.

As a young man he was in vaudeville, playing the English music halls, travelling all over the British Isles with Fred Karno’s. (Continued on page 100)

Address:
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes December 10th, 1928
The good saint wants to know if you would like to have this gown that Greta Garbo wore while making 'A Woman of Affairs.'

Greta Garbo's boudoir gown will be sent to the writer of the best letter on the question of tragic roles. The briefest and most interesting letter will be selected as the winner and the Garbo Nile-green robe will be forwarded to the writer with the Christmas greetings of Greta Garbo.

Greta has finished A Woman of Affairs and so the dress that she wore in the film has been released to serve as a prize for the fan who will help her to decide her future parts.

How do you feel after a sad ending? Is an actress at the mercy of the character she plays or does the personality of the player measure her popularity?

Question: Is an actress' popularity affected favorably or unfavorably by tragic roles? Why?

Address:—GRETA GARBO
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes December 10, 1928
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

Lord Byron

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

TIM McCOY
in
"Humming Wires"
MARY DUNCAN, a new high-powered vamp, and Charles Morton in a scene from Murnau's *Four Devils*.

Photograph by Autrey
A
NOTHER Mary and Charles, but the same old love. Mary Brian and Charles Rogers. *Someone to Love* is their next picture.

Photograph by Hommel
PANTOMIME has ever been the language of clowns but Louise Fazenda has found in the Vitaphone the perfect medium for comedy. *The Desert Song* is her next talker.
If you could have seen Louise at the studio that Sunday morning, all rigged out in flowing Grecian robes and gilded crown tipped on the side of her head at forty-five degrees, I would not have blamed you a single bit if you hadn’t recognized the Louise Fazenda who came to the door of her Wilshire home on Monday night to let me in. The change in Cinderella wasn’t half as marked!

At the studio Sunday I had said to her: “Doubtless, Louise, you will not remember it, but ever since I saw you with your mother on a set about three years ago I have meant to have a talk with you and then sit down to write some sort of tale about you and your Mom.”

Louise looked rather quizzically at me. “Ye-es,” she hesitated, “I guess I’m not exactly sure just what you mean.”

“Well,” I started, “it was over at Paramount when they lived at 1520 Vine. You had been loaned by Warners to do a picture for them, and though, of course, you did not know, I made a trip to that studio every day for a week, simply to watch you with your mother.”

“Ye-es,” said Louise again.

“Yes,” I went on. “I used to watch you move your chair to where the action could be seen the best, and then you’d sit her down in it. At the end of a scene you’d go over to her and anxiously ask—Are you sure you are warm enough now, Mama?” and then (Cont. on page 99)
They Work Out West But
They Have to Come East
to Hear the Applause.

By Anne Bye

Broadway has gone
Jolson, just like
Hollywood and, in
fact, the whole mo-
tion picture business. The
big boy from the Winter
Garden has taken everything
by storm and, whether you
like it or not, you’ll have to
hear more about him from
me. And I think you’ll like
it. In the words of Al, him-
sel’—You ain’t heard
nothin’ yet!

I was invited up to his
apartment in the Ritz Tower
on Park Avenue—that hands-
omen building which also

houses Madame Elinor Glyn,
Arthur Brisbane, and lots
of other celebrities. I—and
thirty or forty other fellows
from the newspapers and
magazines. Al was there.
Al was in his element. He
has to have an audience. I
arrived among the first few.
Al was silent. More guests
arrived and with each new
arrival our host waxed more
and more loquacious until,
finally, he let loose on us all
of that marvellous, vibrant,
powerful personality that
you all know so well. He
wise-cracked. He cried. He,
in other words, ’wowed’ us.

“ ’You ought to see me in
The Singing Fool,’” cried Al
Jolson. “You will—it opens
this week. Well, I’m—now
I don’t wanna throw any
bouquets, but wait’ll you see!

I ain’t so bad. You know The Jazz Singer, my first picture? Well, a
monkey coulda played it—and did.” Al paused for the laughter to
subside. “I didn’t know anything about making pictures; I didn’t even
know what they meant when they told me to ‘speak a title.’ Gradually
I learned. And you’ll see the results in my new one.

“I’ve got plenty of help. That kid, Davy Lee, now—why, he’s a
wonder! I love that kid, like he was my own. I got to crying in the
hospital scenes with him and I couldn’t stop. We made ‘em at night.
I cried for three days, I tell you. And every time I see the picture I
have to cry. I took a friend of mine to see it. He’s hard-boiled—but
when the lights went up I looked at him and he was crying like a baby.
I don’t blame him.

“And then there’s Josephine Dunn. She’s a lovely girl and a good
little actress. I wanted Phyllis Haver for the part but we couldn’t get

[Images of Daisy Talmadge and Jack Coogan.]

Master Jackie Coogan, erstwhile
’T’Kid,” now a great big song
and-dance man in vaudeville.

Connie Talmadge sailed for France
to make a picture over there—
smile and all.

Estelle Taylor is the
first film star to make
a hit in a Broadway
play. David Belasco di-
rected her in ‘The Big
Fight.’
her. We didn’t know who to get when I happened to see some pictures of this girl. “That’s the girl I want,” I said. So they sent for Josephine Dunn, and we signed her up—and she’s great. It’s a mean part but the way she plays it you can’t hate her.

“Sure, I love pictures. My next one will be Mammy. No—not in black-face. No more black-face for me. I’m through with that. When I saw myself in The Singing Fool and how good I look—I like Barrymore or somebody—I decided I wasn’t going to sing ‘Mammy’ again. I had to write the story myself. It’s laid in the South and I’ve got a lot of kids playing around me. I like kids and I love working with them.

“I’m going for London Saturday, to make a personal appearance with The Jazz Singer—the first Vitaphone, talking picture ever presented in England. No, I won’t go on the stage over there. I’ve got along pretty good over here and people seem to like me. I’m the kind of a guy that if I went over there and played and just one Englishman gave me the bird it would ruin my life. I’ll play safe.”

The papers that day had carried the report of Jolson’s engagement to Ruby Keeler, Broadway tap-dancer and ex-Texas Guinan “little girl.” Everybody wanted to know if it was true. “Why no,” said Al. “She’s a great little girl, but—no, I’m not getting married.”

And that same week he married her, and they sailed off to Europe on their honeymoon, amid much newspaper hooray and congratulations from millions of friends including the former Mrs. Al. It only goes to show what a great actor Al Jolson is.

* * *

The Broadway opening of The Big Fight was just like a Hollywood movie first night—only bigger and better. There were more flowers and cheers and celebrities than have attended any other premier in New York in years. All in honor of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, probably the most popular Married Couple in the World.

Mayor Walker was there. Will Rogers, tanned and genial, strolled in from a rehearsal of his own show; Sophie Tucker and Hope Hampton were rivals in attention and the number of diamond bracelets each sported; Jeanne Eagels with her Alice-in-Wonderland coiffure, Greta Nissen, Lya de Putti, Glenn Hunter, Norman Kerry, and moustachios; Ethel Barrymore, all excitement—just to mention a few. David Belasco directed the play, and all the other producers in town were out front.

Jack played his own charming, boyish self. His big scene is the big fight in the last act—in which he knocks out a real heavy-weight fighter. Estelle’s big scene comes in the second act, in which she scorns the villain—and it was as pretty a piece of histrionism as you’d ever hope to see. The general opinion seems to be that Miss Taylor has more beauty and ability than any actresses whose names blaze brightly on Broadway. Percy Hammond, dean of New York dramatic critics, praised her to the skies in his review next day. Among other things he remarked: “The Big Fight would not be so big a fight if she were absent from its affable hostilities. Pretty, efficacious, and sincere, she is more needed by the Drama than by the jumping tintypes.” High praise from an expert!

Nevertheless, Estelle Taylor is not lost to the movies. In fact, she is homesick for them and her best. In spite of all the applause and adulation showered on her by New York, she misses Hollywood—or at least, the film studios. And don’t be surprised if you hear of her being signed to star in a talking picture. She is ‘way (Continued on page 90)
SAN DIEGO again! I couldn't bear it. A dirty, noisy town full of clanging bells and ugly! At least what I saw of it was. When I heard that I was bound there for Ramon Novarro's picture, Gold Braid, directed by George Hill, I groaned in spirit.

To cheer me up Clarence Locan, in charge of the Hill unit publicity, told me that we only landed at San Diego and then ferried across to Coronado. Another spiritual groan. A ferry! Shades of Weehawken and Fort Lee discomforts. No, I couldn't bear it; but I had to anyway.

I landed at eleven P. M. and was met by Mr. Locan who bundled me into his car and took me across—which wasn't so bad. We pulled up at the Coronado Hotel and the very first glimpse of it made me realize that I had struck a bit of heaven.

You can't describe the Coronado Hotel. It is built in
rounded turrets and pavilions that wind in and out in the most bewildering manner. The lobby is enormous and full of flowers and a feeling of hospitality and friendship greets you. I have only felt this in one other place, a certain suite of sunlit rooms at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. Just that long high-ceilinged living room hung in soft rich shades of blue velvet gave forth that indescribable feeling of 'homeyness.' The rest of the hotel was purely commercial. But I am sure that long ago this beautiful room must have been the abiding place of a friendly spirit whose conviviality drew the beauty and wit of old San Francisco within its walls.

My room at the Coronado was on the second floor and its approach was along a wide, sheltered gallery that looked out upon an enormous round patio filled with tall palms. Quantities of flowers were there and the scent of night-blooming jasmine was in the air filling it with intoxicating fragrance. If there is anything to this reincarnation business I know I was an Oriental, for the perfume of jasmine just sends me off my nut with joy!

This same patio was the location for one of the love scenes in Gold Braid so you will see Ramon Novarro and Anita Page in this lovely garden.

Next morning, Mr. Locan, Bert Green and myself breakfasted and drove out to the Navy flying field. Bert Green is the creator of the cartoons you have laughed at in the movies and is now writing a series of humorous stories for Liberty. His present mission was to chalk around with the Three Sea Hawks or, as the Navy affectionately calls them, the Suicide Squad that are thrilling thousands with their daring stunts at the first national air races the world has ever known.

Once inside the Navy Base, which is harder to crash than the Canadian border—and Bert Green safely ensconced with 'Spig' Weed, a navy man and author of Gold Braid, and the sea hawks—I was piloted down to the shore where the company was working and deposited in a chair on the sand underneath a beach umbrella.

Everyone was working at the moment so I had time to get my breath and see what was going on. There were three hydroplanes at the water's edge and being held by Navy boys who had on rubberized overalls reaching to their arm pits. Sometimes they have to walk far above their waists in the water to keep the planes from drifting before the aviators board them.

The three planes were supposed to be the ones that Ramon Novarro, Carroll Nye and Ralph Graves learn to fly in. This scene showed them hoping off for their last ride with their instructors.

As soon as it was over Ramon showed me his flying regalia. He had some difficulty walking with the awkward parachute outfit which hits you just at the back of your knees at every step. When you are in the plane you have to sit on it.

"They told me if anything happened when I was in the air to jump, count three and then pull this ring. Now, where is it?" he chuckled fumbling around among the unfamiliar gadgets plastered all over him. "Oh, yes, here it is. But suppose I had been in the air then? Where would I have been before"
Delight Evans's Reviews

Beggars of LIFE

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Here's what I call a good picture. It's different. Instead of the dainty trippings of debutantes, or the measured tread of marching men, or the clump clump of comedy villains, you have the tramping feet of the begging brotherhood, eternally hitting the road. Beggars of Life is the Big Parade of the Hoboes. It reveals the private life of the knights of the road, from haystack to box-car; and it maintains its originality until the very end; the handsome youngest hobo does NOT turn out to be the missing son of the wealthy farmer. He is last seen bumbling his way west and telling the girl of his choice where she gets off.

William Wellman directed this picture which was based on Jim Tully's book. Wellman also directed Wings. It seems to me his latest soars much higher than the aviation special. There's good stuff on and off fast-moving freight-trains; there is equally good drama packed in one small cabin, between Wallace Beery, a good bad man, Louise Brooks, and Richard Arlen. Louise is a fugitive from justice—wanted for murder. Richard is trying to protect her from the law and from Wally at his worst. Beery does his best to get the girl away from Richard. Then he looks at the two youngsters quizzically, shrugs, and says: "I've heard of it—but I never saw it before. It must be love!" And you feel it is love—you'd swear it is, even though when you think it over later you realize it can't be because Richard Arlen is happily married to somebody else. Mr. Arlen is the most intense young man in the movies. You never feel when you are watching him that he is a capable actor. He fools you into believing that he is only a very earnest young man winning his way through sheer force of personality. This is the bunk. He's one of the best actors you ever saw. Wallace Beery's Oklahoma Red is the best thing he has done in a long time. He sings a song, too—justifying this picture's claim to sound distinction. But a picture like Beggars of Life doesn't depend upon sound. It speaks for itself.

Have you been following these reviews? They are sprightly reading—but do not let the clever style deceive you. Delight Evans calls the turn on pictures with unfailing accuracy.
The Fleet's In

Clara's Beaux in Blue.

The Fleet's in—in luck. It's co-starring with Clara. She teases it and pester it and vamps it—until it loses its collective head and heart to the little red-head. She plays Peachy, the siren of the Roseland Dance Hall in San Francisco. She flirts and plays with fire and accepts gifts from gobs—but she'll have you understand she is only in fun—she walks home alone and her nice old mother is always waiting up for her. That's the kind of a girl she is, and she'll thank you not to cast aspersions on her character—for every aspersion you cast you'll get a sock in the eye from Peachy. Of course you'll admit that a sock from this baby is better than a smack from another girl. Life is one long sal-mander sundae for our hero. And along comes Jimmy Hall. You know what have Mr. Hall can cause—and in a gob suit—well, he's a downright dangerous boy. As Eddie—Briggs is the name—a signalman on the U. S. S. Vermont, who makes long-distance love with his telephone flags but can get along in a clinch without 'em, Mr. Hall is Uncle Sam's present to patooties. Peachy falls for him—in a Big Way—only to discover he thinks the worst of her just because she kids around a little. Imagine! She teaches him his lesson before she is through—a lesson every motion picture leading man must learn: that, no matter how wild a movie heroine may seem to be, she is really just a home girl at heart—heart of gold but you have to dig for it.

Malcolm St. Clair has taken a slender little story and oh, how he has directed it! He makes you believe it. He has inspired Clara to give one of her very best performances. You'll love Peachy. She's grotesque and impossible, but somehow, through the artistry of this Bow girl, she becomes believable—and even a little pitiful. James Hall? Maybe he isn't an actor—but only a nice boy with a nice smile. But after seeing him in that Seventh Heaven scene in The Fleet's In—carrying Clara up endless flights of stairs only to be disappointed at the top—I've decided I prefer him and his smile to the acting of some of the other boys. The Fleet's In—and so is Mr. Hall.

The SINGING FOOL

Those Vitaphone Boo—Hoo.

Well, what can I say? New York went wild. The Winter Garden is packed. Everybody laughs and cries and has a high old time. The Singing Fool is a wow—a riot—a panic—and anything else you want to call it that spells Success.

Al Jolson started it all with The Jazz Singer. Now he proves that was no accident. The Singing Fool is a bigger and a better show in every way. It's all Jolson—but so far nobody has been heard to complain. The audience has not yet been found that can resist Al when he opens up on 'em. He sings—oh, how he sings. 'Sonny Boy'—'It All Depends On You'—'I'm Sitting On Top of the World'—'There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder'—and others. He acts—and you'll be surprised. You may have seen Barrymore and Chaplin act but you ain't seen nothin' yet—until you see Al in the scenes with the baby in The Singing Fool. In other words, the man who is said to be the greatest box-office attraction on the American stage also looms up as the big box-office man of the movies. All for crying out loud!

This picture may be hokum. But it's grand hokum. And it has moments of real and honest emotion. Al plays a singing waiter enamored of a cabaret girl, Josephine Dunn. He writes songs to her, and when one of them makes a hit he rises to fame and fortune, and takes her along. Then he's sitting on top of the world—with his beautiful wife and an adorable baby. Until—his happy world is shattered by his wife's desertion. He loses her, he loses his baby. He can't sing any more. There's no rainbow round his shoulder now. But with the help of Betty Bronson, who has loved him all the time, he drags himself up out of the depths and comes back. Once again he is a success—when he is called to the bedside of his little son who is dangerously ill. In a touching scene he picks up the child and sings the song he wrote, 'Sonny Boy.' These last scenes of The Singing Fool are remarkable for the warmth and the fervor Al Jolson puts into them. The man's amazing vitality sweeps you along whether you like it or not. And every man and woman in the audience falls in love with Sonny Boy.

The critical can make cracks that The Singing Fool and his sonny are soon parted. Go ahead. But Jolson defies you to blink back the tears when he enacts those scenes with the child and, later, sings Sonny Boy for the last time. The star is aided and abetted by the child who plays the son—a little boy named David Lee. He is half responsible for the success of the picture—and Jolson would be the first to admit it. Betty Bronson is most appealing both vocally and optically. Josephine Dunn in the role of the siren-wife—a thankless part if there ever was one—is a revelation. She's exquisite. It's easy enough for Josephine to play nice girls. A part like this is a real test of her ability. That she makes the wife such a mean mama is no small achievement. Altogether, The Singing Fool is a triumph for all concerned. Mammy—Daddy—Sonny—and money for the Warner Brothers. And why not?
Mother KNOWS BEST

But Daughter Knows Better.

It’s really about time to expose the movie mama. She has had everything her own way too long. The movies have made a plaster saint out of a human being, but Mother Knows Best comes along to even things up. Edna Ferber’s story has been made into a talking motion picture. It is supposed to be based on the career of a famous stage star. I don’t know about that but I suspect a few stage mothers will find their ears burning. This picture strips the sham right off the mercenary mamas and shows up one in particular, played by Louise Dresser, whose mad ambition for her daughter, Madge Bellamy, wins fame and fortune for them but robs the daughter of her right to happiness. It isn’t a pretty story. Several years ago the movies wouldn’t have dared to do it. I admire the Fox Company for producing it even now, for it is still dangerous to topple some of the good-fashioned cinema idols off their pedestals.

The real Sally Quail (Miss Bellamy) is sacrificed — made to stifle her emotions and give up the boy she loves — and perform as a pretty lifeless puppet. Whenever she rebels her mother tells her that ‘Mother knows best’ — and she gives in. But the time comes when it is only too evident that Mother doesn’t know best — she knows very little about human life and love and the pursuit of happiness. Then Daughter comes into her own.

Little Madge Bellamy is a delicious person — appealing and finely-fibred. She is not in the least like anyone else on the screen. Madge is the kind of girl you like a lot or don’t like at all. I like her and hope you do too. Not her impersonations — but her very fine acting in the emotional scenes, and her general becoming behavior. If you have been deceived into thinking that Miss Bellamy was all smiles and big eyes, you’re in for a surprise. She is a real actress, and her voice will interest you, too.

Louise Dresser plays the mother; she is very good but I wish she wouldn’t talk. She is permitted and even encouraged to go the limit in maternal histrionics in two talkers this month — I suppose it isn’t her fault. Barry Norton, besides being the handsomest boy on the screen, bar none, is also a very capable young actor. He has a voice, too. Barry is the boy wonder of the movies now that Jackie has grown up and left us.

By far the best comedy Keaton has ever made

Look Pleasant, Please!

As a special favor to your Aunty Delight, kiddies, hustle and see Buster Keaton in The Cameraman; and then come back to me and try to tell me he isn’t the funniest man in the movies — just try and you’ll get a good, hard smack. When I see Buster being as funny as this I forget all about Charlie and Harold and just sit back and shake. Keaton is — well, he’s so — so funny, if you know what I mean. Take that scene in the swimming pool, for instance, where Buster loses his — er — dignity. Or that scene in the bath-house; or in Chinatown — take practically any scene in The Cameraman and try to control your mirth. This is by far the best comedy Keaton has ever made. It is filled with brand-new gags — what? not new? — well, they looked like new to me. It is almost plausible, and it has a charming touch of romance in the person of Marceline Day. There is also suspense in this comedy. There is pretty nearly everything that anybody can ask of any comedy. There is even a monkey. Its antics will make one of you.
If you're one of these people who are always just dying to get inside a movie studio so you could watch all the stars go round—as who is not—you'll enjoy Show People. It is a personally conducted tour of a big film factory, with intimate glimpses of the stars at play. Marion Davies and Billy Haines are the co-stars, with King Vidor at the megaphone. I doubt if Mr. Vidor uses a megaphone; I'm sure he never wears puttees; but he's a director, all right. There is an all-star cast; here's your chance to see stars. Charlie Chaplin, John Gilbert, Elenor Glyn, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, Norma Talmadge, Estelle Taylor, Renee Adoree, Aileen Pringle, George Arthur—well, that gives you the idea. Marion plays a movie struck girl, Polly Pepper, who makes good as a target for custard pies. But she has yearnings for the drama, and blossoms into Patricia Pepoire, an emotional artiste with temperament and things like that. Billy Haines, playing the slapstick comedian who loves her, does another Excess Baggage: just hanging around awaiting an opportunity to prove his devotion. It doesn't seem good business to disguise the face that launched a million fan letters under a walrus moustache, but Bill laughs it off.

Show People is a neat little sugar-coated sermon to be heeded by all, particularly those Hollywoodians who believe that the movies would stop moving without them. Miss Davies is one star who can throw off the shackles of stardom and simply have a good time in a part. Cheerfully she submits to the indignities demanded by her role and seems to enjoy it. And consequently so does everybody else.

That horse race is one of the most exciting ever made

You know the dear old Derby? Now, now—don't say Derby. Say Derby. That's better. And it's the British Derby, not Al's. Here's a picture about it. The Whip is a good, old melodrama—it always was. But it has been all dressed up and tricked out in new trappings so that you'd never recognize it—then again, you might. But any picture that can boast in its cast such stars as Dorothy Mackaill, Anna Q. Nilsson, Ralph Forbes, and Lowell Sherman is worth seeing—not to mention the Derby. That horse race is one of the most exciting ever made. There's a railroad wreck for good measure—and a general smashing of hearts. Miss Mackaill is splendid and you'll be glad to see Anna Q. again. Welcome back, Anna—don't stay away so long again.
The fun in this film is rough and ready

Heart to HEART

Cardiac Confusion.

Put two and two together and you get a good picture—sometimes. This is one of the times. The two hearts of the title belong to Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes and as I think this is their last appearance, positively, on any screen together, you'd better take a good long look at their love scenes. Three is usually a crowd, but not in this case, because the third party is Louise Fazenda. Miss Fazenda very nearly runs away with the picture—in fact, I'll be big and come right out and say it—she does run away with it. She plays one of those anxious wives, and achieves a genuine characterization. She's funny—and also convincing. Lucien Littlefield gives a composite portrait of all henpecked husbands in his inimitable manner. The fun in this film is rough and ready—but it suits me. Heart to Heart pictures in lively fashion, the excitement that ensues in a small town when a real, live princess descends upon it—if the princess is a human being and in love with the struggling inventor—and looks like Mary Astor.

A movie version of the best-seller

SHOW GIRL

Show's Your Old Girl.

P. McEvoy's novel, Show Girl, is one of the best-sellers. The picture version should repeat the success of the book. It follows the original with more than the usual fidelity—well, anyway, it does retain the original title, and it is all about Dixie Dugan, the Brooklyn baby who makes good on Broadway. Show Girl is a pint-size soubrette, with a plot to match. Dixie attains popularity as a night-club dancer, notoriety as the heroine of a stabbing scandal, publicity as a musical comedy star—and eventual bliss as the bride of a newspaper reporter. What more can any Show Girl ask of life? Alice White plays Dixie Dugan. As Dixie herself would say, she shakes a mean scantie in the show scenes of Show Girl.
The Docks of New York

Dive In.

This is a rowdy picture. All about the waterfront of little old New York, with Betty Compson trying to drown her sorrows, and George Bancroft jumping in after her. Josef von Sternberg has made another of his sordid dramas. Fortunately he has done it so beautifully from a pictorial standpoint that it is always interesting. So if you don’t always admire the action you can always gasp over the gorgeous photography and composition of most of the scenes. It occurs to me right here that the cameraman of this picture should be given Screen (land) credit—so here he is: Hal Rosson.

Bancroft plays a stoker on a night ashore—dispensing sods and blondes with a free hand. With his other hand he is embracing the beautiful Betty. She, poor thing, takes the amorous interlude seriously, and the smoking stoker is surprised to find himself married to the girl he rescued. Still hopeful of life, she believes in him—and somehow he decides to try to make good. Miss Compson is arrestingly interesting. In a part like this—a weary, faded, but still rather lovely light lady, she is superb. She made her hit in a role like this—Rose in The Miracle Man. Considering how many pictures have been made and released since then, surely Miss Compson rates the title of Miracle Girl of the Movies.

THE Air Circus

Making Swoopee.

Hold tight. Here we go! Loop the loop—tail spin—falling leaf, or any old thing—and bring your own parachute. The Air Circus is filled with aerial thrills. It shows you all kinds of plain and fancy flying. And it isn’t a war picture. Let us all thank good, kind Mr. Fox for making this collegiate comedy of the clouds, and resisting the temptation to put in a couple of battles. Arthur Lake and David Rollins are two high-school kids who want to learn to fly. They manage to crash the gates of the flying school and take their first lessons—rookies of the air. Lovely little Sue Carol provides an added incentive. Arthur, gay and debonair, passes his test and becomes a full-fledged man of the air. But Dave, due to his mother’s fears for his safety, takes an awful flop. The rest of the picture concerns itself with Dave’s efforts to conquer his cowardice and fly alone. Miss Carol and Arthur Lake share a speaking sequence; so do David Rollins and Louise Dresser. The former is a young-love theme, naive and delightful.

The mother-son dialogue, with sobs by son, made me squirm. Young David’s grief over his failure to make good sounded like a train puffing up an incline. And not his fault, either. He is a natural, unspoiled boy, with the only set of masculine dimples I can view without cringing. As for Arthur Lake, he is in a class by himself. Arthur is as original in his own sassy juvenile way as Chaplin or Lloyd—and I can’t say much more for the boy than that.
The Hollywood girls set their own styles. They can’t always keep dashing off to Paris or New York for their new clothes. So they create their own, with the help of some of the clever designers of the screen studios. They have their own ideas about dress—usually original. For one thing, the successful movie actress knows she must stick to her own style. Her individual personality is responsible for her success, so she must dress to suit that personality. She may yearn to embark upon new seas of fashion, but she knows better. The girl who has made a great success in an ingenue role would be foolish to forsake it even sartorially speaking to
The Pretty Girls of the Screen Reflect the Fashions of the Hour, and Add a Piquant Note All Their Own.

Weasel is one of the furs which lends itself to original treatment. Lina Basquette is wearing a motor coat of weasel trimmed with beige fox in a shawl collar effect.

Myrna Loy, that exotic and lovely lady, chose a fur coat to match her own special brand of charm. It's a wrap-around model of kolinsky with collar and cuffs banded in cream ermine.

Of imported Russian carchul is the smart coat selected by Jeanette Loff. The beige fur and the cuffs of matching dyed fox set off Miss Loff's blonde beauty.

don the dress of a woman of the world. The sirens can't afford to neglect any chance to enhance their exotic appeal, so they dress the part, no matter how much they may wish to wear simple sports clothes. On these pages you'll see some of the film colony's prettiest girls, and you'll notice that not one of them has overlooked the opportunity to make the most of the particular charm that has won her screen success.
“Q” SHIPS

There is a love stronger than that a man has for his woman, a child for his mother, or a boy for his pal. It is the love of a patriot for his homeland.

In the “Q” Ships, the finest picture which has ever come out of England, this love is exemplified to its highest degree.

During the latter part of 1917 and the beginning of 1918, ten thousand American naval officers and men, under the command of Admiral Sims, steamed into the mine-infested harbor of Queenstown, Ireland, to aid the Allied cause. The British Navy had fought dauntlessly through four weary years, but still the German submarines were destroying Allied and neutral shipping at a staggering daily rate.

Even the coming of naval assistance from America, while it bucked up the British, did not lower the daily losses which were mounting to a shocking degree.

If I recall correctly, it was the Britisher, Captain Gordon Campbell, who first conceived the idea of the “Q” boats. Taking his life in his hands, leaving his wife and his children in a house perched on the Terrace at Queenstown, Gordon Campbell set out to sink what looked like a leaky old sailing vessel. But underneath those sails, powerful guns were masked. It was Campbell’s idea to sail out into the waters where many submarines hunted and permit the first he ran across to fire a torpedo into his ship. His crew was to take to the water after the first shot in pretended panic, while below he and his gunners lay waiting for the submarine to come within range of the sailing ship. At which moment, by his command, the sails would drop, the guns would fire, and the submarine would go to the bottom.

So far so good. But suppose the first torpedo from the submarine sank the sailing ship instead. Or set her on fire. That was the chance Gordon Campbell and his brave men took. And it was the biggest chance, to my way of thinking, that any man took, on land or sea, during the great world war.

Gordon Campbell lived to sink a number of submarines and to win the V.C., the highest honor which England can confer. The “Q” boats broke the morale of the German submarine commanders, broke Germany’s hold on international waters, and helped to bring the day of Armistice shortly about.

All this you see in the new picture which was produced with the official sanction and cooperation of the British Admiralty. And never will you find braver fighting against insuperable odds than this film flings before your eyes.
It is more romantic than the most impassioned love story, more thrilling than the wildest story of political intrigue, more tragic than any war story ever unrolled. For these men, both German and English, had to struggle—not against a human foe—but against that common enemy—certain death.

**STATE STREET SADIE**

This is a 'talker.' And a brilliant 'talker' at that. For it has the remarkable young actor, Conrad Nagel, in the leading part.

I have heard it said that men use profanity only because their everyday language is not vivid enough to express their thoughts. If that’s true, what I need is a couple of longshoremen to do my cussing for me. Conrad Nagel plays the part of two brothers in State Street Sadie, and ever since I saw him kiss Dolores Costello’s neck—we’ll call it that anyway—in Glorious Betsy—oh Lordy, Lordy, give me words!

Rum and Romance, Girls and Gangsters, Motors and Machine Guns, Death and Desire—these are the ingredients of this film. Conrad Nagel may be an usher in church on Sunday, but during the week what love he can make! If you don’t believe it, ask exotic Myrna Loy, who rounds out Nagel’s performance in a grand way.

Some of the ablest work is done by little Georgie Stone whose talking sequences with Nagel are perfect. William Russell, as chief of the gang, is splendid. There he stands, hulling and eating peanuts, throwing out wise-cracks to his gang while underneath all the coarse comedy you feel the overpowering cruelty of the brute. A fine touch is the fact that Russell has his headquarters behind and over a toy shop which he runs to stall off suspicion.

There is a remarkable dance hall scene and in the exciting race and fight between the police motor corps and the gangsters which ends up on the roof, you'll almost jump out of your chair. Sirens whine, machine guns rat-a-tat, pistol shot echoes pistol shot, groans, curses—all these sounds are brought clearly to you in this excellent talker.

**MAN MADE WOMAN**

Every critic in New York may hurl opprobrious (I just learned that word yesterday so I’ve got to use it before I forget it) adjectives at this picture, but I like it—down to the ground.

(Continued on page 101)
A few years ago, I stood in the wings of a theater and watched a rehearsal of The Writers Revue, a show put on by the Writers Club of Hollywood for the purpose of building a new clubhouse. The cast was made up of famous movie stars. In the chorus were a few prominent people and several unknowns. The prominent ones did not interest me. I was attracted by a tiny little person with brown hair and round, brown eyes that blazed with interest. She had pretty legs and what I decided were the prettiest knees I had ever seen. Naturally, I met her. That was not hard to do. I was press-agenting that show.

The meeting gave me a view of her personality and I promptly forgot she had legs and knees. She was so sweet, so nice, that I decided she was quite the finest girl I had seen in Hollywood.

That was in 1923.

This is 1928. And here I am writing about this same Marian Nixon for Screenland.

Things have happened. She has found success in pictures. She commands a salary of $1,500 each week. She has been married. And divorced. People said, when she wed, that she had made a mistake. The fellow was nice enough. He was Joe Benjamin, a prize-fighter and a good scout. But he wasn't Marian's type. People said it was a mistake. It must have been, for her marriage lasted only a year, approximately.

Despite the addition of sophistication, Marian hasn't changed a great deal in the five years since I first saw her. She is prettier. She grows prettier each year, it seems. She has a great deal more poise. Her eyes are softer brown in color. Her smile is more lingering—not so quick to come and go. Her hair is bobbed (Continued on page 98)
MARIAN NIXON is an actress who has mastered the difficult technique of pictures until she can dominate any scene.

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser
Nils Asther is being groomed for bigger and better parts. He is a good comedian and a wicked lover. Adrienne Lecouvreur is his next picture.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
WHEN the Russian Baclanova starts vamp- ing steppes should be taken. Her next picture is *The Wolf of Wall Street*, not an animal picture.

*Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee*
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., as he appears in *A Woman of Affairs*. He will next make *Saturday's Children* and will play the same part in the picture that he played on the stage.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
entertainingly, and so does Harry Puck, who staged the dances and ensembles. Our favorite song, for our own sentimental reasons, is 'A Flat in Montmartre,' the music of which is by Muriel Pollock. The Lief boys, Max and Nat, did a nice job with the lyrics.

The Big Fight

The Big Fight will have passed from New York and begun its tour of the country by the time you read this, so no matter where you are you'll probably have a chance to see it. Let us begin by saying that The Big Fight, as a play is one of the worst things Milton Herbert Gropper and Max Marcin have ever turned out, individually or collectively.

And yet as entertainment it may have its place. Three dollars to see Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor is a fair price for curiosity. Jack is far from being Alfred Lunt: his voice, curiously high-pitched for a heavyweight champion, is all in one key, and he puts no more emphasis into saying, "I'll break your jaw" than he does into saying, "Hello, Jim." Miss Taylor is a little better: she is adequate for her role, but her voice, too, is against her.

But after all you don't quite expect great acting from Dempsey, and he has a boyish charm that will probably win you and let you forget that he isn't John Barrymore. And when he strips for the ring, you are liable to get the kick you got out of seeing the old Dempsey in action. As Heywood Broun put it, "There are no actors who can strip with Jack Dempsey. And few actresses."

David Belasco staged the piece, but we don't think he's quite willing to stake his reputation on it. It has some shrewd effects, but is not nearly as good as Ringside, whose story it follows closely. But the fight is rather good. Announced by Joe Humphreys, who imitates himself better than anybody else, the tingle begins to creep along your spine, and somehow you wish that the eminent literary personage, Mr. Gene Tunney, would step into the opposite corner.

As we intimated, there will be no second companies of this. The Big Fight, without Dempsey and Taylor, would be pretty awful and dull. But as Messrs. Gropper and Marcin would be the first to point out, The Big Fight is with Dempsey and Taylor. And that makes a difference.

The New Moon

Well, here is the pretty nearly ideal romantic operetta. For years we have gone along sneering at all of them. Rose Marie rolled right off our back; Dearest Enemy was just so much applesauce; The Desert Song we labeled tripe, and, in spite of the fact that it made a fortune, it still is tripe. Of course, some people like tripe.

Came then The New Moon. Came, did we say? Came and conquered. It has everything, including tripe, but so little of it that we didn't mind. It's a tale, based apparently on some historic foundation, of a French colony in New Orleans in 1788. Fashioned by Oscar Hammerstein, Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab, and produced by the latter two, it has beauty, charm, dignity, and distinction. Sigmund Romberg did the music, and, as far as we know anything of music, it is his best score since Maytime. For years Romberg has been resting on his laurels, and been doing hack work of the cheapest sort. Here he comes back to make us feel that our first appraisal of his efforts was right. The most applauded piece in the score, to show what we mean, is not called 'Vode-do-do,' but 'Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise.' It takes some courage, in these days, to write a lyric as Elizabethan as that. And our hat is off to Hammerstein for doing it, and to Romberg for writing music that could stand it.

For comedy there is Gus Shy, and that's pretty good as far as we're concerned. For the rest there are romance, pirates, revolution, a sea battle, a masquerade party, a meeting of conspirotors, all sound parts of a romantic operetta and constructed in a workmanlike manner. See The New Moon, by all means.

Animal Crackers

A critic should be absolutely unbiased, and yet we found ourselves rooting so hard for the Marx Brothers in Animal Crackers that we ran down to Philadelphia to see it and review it for you.

But, after we admit that, we find ourselves in what is known as a nasty fix. Perhaps, after all, it wouldn't be fair to boost a show because of our affection for the Marx Brothers. Maybe you boys and girls would like to hear what the Philly critics said.

The Ledger, which is not so biased as we are, says: 'Those four musketeers of mirth, the brothers Marx, breezed into town last night. If you happened to be among the large audience when they arrived, that's about all that need be said. But in case you (Cont. on page 97)
A great cry is raised in our little wilderness for leading men.

Almost unanimously the producers are seeking for handsome young fellows with pleasing voices to carry on the tall crop of love-making in the movies.

I met John McCormick over at First National and he was exhausted after seeking for three weeks to get someone to play opposite Colleen Moore. John says there are a lot of very young fellows and a lot of almost middle aged ones but mighty few who, to quote him, “the public could imagine in a romance with Colleen.”

Since then, John has chosen James Ford, a comparative youngster who is a discovery of Corinne Griffith’s and who played in her Divine Lady.

Corinne, by the way, is as much in a quandary as Colleen. Now that Ford is assigned to the Moore picture, I imagine Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. will be given the opportunity to play the same role in Saturday’s Children that he did on the stage here at the Belasco Theatre. I remember seeing Doug Sr. between acts of this Maxwell Anderson drama. I recall his words: “You know it gives me a funny feeling to see that kid on the stage. He’s got a real talent.”

Warner Brothers was in a most embarrassing predicament this very week. Madonna of Avenue A was six days in production and still no one could be found to play opposite Dolores Costello. This is the first picture in four that Conrad Nagel isn’t seen with the lovely Costello. But Conrad is becoming rather too expensive for a mere leading man now. Fox paid $30,000 for him for four weeks.

To get back to my story, however, Warners tried ever so hard. They talked with Rod La Rocque, George O’Brien, Edmund Lowe, and finally set upon Grant Withers. Being still rather panicky, they signed him to a two-year contract.

Mary Pickford is testing and testing to find someone for her leading man in Coquette. It still seems to me she is making a terrific experiment in producing this play, and in choosing for herself the part of a flirtatious girl who is capable of going to the great lengths that this heroine goes to. But Mary’s art is equal to emergencies.

I was talking with Johnny Mack Brown, one of the leading contenders for the role of the boy, and he is naturally keen for such a grand chance. Johnny has proven the judgement of Marion Davies when she gave him a chance in The Fair Co-Ed. He is one of Hollywood’s most promising.

When you come to think of it, who are the young leading men in the film colony today?

C’Adoration’ is the name of Billie Dove’s next picture and adoration is the name of our emotions.

C Gwen Lee as she appears on an ordinary day and when dolled up for the boy friend.

Joe Cook the permanent resident on Broadway with ‘Rain or Shine’ has taken the Movietone into his confidence.
that's about all.
Universal has nobody.
Warners has Grant Withers.
Pathé has George Duryea, who was
in The Godless Girl, and Eddie Quillan,
who has the makings of a great char
acter comedian, but is scarcely a roman
tic type.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has Asther,
Johnny Mack Brown, Eddie Nugent,
still pretty much of a kid and very slight
in build, and that about finishes their
list.
Among the free-lance players are
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Roland Drew,
a mysterious young Russian named Ivan
Lebedeff and a few others less known.
It is possible I have omitted some,
but not many.
The upshot of this survey is that
Hollywood needs new blood. I am not
counseling the best-looking boy in town
to 'go west, young man,' but there never
has been a greater need for youth, good
looks, and potential talent among the
masculine players here.

Niš Asther, who is to play op
posite Greta Garbo soon, is riding
on a wave of popularity, and
there is Johnny Mack Brown,
already mentioned. First
National has James Ford and
did have, until recently,
Donald Reed, a discovery of
John McCormick, and Larry
Kent.
Paramount has the depend
able Dick Arlen and Jimmy
Hall, but they are old-timers
now, likewise Gary Cooper.
We haven't seen Maurice Chevalier, the
French star Jesse Lasky
signed, but he is scarcely a young man.
I can't think of a single
new face on this lot.
There isn't as much
necessity, however, with Hall, Cooper and
Arlen in reserve.
Fox has the likable
young Nick Stuart,
Barry Norton, and

Every day I expect to hear that Eric Von
Stroheim has come to a disagreement with
Gloria Swanson and the powers that be at
FBO.
Many weeks now he has been working
on the story of Queen Kelly, and still is not
ready to start. No one works with a more
detailed script than Von Stroheim and I
imagine that the talkers, which demand
more detailed scripts from everyone, will lead Von
into even more involved trails.
To date, Gloria and Joseph Kennedy have
stood by him firmly, though. I had a chat
with Gloria the other night at Lois Wilson’s
and she told me of purchasing a story to follow Queen Kelly. It is to be called Cloths. Sounds like the old Gloria, doesn't it?

Lucy Stone Terrill wrote the story which relates the adventures of a demure school teacher who goes to China, emerges from her cocoon and becomes a beautiful butterfly. The hardest part for Gloria will be to look demure.

Billie Dove had the most painless voice test on record.

Three men appeared at her dressing room and when they left it was all over without Billie ever having suspected what was going on.

"I noticed they made me do most of the talking," she told me, "but it never entered my head they were recording my voice."

Billie Dove gives more attention to her fan mail than almost any star I know.

"Every letter is answered," she tells me, "I never fail to send a picture where one is requested. Frequently I answer letters myself. Many a night, and a Sunday, I've spent at home writing to fans."

You may be interested to know that Billie received 37,320 letters from July 1 to July 31. I have a copy of a letter from the postmaster at Burbank, California, attesting to the fact.

Generally speaking, you would say that Billie's personal interest in her fan mail might be partly responsible for this.

Yet, Lon Chaney, who frankly admits that he never sent a photograph yet to a fan, receives thousands, too.

Of course, mystery is part of Lon's appeal.

I was impressed with the drama of a story told me by Wallie Beery.

Wallie, you must know, owns and flies his own airplane.

One day this month he made a forced landing in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, a little town that lives today about the way it did in frontier times.

Wallie's plane was the first ever to land there.

To take off again, after he had made minor repairs, Wallie had to get a tow two miles to a broad field. The only thing he could get to tow him was an old stage coach, which dated right back to the last century.

What a sight. A frontier stage coach towing an air-plane!

This is a month of quickening competition in Hollywood. At least four companies are planning sound pictures that center upon musical themes and musicians.

Universal has bought a story of the old American minstrels. Warners is producing the lovely Desert Song, for which all of the Romberg melodies will be sung. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is furiously at work on Broadway Melody, which will have New York's famous 'Tin Pan Alley' as a background. United Artists have signed Harry Riemann to do a talker.

And this one will have a new feature. Irving Berlin has written...
two songs for the picture and they will not be heard before it is released. They are Nora and My Castles.

Jolson is introducing 'Sonny Boy' as theme song of The Singing Fool, but this piece was heard quite a bit before the release of the picture.

It seems to me that we are on the verge of almost complete verisimilitude in pictures. Sound is here. Color and sound are here in Technicolor's The Thrall of Leif the Lucky, and more completely in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's The Mysterious Island, which will be all-talker, all color.

What remains but the third dimension picture?

That the stereoptican movie is not so far in the future is the view-point of many in Hollywood. Robert Leonard, the director, tells me that several men have evolved acceptable processes, but that each depend upon two lenses to the projection machine in the theatre.

The immensity of the task of equipping all the theatres with these lenses can readily be seen.

But if the machines are to be changed anyway for the projection of sound pictures—and they will have to be for the inevitable film instead of disc-recorded talkers—it wouldn't be so very much more trouble to add the two lenses.

Then we will see figures on the screen who have height, width and thickness, will see them—in their natural colors, and will hear them talk. This will be close to life itself.

Jean Hersholt sounds a hopeful note for the foreign players.

He points out to me: "It is comparatively simple to memorize the correct pronunciation of given lines of dialogue. Where the foreigner makes mistakes is in extemporaneous address. He isn't called on for this in the talkers. The dialogue writers will be responsible for the grammar. All the player has to do is to memorize the lines. If he doesn't know how they should be pronounced, a tutor could work with him until he did."

Of my own knowledge, I can cite one case where this was done successfully in a small way. Paramount told Paul Lukas he could have a lead in a certain picture if he was able to speak a passage of dialogue by the following morning. He did so perfectly.
They Say
By Marion of Hollywood

Time and tide and shooting a movie wait for absolutely nothing, ordinarily, but the exception has come to pass.

The Rescue was brought to a complete halt. This month Ronald Colman and his leading lady from foreign lands, Lily Damita, rested whether or not they desired, for their director, Herbert Brenon, boarded the fastest train east.

Herbert Brenon’s mother was very, very ill. In fact, so ill that it was possibly a question of life. There could be no hesitation about it, for there was only one thing for a man—at least a man like Herbert Brenon—to do. He must go east. As far as he was concerned, production must stop.

Now, as I write, The Rescue is again moving along at a great rate. The blowing up of the 250-foot three-masted brig off the Isthmus of Catalina Island will be completely ‘shot’ and in the ‘tin cans,’ as we say out here in Hollywood, when you are reading this.

But the point is—production did stop.

I wish you folks out there could know the high-strung, nervous, Irish Herbert the way I know him. I wish there could be in this queer old world of ours at least a baker’s dozen more of Herbert Brenons whom I could chance to meet.

And the funny part of the whole thing is that the bitterest disappointment of my life was caused by him. Some day I’ll meet him, and I’ll be reminding him of it, and then he will scratch his head in that way he has and will say in his clear English Irish voice, ‘Why, why—I don’t recall it!’ and then I will laugh and tell him how, after all, it turned out to be the very best thing that could have happened.

I can see him now, with his shining whistle hung round his neck, wearing the white sweater and white flannels, hatless or white cap, maybe,
in the dead of our Hollywood winter. It does get cold out here, too, and the rest of us are muffled up with furs and winter wraps while Herbert Brenon wears his summer togs of white.

I'll never forget The Spanish Dancer! First he and Tony Moreno in a terrible squabble, and then the very next moment, over to little Dawn O'Day with the softest, tenderest chuckles for the baby. I can imagine what a heap of jollying Tony and the director get out of talking over The Spanish Dancer, because now, of course, they are the best of friends, just as they were a week after the production was finished.

Then in The Breaking Point—I'll never forget how almost frightened of her director was Nita Naldi during actual 'shooting' days of the production. His big police dog peacefully sitting side of him, in contrast, with never a waking moment even when the master was most excited, the lovely Nita started action. Half-way through, came the shrill whistle sound; then the Irish voice—"No, no, no, no, Nita! Didn't I say to do it just the other way?!"

And once again the action was repeated.

Then Peter Pan and working with all the boys and girls who took a trip to Peter's Never-Never-Land. I often find it hard to realize that this is the same Herbert Brenon who works so smoothly with his picture children.

For a long, long time I used to wonder why we saw him enter the telegraph office on Hollywood Boulevard each night at about eleven. Later I understood. And certainly, according to Herbert Brenon, a mother is entitled to at least such 'little consideration.'

Oh, well, someone had to do that impossible thing of stopping production in Hollywood. It simply was to be done.

And that dotty, Oirishman, that lovable, quick-tempered artist, Herbert Brenon, had to be the one who would do it for the sake of a beautiful, beautiful mother.

"The car is waiting, Miss"

And before I really knew exactly what was happening, Bebe's mother and I were rolling along Hollywood Boulevard. It is over four months since I had seen Mrs. Daniels, and I had almost forgotten how comfortable the big, black town car is. We were going to lunch together, and naturally the conversation came around to Bebe, who returned from the wicked little Old New York City two days ago just in time to go into story conferences on her latest for Paramount—The Great Scoop.

"That certainly is a lovely dress you have on, Mrs. Daniels," I said.

"Yes," came the reply, "Bebe brought it back from New York for me."

We talked on, and at last I simply had to say:

"Mrs. Daniels, those are corking shoes you have on. Where did you buy them?"
“Oh, Bebe knows my size so well that she brought me some from New York. This is just one pair.”

Since Bebe’s return, I have heard, and have read and read about the clothes she brought back from New York for Bebe Daniels, and doubtless you have, too, but I could almost say for sure that I bet you haven’t heard or read about the walking clothes, the evening clothes, the afternoon dresses, the shoes, the suits and so on and on and on that Bebe brought back from New York tucked away in her top bureau drawer; and it says that she is signed for a good long time to play leading roles in Warner Brothers talking production. You just have to remember that Lois always was up on her toes and out catching the early worm.

It was only four days ago that I was talking with Arnold Kent, and we were blarneying back and forth about various things. Now, as I sit here writing, I cannot make it seem true that we will never blarney back and forth again—he with his soft Italian accent. For those of you who have not heard, I say with very great sorrow that Arnold has died from injuries he received when an automobile hit and knocked him down. I simply cannot make it seem true.

Over at the Chaplin studios, there is much conferencing and excitement. Hammers are pounding. Everything is busy, busy, busy. A great big set right at the entrance after you come through the Information Desk, is almost finished, and it immediately gives you an idea that Charlie’s new picture is going to turn him into a “city feller.” It is a huge square, made into a city park, with hedges, benches, street lights and a pond in the center. All you have to do is shut your eyes, walk into the center of the place, open ‘em up, and you think you are in your own home town. City Lights is the name of the new picture, and if ‘conferencing’ means anything, this new one of Charlie’s is
going to be the best thing he has ever
done, because the whole staff starts in
talking story at nine in the morning,
and is still going strong at seven in the
evening!

I have heard lots and lots of things
about the devotion of animals for their
masters, but I think I have never seen
a stauncher or a more loving devotion
than John Loder’s little white fellow
has for him. John of the rosy London
complexion brought the waggling young
one all the way from England, across
the continent to California, and the
two are scarcely ever a yard away from
each other. A couple of weeks ago
Tangy was lost for an entire morning,
and when he was brought home safe
and sound, John couldn’t move an inch
without much worrying and whimning
from the little dog. You know, when
you are so many thousands of miles
away from the old home town, it must
be a world of comfort to have a little
guy like that watching every move you
make, following you with his devoted
eyes, wagging a small tail in sympathy
of your moods, and caring, really, when
you come and go. When I see them
go by together, I can’t help thinking
that John must be a pretty nice fellow
to have so devoted an admirer as Tangy!

When someone told me the other day
that Clarence Brown had shot the last
scenes ever to be taken at the Busch
Gardens, and said that the beautiful old
place is to be subdivided into lots, I
almost shed weary, bitter tears. It seems
as if nothing can remain the same in
our movies. Possibly you do not know
it, but in all the pictures you
have seen, whenever there has
been shown a wide expanse of
lawn, and beautiful trees, and
bushes, it was taken at the
Busch Gardens location,
and doubtless two or three bus loads
of extras were motored out to
make it a great garden fete for
the production. Sometimes it
has been the gardens of the
queen; sometimes it has been
the garden where the little
prince, rich and lonely, is seen
playing with a stately butler,
then again it has been the scene
of an immense party being
given by the wealthy hostess.
I hate to see it go! It makes
me feel as if we are in too great
a hurry these days—as if we
are passing by or trampling over
the most beautiful things we
have. And that bus ride from
the location—it always was the
nicest, peacefullest, restfullest
ride home after the long day’s
work!
CONGRATULATIONS

Harold Lloyd:
CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES.

Clara Bow:
CONGRATULATIONS TO THE ONLY WOMAN FAN MAGAZINE EDITOR STOP IT'S A GREAT HONOR FOR OUR SEX BEST WISHES.

Bebe Daniels:
GREAT NEWS HOLLYWOOD IS DELIGHTED WITH YOUR NEW POSITION AS A FULL PLEDGED FAN MAGAZINE EDITOR.

Charles Chaplin:
I HAVE JUST LEARNED YOUR APPOINTMENT TO THE EDITORSHIP OF SCREENLAND MAGAZINE AND AS THE RESULT OF CONGRATULATING YOU AND AT THE SAME TIME CONGRATULATING SCREENLAND GOOD LUCK.

Tom Mix:
JUST LEARNED YOU HAVE BEEN APPOINTED EDITOR OF SCREENLAND FOR A GIRL SO YOUNG YOU ARE DOING PRETTY GOOD WORK KIDS BEST WISHES.

Richard Barthelmess:
AM DELIGHTED TO KNOW THAT YOU ARE EDITOR OF SCREENLAND STOP CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES.

Norma Shearer:
ALLOW ME TO EXPRESS MY SINCERE WISHES TO YOU IN YOUR NEW POSITION SINCERELY.

Aileen Pringle:
CONGRATULATIONS STOP NOW HERE RIGHT OUT AND SEE US ALL.

Milton Sills:
HAPPY TO HEAR OF YOUR GOOD FORTUNE WHICH IS ALSO SCREENLAND'S GOOD LUCK.

Phyllis Haver:
SO GLAD TO LEARN YOU HAVE BEEN APPOINTED SCREENLAND EDITOR STOP IT REALLY SEEMS OUR SEX IS COMING INTO HER OWN AS I UNDERSTAND THE YOUNG WOMAN TO ACHIEVE AN IMPORTANT EDITORIAL POST LIKE THIS.

Charles Chaplin:
IT IS RATHER UNUSUAL THAT A WOMAN AS YOUNG AS YOURSELF BE GIVEN SO RESPONSIBLE A POSITION AS EDITOR OF SCREENLAND AND I WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT I CONSIDER IT A MOST EXCELLENT TRIBUTE TO YOUR ALREADY HIGHLY RECOGNIZED ABILITY CONGRATULATIONS.

Richard Arlen:
CARL LAMMLE: CERTAINLY GLAD TO HEAR OF YOUR APPOINTMENT TO THE IMPORTANT POSITION AS EDITOR OF SCREENLAND I KNOW YOU WILL MAKE A WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF IT STOP ALL GOOD WISHES ALWAS.

Gloria Swanson:
GREETINGS TO THE YOUNGEST EDITOR STOP IT'S A GREAT HONOR FOR OUR SEX CONGRATULATIONS AND EVERY POSSIBLE GOOD WISH.

Joan Crawford:
CONGRATULATIONS TO THE FLAMBÉ A AND B SCREENLAND.

Irene Rich:
CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND TO SCREENLAND.

Jack Mulhall:
I AM SURE WE WILL LIKE SCREENLAND MORE THAN EVER AND THAT'S BULLY FOR YOU.

Samuel Goldwyn:
IT IS Seldom Indeed that a Woman as Young as Yourself is Given so Responsible a Position as Editor of Screenland and I wanted You to Know that I Consider it a Most Excellent Tribute to Your Already Highly Recognized Ability Congratulations.

Janet Gaynor:
CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES.

Carl Laemmle:
CONGRATULATIONS TO THE XmOST IMPORTANT EDITOR OF SCREENLAND STOP IT IS A GREAT HONOR FOR OUR SEX AND WE WILL LIKE IT STOP ALL GOOD WISHES AND THE BEST OF LUCK.

Louise Fazenda:
CONGRATULATIONS STOP NOW HERE RIGHT OUT AND SEE US ALL.

Low Cody:
GOOD FOR YOU AND FOR SCREENLAND BEST OF LUCK.
from Hollywood

The stars send best wishes to Delight Evans, the new editor of Screenland.

William Boyd: It gives me delightful surprise to know that you have been appointed to edit Screenland stop the ladies are certainly taking the lead and the future of Screenland has acted wisely to put you in charge.

Madge Bellamy: May your reign as Screenland editor bring you great success.

Dolores Costello: Wish to extend congratulations to your new position stop hope the future holds much of splendid achievement for you.

Laura La Plante: Jest heard the good news about your position and want to send my best wishes and congratulations at once.

Carinne Griffith: Heartiest congratulations upon your new post as editor of Screenland certainly this is a wonderful achievement for such a young girl here's wishing you all possible success cordial greetings.

Monte Blue: Happy to learn of your promotion stop know Screenland's confidence admirably placed stop wish you all success in world.

William Haines: Merit will tell stop sincere good wishes.

Estelle Taylor: Dear Delight the title editor is no small thing for such a child as you but with your ability I know the public will think you have a long day read after reading your editorials.

Reginald Denny: Clever girl do congratulate you and wish you every success in the world but am sure you will have talent like yours cannot be hidden best wishes always.

Charles Rogers: Congratulations and best wishes for the success we all know will be yours.

Rod La Rocque: Wishing you all success and prosperity.

Mary Astor: Happy to know of your new appointment best wishes.

Alice White: Tickled pink to know that Delight Evans will officiate as editor.

May McAvoy: Your appointment truly delightful news stop congratulations both you and Screenland and routes for huge success stop sincerely.

Ronald Colman: Heartiest congratulations on your new position with Screenland I am sure that you will fill it with honor.

Billie Dove: Most gratified to know Delight Evans has been made editor of Screenland stop please convey to her my felicitations.

Jean Hersholt: It is always a pleasure to see the talent of Screenland able to express congratulations and assurances of my very best wishes for great success in your new position.

June Collyer: Congratulations on your new post and best wishes always.

Esther Ralston: All the luck in the world on your new venture it is indeed an honor to be the only girl fan magazine editor.
Marie Prevost's Lingerie

as won by

MISS HULDA E. SEYFERT

Circleville, Ohio

The contest over the color of Marie's hair was an exciting one. It was won by Miss Seyfert with a brief letter, logical, witty and wise.

Lot Talk

Laura La Plante had to pass an unusual test during the making of The Last Warning under the direction of Paul Leni. She termed it her 'scream test.'

In several parts of the production which was made with sound and synchronization, Laura was required to give vent to blood curdling shrieks. These were developed, printed, heard and seen to find if they were too loud or too soft to produce the proper audience reaction to the thrilling situations. Laura sat in with the director and viewed her 'scream test' and learned the proper intensity with which to scream a la Movietone.

It's been a busy week for Marie Prevost. She completed her featured role in The Exodus, the Mormon tale she made in Salt Lake City with Ben Lyon and Russell Simpson; and she received word the next day that she was wanted for some dialogue scenes they are going to add to The Goddess. Miss Prevost is pictured here.

A very unusual accident occurred on the Douglas Fairbanks lot in connection with the filming of The Iron Mask. One of the two hundred horses, galloping through the village of St. Germain, threw a shoe which struck the tripod of one of the cameras, shattering the leg, and then swerving upward narrowly missing the very valuable right eye of Henry Sharp, chief cameraman.

While apparently the breaking of a tripod leg is no serious matter, this particular tripod was specially built to dampen the vibration of special speed shots and will have to be rebuilt at great expense.

Things are not always what they seem! Take, for instance, the following tales of forthcoming Paramount pictures—

Redskin is not a story of sunburn.

There are no football sequences in Interference.

The Case of Lena Smith does not concern a bootlegger's products.

The Drums of Oude hasn't anything to do with a jazz band.

You won't find a ghost in The Haunting Melody.

The Docks of New York wasn't a medical picture.

Neither The Four Feathers nor The Canary Murder Case is a fowl story.

No wild animals have been hired for The Wolf Of Wall Street.

Tong War isn't at all about ice men.

Abie's Irish Rose has no horticulturist.

And Sunset Pass doesn't deal with complimentary theater tickets.

Hollywood's new super-power broadcasting plant KNX—Paramount Pictures—Los Angeles Evening Express Station, has made its formal debut to the radio-listening public.

Extensive plans are being made for an inaugural program unique in the history of radio broadcasting when this station begins operations on an exclusive wave length with 9000 watts power for the first time from its headquarters at the Paramount studio in Hollywood.

Recent tests of KNX's huge transmitter located in the San Fernando Valley at Sherman Oaks have brought replies from listeners scattered throughout the United States, Canada and Alaska. Reception in the Middle West is particularly strong, according to the reports, and it is expected that when KNX operates on its exclusive wave length beginning November 11, with interference from other radio stations completely eliminated, listeners on the Atlantic seaboard will have little difficulty in tuning in the official station of Motion Picture Headquarters.

Reports from Hollywood describe excellent results achieved in the filming of early scenes of Harold Lloyd's first talking picture.

"Harold's voice tests have registered exceptionally well," it was announced by William R. Fraser, general manager of the Harold Lloyd Corporation. "This was to be expected as he has had many years of stage training playing in stock and legitimate companies before turning his talents to the screen. His stage experience is proving invaluable in the making of this sound production. Lloyd is seeking a new leading lady for this picture and hundreds of tests have been given. The choice will soon be announced.

Pouring of concrete has been finished on one of the big new 'sound' stages at First National Studios, and the walls of the second are rising rapidly.

The first unit is expected to be ready for use within a few weeks, as three shifts of workmen are busy twenty-four hours a day on the contract.

Construction work on these stages for 'talking pictures' is probably more technical than on any other form of building, as the completed stages must be absolutely proof against sound or vibration of any kind.

The walls and floors must be on separate foundations, with rubber packing and air joints connecting floor and walls at the foundation. This is to prevent vibration.

The foundations are provided by piers of reinforced concrete, sunk into the ground. Tremendous are built to depths of twenty feet all around the building, to prevent surface vibrations, caused by trucks, trains and explosions, from reaching the building.

Other unique features of sound stage construction are:

All wood used must be kiln-dried to eliminate resin, which generates electricity that often causes vibrations.

Nails can never penetrate more than two thicknesses of wood, and they cannot be used in hard wood.

All bolts must be insulated by washers of lead.

All joints, whether of wood, plaster or metal, must have special insulators.

The doors must be as ponderous as bank vaults, to repel sound and vibration.

The entire floor area is composed of earth, laid over an insulating layer of shock-absorbing concrete.
MORE Numerology

The letters of the stars represented by numbers give strange prophecies which the players enjoy discussing.

By Helen Ludlam

Ben Lyon proved to have very intriguing numbers to read and while I spoke of him last month I did not tell all the interesting revelations given by his numbers.

This year being a 'One' for Ben it means that he begins something new. Either it is something that he has wanted to do for a long time or else it is just that he begins another contract or perhaps another type of part. It may even be that he will begin a new phase of existence—he might go to another country or he might marry. (I forgot to mention that last to him, thought.)

"That is interesting," said Ben, "because I just finished Hell's Angels with Caddo which took me ten months to make, and terminated my contract, too. I didn't re-sign because having to stay so long on one picture was a pretty severe strain, and I decided that free-lancing would be better. I went from Caddo to FBO. It has interested me to see the different attitude I have as a free-lance actor. I feel such a responsibility toward the company I am working for. I feel that I have to almost break my neck to give the best I have. Before when I was under contract I had a sort of disgruntled feeling. I don't mean that I shirked, but I felt I was being pretty nice to them and every once in awhile I had to catch myself for feeling actually imposed upon. Just now, of course, I'm all up in the air about flying. It's certainly keeping me close to the field."

I told him that in 1923 there was a change in his life which set the future course of his work.

"Why, there was," said Ben. "That's the year mother and Jessie Bonstelle persuaded me to do a season of stock which I needed terribly for training. I did it and then went back to New York and landed a fine contract. If I hadn't had that year of stock I'd probably be selling lawn mowers somewhere for a living this day.

June Collyer's sudden rise to fame interested me and I asked her what her numbers were. I found from them that the early part of June's life probably found her in poor health which it was her job to overcome. It was then her task to be a medium for some individualization of work which might separate her from her surroundings and cause her to live alone but which would give her an opportunity for subjective development. The middle cycle of her life helps her to make a name for herself along some creative line of endeavor. The desire of her inner nature is to do some fine thing for humanity and to serve in an impersonal way. She impresses people as being a worker, either physical or mental—that is up to her, and she expresses originality of thought and action; is inspiring, interesting and a charming companion. Before she changed her name to June Collyer her companions never thought of her as a worker, always as a happy, carefree girl.

This year for her being a two she has many details and arrangements to make because of a new beginning last year. In June's case it was leaving her home and going into pictures. This year, of course, she is busy learning more of the work she has chosen to do and trying to perfect herself in all its details so that next year she can express through her personality what she has learned. June ought to give us some very good work in 1929, so watch out for it.

"Well, there must be something to it," Miss Collyer said when I told her what I had discovered. "When I was a child I was always ill—always fighting for life, and it is only in recent years that I have begun to feel well and strong."

It seems an accident that I got into pictures, yet I suppose nothing is an accident if numbers are true. Certainly last year marked a beginning for me—a drastic one.

Allan Dwan was looking for a society girl to play in East Side, West Side and after he had taken test after test he got discouraged. He seems to have a single track mind because he wouldn't go on until he found just the type he wanted. He was at luncheon with some friends and a man was present whom I knew only slightly but when he heard Miss Collyer's readings he thought of me and told Mr. Dwan about me. He said he didn't think I'd play the part but something made him speak about me anyhow. I was of course delighted but more in fun than anything else I made the test. My parents were willing for me to play the part if I wanted to, but then came the surprise. I was told that if I played the part I would have to sign a contract so that if I made good they could put me in other pictures, and that meant that I would leave for California as soon as East Side, West Side was over.

"I was just frantic. My parents told me to decide for myself; that if I wanted to try it they would back me up though I had never been a day away from home and to part with me for so long was almost too much for them to think about."

It may seem a small thing to most people but it was the first time I had been called upon to decide anything important for myself and I knew that my whole life, perhaps, might be ruined if I didn't make the right choice. Although I knew how bitterly my parents would miss me I felt that if I didn't take this marvelous chance that seemed tossed to me from heaven, and at least try to make good, they would always be disappointed in me. I walked the floor most of the night struggling with myself. More than failure I dreaded loneliness and I knew that I would have to go to California alone. But I finally decided to sign the contract and with my mind firmly made up my heart was at peace.

"But oh, it was terrible that first month. I called New York on the phone almost every night, and then my mother was able to visit me for a few weeks with my brand new husband, and after she went home my other relatives came out and then I went east for awhile and could see my daddy whom I missed as much as mother. Daddy and I have always been so close. And now in September mother and my brother are coming out again and I am hoping against hope that sometime soon Daddy will be able to practice out here altogether. He has so many clients in California that it is just possible."

And so the little girl who had the courage to give up all she held dear just so these same beloved ones should not be disappointed in her is finding that she will not lose them after all.

While it seems to the outside world that we just have a marvelous opportunity and take a new job, these things are often in the nature of lessons for us which we would do well to give our best attention, for they are really tests of our soul and indicate by the way we meet them whether we are ready to rise or just stay where we are. Our decisions do not always launch us upon the high-road of wealth and prosperity, but insofar as we can truly say that sincerity and selflessness motivated our actions we can label the chapter 'good.'

If any of you are interested further, if you will send a stamped addressed envelope with your letter I will be glad to tell you what text book I use and with whom I studied.
She's Just a Lonely Kid—Continued from page 19

in the world has something fine in him if we had enough of that to make him. We're all so damn stuck on ourselves, is the trouble, and think that anything anyone else does that we don't happen to do is not quite nice.

"I thought I'd die with those hoop skirts and would take them off and hang them on every tree. Every time Elmer was ready to take a scene he'd tell the assistant to get me and my hoop skirts together, and he'd always give me plenty of time to get ready. "Well, I was only fifteen then, and I felt a lot of the girls didn't like them, so I was as friendly as a puppy, but gee! you should see the looks I got from some of those dancers! Elmer stuck up for me and he bawled my eyes out to tell me to forget it. Afterwards the people discovered that I was harmless and I made friends with some of them."

"Did you have any red hair in that—it looked so dark on the screen."

"My dear, it was, and how. That's what made me so sick. I had to go get black and the dye couldn't have been good or something, anything it poisoned my scalp and went all through me. I thought I was gone sure."

I boarded in the same house with the cameraman and his wife and she took care of me. Doing the pictures was a lot of fun. Elmer used to tell me stories about the scene I was to do and then when he had me all peped up and interested and my imagination going strong he told me to go ahead and carry the scene as I felt. That's the way we worked."

"There's Dorothy Arzner," I said, "looking like a million dollars as usual." Miss Arzner always wears tailored hats and gowns, usually white silk."

Clara jammed on the brakes. "You—hoo!" she squealed, and waving a frantic hand to attract Dorothy's attention.

"Dorothy's some peach, I didn't think I was going to like having a woman direct me. You expect a man to try and boss you around but you resent it in a woman. I got the surprise of my life in Dorothy. She never boised once but believe you me, you knew there wasn't to be any fooling—everyone did. She has so much strength of character and it shines in her face and in her work. She doesn't strike you, but you know she's there."

"It's a job to be a director, particularly for a woman. After everything else is done there are the supervisors to talk to and the people that are bothering about how many dimes you are spending, Gosh!"

We pulled up at one of those confections called house in Beverly Hills."

I was waiting a minute, dear, I want to run in and see Robert Castle. He is a German boy that hasn't been over here very long. He is an awful upset and I just want to cheer him up a little."

She bobbed out looking like a sunbeam dancing up the stone walk.

Warm-hearted little Clara! So much devotion to her, and she is still scarcely more than a child. And what a life the world's most popular girl leads! No matter how upset she may be about something that has gone wrong, she never worries too much about what she wants to think out something in her personal life that troubles her, she has no time to do it. And if she sees someone crossly or abrutely or refuses to do anything it is said: "Isn't Clara Bow a vision? I know she must be, the high-hat mix!" So Clara just can't be cross.
of luck and a straight nose and therein lies the story.

The day before production started on Redskin the casting director’s office started on the Paramount lot was sunk in gloom. A Navajo maiden was their dire need, at least a girl who could look and act like an Indian. It is a rare thing in Hollywood. The flora and fauna of this country runs to preferred blondes, and the few Brunettes who are ‘camera-broke’ possess some face, some French nose, some supercilious Irish noses or supercilious Italian noses, none of which can possibly emulate the noble straight-lined nose of the Navajo.

Technicolor tests were made by the mile. According to the exhausted laboratory workers, a round four hundred and sixty-three individual and separate tests were made in front of the ‘soup’ before a few yards of film marked Gladys Belmont—test for Redskin was projected before a discouraged array of studio officials.

One straight nose, two sparkling dark eyes, and a pair of high cheekbones won the day for Gladys.

The holocaust that followed is interestingly told in Gladys’ own words.

“Three days after I had made the test for ‘Cornblossom,’ I had actually forgotten the matter. I was eating dinner when the telephone rang. A strange businesslike voice informed me that I had been selected for the role and to be packed and ready the next morning at eleven o’clock to leave for the location in Arizona and New Mexico.

“I spent the rest of the night laughing, crying, packing and calling a few friends to pass on the glad tidings. I didn’t get a wink of sleep that night or the next one on the train that rushed me to Gallup, New Mexico. From Gallup a car drove us through one hundred miles of the most beautiful country I have ever seen. In fact, I forgot that I was cross, nervous and dead-felty. The scenery and New Mexico are two wonderful places to cure a case of frayed nerves.”

Recent bulletins from the Redskin camp in Arizona report that Gladys is surpassing all expectations in her girl role.

According to Director Victor Schertzinger her part is one of the most difficult in the entire production, and one that would tax the resources of an experienced player.

The childhood and girlhood of our New Girl in Pictures reads like that of thousands of other dark-haired, brown-eyed youngsters. She was born in Pueblo, Colorado, in 1911. Because of her father’s business the family changed residence frequently. When Gladys was three years old she was included in the exodus of Lewismont, Montana, to Moberidge, South Dakota, enrolled the Belmont family, but New England claimed them one year later. When Gladys education was completed at Guttenberg, Falls, Minnesota, she entered Umlas University.

Another change awaited the Belmont family. This time it was California. Perhaps Gladys had just a tiny hope that their path would finally lead to Hollywood and the studios, perhaps not. But it’s a likely hope for a young miss of sixteen to possess.

Fresno, the land of the grape, was the first stop and then a call to Los Angeles brought cheers from the entire family.

On a rainy day in January, 1926, Gladys Belmont scored a big success when she was cast to the Central Casting Bureau in Hollywood and succeeded in convincing them that she was capable of doing extra work. Several scenes later she secured a walk-on part in the Academy. It was at the Paramount Studio and the production was Red Hair, starring Clara Bow. Gladys was given a lovely white sash to wear in a stage that had been transformed into a gaudy cabaret. It was Gladys’ first introduction to Hollywood’s gay night life that goes merrily on in the middle of the day.

Luck certainly followed the little Belmont girl, for she worked in The Goddess Girl, Don’t Marry, The Last Warning, The Right Girl, The Boys of Little Arcady, and The Camera Man in quick succession.

Then the news was broadcast, as such news is in Hollywood, that Paramount was making a deal of benevolence in the person of a girl to play the lead opposite Richard Dix in Redskin. It could have been bad business, according to the extra’s code, not to try for a real girl and Gladys is a good business woman. She took the test and forgot about it. You would too if you had been before the testing cameras as many times as Gladys.

The wheel of chance stopped for Gladys. How far will it carry her? Who knows?
I found the ring? I'm sure I'd be so interested whistling through space that I'd forget all about pulling the ring until I landed—and then it would be too late.

Pulling the ring, for the benefit of those unfamiliar with aviation if there are any such left, releases the parachutes. It can't be pulled until the victim is hovering through space.

Ralph Graves kept popping over to sit near a very attractive young lady around whom I immediately scented a romance. "His fiancée?" I inquired. "No, his bride."

said Harold Wilson, script clerk for Mr. Hill. "Ralph met her just after Christmas in San Diego--she is a San Diego girl, and they were married a few weeks afterwards. This is his first picture since the honeymoon and what does he draw but a location to San Diego, which pleases them both. Mrs. Graves isn't in pictures and wonder upon wondering, Ralph didn't want to be, though she is pretty enough to make quite a splash if she cared to.

In a location chair, with a bandaged foot propped up on a bench and a satin cushion, was a familiar face. "That looks like Sumner Getchell," I said.

"It is," replied Carroll Nye, who had picked himself a soft place in the sand. "And he is the sweetest, most good-natured fellow I ever met. That foot has given him a lot of pain but you'd never know it from his face."

It seems that Sumner who has been doing several talking comedies—and by the way, listen for his half-apologetic little chuckle when you hear him or see him—what are we going to say now that we both see and hear a picture? Anyway, Sumner, a flyer himself, with about three hundred hours in the air to his credit without an accident, slips on the treacherous footing of the concrete runway just beneath the surface of the water and falling, does himself a lot of damage. His ankle was sprained, broken and the ligaments strained—all at once.

"It's good all my scenes down here are taken in a plane so I only show from the waist up," said Sumner. "It would sure be a tough break for the company if I had to show my feet," which gives an indication of the boy's character. There wasn't a word about what a tough break it was for him.

"That's a peach of a bandage," someone said.

"Isn't it, though! The Navy doctors sure know their stuff all right. Between them and the Navy I'm getting along fine. Carroll did everything for me at first—missed a trip to Tia Juana and everything because he thought I couldn't manage alone."

I had heard so much about George Hill that I was very interested to meet him and watch him work. He didn't know it but I was around the lot when he made his first picture, eight years ago, and everyone thought then that he would make a fine director, but he was so good-looking that they wondered why he didn't become an actor.

Above our heads thundered seventy five or more planes doing their daily dozen. Each flier has to spend two hours in the air or be fined or court-martialed or something terrible, and it gave some of the boys considerable worry to have to wait around to be movie actors when that two hours was hanging over their heads. "I wish," one of them said anxiously, with his eye on the sinking sun, "they'd get through with me so I could do my flyin'."

While they were 'setting up' for the next shot George Hill gave me a eulogy on the merits of air travel. "Just think," he said, "The Admiral left here at nine this morning for Los Angeles Harbor where he will inspect the Lexington and around three o'clock he will be back here again. Ordinarily that trip would take two uncomfortable days. Today he just climbs in his plane, shuts himself in his 'office' with his papers and his secretary and forgets everything else until he arrives on the Lexington. On the Lexington, mind you, he doesn't even have to get into a boat to board the carrier, he lands right on its deck. That's service. Before we know it we will be able to shop in China in the morning and have chop suey at our Beverly Hills homes at night."

"All ready, Mr. Hill," said Dave Howard, his assistant; and as Mr. Hill burst into action Carroll Nye dropped into the chair he had vacated.

"Everyone in this outfit is cracked up over aviation," he said. "I didn't come down here. You don't realize what limitless possibilities it offers until you see these boys dashing up to San Francisco to week-end with their own air travel. At Denver on an errand. Time and space is reduced to nothing, comparatively speaking. And think of the discomforts air travel eliminates. No one worries about changing cars, and scaring travellers."

"Sure. It would be great if you could depend upon getting there," said I with a wise look.

"Just as safe as the train if you get a responsible pilot. Look at the air mail. For five years or more those boys have been delivering mail with less accidents chalked up against them than the train service shows. And then, look at the view you get. Will you have some fruit?" he asked offering a community box of peaches, apricots and grapes.

"I'm always dying or something in pictures," continued Carroll. "This one I get cracked up on my first trip alone, probably because I am scared to death. A good many of the boys are scared on their first solo flight. I find. And for the period of instruction it is now customary for each instructor to carry a sand bag or black jack so that if a boy gets scared and hangs on to the controls too stiffly he just gets a crack over his face from out and The bean that puts him out of the ship to safety from the front seat. Until they did that there were a lot of casualties among the recruits and their teachers."

Novarro is crazy about flying and wants a plane of his own; so does George Hill.

There was such a sense of order and poise on this location that I asked a few questions about the boss for I find that as the boss thinketh so thinketh the rest. There was no rushing about, pacing up and down, worried looks or any of the things usually found to some extent in the best regulated emergencies. Mr. Hill had plenty of time while his assistants were setting up for the next scene to make a few friendly remarks to a guest making her feel perfectly at home. It was something of an achievement for a busy director. I discovered the reason for this was that Mr. Hill planned his whole day's activities sitting up until two and three in the morning, with the result that he knew exactly what he wanted to do, how he wanted to do it and had prepared his work in case of emergencies. He arrives on the set each morning as a general arrives on a battlefield with everything thought out in detail. Consequently
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he is not tearing his hair between scenes planning details in the action.

All directors do this after a fashion; few do it systematically, but those who do save production. When told no help is required, or of a long shot with Carroll, Ralph and myself. Just now George wanted to get a close-up of the same scene and sent for the aviators.

The marine aviators are men that he couldn't get those two boys just now because one was in Los Angeles and the other over the desert on his way to Arizona. He said they would both be back in the morning and asked George whether that would be all right.

Although Ramon likes Gold Braid he is restless to do a picture that has more to it than the ordinary program picture offers. "What difference do a few more dollars make to me?" he demanded with kindling eyes, "I have a different plan will ever spend. I feel that I should be doing pictures that give more than just amusement."

"Sometimes life seems very empty and I wonder if what I have been any use at all. I think not, and then I realize that my work has been the means of sending my brothers through college and helping my father bear a heavy burden. And then, too, a letter will come from some sweet, clean-minded person telling me what some situation or other in one of my pictures has meant to them and to the handling of their own problems, and I think, 'well, it is worth while'."

My harvest on this location was pleasant memory of everyone's hospitality, for the progress of aviators and a terrible sunburn, which is still with me after three weeks of care.

I had been told by Virginia Kellogg, who besides being script clerk for Fred Niblo, does all of his personal publicity, that Mr. Niblo's company would be working in Verdugo Hills, about an hour's run from Hollywood the next day, and invited me to spend it with them.

The next morning Ralph Wheelwright, press representative for the Niblo unit, called to take me out to the location.

It was just rippin' that most beautiful old oak trees was a regular carnival scene. There was a stage, and two or three circus-wagons and half a dozen tables at which fifty sunglasses and lassies and wine and merrymaker.

The story is supposed to be the life of the famous French actress, Adrienne Lecouvreur. It probably deviates some from the historical account, but what does that matter if it entertains?

This particular sequence was before the child became famous. She was singing in this traveling circus circle, and a request from the soldiers came to the stage and wandered over to their table for a song. Of course they tease her and it gets rather rough. So rough that the guitar is broken and the girl is reduced to tears of anger and mortification. To her rescue comes Nils Astlher, commander of the troupe and really a prince, though she does not know it. He reproves the bugler, restores the broken guitar and bracelet as charmingly as if the little songstress wasn't a princess of the blood, for the gallant and young noble has fallen in love with the beautiful girl. However, when she leaves the scene he winks knowingly at his men, showing them that he didn't mind their actions in the least and had only come to the rescue so that he could make a personal hit with the young lady. So he wasn't such a gallant at heart after all.

The clever thing about this treatment is that the costumes are a heterogeneous collection from every nation under the sun so that there would be no hard feelings when the picture is shown in foreign countries. Even the actors are chosen from the cast of the War Department, most of whom belong to no army at all. It is simply a tale of human nature—love, hate and romance—which is the same fundamentally in all lands.

An interesting thing about this scene was that it was supposed to be at night but such is the trickery of photography, that, taken in the daylight with the film wrapped in dark blue or shot through dark gauze, the effect is much better than if it were actually taken at night. All this was explained to me by Alexander Toluboff. Mr. Toluboff is a graduate of the Russian Royal Art Academy and is an architect and engineer of some note. He is working on the set for the new Garbo Liberty Woman, and also directed the Mysterious Lady set.

Harry Rheinhardt, son of John R. Rheinhardt, the composer, is technical director and told us an amusing experience he had recently during an air flight. They were circling over Palm Springs for a location and got over the most treacherous air which hovers above the west side of Palm Canyon. Mysterious twists a plane into tail spins and do all sorts of curious things—and right over this interesting area we ran out of gas. "We thought we were sure gone, for there was no place to make a quick landing, and then we spied an alfalfa field on the other side of the railroad. We circled and flew under the telegraph wires—that's how near beat we were. Just as we were coming out of the plane the farmer came running up and balled us out for ruining his alfalfa crop. 'Say, listen,' I said to him, 'When you are up in the air with nothing between you and death, but a man's alfalfa field you.

'They had been on their bed if it had been big enough...''

The scene was taken where Joan, who has been lifted to the table by the soldiers. She is tripped up and spilled her food. A close-up of her ankles was about to be taken when it was discovered that Joan wore an anklet. So the whole production had to be suspended until Joan's anklet was removed.

"Now boys," said Mr. Niblo, "Remember that catching Miss Crawford is the most important thing you have to do."

"It's important to me, anyway, if it isn't to you, Fred," said Joan.

"It's important to us," said Sven Borg who was Greta Garbo's interpreter when she arrived in this country and who is now doing exceedingly well himself in pictures. "Because, if we don't catch you we lose our job..."

"What's your English?" said the young count Troubetzkoy smiling.

"I said job," Sven retorted glaringly.

And they both burst out laughing.

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“He can’t play... turn on the radio” they all shouted

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NOW that everyone is here, let’s tune in on a good station and get some snappy dance music.”

Olive Murray was full of pep as she adjusted the dials of her radio. “Shucks,” she said as she discovered someone making a speech. “Let’s try another station.”

But there wasn’t a note of dance music on the air. “Something like this wouldn’t happen the night of my party,” she moaned. “Never mind, there’ll be a good orchestra on at 10:30.” You could see disappointment written all over the guests’ faces. Suddenly I reached for my courage and took Olive aside. “What’s the piano closed for?” I asked.

“Why not? No one here plays. I only wish somebody could play, though.”

“I’ll try to fill in for a while, Olive.”

“You’re joshing, Dick! You never played before at parties.”

“That’s right, Olive, but I’ll play tonight,” assured her.

I could tell she didn’t believe me. For as she announced that I was to entertain with some piano selections, I caught her winking to one of the fellows.

And what a rear the crowd let out when I sat down.

“Do the can’t play,” called out a voice good-naturedly from the rear. “Let’s turn on the radio and listen to the speeches.”

“Sure,” added one of my friends, “I know that he can’t tell one note from another. It’s all a lot of Greek to me. How about it, Dick?”

I said nothing. But my fingers were itching to play.

“Give him a chance,” said Olive, “maybe he can play.”

A Dramatic Moment

That settled it. There was no maybe about it. I played through the first bars of Strauss’ immortal “Blue Danube Waltz.” A tense silence fell on the guests as I continued. Suddenly I switched from classical music to the syncopated tunes from “Good News.” Every one started to dance. Pep was once more in order. They forgot all about the radio. But soon, of course, they insisted that I tell them all about my new accomplishment. Where I had learned... when I had learned... how it all happened...

The Secret

“Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?” I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. “That’s a correspondence school, isn’t it?” they exclaimed.

“Exactly,” I replied, “They have a surprisingly easy method through which you can learn to play any instrument without a teacher.”

“It doesn’t seem possible,” someone said.

“That’s what I thought, too. But the Free Demonstration Lesson which they mailed me on request so opened my eyes that I sent for the complete course.

“IT was simply wonderful—no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. My fear of notes disappeared at the very beginning. As the lessons came they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best.”

Then I told them how I had always longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song—or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera or the latest syncopation—how when I heard others playing I envied them so much I almost envied the pleasure of the music for me—how I was anxious because they could entertain their friends and family.

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لن كنا عرضًا للتمنيات! "Oh, what joy!"

Lengthy paper—out here I just put down the thoughts so I won't forget.

This twenty-year-old girl ought to have a special secret, and maybe she will some day; for, from a photograph I saw of her, she would be a knockout on the screen. She has all the genuinely glamorous enthusiasm of youth but with it she has poise and judgment that belong on much older shoulders. A writer herself, she knows what has got to be done to put a writer with a magic name and being very young she knows what the fans want to know, so her chaperone is an extremely beneficent one.

In the fall off the table Joan smashes her banjo.

"What a pity that instrument is broken," I exclaimed.

"That is just a break-away prop," Virginia informed me. "There are ten of them. It isn't a real banjo, just an imitation one. There are about twenty hoops for the clowns to jump through. Airplanes are made the same way."

The pilot takes the plane up and changes to a real one in mid-air, though I have never seen that stunt done myself.

Joan said, best ever adjusted her ear-rings.

"They are so heavy they nearly killed me," she said, rubbing her complaining ears. "I am not used to wearing them and anything that's a ton I think they're weighing them on with a silken thread—they'll never show under this thatch of hair."

There were box lunches for everyone and we ate the picnic style on one of the carnival tables—Joan, Virginia, Ralph Wheelwright, Nils Asther, Fred Niblo and I. Mr. Niblo wondered why, as the world producers changed the name of a well-known play or novel when it was pictured. Well, that has been one of my stumbling blocks too, and I was all puffed up to find that Mr. Niblo and I thought along the same lines on this particular subject. I never could see why a producer would spend half a million dollars for a property because he wanted to make it up and then turn around and change the name, thereby losing all publicity value.

"They say they can't film A Woman of Affairs because it is immoral," said Mr. Niblo, "and then they film the identical story, even accentuating it in spots, call it by another name and that's all right. It isn't fooling anyone because it is explained that the story is taken from A Woman of Affairs. Therefore it would appear that the immorality lies merely in the title. Now what's immoral about the words, The Green Hat, and what's immoral about the title Rain? They call it Sadie Thompson and it gets by: the same story, the same action—only they make the erratic gentleman a missionary instead of a minister. Heaven knows why since according to statistics ministers are as human as the rest of us and no stronger than most of us."

It did me good to hear this celebrated director state himself thus, and I'd like to have just one waterproof reason why the habit continues.

Nils Asther saved all his candy, cakes and grapes for his English sheep dog that he brought with him on his last trip abroad. It has no tail, after the manner of its kind, and has long curly silver grey fur. Its tail was tied to Nils' natty roadster and looked with longing eyes toward its master and the goodies it knew he would bring.

Aileen Pringle is playing the Duchess in this picture and a stunning one she makes. I was quite surprised to find Miss Pringle a very merry, witty person, not at all the stiff highbrow I had imagined from the stories I had heard of her literati gatherings. "Oh," said Aileen, with hands upraised, "don't dare invite me to your house any more. They are banned. Musi-

icians, lawyers, or doctors, but not writers."

Virginia Kellogg had told me that Miss Pringle had tea sent every afternoon.

"How on earth do you do it? Suppose it holds up production?"

"It should," said Aileen swiftly, and "it would save money for the company. By four o'clock one is all in, with what the heat from the lamps and the waiting around. A hot cup of tea and a Zed just give a new life into people and they can do much better work the rest of the afternoon."

"Why a Zed?" I asked, thinking that there were much nicer biscuits to be had. Aileen's eyes twinkled with mirth, "Because Zeds are good for what ails most people. And they eat them and wonder why they feel so much better. So I really feel that I am doing a great work by having tea every afternoon at four regardless of whether the lights are twinkling or not, and by serving Zeds."

A trained seal who got up on the stage and balanced a ball on its sensitive nose and got fed for it. The seal had to work the next day and its owner was all for leaving it there overnight. The decision was put up to Jimmie Fleetwood. "She can leave it on the set if she wants to," said Jimmie. "I think it walks out on us during the night or anything funny like that happens, don't look at me, that's all. I don't mind having it out here all night, but I can't be responsible." So the seal went home.

And then there was a juggler and a contortionist with the most gentle face I have almost ever seen. But it was over and everyone made a break for the cars which pulled out one after another in an unending line. "Look at the feet," someone cried about twenty cars whizzed down the road on their way, not home, but to the studio thirty miles away to see the rushes of the previous day. Then they would go home.

I think one of the most beautiful pictures of the year will be Redskin and next month I shall tell you what the company had to go through to give it to you.
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Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any man or woman—old or young—can develop a Magnetic Personality instantly! It explains how to gain overnight the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self-confidence that insures quick success in any business or profession.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to become almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—it tells you how to accomplish them without delay—instantaneously.

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How to develop a Magnetic Personality.

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How to read peoples’ feelings by watching their eyes.

How to develop a magnetic eye.

How to make your face appear 20 years younger.

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How to end awkwardness and timidity.

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How to get ahead in your business or profession.

How to make your subconscious mind work wonders.

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Whence Comes This Uneanny Volition?

Forty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Personality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing!

His methods seemed to have the power of instantly transforming people into entirely new beings!

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Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. How? By the secret, simple power that never men’s minds and emotions. They are able to play on people’s feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

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The eye—windows of the soul—become clear, beautiful, expressive, luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant—mellow as a golden bell. Folks listen spellbound—charmed by the fine modulations—the cultured diction of the tones.

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In your everyday life—in social life—and especially in business, you will find what these people say to be true. You will find this book of immense value. You will quickly learn to fascinate people you meet—to attract new friends—to gain the speed promotion and big pay which always come to men and women who have developed that most wonderful of all qualities—A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY

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Al Jolson — Continued from page 27

I know I've never had any training. I
ain't any good. And some day folks are
going to find them out about me.

"Yea. I've been married. But I never had
a baby. God, if I could have a baby—" his
voice trembled. "I'm gonna get married
again. Ruby is the girl. She's the only
tap dancer you ever saw. And
beautiful, too. Don't smoke or drink. And
say, out in Hollywood, I had the only
table four weeks of my life. She was there.
We swapped a few and took a walk.

And laid out on the sand. And now we're gonna get
people only leave me alone. I love Ruby and Ruby is the one. But everyone
keeps saying: 'Drin and taparkin' and
advisin'...Don't marry her. She's
fifteen years younger'n you. You won't be
happy. I've never been happy before.
And I don't see how I ever will be again.

But he never finished. He walked out of
the room.

That same night he married Ruby Keeler.
And there was a gentle triumph in his
tatement and the girl who has risen to fame
as a dancer from a New York tenement,
sailed to Europe in a floating palace, occu-
pying the grandest theatre and palace
downtown...

Al Jolson is an artist. Not because he
blacks up and sings and horses around.
Not because he is a comedian with years
of experience on Broadway. But because
as Aso Yoelson, he knows hunger and
troop and cold heartbreak. Because he has
tramped miles of pavement in search of
work. Who knows? All because he has
stood out in the snow and pressed his
nose against the window pane of a smart
restaurant and watched over-fed women eat
strawberries in January where the cent for
a cup of coffee were popular. And even
as Aso Yoelson, he knows hunger and
troop and cold heartbreak. Because he has
tramped miles of pavement in search of
work. Who knows? All because he has
stood out in the snow and pressed his
nose against the window pane of a smart
restaurant and watched over-fed women eat
strawberries in January where the cent for
a cup of coffee were popular. And even

Perhaps this unnecessary cruelty would embroil
his country. Perhaps even other countries.

What misery seems to dog the destinies of
the chosen people," he thought to him-
self as he carefully sipped his brandy.

"Hounded from one country to another.
Segregated in cities to their own walked
Shamed and Discriminated against in commerce,
in art, in politics—ah well, this brooding
won't do," and he was about to rise when
he heard the fresh voice of a child, singing
some song of which dealt with labor and pain and death.
A song which dealt with wine and life and
love on the Steppes of Russia.

And the Ambassador caught the
meaning of those Russian words. Putting
on his pince-nez, he peered across the
smoke-filled room to where a Jewish boy of
perhaps twelve was playing a violin.

With one dirty finger he traced out the melody along the white and black
keys of the old instrument. The child's face
was dead white. His eyes were closed. His
eyebrows made broad sable triangles on each
side of a pinched forehead. He sang with
an inherited, untrained richness which made
the elderly diplomat exclaim, "Clearly the
laid hasn't known one note from another.

With an impetuousity far removed from
the drowsy control which the Ambassador
wore like an iron mask over the region of
his heart, Monsieur walked over to the boy.
"What is your name?" he asked with
authority. "What is that song you are
singing?"

"My name's Asa Yoel—Al Jolson," the
boy corrected. "And the song is one my
mother learned me. I never heard no
name.

"Why are you not at home? Do you not
know the police will arrest you if you are
found here?"

The little Jolson's face became a study:
"I don't want to go back home. I've run
away. The boss here—he lets me sing some-
times. Sometimes I get money. I gotta
earn my livin'."

"And Ambassador stroked his white goatee.
Here was something entirely beyond the
confines of his knowledge of international
Are You Bashful?

Do you ever feel embarrassed in the presence of strangers? Are you always bashful and confused when you meet people for the first time or when you are in company of the opposite sex?

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How do you stack up abnormally of a REAL MAN? Take a look at the picture above. Convince yourself that EVERY girl craves the love and protection of a manly man. What a bold! When an arm the his steaks around a girl’s waist, don’t you know she’ll be thrilled?

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How would you like a development five like the one you see in that picture? Surely you can have it. What I did for that man, I’ll do for you. Just give me a few minutes a day in your house. I’ll lay out a course of training for you that will GROW MUSCLES ALMOST OVERNIGHT. Surely you can have it. And... what about your clothes? With TITUS’ own exclusive secrets of making muscles GROW, don’t miss this.

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S C R E E N L A N D

law. Presently, he put a throtch hand into his tigh pocket and extracted a small, "Take this and go home. You are too young to be abroad by yourself. Run away—if you must—but delay it until you are older.

"Yes, sir," answered the subdued Jolson.

"Come next with me—to make more sure," the foreign envoy ordered on second thought.

Together the white-haired Ambassador in his long tailed coat, his high silk hat and his many decorations, and the almost ragged Jewish boy walked out into the snowy night. But at the pavement their paths parted. The Ambassador returned to his huckster, his meter. The Jewish boy to his slum. But for the first time in his life, Al had sung for the world of the great and he has been singing for that world ever since.

Back at the miserable house on Four and a Half Street, Al couldn’t stay. It was like a knife in his thin little body to see another woman, another man, another image of his wellloved mother. So again he ran away. This time for good.

To see him today, sitting in his richly furnished living room with very few admirers, food, drink, music and laughter, you can’t conceive that this was the same starved boy who ran away twenty-five years ago. As he passed the dives and saloons of this country, he wandered for years, singing his little songs. He had to give up his Russian folk chants for snappy American songs. But while he changed his songs, he did not change his method of singing. Always he kept the richness, the pathos, the beat of the Russian Steppes. At first the saloons paid him nothing but his supper. Or sometimes the privilege of sleeping on a shelf at the back of the saloon where the night watchman kept his lanterns and clock.

But after a few years, the boy managed to worm his way into Al Reeves’ burlesque troupe. A little later he tried vaudeville by himself. But he wasn’t very successful. One night when he was down in South Carolina he watched an old clown who was work around the theatre. His speech, voice, gait, everything he did seemed funny to the northern audience. "I’ll back up. Maybe people will think I’m funnier." Al Jolson as a white face actor was just another performer. But when he covered his hick, his name became a hit faster than any of his own. And he made one of the greatest hits of his life—"I Can’t Give You Anything but LOVE!"

Harold Lloyd’s Christmas Gift—Continued from page 29

For several years Professor Lloyd has been conducting a school for comedy.

Bebe Daniels, Mildred Davis, Jobyna Ralston, Marie Mosquini, Fred Newmeyer, Sam Taylor, and Helen Ward Goveil, Beany Walker and Snub Pollard at one time or another graduated from this university of hard laughs.

Others have written themselves self-addressed diplomas to this Hall of Fame but their mail went to the dead letter office.

Copying Harold Lloyd is like imitating Sousa’s Band on a jew’s harp. Everybody knows he has paper rubber rams that have anything inside them—

But there’s lots behind.

Speedy is all about a gag of rifflans trying to steal a horsecar line.

In spite of Harold’s efforts to circumvent them, they do not succeed.
away because she felt so sort of tired-like.
The next show came and went, and Mr. Johnson knew that something must be wrong.

"Never you mind if you miss a couple of her pictures," I heard him say, as she sat propped up on her elbow. "Your Mary's out in Europe now, but it wouldn't surprise me one single bit to have you hear from her any one of these fat days."

Then it came—a post card—name and address fixed exactly right: "To dearest Granny Shauer, with much love from Mary Pickford."

On a certain morning, in gay New York, the papers told of how Mary Pickford would arrive that day in town; how, between boat-docking and train-leaving time, she had two hours in which the city meant to pay her homage.

In all the great big city of New York, our Mary chose the bedside of her staunchest fan.

And so, when 'the Little Princess' was to offer a Christmas gift through SCREENLAND Magazine, I felt the chance had come when I might tell the year round Christmas story I have known. Sitting on the Coquette set at the United Artists Studio, beside Miss Coquette, herself, 'America's Sweet-heart' hadn't the slightest idea that our 'interview' was all settled in my mind; she hadn't the slightest idea that sitting beside of her was Granny's daughter, who knew entirely about the ever Christmas spirit in her heart.

She wanted to give a nice desk set, she said, because she felt that everybody, boys and girls together, would like to have it for their rooms. The vanity case she had given some time ago didn't include the boy-friends to such a nice extent, and particularly for Christmas, she decided folks would need a desk set very much to write those many, many Christmas 'thank you' notes of joy.

I agreed, and asked her what she'd have me ask her friends. She said she'd like to ask a question that she really needed answered by her friends, if she had thought about it a great deal, and had decided that she must know what were the opinions of her fans about her voice. In her mind, so many friends of hers had told her that they would like to hear her voice in these new talking pictures, but very few had said exactly why. She wanted to know, for talking pictures are so new, and with you fans her final judges, she knows that what you have to say will be the greatest help that she could have.

"Why do they want to hear me talk?" Mary Pickford said to me.

"I suppose they are just curious," I laughed, with a twinkle in my eye, "or maybe they think that such a little girl as you are hasn't any voice at all!"

"No," said Mary, rather more seriously than I had expected, "maybe they have seen me so much other times, and they think that they are tired of me, and want to hear my voice to have a change."

That was too much for me. I really should have thought of her right across my mind, the way you've seen it happen to her time and time again upon the screen.

Without a word I rose and left, never turning back to say a last 'goodbye' until I reached the corner of the set. Then, with a smile, I used the words that Granny Shauer, with the fullest heart, had simply said: There couldn't be another Mary Pickford.
The exciting young girl has made a good movie—

**Maybelline**

Elizabeth Arden waxes into a dark, rich luminous fringe of off-

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Hundreds of them can be throned, en-

riched or waterproof Liquid May-
belline, Black or Brown. For

available good fortune.

**SCREENLAND**

In New York—Continued from page 39

ahead of the other Hollywood girls now

because she has had such valuable stage

experience—working under such direction

as David Belasco and enjoying a profitable

stage career. But when I'll go on that road with

The Big Fight because she doesn't want to be away from pictures

that long. Monta Bell directed her in a red carpet role for the Actors' Fund, and her voice is said to register very

well. Some smart producer will probably

try to snatch her right out from under the

motion picture hold for his pictures will be put to the test! Anyway,

Hollywood can boast that one of its best

girls has made a good in a big way on

Broadway.

Norman Kerry is in town. Norman, the
debonair, Mr. Kerry, the slightly mysterious,

I say mysterious because, just when I think

I have tracking him down, he eludes me—

and his snappy little moustachios. I see him here and I see him there—at the theatres and other places. He is alone; always immaculately and handsomely

attired; and looking so, so interesting.

The story I hear says that Universal and Metro-

Goldwyn are looking for his services and that each company thinks the other fellow had signed him, and so stopped bidding. But I can't believe that any wise film company would stop bidding for Mr. Kerry's services. I know I wouldn't. More about

him later. I'll get him yet.

Make me a child again just for tonight! Then I could play with Jackie Coogan.

As it is, Jackie is polite and charming and well-

behaved but a little too formal. He looks

grown-ups all right; but he is slightly bored with those, especially interviewers. That's why I like Jackie. He remains, in spite of

all his fame and his fortune, just a per-

fectly delightful, normal and normal small boy.

The Coogan, father and son, Jackie's Senior and Junior, have a vaudeville act

now. They played a week at the Paramount Theatre in New York City. They apparently turned out to see the Kid and

his dad do their stuff. Their act is amusing,

though a trifle sophisticated for the children. The kid is about six who likes to play

with his kids father and father spoons it. I

am sentimental. I should have preferred a more respectful and dignified presentation of the talents of the Coogans, but Jackie

is a picture in his juvenile replica of his

father's Oxfordian attitude. He dances, he

recites. And you're glad you came. But Jackie, personally, is so much more charm-

ing. There is not much of the actor about

him and very much of the boy. He's going-

on fourteen. He is nice and brown from

swims in the California sun. His big brown eyes brim with life. His smile is engaging.

He looks for all the world like Douglas Fairbanks when he grins.

"I'm going to school in Switzerland," said

Jackie. "We have six-week engagements in London, Paris, and Berlin, perhaps other foreign capitals. Then I'll enter school

and stay there a term. I'll only be allowed to speak French. I wouldn't know any, yet—or very much. Yes, I want to do pictures again. Comedy-drama—that's the sort of thing I do. I like Wings and Judy and The Affairs of My
dear Arlen. I love aviation. I want to fly in my own plane some day. They won't let me now. On account of the insurance.

He never saw The Kid. He was just four years old when Charlie Chaplin chose

him for the role. His wise parents, and Chaplin, thought it best not to let the child know; for, not only were the rules at that time that he grew up a little more, it just happened he never did see it. He has seen several scenes from it—he uses these shots in his act; but to see a picture. He likes Johnny Get Your Hair Cut as well as any-

thing he has done.

It seems a singularly unspoiled child. The reason is, he is a boy from the most boys of his age with doting parents and

prosperous surroundings. Before you have talked to Jackie very long you are con-

scious that you're in the presence of a very

rare and unique person. You cease to re-

gard him as a youngster. You think of geniuses and wonder if this small boy isn't

going to make at least one great person.

Connie Talmadge and Peg stopped off

before sailing for France. Somehow I don't think Constance was so very happy about going to Europe this time. She is in the French studios where Rex Ingram has been

working. Her first will be under the direc-
tion of Louis Mercanton, well-known French

director, and will be called Venus. United

Artists will release it. It is, I believe, a little more serious than the sort of thing Constance usually gives us. There's a rather

angry, interesting story about it and I think you remember Connie's last husband was Captain Alastair Macintosh, the interesting

Scotchman who is said to be a good friend of the President of France. He is one of the

United States' best-known people. Well, he has just married again—an American heiress named Leila Emery is the new Mrs. Macintosh—and she, by the way, was once rumored to be engaged to Michael

Aslen, the novelist. (And while we are on the subject: Mr. Arlen is married to Countess Atlanta Mercanti—and isn't that swell? She's some lady.)

Captain Macintosh has been working with the Ingram company at the Nice studios, in some executive capacity. The question is: When will Constance arrives to make her picture? Probably not; but isn't it exciting to think about?

Hail, hail, the Gang's all here! Fatty Joe Gobb, and little Farina, and Jean Darlington, and Mary Ann Jackson, and Harry Spear, the tough one, and "Wheeler," in private life Bobby Hutchinson—all here.

Our gang from the Hal Roach Studios are on their personal appearance tour, and so of course they came to New York to give their act at the Capitol Theatre. Their director, Robert McGowan, was here too.

He is just the nice, understanding, sympa-
thetic sort of man you would expect to find directing a bunch of kids. They adore him and he's crazy about beauty when she grows up; in fact, he is now. Harry Spear comes of a theatrical family; his grandfather was stage manager for Charles Frohman and his father an actor—"Wheeler," the baby of the
company, is just two and a half. Have you ever heard how he got into pictures? When he was thirteen months old his favorite amusement was riding a trick bicycle his father fixed up for him. A neighbor took some pictures of him with an amateur movie camera. Younger Robert McGowan saw the pictures, realized that the child was a miniature goldmine, and promptly signed him for the Gang. Christened 'Whicker,' he is world-famed at two, photographed and many others, and a fortune of merchandise besides. Hundred[s] of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away Thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. The story to any one living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years' standing.

Books for Fans

(Continued from page 8)

chapter on the screen. Then his weird meeting with Nina T—and a flash-back to explain how it was that she should be a priestess in a native village could be shown. Horn's determination to rescue Nina from the natives, and Little Peru's arrival in Africa would then have to be displayed on the screen to hold together the thread of the story. Finally there would be shown the rescue of Nina, the fight with the natives and the romance of Nina T—and Little Peru. A closing shot would show Trader Horn turning away from the beach as Nina and his friend sail out of his life. Perhaps the whole photoplay might be put in a frame, using Trader Horn himself as he is today in the beginning and at the end of the picture, to give a suggestion that he was actually telling the story.

Can you visualize such a picture? Certainly it has enough story and enough material to rank with the best. Perhaps we may handle it in the way I have outlined. Perhaps not. That is a matter yet to be decided upon. But, however we do handle it, I am safe in making the boast that it will be one of the most entertaining pictures. We intend to film it in South Africa, at a place approximately in the center of the Dark Continent. This correctness of locale, the exciting story we have to work with, and the popularity of the book itself should certainly make it a picture worth seeing. I have never been so eager to begin work on any picture as I am to start filming Trader Horn.

The circumstances surrounding the purchase of Trader Horn by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios for filming purposes are interesting. On its first appearance in the bookstores, Trader Horn was not very seriously considered by the motion picture industry. As far as I know, during the first few months of the book's circulation no one made a bid to buy it for motion picture use. Then, when it was an established best-seller, Irving Thalberg read it while abroad, and was so impressed by it that he immediately wired to the home offices in New York to purchase the book at any price. Negotiations were entered into with the publishers, and Trader Horn was bought at a price of the highest price ever paid for any book, and certainly the highest price ever paid by a motion picture company for a non-fiction work.

Now that we have read Trader Horn is to have missed one of the greatest literary pleasures of the decade. Everyone, young and old, light-hearted and serious, should read this dim memory of bygone days and long-ago adventures.

$5,000.00 Worth of Prizes

I AM going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE, more than $5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of an 8-cylinder Studebaker Sedan, a Chevrolet Sedan, two Phonographs, a Shelton Over-Pull radio, and an extensive range of merchandise besides. Hundred[s] of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away Thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. The story to any one living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years' standing.

Find 5 Objects

Starting with the Letter “C”

There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, ball, quarterback, automobile, coaster. If you can find 5 starting with the letter “C” fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

$550.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes besides, we are also going to give $550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive both $2,500.00 in cash and the Studebaker Sedan and $550.00 in cash. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter “C” fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED.

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hoping Dolores' voice won't be drowned in the blood.

Dolores' sister, Helen, was the heroine of Lights of New York and had her chance to speak in one of the first '100% All-Talking' films. Helen is thus made immortal—and her voice, recorded in Vitaphone, a museum piece even for the generations. Won't she feel silly, though!

Gladys Brockwell was the First Lady of the Talkers. Her voice, it seems to us, is being effectively used on the speaking screen. Mary Carr, also of Lights of New York, managed to make herself heard, but Miss Brockwell, with her stage background, the illusion of reality, and her voice rose above the mechanics of the method. Gladk up Miss Brockwell, boy, as the first feminine voice to compete with the masterful men.

Don't forget, dear friends, that the surface of the talking picture has not yet even been cracked. It may sound as if it has at times, but it hasn't really. It's only in its infancy—just limping along. You recognize yourself, you were in kindergarten. The audience consists of an outburst of paper dolls or doing some other darn fool thing, and bored to death all the time—it's just something we must all get through when we can. When the Hollywood girls have all learned their A, B, C's and their 1, O. U.'s, then is the time to begin to criticize them. Right now, all, stop making cracks about the way they speak through their pretty little noses—an only yesterday you were writing fan letters to the 'shapeliest little nose in all the world,' you big hypocrite, you—and take a long, deep breath for them. Listen to a recording of your favorite, see how good it sounds. There—I thought that would shut you up! How about your own sound defects?

What I think the girls should do is to get up a round robin to present to John Barrymore. This little petition should be signed, dear Mr. Barrymore to start a class in the art of talking. Many actresses have learned from the Hollywood the benefit of his wonderful experience. Mr. Barrymore must realize his chance to perform a great service to the motion picture industry and advice his many weary, painful hours. Barrymore could fill the Hollywood Bowl three classes a day and every one of them would agree that he wear his Hamlet costume while teaching, and they wish to remind him that the first lesson should be 'How to Say I Love You.' I really don't think it is asking too much of Mr. Barrymore and if he has the best interests of Hollywood at heart I am sure he will accept this opportunity to help the maidens of the film colony to find their voices.

Of course, there are other teachers out there. And they are all pretty busy, but let me bring to your attention the class that meet every minute they can snatch from their work learning to talk. A fortunate few apparently know how already. Miss Mary Pickford, for instance. Her very first voice test amazed everybody who had forgotten that Mary was a famous stage star once upon a time. Everyone is heartily glad to see her in pictures. A protege of David Belasco, dean of American managers, she captivated New York as the star of A Good Life. It's a long time since forgotten Miss Belasco taught her, and when she spoke into the microphone it was in a cultured, well-trained soprano. Miss Pickford is a natural, a born talker, but—oh, Miss Pickford —with herself and her company, mostly recruted from Broadway, speaking the original dialogue. She will also make an entirely different, separate version—a silent motion picture for those theatres which have not yet installed sound equipment. Her voice and diction will doubtless be an inspiration to many radio audiences, as Mary herself has always been.

Clara Bow has a voice to match her personality! This is great news, but it means that a voice box will come with it and everything will soon come to us from the screen.

So far, the most entirely satisfying feminine voice to speak from the screen—or wherever it is spoken from; it's not get technical just now—belongs to Louise Fazenda. Her voice is in character. It conveys Louise's shapely spirit. Fazenda has never disappointed us yet and she never will. If they invent feelies Louise will be good in those, too. And they will be true with all of the really great and potent personalities of motion pictures. I bet you'll love Mary's voice—and Clara's—and John Gilbert's. I know you will like Harold Lloyd's voice—it is boyish and exuberant, and you will hear it in his next comedy. As for Run-Tin-Tin's howl, it has developed into a quality. Madame Bellamy and Louise Dresser in Mother Knows Best demonstrate the value of a former stage training. Just the same, the untrained especially when he sang Sally, the theme song, more than measured up. For one Fazenda and Bellamy and Dresser, we have Barry and John Millan and Arthur Lake and David Rollins and Neil Hamilton, in addition to all the other men I have mentioned who have made good in a big way.

When some of my best movie girl-friends speak from the screen, I don't know them. Vitaphone-Movietone thing certainly does something to nice sweet girlish voices. It doesn't do much for Barrymore and it's awful for Miss Carroll and Miss Fazenda, and Miss Louise for girl, Josephine Dunn, weren't you startled when you heard yourself talking in The Singing Fool? You never talked like that to me. On the other hand, the Vitaphone reproduces Betty Bronson's child-like treble with amazing fidelity. Just as the movie camera is unkind to some faces and mouth, so, apparently, the recording equipment picks up some voices for no good reason. It may have some grain, and with lack of training, on it may be accounted for mechanically. I don't know anything about that. But I do think we should make allowances. God forbid!

They say the stage actors, who were never much of a success in celluloid, are having the laugh on our beloved movie folks.

And don't get me wrong. We are not saying that the comics are the best, but they are at least the most natural, because they have not been trained.

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Paul Leni, the director, was there dressed
as Emil Jannings in Variety, and there
were Sol Lesser, Al Hall and Wesley Rug-
ger—photographers with Laemmle—plus
a clown, and Tom Reed and a lot of others.

There are so many clowns, declared
Patsy, "that I do hope there won't be so
many of them I'll be getting delirious that they all
will forget to be funny!"

Arthur Lake was comical in a femi-
nite rider's costume, tarleton skirts and all.
LeRoy's wife, Agnes, was as red as a
gypsy, and the tail of her cutaway coat
dragging on the ground behind his short figure.

Edna Murphy, LeRoy's wife, came as a
trapeze performer, but as there were no
trapeze, we don't know whether she could
do really gym stunts or not. Sam Jacobson
came as the village Simple Simon.

George Lewis was a rather clown, and
his wife was a charming trapeze lady.

Agnes Christine Johnston's costume was
essentially a novelty of all. In fact, she later
drew a prize for it. She was the Tattooed
Lady, of course the tattooing was painted
on. The funniest feature was the picture of
a lady painted in the middle of his back, which changed expression of
the face when Agnes wriggled her shoulders!

Joseph Schildkraut and his wife, Elise
Bartlett, came quite late because both had
been working late in Show Boat. Joseph
came as a Russian peasant, but a rather
wealthy peasant, one would say, inasmuch
as his costume was of crepe-cloth satin.

Elise was Juliet, and said that she belonged
to the wax works, if they ever had wax
works in a circus.

Laure La Plante was late, too, she also
having been working in Show Boat. She
still wore her dress of the nineties, de-
claiming that circles had always been just alike
so they could pretend it was an
1890 circus.

John Boles looked handsome in evening
clothes, and probably was intended to rep-
resent the terror of the present circus.

Walter Pidgeon as a clown paid a great
deal of attention to the bearded lady. Mrs.
Tryon, dancing with her several times,
said "I never ascended he was going to fight a
duel with the handsome clown, but Pidge-
on said comically that he was quite will-
ing to be Pagliacci and give up the lady and
suffer.

Entertainment was varied and amusing.
There was a crystal-gazing fortune-teller.
Maurice Fleckles, who, made up as a Per-
ian shah, wasn't recognized by anybody,
and simply amazed everyone by telling each
one all about himself. He rather worried
Patsy Ruth Miller by telling her that she
was sent to the circus to amuse people.

There was the funniest of burlesque tan-
goes danced by Mervyn Leroy and Arthur
Lake; and there was a comic acrobatic act
by Maren, Jackie Goodrich and Jack Leon-
ard, which was assisted by Duane Tryon;
and there was a wow of a burlesque wire
walking act by Arthur Lake.

There was a grand march with some of
the beautiful girls and elephants, which were on
wheels, and which the actors towed along.
Carmel Myers, being without an escort,
grabbed a life-size cardboard man from the sceno-
the flaps of the tent and walked him along.

After the show, there was dancing in the
arenas, and then there was supper, which
was served out by the big swimming pool,
under the trees, at long tables, picnic fashion.
And breasts in the jolliest party ever!” remarked Patsy, as we made our way homeward, tired and happy.

"Oft, here's Esther Ralston! My dear, I hear you nearly got hit by a submarine over there in Honolulu—I mean your boat of course. What cute little freckles on your nose!"

Johena Ralston was giving a shower for Priscilla Bonner, who, you know, is about to marry Dave, Bert Volstead of Hollywood. The shower was being given at Johena's home in San Fernando Valley, where she and her husband, Dick Arlen, have the quaintest, loveliest Spanish home built beneath huge old walnut trees.

We had just met Esther Ralston, who had lately come from a trip to Honolulu.

We gathered in the living room to await Priscilla's coming, and when she did arrive, she looked as radiant as a bride-to-be should look.

Mary Lou Lewis, George Lewis's wife, Virginia Brown Faie and a few others were already there, and we discovered that a number of actresses besides Priscilla were going to be married. That cute little Duane Thompson, for instance, is engaged to Buddy Wattles of the Hit the Dil, New York, company, and I've never seen a more radiant bride than we heard Gilbert we are going to be married, too.

Nobody had told us that it was Duane Thompson's birthday until somebody whispered it to us. It was also Johena's and Dick's wedding anniversary. So Duane and Johena had to rise and make a couple of bow in chorus. Mary Lou and Marian Nixon are great friends.

Next I see that in spite of the fact that Mary Lou used to come on the set when I was George's leading lady, arriving sometimes right in the middle of a love scene, but she never was cross about it. And I was Richard Barthelmess's leading lady, too, when his bride came on the set. She didn't mind, either. I'm beginning to lose my control. I'm not so nice after all," remarked Marian.

By the way, Marian was wearing a wonderful antique bracelet which Ben Lyon had given her.

Scotty, Johena's big dog, came into the room.

"Don't be scared, girls—he's perfectly party-broke," declared Johena.

"All the girls are wearing that indelible lip-stick," remarked Virginia Brown Faie. "It doesn't come off on anybody, and it doesn't even come off at night!"

Nearly all the girls were stockinged. They had beautifully tanned legs, the method of acquiring the tan being to oil the legs, then lie bare-legged in the sun. The oil keeps them from burning, but they tan nicely.

And speaking of going stockless, Sally Ellen, who is, by the way, the very newest Hollywood bride, she having eloped and married a magazine writer, inquired whether any of the girls had worn their toe nails.

We found out that Mary Lewis does!

There was a fluffy toward the patio when the last of the guests arrived, including Barbara Luddy, Douglas Nash, Howard, Jeanette Loff, Mrs. Arthur Rankin, Pauline Curley—who is married now and seems to be happy—Dorothy Reid and a number of others.

Lunch was served out doors, under the patio trees, and then everybody hurried into the house to see Priscilla open her gifts, which included all sorts of beautiful and useful things for a house.

Then brought the jolliest party ever!” remarked Patsy, as we made our way homeward, tired and happy.

"Yow, heave ho, and a bottle of rum!" sang Patsy, as she drove up to my bungalow door the following morning.

"Why, Pat," I exclaimed, "Why so nautical, not to say naughty from a Volstead point of view?"

"We're married," Pat told me, "to go with Belle Bennett and her husband, Fred Windermere, on their yacht for a week-end vacation. Now isn't that enough to make anybody break into song?"

I admitted it. We were to dine at the Yacht Club at San Pedro and leave on Belle's yacht, the Wee Dove, for Catalina about ten at night. Everything happened as scheduled, and the night was simply heavenly.

In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ford, Irving Willat and Billie Dove, who is Mrs. Irving Willat, you know, and one or two others not of pictures, with Fred Windermere acting as skipper.

Arriving at Catalina after the smoothest trip in the world, we all slept like babies, after the yacht was moored. In the morning, and Fred's nautical, we left in a boat, using only nautical terms, and everybody was lined who dared call going below going 'downstairs.'

Billie Dove loves to fish, but the rest of us put on bathing suits and took a dip in the clear, smooth waters of the bay.

We were awakened by the morning call of a Filipino boy, the ship's cook and general utility man, who brought us each a glass of orange juice on a tray, accompanied by a little packet of cigarettes. In the packet we found that our sweet hostess had given us each a present in the form of a silver-and-choisene pin, some in the shape of boats, others in the form of fishes.

Following our swimming and fishing expeditions, we donned what we called our pirate suits, which Belle provided for us, and which, of course, were perfect. They consisted of loose trousers and long coats, and we tied bandannas around our heads. These were very comfortable and convenient.

We visited the Isthmus and landed at Avalon a couple of times to take in the coast and the big hotel.

On the trip to the Isthmus we sailed past Doug McLean's yacht. Doug was entertaining a party of men on board his boat, the Faith, named for his wife. He hailed us and said he was out of gas to cook with, and would we lend him some, which we did. Next we sighted the Tiburon, Conrad Nagel's boat. We hailed her, stepping aboard for a few minutes to say hello to Nagel and his wife and their guests, Leatrice Joy and Los Wilson.

At Avalon the boyOrden was given to many of the bevy of young people, including Jean Hersholt and his wife and their little boy, the latter the image of his dad, and we also met William DeMille and his bride, Clara Beranger. They had been fishing, but didn't give a very good account of themselves as to their catch.

Billie Dove and Belle Bennett looked so cute in their pirate suits that we told them they should have stories written around those costumes.

Billie always has luck at her fishing, and we ate some of her catch for dinner.

"This is the laziest, happiest life I have ever known!" murmured Patsy, as she lay stretched in her chair on deck.
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As They Do Unto Others Continued from page 17

the highest stardom.

The time came when Louise herself could play Santa Claus, which she did on every possible occasion. Her greatest role was when she played it for a bashful young boy in the cutting room who had secretly confided his secret ambition to her. Mack Sennett was looking for a new juvenile.

"Try George," said Louise, pointing to the lad standing in the doorway.

"George?" laughed Sennett. "Why, George is a cutter. What does he know about acting?"

"Well, I'll risk playing opposite him," answered Louise bravely. "I'll dare you to give him a chance."

The Great Impresario turned in his tracks. "George," he called out, "beat it home and get into your best clothes. I want to make a test."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sennett," replied the gaping lad, "but these are the best I own."

"All right, then wash your face and be on the set in five minutes."

George O'Hara was on in four. Do you remember the Fighting Blood series? Yes, George has done well.

But the finest bit of Santa Clausing the ancient Casting Director told me was regarding George Falconett. This grand old Character Actor while troupin in the South, met a handsome lad playing on the University of Alabama football team, and not only did he tell the boy that he thought he would screen well, but promised if he ever came to California he would help him get into pictures. One of those long-distance promises so easy to make and hard to fulfill. A year or so of correspondence. Then darning if he didn't come! Came as a coach for the Alabama team in the great East-West football game in Pasadena.

Did Falconett welch on his promise? On the contrary he arranged for a test at a certain studio. It was rotten. Then he sent the boy to M.G.M. The test wasn't much better. Through? No. Next time he took him personally to M.G.M. and stayed with him during the trying ordeal. At last the boy came through and was put on contract.

Falconett then took his protege right into his home and during the weeks and weeks that followed while the young neophyte was doing "bits" his patron saint was coaching him in all the tricks of make-up, camera angles and registration. Finally his chance came. He was given the lead in The Fair Co-Edit, playing opposite Marion Davies. It's been Christmas ever since.
Yet there are dull people who no doubt wonder why Johnny Mack Brown believes in Santa Claus.

Another charming example of the Christmas Spirit came under my own observation. I was directing Will Rogers in Two Wagons—Both Covered, and one day returning to our house with the Hills we stopped on a side street of Culver City. Will got out, and sauntering up to a little cottage I watched him talking to a tearful woman standing in the doorway. As he was saying I saw him slip her a roll of bills that would have choked a rhinoceros.

"What's the idea?" he asked when we were on our way again.

"Oh, that's Buck Swoop's wife," he answered with embarrassment. "Poor old Buck got himself all broke up doing a horse stunt at the studio a while back. The poor fellow's through, you know, as far as riding goes. Of course the boys at the studio passed the hat to help out on expenses. But you know, Rob, it's after the excitement has been over and things are quieted down that the real trouble comes. I jest got to thinking if her house was paid for the misus wouldn't have to worry so much."

And now Will has gone East to take Fred Stone's place in the show Fred was scheduled to appear in. Publicity you don't know Will. The fact that it looked like publicity was the hardest part of the offer. No, it was the Christmas Spirit pure and simple. You see Will had encouraged Fred to fly, and when his friend cracked-up Will felt terribly. And all the more so because Fred was worrying over his manager's bad luck. It had been a bad year and the manager had counted on Fred pulling him out of the hole. Then the crash! In June Will and company offered to help in any way he can—even to cancelling his own immensely profitable lecture tour and taking Fred's place. Don't you think that Dillingham, Fred and Dorothy Stone believe in Santa Claus?

No, We may not have the props—snow, sleigh, or reindeer—necessary to enact the Legend of Santa Claus, but his Spirit hangs here. Nor does it manifest itself only at Christmas time. We have it in Movieland the year round.

The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 61)

were not, let us affirm our sure conviction that all previous laughs record for the same period of time were shattered by their antics. The Record, as enthusiastic about the comedy, says of the dancing. "The 16 Market Dancers, girls who have been well trained, deserve special mention for their good work." The Bulletin praises the fact that the other principals have been so carefully chosen. The Inquirer boosts everything. The News raves so that the suspicion lingers that the press agent wrote the notice.

So maybe we might just as well have written the review ourself. At any rate, we agree with all the kind things. And as Variety says, it looks as though Sam Harris has a smash hit on his hands. We want to add our praise to that of the Inquirer, who made the lavah sets, to Oscar Eagle, who directed the book, to Kalmar and Ruby for their songs, and to Gus Salzer, who directs the orchestra.

We nearly forgot. Imagine! The book of Animal Crackers is by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind.

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Marian Nixon, Trouper

(Continued from page 72)
Ruth? And why has Pathé given me—Oh Geraldine, a story not unlike Red Lips in theme?

"You're all of course, I'm happy. I was never satisfied in the parts I used to play. I wanted to do things. I used to see people like Lilian Tashman and Evelyn Brent and Marie Doro and they dressed up and Borden among others would sigh: Oh, if they would only let me do such parts. But they never did. Not until I married and was divorced."

"That, charged with her ideas. She will marry again, she says; and she adds, "for keeps, the next time." She has saved her money and is fairly well to do. I don't know how much it is, but she buys me new dresses and shoes."

"She works, she wants to travel, to go places abroad. Later, she wants to settle down and have a home and children."

"Right now she is dividing her time between Ben Lyon and a certain very fine fellow whose name means nothing to this story because he is not a movie star. Ben and his rival are having a merry fight for Marian's hand, neither having won as yet. In fact, neither of them is going to marry. If I only would leave the way open for a dozen or more other fellows who have ambitions to become A-1 with the little Nixon girl."

"She was away in the States but now she is back. Marian and her father are closer pals than ever and keep house in Marian's quiet little home. There are just the two of them—and a canary and a cook who is also the house maid. Marian was never pretentious nor expensive."

"I thought she was an ordinary hair and the marriage and the divorce and the new sophistication, there isn't much change between Marian Nixon, 1923 and Marian Nixon, 1932."

"Unless it is the greater number of her friends."

---

Fazenda for Laughter—Continued from page 37

you would pull her coat around her and put out your hand to see if you could feel the warmth of kind that might be playing on her feet.

"Yee-ees?" said Louise.

"Yes, I said, "and that is why I am here—to see you and then to write something about you and your little "Mama.""

"Mama" brightened.

"Oh, that is the easiest thing in this great big world," she smiled. "All I have to do is invite you to my house and to sit you down and make a story for even ten minutes! In that short time you will find out that ever since I entered this world there never has been a child anywhere near like you. If you will learn that I am a country wench, you will be amazed to find out what a terribly dull and ordinary place this earth would be if it weren't for Mama's little Louise."

"All you have to do is come over to my house tomorrow night. That, remember, is a fact."

Now it was Monday night, and a much different-looking Louise opened the door for us and led us up the stairs into the room that Mother Fazenda sat.

"Remember Mama," laughingly cautioned Louise, "that everything you say is going to be used against you, and you had better not make me out either too good or too bad."

Picture Mrs. Fazenda, glowing, ready to talk on her favorite subject; picture her sort of settling back on the couch, her white hair soft and wavy, her eyes shining, and making an even more beautiful painting than the beautiful one, done in oils, which hung on the wall behind her, just picture her, smiling, ready to tell me about her comedienne child, Louise.

"You know, Mama, of her children, of course," began Mrs. Fazenda, "and because Louise was my only baby, I likely made more of her and thought more of her than even I knew how to do.

"You know, Marion," put in Louise, "mother really didn't get me at my worst, because she was gone all day and Grandmother come and care for me."

"I guess maybe Louise is right," continued Louise's Mother. "You see, we were working poor and I worked all day. She was lucky to have a grandmother to take care of her."

"I was lucky, all right," laughed Louise, "but I don't think I'll ever get over the way grandmother used to make me come in the house every day and sew a patchwork quilt! Nobody will ever know how I hated it. Children just didn't have to do such things then. It was what grandmother had to do, so it was what I had to do. Wait until I show it to you."

Louise left the room to get the quilt.

"She certainly did despise sewing," went on Mother Fazenda, "but I firmly believed that if her Grandmother were to take care of her all day, every day in the week but Sunday, she should keep her hands off and let Louise know that Grandmother was boss. But Louise was really very easily handled."

I could see that Mother Fazenda simply could not resist that last line, and as Louise returned with the lovely little quilt, I couldn't help thinking that it would have been if Grandmother could have seen how sort of warmly the now successful Louise carried it in. It was sewn every stitch by hand, and it wasn't a bit hard to picture the little Louise bending over it, perhaps watching the children playing out side, pricking her finger, and hating the sewing as much as her eighteen-year-old self could hate any other thing on earth.

"The funny little patch-work quilt," she mused. "I really love it now as much as — — oh, as much as anything."

"Aha—you cook," said I, "and I suppose the new husband has to suffer through without a word."

"And I dare say that! The trouble is that they keep me so busy at the studio that I can't find a single second to do any cooking. It's doubtless just as well, though, because, honestly Marion, I am a good cook, and if I had time to do very much of it I would double my pounds."

I laughed. However, I do agree, because Louise is good at anything she undertakes. When you have known Louise as long as I have known her, there is never a doubt in your mind about that. From the time she was a small girl, she started doing things and getting places. Many little girls wouldn't feel that they could earn much at the precious age of eight, but Louise did—she had a paper route, and helped buy her clothes even then, "to make it easier for Mother."

"We had lived right here in Los Angeles ever since I was a baby, but I didn't dare to suggest the same thing working in an office to being in the clothing business. On the stage was all right, but I didn't dare to suggest to Mother that I enter the terrible, terrible movies. And, as usual in such cases, when I did get up courage to timidly and gently

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Charlie Chaplin Gives a Graflex Camera

(Continued from page 31)

company. 'The Mummy Birds' went from place to place, invariably playing Xmas week in some out of the way town. Probably up in Scotland, where the cold at that time could turn to ice. One December the company arrived in Glasgow on Xmas eve. They had to open up that night. Around the small fire in their room, Charlie and his fellow actors started talking about their work over a few hot drinks.

'He'd like to do something better than this,' Charlie said. 'If people could see me, but fix me the next day. I want to play parts that are always remembered —parts that mean a lot.'

Out of the store, Charlie and Mack Sennett pooled together and a couple of players were sent out to purchase provisions for their Xmas dinner the next day.

Charlie passed by without meeting it with smiles and happy hearts.

Today, Charlie does not have to go to such extremes. You all know where he is. Today he has indeed done parts to be remembered by all who have seen him. Charlie's pictures are as popular today as they were when they were first made. This has happened because all have had another release and are still drawing crowds to see them.

How many other pictures, made ten and fifteen years ago, could survive a reissue today? Very few, I imagine.

Charlie's antics and clothes are for all ages and time. The people that are here, let us say, five years before 1913, when his first comedies were made, are just as crazy about him today at twenty.

In spite of his big position, his money, he still keeps the spirit of the young, his poverty and his heart aches. These things come to him like the remembrance of an unfinished canvas to an artist. And in recalling his own early youth Charlie thinks of others.

To all the fans who admire him, Charlie wants to extend a hand in Xmas greeting, and a gift. As he can't do that in reality he has decided to do so in spirit, through the mediumship of SCREENLAND.

The gift he offers is a Graflex Camera. All you have to do to get it is to write a letter saying what you consider is Charlie Chaplin's best picture and why. The best letter will win the gift.

Think of all the Chaplin films you have ever seen. There are some, in which Charlie introduced Jackie Coogan to the world and fame. A Dog's Life and Sunny Side are other old pictures. You might prefer Sennett's Aren't You Curious showed Charlie as an escaped convict who found himself mistaken for a clergyman. The Gold Rush took him to Alaska. The Circus was a vast production.

At present Charlie is working on City Lights. The city is none in particular. For five months he has been working on the city, it is entirely different from any other he has made. At the beginning of it he will be seen in a mythical kingdom, dressed in brilliant uniforms, radically different from Charlie, in a green, bouncy trousers and canoe-like shoes, though he does these for the story proper.

City Lights will not be released until the beginning of next year. In the meantime, consider all the others you have seen. Then, filling yourself with Xmas cheer, sit down and write out your opinions as to which you consider the best and why you think so.

Charlie's Xmas gift of the Graflex Camera is a worthwhile present. There will be a silver plate on it, with the winner's name inscribed thereon, as presented from Charlie Chaplin.

So don't delay. Write up your ideas and mail them to SCREENLAND, who, with Charlie, wishes every fan a Merry and Happy Xmas.
New Screenplays—Continued from page 31

It might be called 'The Metamorphosis of Leatrice Joy,' for Leatrice in this film turns out to be a brunette Greta Garbo. Greta Garbo is a woman who has that marvelous appeal. Here is a girl that any man could love and all women will hate. So soft and yielding she is, so humorous and fine. She portrays the kind of girl every man seeks—one who will be a good sport but one who never forgets the true meaning of the word 'gentil.' She's really splendid. And she's really beautiful. I never thought she was beautiful.

Before the movie is only a little comedy about a young married girl who loves her husband, John Boles, but all the same likes a good innocent time, too. The villain comes in the person of H. B. Warner who plays the man about town. His characterisation is touching. He makes your throat choke up when your sympathy isn't supposed to be with him at all. But it sometimes happens that even a man of the world falls for a girl. And what happens when such a man does fail, it takes many a weary year to get over it. But when you see Leatrice, the new Leatrice, in Man Made Woman, it won't surprise you at all.

WATERFRONT

Pretty Dorothy Mackall, as the daughter of a tug-boat skipper, is a surprising about the garden of her house built on the end of a San Francisco pier, her rounded little hips shown to excellent advantage in a pair of tight-fitting white-duck trousers.

That's all there is. Until Jack Mulhall, after a couple of fist-fights in a dance hall, persuades her to marry him and go live on the Waterfront, the temptations (if any) of the Waterfront.

Still—the hips, topped by Dorothy, are well worth seeing! See if they aren't.

HOME, JAMES

That little blonde cut-up, Laura La Plante, has knocked another home run. This time it is Charles Delaney, son of the department store owner where Laura works, who en-dows her with one room, kitchenette and me, with a castle, emerald necklace and Rolls Royce.

Delaney falls in love with Laura on sight. But to keep from embarrassing (I) her when she marries him, he pretend that he is the chauffeur instead of the owner of the car. Well, well, just imagine a boy like that.

The film is a scream. Laura makes it that way. The kid's clever. And deserves another eighteen inches of diamond bracelets. For a lot of impossible stuff was handed her in this picture, but she gings through it and carries off the honors.

THE HEAD MAN

Nowadays when people seem bent on dragging politics and prohibition right up to the very altars of the church, this new picture, The Head Man, is one all small town folks will want to see. It will teach them a simple lesson that maybe nobody has ever had the courage to mention to them. In Paris, France, the small town police apt to be just as crooked and just rotten as big town politics. There is usually only a shadow of difference between Tammany politics and the politics of Smith's Corners, Iowa, or Okhoma, or Maine, or Utah. For human nature is pretty much the same all over.

Charlie Murray plays the role of a once powerful politician reduced to a humble attorney—without clients, because he wouldn't join his fellow gangsters—my error, I mean. Fellow politicians in a crooked deal. But Charlie, consistent anti-prohibitionist, tells them that he means to stay. They come back. And in spite of getting himself thoroughly plastered, licks the political opposition and finds himself elected mayor of the town, a position of the ladies of the town, who had tried to get rid of him. Lucien Littlefield does excellent comedy work. In fact, you'll have a hard time deciding who is funnier; Charlie or Lucien.

SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST

Going to see a Tom Mix picture is like coming home to familiar faces after long and weary days spent in strange, crowded cities. Tom brings the sharp fragrance of desert country to enliven our tired nerves and dusty minds.

Mix is a consistently good performer and in Son of the Golden West, you find him at his best. And the other riders carrying gold and important documents necessary for the construction of the United States Telegraph will bring law and order to an unescorted trail.

How he pulls the stockade down, rescues the girl and brings the bandits to justice at one fell swoop is a particularly novel touch. Something new in 'westerns' and a climax that you will all enjoy.

FORBIDDEN LOVE

This is a picture that made me heart sick. Here the director had everything to make a marvellous film. And what does he do? Well, you see for yourself.

Here he has a superb cast: Lily Damita, the beautiful and clever actress with whom princes and dukes are said to be greatly fascinated; Harry Leidke, one of the most handsome and capable of actors; Paul Richter who is a dead ringer in intelligence and dramatic ability for Conrad Nagel; here are scenes of unsurpassed loneliness, all the witchery of Paris, all the beauty of the surrounding country; here is a story of love, intrigue and passion—a princess who gives up love to a man to have him all spoiled by the devil. This might have been a little masterpiece.

THE DIVINE SINNER

Vera Reynolds does a MariaCORDA on us. She leaves her Austrian home after the war and goes to Paris to recoup the family finances and assist a blind brother. She gets a job as a designer. There's a good fashion show, a grand carnival scene, a couple of cheek fryges, and a crown prince. Through it all Vera, like Maria, retains her virtue and marries her prince.

MIDNIGHT LIFE

Broadway comes to Main Street. Ys! Hot stuff in a New York night club. Gertrude Olmstead teams up with Eddie Buzelle, and puts on a good dance act. Did you ever try it? Well, he has failed, but he has just been recruited from musical comedy.) Francis X. Bushman plays the part of Lieutenant of Detectives and plays it well. Plenty of action, excitement, and a good scene, the attack on the State Bank.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

If you want to see your old favorite, Lewis Stone, whose work in The Patriot was so magnificent, take in this newspaper- understandable story which has as its climax the burning of a great plant. Marlene Day and Malcolm McGregor contribute good performances.

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Frankie at FBO Studios. 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Buzz Barton, 13 year old youngster who rides like the wind in westerns, began riding horses at the age of 3 years. Buzz made his first picture in 1921, with Jack Perrin. You can reach Buzz at FBO Studios.

Ray B. of St. Louis. A third cousin of 'Skets' Gallagher and you want to find him—step up, Skets, and meet your relation from Missouri. You might try FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., where he has been working.

Adaline F. from Chicago. Personally you're from the noisy city but I won't hold that against you—some of us have to live in Chicago. It is said that Ben Bard and Ruth Roland are engaged. Ben plays in Fleetwing with Baron Norton and in Dressed to Kill with Mary Astor and Edmund Lowe, filmed at Fox Studios, 1410 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. The Blue was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, but he doesn't say when. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 195 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 215 pounds and has dark hair and eyes. Charles Farrell and the late Charlie Ruggles were in the cast of Rough Riders. William Boyd and Elinor Fair played in The Volga Boatman.

A Stranger from Chicago. Put down your weapons and I'll do my darnest to please you. Billie Dove is the wife of what the papers call Josie May 14, 1904. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds and has brown hair and the loveliest dark eyes you ever looked at. It turns out that I can't describe these lovely screen beauties. The Night Watch is one of Billie's latest releases. Donald Reed and Paul Lukas help to make the film worth your money.

Muriel Lee M. of New York. Your head is in a whirl with all the favorable comments on my department—it's meat and potatoes. Please accept my unsealed thanks. Leatrice Joy was Babe Scott and Elise Bartlett was Gertie in The Angel of Broadway, Victor Varconi appears in The Dog of Paris, and the former is a First National release. Victor was born March 31, 1896. He has dark eyes and hair, is 6 feet tall and weighs 180 pounds. Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans, La. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Charles Delaney was born in New York City. He is married. Charlie's smile is a cure-all for gloomy disorders. His latest films are The Brandied Man with June Marlowe; Women Who Dare with Helene Chadwick; The River Woman with Jacqueline Logan and Lionel Barrymore, and Show Girl, with Alice White.

Jimmy of La Grange, Ill. As a rule you find it best to thank me both before and after receiving—you win but what's the answer? Louise Fazenda was born in Lafayette, Ind., in 1897. She has light brown hair and hazel eyes, is 5 feet 5 in. tall and weighs 130 pounds. Louise has just finished her work in Noah's Ark, for Warner Bros. She plays with Mary Astor in Heart of the Terror, a First National release; also in The Terror, an all-talking picture, with May McAvoy and Edward Everett Horton.

Blondy of Minn. You are willing to get into the movies with the prettiest figure in your town, sparkling blue eyes and a row of straight white teeth—that's all right. Blondy; but the better studios require two rows of straight white teeth. Virginia Lee Corbin was born in Arizona, Jan. 5, 1910. Jackie Coogan has been attending a military school and has not made a picture since Buttons, I do not know the religious conversion of this screen player nor do I know if Buddy Rogers has a 'steady girl' in Hollywood.

Miss Alice, Troy, N. Y. Here is another S. O. S. for an intelligent movie actor, Buck or Byng—perhaps you want two mutts, tell me you tell me he played with Tom Mix and also in Lightnin'. That film was released in 1925. Your favorite actor must be quite a gay old dog by this time. I can't help to remember him and I thought you might want to see the Hollywood dogs. I'll keep the look-out and if anyone can find that dog, I will.

Helen R. of Nashotah, Wis. The genial George Bancroft played Happy Joe in Rough Riders and Noah Berry was Hell's Bells. George was born in Philadelphia. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 195 pounds and has dark brown hair, brown eyes. Noah Berry was born in Kansas City, Mo. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 215 pounds and has dark hair and eyes. Charles Farrell and the late Charley Ruggles were in the cast of Rough Riders. William Boyd and Elinor Fair played in The Volga Boatman.
What will you be doing one year from today?

Three hundred and sixty-five days from now—what?
Will you still be struggling along in the same old job after the holidays—worried about the future—never quite able to make both ends meet—standing still while other men go ahead?

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MYSTERIES of Hollywood

By Rob Wagner
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No need to tell you, if you look about, that excess fat is disappearing fast. The old term, “Fat and forty” no longer applies to the many. Men and women who are wise keep about as slender as their daughters.

This change has come largely in the past few years. Not by starvation, not by abnormal exercise. A great factor in it is a scientific discovery, now largely employed by physicians. It combats a major cause of obesity. This factor has come into very wide use in late years. All you who suffer excess fat should know the facts about it.

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Through an important gland

People used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

Then medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

Fat people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

Then experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

Then thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

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Directed by Marcel Sierer
What an actor this Chic Sale turned out to be! You've probably seen him in vaudeville, but it takes talking motion pictures to really reveal his talents. You will also enjoy him in THEY'RE COMING TO GET ME, THE STAR WITNESS and THE LADIES' MAN.

Clark & McCullough
The funniest clowns on the screen! What goofy guys! What irresistible comedy! You never heard or saw a funnier picture than

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You will probably laugh yourself sick at THE INTERVIEW, THE HONOR SYSTEM and THE DIPLOMATS—but take a chance and see them too.

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\textit{If it's not a Warner Picture... it's not VITAPHONE.
Confessions of the Fans

This is the Fans' Forum! It is your department, where you can reveal all your ideas and ambitions for the movies. Let's hear from you! And send along your photograph, too, because the other readers will be interested to see you. The swell, interesting letters, on topics of general interest, will be printed. But if at first you don't succeed, write again!

THE EDITOR

Glamour vs. Realism

I wonder what we like best in the movies? I think I like the glamour, and pictures that depict the life that I may never see otherwise. I am not so far removed from the child who devoured fairy tales and games which began with "Let's pretend." Or the girl in her teens who loved the uniforms and gay trappings of "The Prince of Pilsen" and "The Merry Widow," and that's why I like my movies "dressed up.

Of course, there is the percentage who cry for "Realism." But isn't that percentage much smaller than that of those who go to the movies for rest and relaxation and a change from the drab life most of them are leading? They may not admit it, but who hasn't at some time or other lived through the picture with himself or herself as the lead, and who hasn't entered the theatre at the end of a tiring day and found themselves after a couple of hours completely refreshed through forgetting themselves and being transported to another life entirely.

Say what we like, we enjoy having our senses appealed to, and that is just what the pictures do. We laugh with "Show Girl" one night, and weep with "The Singing Fool" the next; we marvel at the bravery which made "Wings" possible, and sit in awe before the grandeur of "Ben Hur" and "King of Kings." It is a poor sort of person who can not find a picture to suit him.

I do not mean to scoff at realism, for neither do I like a film which is too utterly impossible, and I think strong pictures like "The Perfect Crime" and "The Docks of New York" have been weakened by their endings. But I still contend that nine-tenths of the people go to the movies to see something which is a change from their everyday life.

I think it is the same way with the motion picture periodicals. How interested we are in the personal lives of Hollywood, and even in the smallest event which concerns (Continued on page 8)
FUNNY IS NO WORD FOR IT...

You need "HILARIOUS," "RIB-SPLITTING," and "UPROARIOUS" to describe Colleen's latest laugh success.

Brisk and bubbly, swift and sprightly, it's the kind of a hit you've been hankering for ever since "Her Wild Oat" and "Oh Kay!"... She was too Good to be Famous—so she HAD to be Bad!

She wanted to Sin and Suffer—and get it over with!...

"I'll show Don Anthony I can be Crushed and Broken!—Then he'll have to make me leading lady in his new play!"

A gang war and a misleading lady give her her Big Chance... But her only "crushing" opportunity comes in a role she never expected to play!

You Can HEAR It!

If your theatre shows "Sound" pictures, you'll HEAR a beautiful musical accompaniment by a famous orchestra, and exciting sound effects in "Synthetic Sin." You'll see handsome Antonio Moreno, too, as leading man, in this William A. Seiter production from the brilliant play by Frederic and Fanny Hatton.

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presents

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The High Adventure...Jeffrey Farnol
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Confessions of the Fans — Continued from page 6

our favorite star. The life seems so different to us back east, and so entertaining.

For one, I don’t know what we would do without our movies and our movie books. It is amusing, too, in the letters from fans to see how heated the arguments become over an actor’s ability and even over his personality. Ten to one, neither party of the argument has ever laid eyes on the man except in his pictures, but they feel they are well acquainted with him. It is probably not so amusing to him, being picked to pieces, but that is one of the penalties of publicity.

I always read these letters and comments and enjoyed them immensely, but I never felt the urge to write myself until this summer, after seeing “Wings” in New York. My, how we enjoyed that picture—I think I shall always remember the character of David Armstrong. How proud Richard Arlen should be of his work in that role— for he was David. His personality was further impressed on us because when we attended the Paramount Theatre later in the week, he was appearing there with Clara Bow in “Ladies of the Mob.” I just couldn’t help writing, and to think the magazine should print the first fan letter I’d ever written. Writing letters is rather like a busman’s holiday for me, for that is what I do six days of the week, only I am more accustomed to the kind which begin, “Dear Sir, yours of the 10th received.” However, I do love to write, so I kept on, and I certainly have been accorded the most courteous treatment in return, not only from your magazine, but from the studio and even Mr. Arlen himself.

Cordially,
ELIZABETH J. WINTER
13 Westlake Avenue
Auburn, N. Y

From a Real Fan

Memories of pleasures experienced in our early youth are always with us. Even after we have reached an older stage, we don’t exactly forget the generous uncle who used to slip us a quarter on the sly, when he visited the house. I know I don’t—or do I forget the many pleasures that I had sitting in the moving picture shows. Can I ever forget the thrill, the inspiration, that an actor’s ability and personality brought to me as I watched William S. Hart. Can I recall the laughter and joyful amusement afforded me by Charles Chaplin, over whom I’ve laughed so much that I cried? Do I remember the sore muscles and bruised body I received in attempting to imitate the stunts of Douglas Fairbanks, who set an example for the kids in the neighborhood? And did I desire to be a fighter as fearless and as invincible as Bill Far-
I Shook Like a Leaf
When They Called My Name
But Now I Can Sway an Audience of Thousands

A feeble burst of applause sounded as I sat down. But I wasn't deceived. I had failed. Here was my chance to put myself over big with the high officials of the company. And I'd messed it up. Why?

I knew that as well as my boss (who had been scheduled to explain it but had suddenly been called away). But when I rose to my feet I was nervous as a cat. I groped for the right way to begin. A sea of faces swam before me, and my brain and tongue seemed paralyzed. Instead of explaining it in the logical step by step way, I began in the middle, contradicted myself several times, and left out the most important part.

Then and there I made a resolution. I would get over this habit of stage fright and self-consciousness if it was the last thing I did. And if ever again I got an opportunity like this I would be ready for it.

It was by pure chance that one day about a week later, while thumbing through a magazine I ran across an advertisement which I had seen many times before. This story described a remarkably easy home study method that developed the natural speaking ability of every man. It told about certain principles that eliminated stage fright, nervousness, and timidity.

I started this twenty minute daily training shortly thereafter. And I was elated at the rapid improvement that was evident to me almost right from the start. Very soon I realized that I was no longer thinking of myself when making an extended address or conferring with business superiors; my thoughts were concentrated on my subject. I had developed poise, and self-confidence. People began to listen more attentively when I voiced opinions. And when the firm sent me as their delegate and speaker to the annual trade convention, that I had wiped out the memory of my previous failures. Also my newly discovered talent had opened up new social gates. I am called upon to address after-dinner banquet and am invited to select social affairs thru my ability to converse fluently.

Today promotion in business and social popularity are most easily won by the man who can dominate one man or thousands by the sheer power of an convincing speech. It is this talent alone that causes one man to jump from a deskship into the management of a department; a shy, diffident wallflower to become a much-sought after-dinner guest; another from the rank and file of 20 a day to the halls of power.

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Lookoing Them Over

A Fan's-Eye View of Coming Films.

By Evelyn Ballarine

First let's all take a deep breath before the New Year and the new crop of pictures come along.

Now, we'll step over to the Paramount studio and see what they have to offer. Ooh! There's Jeanne Eagels! If you'll get into a huddle I'll tell you how Jeanne got her letter. I mean, the feminine lead in "The Letter." (Of course, it's a talking picture.) Monta Bell who directed Jeanne in "Man, Woman and Sin," is a great admiring of her work, and since she photographs like a million and has a gorgeous voice and since she is making the picture in New York and since he is supervisor of Eastern Productions and since—well, anyway, she got the job! Evelyn Brent was slated to do "The Letter" but it seems that it interfered with "Interference" which she was at work on. Incidentally, there are no extras in "Interference." The cast consists of, besides Evelyn, Clive Brook, Doris Kenyon and William Powell. It is Paramount's first all-dialogue picture.

Maurice Chevalier. Paramount's French importation, looks a little like both Conway Tearle and Edmund Lowe. "The Innocence of Paris" is the title of his first American picture. Chevalier's wonderful talking and singing voice, in English—but with an inimitable accent—will be heard in this production.

That grand guy, George Bancroft's new picture is called "The Wolf of Wall Street," but don't get the idea that it is the story of Little Red Riding Hood.

Large doings at the Metro studios. Imagine! La Garbo's next picture is "Heat." It'll make you take off your fur coat. For some reason you just can't talk about Greta Garbo without mentioning John Gilbert, so here goes! He is now at work on "Thirst." Mary Nolan has the feminine lead opposite him. Beside Love and her uke are busily engaged in making "The Broadway Melody," while Joan Crawford is doing a sequel to "Our Dancing Daughters." It's called "The Brass Band." Ta-dah!

Over at First National Colleen Moore has finished "Synthetic Sin" from the stage comedy, and is now making "That's a Bad Girl." Colleen promises that this is a permanent title—positively not subject to change. That's a good girl, Colleen! "The Man and the Moment," Elmo Glyn's story, will be Billie Dove's next. Then there's "Hot Stuff," with Alice White. If the picture lives up to the title you'd better reserve your seats now.

At the Fox studios, Janet Gaynor plays a pretty Dutch girl in "Christina." Mary Duncan, the torrid mama of "Four Devils" is in Murray's "Our Daily Bread." Cut yourself a piece. George O'Brien and Lois Moran are together again in "Blindfold." In it George is a policeman and so's his old man—I mean his father was really the Chief of Police of San Francisco. So Georgie ought to give us an arresting performance. Now, now!

La Marquise Gloria Swanson has started work on "Queen Kelly." It is promised to us any time now but remember that Von Stroheim is directing; and his art is long, and time is fleeting, or something...
Joy to the World!
The beautiful sentiment of Handel's Christmas carol, popular two centuries ago, is still the spirit of Yuletide today.

But in this miracle age, we have the newest of Christmas gifts—Fox Movietone Yuletide Entertainment, FORGET ME NOT. All in dialog! A charming toyshop romance among a toymaker's treasures, which come to life as if by magic.

You hear it all—the voices, the jingle of Christmas bells, the music, ballet dancing.

Young and old will delight in this lavishly produced Holiday Entertainment, presented by William Fox, developer of Movietone.

Story and direction by

MARCEL SILVER

Another De Luxe MOVIE TONE Entertainment
SHE'S done it again! The little angel from "Seventh Heaven" has come down to earth. Janet Gaynor, as the love-lorn heroine of "Four Devils," has one of the most difficult roles ever assigned any actress. But Janet makes her human. She emerges triumphant, a little angel with both feet on the ground. No—Janet's success was no accident.
Janet’s happy — why not? She’s only twenty-two, and she has an unbroken record of screen successes. Above: in “2 Girls Wanted”; with her mother at home; and in a love scene from “Four Devils” with Charles Morton.

She has a wistful charm quite her own. She’s little and pretty and puckish. But don’t overlook the fact that in Janet Gaynor the motion picture has a real actress. An actress who can play any part—from the tragic wife in “Sunrise” to the romantic girl in “Street Angel.” She has earned Screenland’s first Honor Page for the new year!
HAPPY New Year—with sound accompaniment!

Or if you prefer your pictures silent, put on your ear-muffs; but let’s get together.

I’ve been a Movie Fan ever since I could toddle down town to the ‘nickel show.’ And now that Santa Claus has made me Editor of Screenland, I’m more of a Movie Fan than ever.

In fact, I’ve grown up with the movies. I’m a Fan who got the breaks. The difference between me and all the others who go to the movies regularly is that I was lucky: I managed to get inside the studio, meet the stars, and find out what makes the movie wheels go round. I’ve watched them writing, casting, directing, acting, photographing, cutting, titling, editing, and projecting motion pictures. I know the ‘low-down’ and the ‘high-hat.’ And I’m going to pass on what I’ve learned about movies to you!

You’d think it would be an old story. People say: “Don’t you ever get awfully tired of seeing so many movies and interviewing so many stars?” I suppose, being an Editor, I should yawn and agree. But when I recall seeing such fine films as “Seventh Heaven,” or “The Patriot,” or “the Singing Fool”; when I think of lunching with Janet Gaynor or John Gilbert or Dolores del Rio, I have to be honest and answer ‘No’ to both questions.

A real Movie Fan can’t see too many pictures or meet too many stars. A real Fan may deplore the fact that the latest picture isn’t so good, that a favorite star’s technique seems to be slipping a little—but it doesn’t make him change his mind about the movies. A real Fan is like a fond mother. No matter what her child may do, she loves it just the same—maybe more.

Other Movie Fans write to me and ask me to tell them what picture studios or stars are really like. I couldn’t answer them all—but now I can let Screenland speak for me. I’ll try to tell you all I know!

I used to write fan letters. Once I wrote to a very talented young actor whom I saw playing a crippled-boy bit. When I met John Gilbert, right after his success in “The Big Parade,” when Broadway and Hollywood were ringing with his praises, he said: “You wrote me my first fan letter. I still have it.”

They’re human. I like them. Actors are people. I knew Mary before she became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Bill Hart gave me my last doll. Tommy Meighan warned me never to get ‘up-stage.’ Lillian Gish taught me to swim. Malcolm St. Clair asked me if I’d like to work in his picture. (I may take him up on that yet!) It’s all been fun. And I’m still curious—still fascinated by this amazing business of motion pictures.

It’s no longer the step-child of the arts, as it used to be when I first went to the movies. It’s grown up. Not only the real Movie Fans, but other audiences, who used to sneer, now never miss a good movie. In fact, they say that 25,000,000 go to the movies every day. 25,000,000 people can’t be wrong. Let’s get together every month in Screenland.
New Faces

C Above: Lovely Dita Parlo, nineteen-year-old German actress, now playing in Chevalier's first American film. Eddie Quillan is Pathé's rising young comedian.

C Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, is a brand new juvenile. Little Agnes Franey came from the chorus to grace the films. They're both candidates for glory in 1929.

C Above: Dorothy Janis, Dorothy put the Indian sign on her audiences as Tim McCoy's leading lady.

C Left: No, not Peggy Hopkins Joyce, but blonde and blue-eyed Virginia Cherrill, the twenty-year-old Chicago society girl and chum of Sue Carol. Virginia plays opposite Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights," his latest.

C Right: Robert Castle.
Here's Hollywood! A composite picture of the most mysterious and romantic city in the world: city of dead dreams and living hopes—and lots of whoopee!
Mysteries of Hollywood
by Rob Wagner

Hollywood is the Mystery City. Few really know it as Rob Wagner knows it. He was production associate of Chaplin and Will Rogers. He is the official chronicler of the cinema for the Saturday Evening Post and Screenland. In a series of articles he will solve for you some of the mysteries of movieland. This, the first, explains the most hated man in Hollywood: The Supervisor.

We were dining with the 'Foreign Legion' at a beautiful home in Beverly Hills. The table was set for sixteen. One place was vacant. The hostess, speaking charmingly in broken English, explained, "M'sieur So-and-so," (mentioning the name of a tall, handsome Frenchman), "is ill. He cannot come."

A smile passed around the table. Ill, indeed! An hour before he was exceedingly well. Capt. Hagar was sent to investigate. The result was as expected. The naughty Frenchman's car was parked outside a certain lady's house. And he a married man!

These light-hearted foreigners! What trouble they'll take to make a joke! Hans Kraley suggested we send Capt. Hagar back with our cards to stick in the steering wheel of the deceiver's automobile, so as to let him know we were aware of his guilt. Paul Leni suggested we add insulting epithets to our cards. Good! Thus the pasteboards bore such legends as 'Traitor!' 'Home-wrecker!' etc. A French actor, conjuring up his most damning national insult, wrote, 'Big potato!' while an innocent Hungarian ascribed canine ancestry to the delinquent. At last Ernst Lubitsch was inspired to the sublime insult. He wrote on his card the one terrible word—Supervisor!

Nor does this episode stand alone in proclaiming the low esteem in which this curious individual, the supervisor, is held. There are two other classic definitions of him current in Hollywood. One is: 'A supervisor is a man who knows what he wants but can't spell it.' The other goes: 'A supervisor is a man appointed to keep the directors from making artistic pictures.'

Who then is this mysterious creature that calls forth such brick-bats?

Like the undertaker he was born of necessity.

Let us go back a bit and explain his birth.

The director has always been the back-bone of the cinema. For the cinema is primarily a picture and the director is the painter, the silver-screen his palette, and the actors his paints. Naturally he does better with fine paints, but whether his actors are hams or Hamlets he alone is responsible. He rises or falls upon the success or failure of the result.

Nor is there any formula for directorial success. An illiterate may equal a Herbert Brenon, for reasons I cannot go into here. Certain directors, like Fitzmaurice and Tourner, excel pictorially; others like William De Mille are masters of story construction; still others, like Griffith and Mickey Neilan, are weak in story construction but masters of incidental business. One and all know 'entertainment value' and are 'box-office.' Therefore the successful director is the most powerful functionary in picture-making.

But many of our directors, though artistically valuable, are otherwise incompetent. And power in the hands of incompetents is a dangerous thing. There was little trouble while pictures cost only five thousand dollars and the director was often the writer and cameraman as well, but when picture-making became a highly social product requiring many minds and production costs mounted into millions, trouble began. Many directors, grown drunk on power, became arrogant with their co-workers and simply went 'h'ay-wire' with so much money; and the poor producer, who himself used to supervise expenditures when he had but two or three companies working, became utterly incapable of watching the costs of ten or twelve temperamental spendthrifts.

Enter Jesse Lasky with a nifty idea. He divided his twelve companies into four units of three companies each, and over each unit he placed a new administrator whose function it was to arrange schedules, attend business details, keep harmony within the unit and, above all, to supervise costs.

Thus was born the Supervisor.

Fine! But—! Again the danger of power! Supervisors not only began to curb riotous expenditures of 'crazy' writers and 'damm fool' directors, but they horned in on the story and even attempted to tell the director how to shoot his stuff. Fireworks! What does a businessman know about story construction? And why should a $500 a week 'dub' sit in artistic judgment over a $2000 a week director? If he is so darned smart why isn't he directing and drawing the big wage? A director could respect his producer, howsoever inartistic, for, after all, he was paying the piper. But these upstarts! Who were they to tell writers, costumers, technical experts and directors where to get off? Hounds! Dogs! Skunks! Big Potatoes! Yes—Supervisors!

"A supervisor," says Hollywood, "is a man who knows what he wants but can't spell it!"

The final blow came when famous directors began to see their immortal works upon the screen 'Supervised by Emil Gatz.' (Cont. on page 94)
If Jobyna Ralston were really disposed to be jealous of her husband, Richard Arlen, she would be miserable at all times, for Dick has made screen love to Clara Bow, Mary Brian, Nancy Carroll, Bebe Daniels and many others.

But Jobyna believes in Dick and is willing to rely on his affection for her. There are times, of course, when he seems a trille more fervid than is really necessary, and a little twinge of something enters her heart.

"It isn't jealousy," says Joby, "it's just that I dislike to see Dick's valuable kisses wasted. You see, I happen to know that he is a wonderful lover and it is not because I see him caressing some one else as a matter of business that I envy the fortunate girl! I've never had to complain about his love making at home and I would never be willing to stand in his way towards success.

"There is no real reaction, so far as I am concerned, from these love scenes. To me they are only make-believe. I do not believe Dick has any reaction either. If he does it never comes out in his relations to me. Should I see him too familiar with a girl away from the studio I might seriously object, but so long as he confines his kisses to the screen where they may be seen by all I only hope he makes them seem real. And then, there are the characters of Mary Brian and Nancy Carroll to be considered. I know these girls, too, and believe their reaction is much the same as mine when I play opposite a handsome man. To me his kisses mean nothing but make-believe. I do not even think they all kiss exceedingly well. There is a lack of ardor in these screen portrayals that is never found in real life.

"You see, there is a lot of difference between the
Love Scenes?

Richard Arlen Does It Every Day. Read What Mrs. Arlen Thinks.

Domesticity too much to give a thought to hours. He even helps around the house asks him to!

Lilyan Tashman’s tempting technique fails to register with Mr. Arlen, actor. Left: he only pretends to fall a victim to Mary Brian’s girlish wiles. He’s a working man!

Familiarity of the screen and private life. One learns to take things as they are in pictures and there is no Dame Grundy to scatter little seeds of discord. I much prefer having Dick all to myself but that is impossible if he is to remain a star. I would be very ungrateful to him if I even intimated he should be less emphatic in a scene. If I never have real cause for jealousy, Dick will have no reason to think my heart is hurt by his screen attentions to other actresses.

“Repetition makes common,” says Jobyna. She then explains that the first time she saw her husband kiss an actress in front of the camera, she was struck by a terrific pang of jealousy. “As I saw Dick kiss her, it suddenly dawned on me that this being the wife of a screen star might not be so pleasant. He is offered too many temptations.

“In any other walk of life, it is difficult for a man to find out whether he would enjoy the kisses of other women because he hardly dares kiss other women. But on the screen it is a part of his business.”

“Of course, experience has taught me that screen kisses are not so real as they sometimes look. They are real, too, I suppose; but only temporarily. Dick has told me that he has a mild flirtation with each picture. I know that I do, too. But that must be to make the thing alive. Imagine two people not liking each other, trying to make a love scene realistic. It couldn’t be done; not well, at any rate.

“So I take this screen loving as a matter of course. Kisses aren’t all important in life. They aren’t important at all, as a matter of fact. They are only a luxury; a wonderful luxury in which we all should indulge and so few of us do. The realization that they are not really meant takes away the sting of them.”
Director Sam Wood prompts Norma Shearer and Johnny Mack Brown in rehearsals for the speaking sequences of "A Woman of Chance."

Everyone is asking how Sound Pictures are made. Here's Screenland's Answer.

Sound Appeal

By Rosa Reilly

A shot cut through the still tropic night.
Then one staccato groan.
Again more shots.
Midnight silence draped the porch of the Singapore bungalow. A man, riddled with bullets, fell to the floor. Over him a woman crouched, a smoking gun in her hand.
Servants, aroused by the gunfire, scuttled in from their quarters in the kampong. A neighbor dashed up the steps of the porch: "In God's name," he shouted, "what's all this?"
"He—he attacked me," the woman lied, "and I killed him."
A crash broke the tense atmosphere—the sound of delicate wood breaking on a concrete floor. An elderly Chinaman, very short, very rotund, shuffled on the scene, the picture of misery: "Me velly solly, Mist' Muir. Me droppee yampon. Velly, velly solly."

The murdered man on the floor rolled over and laughed. Jeanne Eagels, the smoking gun still in her hand, smiled nervously. Jean de Limur, the handsome French director, threw out his hands in despair.

The scene was the sound-proof stage of Paramount's Long Island Studio. De Limur was directing the murder sequence of the new talking picture taken from Somerset Maugham's play, "The Letter," when one of the Chinese musicians—nicked Peach Blossom by the mechanics standing outside the set, accidentally dropped his Chinese guitar and splintered it on the concrete floor. The resulting crash cutting in on the murder scene ruined the sound sequence.

"It is all right this time, Peach Blossom," de Limur said to the stricken Chinaman, "but you must' be more careful. There mus' be absolute silence for these soun' pictures." Turning to Jeanne Eagels, the star, he continued, "I am so veree sorry. I 'ate to keep you 'ere so late but we mus' do this scene again. I 'ope you don' mind, Mr. Marshall," he was speaking now to Herbert Marshall who plays the role of the murdered lover. Then addressing the entire assembly—actors, musicians, mechanics, electricians, camera men, clerks—he said: "We mus' 'urry. Mr. Marshall 'as to leave for the t'eatre in ten minutes."

Visualize this setting if you can. The setting which is housing one of the romances of the twentieth century—the talking picture.

The huge stage, with padded walls, padded ceilings, and doors of double thickness covered all around with felt to render the set, as far as humanly possible, sound proof.

Great incandescent lights glaring into the eyes of Jeanne Eagels who stands, high-strung and nervous, like a race horse at the barrier waiting for the webbing to go up.

Herbert Marshall, borrowed from the legitimate stage where he is playing in "The High Road," leans with apparent nonchalance against a huge G. E. light. But his fingers betray him. They tremble as he lights his cigarette. On the stage he has made a name for himself but this talking picture business is all new. What will it mean to him if he goes over—goes over big?

Jean de Limur, a striking-looking man of perhaps thirty-five, his brown hair broadly streaked with gray, sits on his camp chair, conscious of everything, impatient of nothing. Around his neck is a telephone transmitter into which he talks when he wants to communicate with the camera men in the action camera booth or the sound camera booth. Both cameras have been placed in glass booths so that the noise of their grinding will not penetrate into the sound picture.

Masked in the middle of the set by a bit of drapery, is the microphone which carries the sound of the players' voices to the sound camera booth stationed some distance away.

Carpenters put last minute touches to the bungalow which is completely furnished even down to cups and saucers on the shelves. Electricians mount their lights.

"On your spots, boys, on your spots," yells the Chief Electrician to his assistants.

"Stand a bit to your left, please Miss Eagels," de Limur says quietly. "And don' raise your 'ead too 'igh at the climax. About 'ere." He pointed to a mark on the wall.

"All ready?" he asked into the telephone transmitter. "O.K.," came the answer from the camera booth.

A red light flashed signifying that the machinery of both cameras was set for action. "Quiet, please," says de Limur, "Absolute quiet."

After counting ten very slowly—the timing agreed upon — de Limur presses a button to start the recording machinery, beckons Miss Eagels to begin, and once more a shot cut through the still tropic night. Then one staccato groan. Again more shots.... This time the sound sequence is completed without the crash of Peach Blossom's guitar, and one of the most dramatic scenes from "The Letter" has been permanently and successfully recorded for all the world to hear and see.

Jeanne Eagels snatches her wrap from her maid, steps into her big limousine and rolls over the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge to star-hit New York to keep a vaudeville engagement. To make better time, Herbert Marshall jumps into the subway. Electricians, mechanics, carpenters pour towards the elevated and the street car. The great Long Island studio is almost deserted. Only Jean de Limur remains behind. Wiping his forehead with his colored handkerchief, he seats himself again on his folding chair and looks across the vacant building.

"What's the matter, Mr. de Limur?" I asked. "Aren't you satisfied with today's work?"

"Oh yes, I am quite satisfied," he answered, "but nobody knows where we are in this business. We all are working in the dark. It makes it veree, veree 'ard. These new talking pictures, they are like that animal that you call the Ass—they are like an Ass with (Continued on page 96)
Before they sailed from foreign shores

From Paris, Berlin, Budapest and Stockholm They Came — All For Art!

© The Emil Jennings of Europe looked like this. Now glance across the page to the new Emil who is sehr glücklich in American movies.

© Lily Damita, the toast of Paris, becomes the rage of these Delighted States after a few deft touches that you can’t learn even in Paris.

© Greta Garbo left Sweden in this snappy Swedish creation —
and After they made good in Hollywood!

Would you ever believe that the alluring beauty to the left, center, was once the demure Vilma Banky of Budapest, across the page?

And then Hollywood Took Them in Hand. See the Results!

Lya de Putti had Variety before. But now she has added charm, having gathered helpful hints from the Hollywood experts.

And the same Grete became the screen's smartest in America.
In New York

By
Anne Bye

cynics. New Yorkers go about their usual business whether there are famous screen stars in their midst or not. For instance, one afternoon I walked up Broadway for a block with Marion Davies—and nobody even looked our way. And a week later I watched Mary Pickford—herself, in person, not a movie—stroll up the white way unobserved and Unmobbed. It's that way here. You can tell more about a screen star's private life by watching her for five minutes in New York than you can spending the day with her in her home town of Hollywood.

You heard—Marion Davies. And Mary Pickford. The two leading lights of Hollywood. The queens of cinema society—the two most admired and envied and applauded and feted and fawned-on of all the lovely movie ladies. Mary is perhaps the more impressive of the two, by virtue of her long reign as America's Sweetheart and her much-talked-of aloofness in the film capitol. But Marion is a close second: she's Hollywood's most popular hostess. It is just about as important to be invited to one of Miss Davies' elaborate parties as it is to be one of the fortunate guests at 'Pickfair.' And in New York they are just two nice girls.

Mary's visits eastward are so few and far between, we'd better consider her first, so she'll come more often. She stayed only four or five days—and she came on some legal business which doesn't interest us. But it was our first glimpse of the brand-new Mary Pickford. And I want to assure you she is a new Mary! It isn't just the new bob, though that may have something to do with it. It's more than that. Mary Pickford is another Mary from the one you used to know. She is a woman of the world now. She has tasted every good thing that life has to offer. Naturally she is different from the rather wistful quiet Mary I met years ago. She's much prettier than she used to be. She has learned how to dress—smartly, subtly. She has dropped all her Pickfords—she is a girl

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NEW YORK knows the movie stars better than Hollywood itself. Believe it or not—I know what I'm talking about! These screen celebrities can be themselves in the Big City. Out in California, they are watched and pointed at and whispered about. But in Manhattan they are not so important. There are other people in our town—bankers, and writers, and artists, and

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Billy Haines was met at the Grand Central Station by his sister. "Yes, she is, too!"

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Lovely Marion Davies came back from Europe.
absolutely devoid of pretense or pose. The one thing unchanged about Mary is her pathos. She is still wistful. She still has that questing look—that tremulous, hurt expression of a little girl who has grown up suddenly and somehow missed all the fun she should have had. In a woman of Mary Pickford's experience, success, and importance, it is a fascinating quality. It piques the imagination. It makes you wonder if, after all, Mary Pickford is really happy.

There she sat. She and Douglas Fairbanks, this trip, revisited the Algonquin, that little hotel on West 44th Street, owned by their friend Frank Case, where they used to stay before they were quite as famous as they are now. That alone was a departure for these two. They have stopped at the Ritz in recent years. This time—was it only my imagination, or was Mary perhaps trying to recapture some of the glamour of old familiar scenes?

"I'm so tired!" she said, with a weary little smile. Her left hand—with its little diamond circlet and its enormous square diamond ring—tugged at her smart gray hat topping the bright gold hair. "I've been dashing since nine this morning. I'll be so glad to get on the train going back home. Then I can rest.

"We saw 'Rosalie' this afternoon." Marilynn Miller, who used to be married to Mary's brother, Jack, is the star of that show. "And tonight we see the 'Vanities.' And I have such a headache!"

"Why don't you stay away from the 'Vanities' and rest?" I asked her.

That weary look came back. "Oh——" she said, "we have made our plans, and Douglas wouldn't go without me——"

Celebrities can't rest. Not while they're in New York! The life of a movie star, especially on a trip east, is a treadmill. They can't stop even when they want to.

"I'm wild about doing 'Coquette,'" she said. "It will be the biggest thing I have ever done, I think, since 'Stella Maris.'"
The GARBO GIRL SWAYS THE MODE

C. Gilbert Adrian, famous fashion designer, has been secured by Screenland as special fashion advisor. Adrian originates modes. He understands clothes—and women! Read what he has to say about the "Garbo Girl." He will be glad to help Screenland's feminine readers with their own clothes problems. Designer for Garbo, Aileen Pringle, Norma Shearer, and many other stars, his costumes are admired by women everywhere. Adrian will discuss the different types of femininity in this Magazine month to month, emphasizing the correct costumes for each type. He will also answer any questions you may care to ask concerning clothes. Address Adrian, care Screenland's Fashion Department.

C. Garbo wearing the plaid-colored sports coat designed for her by Adrian.

Gilbert Adrian has designed a group of gowns and coats to suggest to Screenland readers the meaning of the Garbo mode. They are original creations, and the drawings are also by Adrian. From left to right, up the style strip: a daring evening wrap of the sort that only the Garbo Girl can wear; an afternoon frock of satine; a smart formal frock of black chiffon, with snug hipline and long dripping lines; a striking street coat; an evening ensemble; and a sports coat created for Garbo for "A Woman of Affairs," which Greta is wearing in the photograph on this page.
There is a New Style Trend Inspired by the Graceful Garbo. Can Every Woman Follow?

What the 'Garbo Girl' Should Wear

By Gilbert Adrian

Women who feel that they have a resemblance to Greta Garbo must be particularly careful in following her style of dressing to adapt that particular style to the role that they themselves play in life, because Miss Garbo plays such a varied assortment of women and types of women that she can take liberties that the average woman who simply looks like her cannot always take.

In following Miss Garbo, one realizes that simplicity is the key-note to her smartness, as it should be with all women of taste. Her natural aloofness and the manner of her bearing make it possible for her to put meaning into simple clothes. The girl who feels she is the Garbo type should be truthful with herself and analyze her nature to find out whether the appearance is only skin-deep or if her mental qualities and her manner can carry, with the same dignity and charm, the simplicity that Garbo knows how to handle.

Garbo's flair for and understanding of drama is coupled closely with the clothes she wears—in other words, she knows how to handle, without being clothes-conscious, the most conscious kind of clothes. That is an art. Therefore, remember, when you are following Garbo, that you are taking dynamite sticks into your own hands. You can be blown into the realms of the ridiculous by lack of knowledge as to how to handle the things you most admire. But if you are clever enough to bring the dramatic in clothes into the more-or-less ordinary circumstances of life, you can copy Garbo. If not—let her (Continued on page 90)
LAURA LA PLANTE OFFERS
A Corona Typewriter FREE
FOR THE BEST LETTER

The Question You Must Answer: Are Costume Pictures More, or Less Romantic than Modern Films? Why Do You Think So?
The writer of the best letter answering Laura La Plante's question—that is, the cleverest and the clearest letter—will receive a Corona portable typewriter complete with carrying case.

Laura La Plante, below, as the famous artist, James Montgomery Flagg, sees her.

Laura answering a fan letter on her own Corona. She hopes the fan who wins her gift Corona typewriter will write the first letter to her, at Universal City, California.

Laura La Plante is a friendly girl. You can tell that to look at her. And because she is genuinely, friendly she likes to write letters and loves to receive them. She really reads her fan mail—and answers it. And her portable Corona typewriter even goes with her on location. The other day when she was reading a typewritten fan letter, she said: "I wish all the nice letters I receive were typewritten—it makes them so much easier to read." And then she had the idea: why not offer a fan friend a Corona, just like her own, through Screenland? A Corona portable is not only useful, but attractive. It is an ideal gift for the boy or girl with literary aspirations, the college student, the school teacher, the grandmother who wishes to copy prized recipes—in fact, just about everybody! Laura would like the winner to have a Corona in her own favorite shade—blue; but if the winner doesn't like blue, then green, scarlet, and maroon are the other colors in which the typewriter is available. Mention your preference. Answer Laura's question in your best style. The winner will receive the Corona.

Address:—LAURA LA PLANTE
Screenland Contest Department
49 West 45th St., New York City
Contest closes January 10, 1929
The Mayfair is making whoopee tonight,” Vernon Rickard and Cornelius Keefe telephoned to Patsy and me, “and we want you to go with us.”

We don’t have to tell you our answer, I hope.

Nobody of course was dancing much, that first dance, because everybody was busy saying hello to everybody else, it being the first Mayfair dance of the season, given in the beautiful ballroom of the Biltmore.

“And almost everybody,” Vernon remarked, “is related to everybody else by marriage!”

If Vernon weren’t handsome and possessed of a voice to match, he would be a comedian, instead of acting and singing in Warner pictures and over the radio.

As for his remark, to be sure there were a lot of ex’s present. Louise Brooks was with Buster Collier and a big party, while Eddie Sutherland, whom Louise so lately shed as a husband, was with May McAvoy’s party, and May herself is engaged to Maurice Cleary, who had brought her, while once on a time she was engaged to Eddie Sutherland. Which does sound complicated, doesn’t it?

Then there were Claire Windsor, who came with that tall, handsome John Loder, and Bert Lytell, to whom she used to be married, but who had brought Phyllis Haver,
with the Stars

No Hollywood party is complete without Grace Kingsley. Let her take you along!

your favorites: Corinne Griffith, Patsy Ruth Miller, Betsy Lee, Claire Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hale, Mrs. Jack Midhall, Lupe Velez, Laura La Plante, Lois Moran, Belle Bennett, Dorothy Sebastian—well, everybody!

to whom he is much devoted; and there was Helene Chadwick, who used to be married to William Wellman, but who came with a large party of friends, while Wellman brought his wife.

Sally Eilers was there with her latest fiance, William Hawks, while Matty Kemp, to whom she was engaged a few short weeks ago, brought beautiful Sharon Lynn.

Clarence Brown, the director, brought Dorothy Sebastian, his fiance, while Ona Brown came with her wealthy and charming husband-to-be, Harvey Barnes.

Mrs. Irene Day was to have been hostess at our party, but she had to take Alice to New York, for some picture work, while Marceline Day couldn’t come because her fiance, Richard Dix, was ill. So Ona Brown presided charmingly.

“Well, not everybody has changed partners,” remarked Patsy, “there are George O’Brien and Olive Borden. But I haven’t seen Bebe Daniels and Jack Pickford dancing once, though they used to be such great friends. Bebe is with Gary Cooper, and he seems very devoted.”

There were also Wesley Ruggles with Katherine Crawford, to whom he is said to be engaged, and Sally Blane and Arthur Lake; Reginald Barker was all attention to a pretty, vampish sort of girl; and there were Bessie Love...
and Eddie Foy, Jr., who is giving Bess quite a rush these days; and Bryant Washburn was with Virginia Southern. Of course Ben Bard and Ruth Roland were together. Tom Mix had brought Lupe Velez in his party, I believe. At any rate he was dancing with her a lot.

"It seems to me we see Madeline Hurlock about twice a year," remarked Connie Keefe, "that's when she goes to the around-Christmas-time parties which Mack Sennett gives, and at the first Mayfair of the year. She's with Wilbur May, the wealthy department store owner, you know—tonight."

Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day came all by themselves. Molly lately had undergone an awful operation, having some of the 'too, too solid flesh' actually cut away from her limbs. She looks very lovely, but says that the operation was a strenuous one. However, one doesn't have to undergo it but once.

"I suppose that after a while," remarked Patsy, "we'll all go to get a permanent thin, just as now we go to get a permanent wave."

Reginald Denny brought his cute little fiance, Bubbles Steifel; Lina Basquette came with Peferell Marley; William deMille brought his bride, Clara Beranger, the scenario writer; and there were Jackie Saunders, who used to be a star, with her husband, J. Ward Cohen; Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett; George Lewis and his wife; Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco; Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead; Leila Hyams, Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery, Lupino Lane and his wife, Clyde Cook and Mrs. Cook, Nancy Drexel, June Collyer, Jack and Irma Warner, Laura La Plante and William Seiter, Lois Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thompson, John Boles and his wife, Jack Conway and his wife, Robert Ede-son and Mrs. Edeson, Antonio Moreno and his wife, Camilla Horn, Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Belle Bennett and Fred Winderman, Leatrice Joy, and just dozens of others.

Texas Guinan came very late with a young dancer from the east whose name we didn't learn, but whom she introduced later, and who turned out to be one of the niftiest little solo steppers we have seen in the west.

Tex introduced him as the 'best dancer in the east'—which was tactful, inasmuch as the west thinks it has all the dancers cornered.

After his performance, Mike Levee's sectional pride was aroused to such an extent that he trotted Johnny Hines out to show what the west can do in the way of dancers of the Black Bottom, buck-and-wing, etc., and Johnny did the wild-and-wooly proud.

Mike Levee was the master of ceremonies. He got up right after dinner and declared that, as there was to be some other entertainment, and as it appeared to be hard to keep the crowd quiet, he suggested the use of 'social silencers.'

Of course these turned out to be all-day suckers, and the rubber-faced Joe Brown arose to demonstrate. He said, though, that his sucker was an old 1914 model, or anyway that's the way it tasted, but in any event we got the idea. Everybody was supplied with the sticky candy.

Gus Edwards was dug out from his party and made to come out and play the piano while he sang 'School Days,' and everybody was permitted to let loose of his social silencer long enough to join in the chorus.

Then Levee announced there would be a dancing contest with a wonderful prize. This he unwrapped from its elaborately decorated box. It turned out to be a rubber hot-water bag decorated with a design in brilliants! "A diamond-studded hot-water bag" was the way Mike put it. That was good for a howl from the mob.

The contest finally narrowed down to four couples, including Lupino Lane and Leila Hyams, Clyde Cook and his wife, Robert Leonard and Ruth Roland, besides Gus Edwards and Dorothy Sebastian.

Gus and Dorothy seemed to have a little the edge in the final applause, and drew the prize but as Clyde and Leila seemed about to burst into tears, Mike promised them a duplicate.

Lupino Lane and Clyde Cook performed a very funny burlesque Flora Dora dance, and Joe Brown gave his famous 'Little Mousey' recitation. But it all seemed spontaneous and charmingly easy.

The electrics were going off and the sun coming on as we fared homeward, and we all hope to be invited to the next Mayfair.

"PHILLIS HAVEN wants to give a house-warming party," declared Patsy over the phone to me one morning, "but she says that her house is a bit too small for all her guests, so she is going to warm it vicariously by giving the party at the Rondo, a big apartment house, built in Spanish style, which the owner is quite (Continued on page 92)

C "Come on over to my house for a party" says Lois Wilson. We'll be right over.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

MARIE PREVOST  in "The Exodus"
A NOther lovely lissome lady becomes converted to the films. Meet Leone Lane, the latest and stateliest Hollywood beauty.
Give her regards to Broadway—she's in the movies now. Pretty, happy Nancy Carroll brings a stage-trained voice to the talkers.
LOYD HUGHES steps out with a new personality in "The Mysterious Island." No wonder, with such an inspiration as Jane Daly.
WHY young men want to go in the movies. 
If they're lucky like Antonio Moreno they may make love to Billie Dove.
ARY COOPER’S ambition, they say, is to go off to his Montana ranch and lead the simple life. But his fans won’t let him.
OTHER stars smile. Evelyn Brent has won her way to fame by her genuine ability and this seductively sulky expression.
All the pretty girls in Hollywood aren't in pictures. Here's Fanchon Royer, who produces them. The water babies are her sons.
How They Made "Redskin" with Richard Dix, and Real Indians and Everything.

Richard Dix as the Navajo hero of "Redskin," Paramount's natural-color epic of the problems, loves, and hatreds of the modern Indian.

Schertzinger, the actors, and the technical staff, as well as in this picture, endured discomforts under a broiling sun—while the cameras grind, the assistants precariously perched emotional aid on his tiny organ—at the upper left.

wide-brimmed hat at home and got well broiled, but I did have sense enough to take along a coat.

Ruth Tildesley, another writer whom you probably know, and I were the only guests, and we found ourselves comfortably installed in a compartment on the California Limited bound for Gallup, New Mexico, which was 92 miles from the Chin Lee trading post and the 'Redskin' camp. I'd like to tell you all about the fun we had getting there, but I will sternly overlook it and get to what happened at camp as quickly as possible.

We were met at El Navajo's Hotel, the Harvey House in Gallup, by Ken Whitmore, in charge of the publicity for the unit, and during luncheon we heard about all the hardships we were to endure at camp. And then we began the 92 glorious miles to camp.

Ken said the roads were terrible, and they were. However, our chauffeur was Frank Sayer, one of the finest of the fine 'Harvey car' drivers. Those boys can take you over the bumps at 35 an hour so easily you wouldn't know what you were escaping.

It was just sunset when we reached Fort Defiance, that sturdy post with memories of a bloody past; and the journey for five miles afterward was
a fairyland of color. There is room to breathe pure air in the West. There is room to think pure thoughts. There is the clean, pungent odor of the sage. There are the garbled, twisted rocks that only the desert knows, and changing beauty that the art of man can never hope to confine; not in words, on canvas or even in music. Its grandeur is intoxicating, mysterious, limitless.

(Well, I wasn’t going to emote over the desert, but I couldn’t help that bit.)

Soon it was very dark and we rode through miles of dense pine forest with here and there a clearing which showed the slender crescent of the moon and the millions of brilliant stars. Then came miles of rock—no road at all, the car simply made its way over solid rock. At one side yawned a black abyss. “That’s Canyon de Chelley (pronounced Shay) and a sheer drop of seven hundred feet,” drawled Frank, “so I’ll drive real careful.”

“Good night!” I said to Ruth as, although going very slowly, we were rattled about from one side of the car to the other like dry peas in a pod.

We finally arrived at Cozy’s trading post where we were to spend that night because there was no room in camp. There wasn’t a sign of life.

“All over to the movie camp, I guess,” said Frank, and hearing a faint groan he added, “but it’s only two more miles.”

We passed the Indian school where little Navajos are sent by the United States Government to unlearn their own wisdom for what we so-called civilized beings call by that name. Several days before it seems that two little boys, wretched from home-sickness, terrified and ill from the effect of their first earthly bath, strange clothes and food, had run away and had not yet been found. The teachers are kind but not always understanding, and by the way, that is the theme of Elizabeth Pickett’s story—the trouble caused by lack of understanding on the part of the white man and the Indian.

At last a grove of cotton-wood trees were picked up by the lights of our car and a number of smothered lights from the glow ahead told us we had reached camp. Frank drew up in the plaza, switched off our lights and went in search of Syd Street, business manager for the unit. We sank back too hungry, tired and cold for speech.

Suddenly out of the blackness in front of me appeared a plain of snow-white drifting sand, red craggy rocks rising to a brilliant azure sky, with a stalwart figure, lithe, sinuous, clad in a close-fitting black doublet open at the throat, outlined against the rocks. Confining his straight, jet-black hair was a band of red, and about his neck was a handsome necklace of carved silver and turquoise. It was a joyous, eager, commanding figure.

I rubbed my eyes and sat forward with a jerk wondering whether I was dreaming or not. “The ‘rushes,’” I breathed, hanging on to something concrete. “The ‘rushes!’”

Of course! How clever to show them out of doors, I thought I was seeing things for a minute.

But it took me another minute to realize that the romantic young Indian on the screen was our old college mate, Richard Dix, in some of the scenes that had been shot that very day.

Then came the welcoming voice and hand of Syd Street who took us toward a huddled group down in on a close-fitting coats and blankets who were watching the “rushes” outside the commissary.

There was Richard and his director, Victor Schertzinger; Gladys Belmont, the diminutive and youthful leading lady: Elizabeth Pickett, the author; Tully Marshall, who needs no introduction; Jane Novak—yes, you will see her again, in a lovely part—Larry Steers, Joseph Girard, George Rigas, Noble Johnson, Jack Duane, and oh, seventy-five others.

“Where have you been all this time?” demanded Richard. “You should have been here last week for the Fire Dance. It was the most gorgeous sight I ever saw in my life. We were unbelievably lucky to get the Indians to do it and it will probably never be done again on the screen. It is a sacred dance, you see, and they are a little fearful that they are going to be punished for performing it for us.

“We had a lucky break with the weather, and that put us in right. Dew fell which turned into rain the first morning after our arrival and the Indians took it to be a good omen and a sign that the Great Spirit approved of us. Had frost come that night, it would have been goodbye to us.”

Then we were taken into the mess tent and fed some delicious lamb chops, fried potatoes and coffee. As it was ten thirty and we had had nothing since noon we did justice to the meal. While we ate Richard brought us up to date on the doings of the camp.

“It is too bad you missed the concert.”

“A concert! How did you have a concert out here?”

“Why, Dolores and Roy are with us.” Dolores is a violinist, and is she pretty! And Roy is an organist. They always play together at Paramount and go on many of the locations. Roy has his own portable organ and it was a funny sight indeed to see it perched on the brow of a rock, and Dolores in her stunning riding togs standing on the very edge of the cliff playing for all she was worth. They put life in the party one morning, I’ll say, after we had all climbed up to the pueblos—but that came later.

“The concert was great,” continued Richard. “We had a bonfire out there in the plaza

(Cont. on page 103)
By day he is a bold bootlegger—a gangster—a pugilist—a crook; in other words, an all-round bad boy.

By night—and Sundays and holidays—he’s a gentleman and a golfer, one of Hollywood’s favorite citizens and a good husband.

Robert Armstrong. There’s no actor in pictures who has had a more instantaneous success. What’s more, it’s lasted. Armstrong is only just completing his eighth film, but he is securely established among the important personalities of the screen. Since his first picture, “The Main Event,” in which he played a prize-fighter, he has been identified with ‘tough guy’ parts. But he has invested these roles with real charm. In “The Cop” he capped the acting honors from experienced movie troupers. “Celebrity” and “Show Folks” followed, and with the release of each new picture Robert Armstrong climbed a little higher in public esteem. That’s why Pathé put him under contract.

And he didn’t want to be an actor! As a youngster he played at ‘producing’ plays in the wood-shed or furnace room with the neighborhood kids as members of the cast. More serious for a career. I’m going to be a lawyer.

His reputation for dramatic ability, however, pursuit Bob to the University of Washington, and he soon found himself writing, producing, and acting in many skits put on by the college dramatic club. Acting was fun, he admitted. And he somehow found himself an actor instead of a lawyer. His uncle, Paul Armstrong, the distinguished playwright, helped him to get a start on the stage. Beginning as stage manager for one of his uncle’s vaudeville acts, young Armstrong was propelled into the leading role. And he has been playing leads on and off, more or less, ever since.

Paul Armstrong died in 1917, just a few weeks after his favorite nephew enlisted in the army. Bob Armstrong spent eighteen months in service, and held a first lieutenant’s commission when the war ended. It was after the war that his promising career.

(Cont. on page 111)
Let's Go to
Screenland's Revuettes will Answer Your Question: "What Picture Shall We See Tonight?" Read Them!

Submarine
Suppose as the crack diver of Uncle Sam's Navy you came home one afternoon and found your wife in the arms of your best pal? Suppose a week later your pal's submarine was sunk and nobody but you can get air to him and his ship-mates? What would you do? This is the tremendous situation facing Jack Holt. Jack, Dorothy Revier, Ralph Graves and Clarence Burton all give remarkable performances in this splendid film which is awash with the swing of the sea and the bravery of men.

Lonesome
To flirt or not to flirt—that is the question confronting Barbara Kent and Glenn Tryon. They're human, and lonesome, and set! This is Universal's first talking special. You'll like it because the charming co-stars do good work.

The Baby Cyclone
This isn't any tornado—just a summer shower. But you'll want to see it before you select your 1929 wardrobe, for Aileen Pringle's clothes are marvelous. Modernistic settings are of interest; also Gwen Lee and Robert Armstrong.

Red Lips
Here is a campus story that treats college men as if they really were men. Charles Rogers is the hero: he is sincere and lovable. Marian Nixon is great, too. The best college picture in a long time.

Women They Talk About
What will we do with Irene Rich if she doesn't stay out of politics? Here she is threatening to run for Mayor. A talker, with Audrey Ferris and Buster Collier as heart interest, and Claude Gillingwater as good acting.
the Movies

Consult these Comments on Current Films and You Will be Guided in Your Quest for Screen Entertainment.

Me Gangster

This film is the autobiography of a crook. Don Terris, new to the screen, plays the role of an East Side bad boy, crooked even from childhood. He loves June Collyer but hates work more. Rather than work, he steals. His father is magnificently played by Anders Randolf. Terris and Miss Collyer are particularly good in the climax in which Don's former pals in crime try to hijack him of the stolen money he is returning to the rightful owner. It's excellent entertainment as well as a moral preaching.

Stocks and Blondes

Jacqueline Logan and 'Skeets' Gallagher, making whoopee among the night clubs and the ticker tape. Gertrude Astor in a sister role gives a knock-out impersonation. An investment in amusement, not a speculation. Jackie is prettier than ever.

Melody of Love

Making talkies is like matrimony—you may have to walk up to the altar a few times before you know what it's all about. Another talker—and not so good except for Mildred Harris and a boy named Tommy Dugan.

Heart Trouble

It's Old Home Week for Harry Langdon for in this comedy he is just like his old self again—one hundred percent funny. As a small-town boy he creates laughs on all sides. Pretty Doris Dawson is in it.

Tenth Avenue

Phyllis Haver is in love with Victor Varconi, a gambler; but because Joseph Schildkraut, a weakling gangster, appeals to her maternal instinct or something, she promises to marry him. Which all leads up to robbery and murder. Phyllis is stunning.
Things They Don't Talk

The Stars Keep Their Good Deeds to Themselves. But Sometimes They Are Found Out!

By Helen Ludlam

Often, around the Christmas season especially, people check up on themselves. They ask themselves whether, during the busy year, they have stopped a moment to bring a little cheer to one who is sad, or helped a pal over a tough bit of road that seemed all bumps and no breaks.

Yet this business of helping people is not as simple as it sounds. It takes tact as well as heart. It takes intelligence as well as generosity, to do the thing neatly.

Stage and picture people seem to be legitimate prey for those who have the 'gimme' disease. Humanity looks upon them as Santa Clauses to whom it writes letters demanding anything from a worn-out collar to a house and lot. Yes, actually, one star was asked to give her house, because the writer wanted one and felt the star had plenty of money to buy herself another house! It didn't occur to her that the star had worked for her house—that it was not a gift from Santa Claus.

The stars have had to learn how to give, and when. They have learned to wait until a real need presented itself and that takes strength of character that is usually termed stinginess.

Some of the kindest things one does seem trivial, yet they are greatest because they fill an instant need.

As an instance, Edmund Lowe was returning home from the studio at a late hour and stopped in a drug store to buy some shaving cream. There was a very small boy standing near his car when he came out who asked whether he would buy a "Ladies Home Journal."

Between several chuckles Eddie said that "The Ladies Home Journal" was one of the magazines he never had time to read, and patting the boy on the head jumped into his roadster and slammed the door.

As he turned once more to smile at the youngster, for a picture of himself sitting down for an evening with "The Ladies Home Journal" amused him, he noticed how drooping the little figure looked. Even the six or seven magazines were slipping and sliding under the tired arm of the child, and a tear rolled down the cheek that should have been round and rosy.

"What's the matter, sonny? Isn't eleven o'clock pretty late for you to be out?"

"Yes, sir," gulped the boy, too miserable and weary to check further the sob that rose to his throat. "But I have all these pa-a-pers!"

"Do you mean that you have to wait until you sell those magazines before you can go home?" Eddie asked, astonished.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's easy."

And taking the load from the child's arm he

*Norman Kerry always insists upon having the same extras in all of his pictures in which extras are required. They're for him!"
pressed a bill into the grimy little paw.

The thing stuck in his mind and he spoke of it to his wife, Liliyan Tashman, the next morning at breakfast.

"There was a case of a round peg in a square hole if I ever saw one," he said. "Most kids get a thrill out of being a 'newsie' but that youngster was certainly not in his right place."

And it was Liliyan who told me about it.

Moral courage was displayed in a recent act of Carmel Myers. A young man stepped up to her and asked for a small amount of money. Carmel had just entered her car, which she was driving herself. After a moment's hesitation she rather disdainfully opened her purse. Then, her feeling of resentment was so strong that she looked again at the man. He was well-dressed and had the appearance of breeding. Carmel's little jaw shot out.

"You don't look like a man who would beg for money, and particularly you don't look like a man who would beg for money from a woman. Why are you asking it of me?"

The man looked down, but only for a moment, and a faint tinge of red showed on his cheek.

"I'm not," he said. "But I thought I could get into talking pictures because I heard there was a need out here. I have a voice, and have had some stage and screen experience. I landed in Hollywood almost with my last cent and it didn't take long to spend that. You know how much chance anyone has of crashing the gate out here, either in silent or talking pictures. It's different if you're invited in. And I have not been able to get work of any sort so far, and have not eaten for three days.

And Carmel knew it was true. She gave him enough for a good, square meal and the address of someone she thought could help him to some work, as she herself had nothing she could give him.

It is not always easy to give and at the same time allow the beneficiary to retain self-respect, but I think Carmel managed it nicely.

Norman Kerry always insists upon having the same extras in all of his pictures in which extras are required. These extras know, then, that when Norman is working they will work, and eat, too.

This may seem a simple matter, but it isn't. A good many actors, even stars of assured positions, dislike to ask favors of the company they are with. To round up the same bunch of extras for each picture a star is in, is a job for the casting director, or the assistant. It is so much easier to call Central Casting and order the required type and number, and let who will, come.

Ben Lyon did rather an unusual thing for a boy who had been impersonating him. This boy found it a simple matter to go into a store, order whatever he wanted and charge it to Ben Lyon whom he strongly resembled. He even had the nerve to register as Ben Lyon at the Biltmore Hotel in New York, and he got away with it for a few days. Then the real Ben Lyon began receiving bills for things he had not ordered and had not received. There was a big bill at the hotel and the case began to look serious.

Ben went to (Cont. on page 102)
He’s only three—but the kid’s a born actor! We had to have a kid to play Sonny Boy in “The Singing Fool.” The casting director looked at one hundred and eighty kids—and was still looking. We had to have somebody—and get him quick.

“I was hurrying into the studio one morning when I noticed a youngster playing around on the grass plot in front. I stopped and asked him what he was up to. He said he was going to play. Something about that kid got me. I squatted down beside him and asked him his name.

‘Davy Lee,’ he said. ‘Are you an actor?’

‘I admitted it. ‘A good actor?’ said the kid.

‘That made me laugh. He laughed, too—and threw his arms around my neck and asked me for a ride. That settled it. I knew I had found Sonny Boy.

‘So I picked him up and walked into the studio and hunted up the director and said: ‘Here’s Sonny Boy. You can send the other kids home.’

‘And the funny part of it turned out to be that this kid, this Davy Lee, wasn’t even applying for the part. His mother had brought him along with her when she brought his older brother, Frankie Lee, a well-known child actor, to the studio about the part of Sonny Boy—simply because Mrs. Lee didn’t have anybody at home to leave Davy with. And while the casting director was talking to her about Frankie, Davy slipped away—and that’s how I met him in the yard.

“Well, I was so sold on the kid for the part that I agreed to take all the responsibility. He had never been in a picture before. Frankly, I was a little nervous about him when we got going on his scenes. But I decided to trust my hunch. So I taught him his lines and how to wait for his cue, and so forth.

“It was funny. We got to the scene where I tell Sonny Boy bed-time stories. I delivered my lines and then waited for Davy to pick up the cue. He never said a word. I waited a few seconds more and still Davy didn’t talk. The director gave the order to cut camera, and I knew the scene would have to be retaken. Suddenly Davy looked up at me and said: ‘Why didn’t you speak your words?’

“Then I remembered that I had changed part of my dialogue when the camera began to grind, and Davy had refused to follow a wrong cue. He remembered the words I had told him to wait for, and he waited!

“After that, I knew Sonny Boy didn’t have to be watched. When the picture was begun, I said to him, pointing to the camera: ‘Never look at that thing.’ And he ignored it as if it were not there. Not a bad general rule for older actors to follow, either!

“I think Davy Lee has a great future. Warner Brothers have signed him on a three-year contract and in his next picture he will co-star with Rin-Tin-Tin. That ought to please any three-year-old kid. Yes—I’m mighty proud of my discovery. I feel just like Columbus!”
DAVY LEE is the latest boy wonder of the movies. Read all about Al Jolson’s discovery of him on the opposite page.
EVERY girl has a clothes problem. Marion Davies is no exception. She brought back sixteen trunks filled with clothes from her European vacation: creations of the most famous French designers. But when she arrived in New York she decided to have one more shopping spree before going back to work. And she selected some of Sally Milgrim’s smartest models. Now she doesn’t know which to wear!

Below: What is called in smart fashion circles a daytime frock. It’s of slate-blue marocain, made in intricate flares, with a fitted girdle held in place by a bow of self-material.

Jackets to be worn with the long evening gowns are very special—and this one worn by Marion boasts a unique ruffled cape collar outlined in ermine.

This evening ensemble is of white transparent velvet.
or Paris?

MARION admits she is amused. She needs smart clothes for her pictures, so she can’t have too many costumes. She likes the French creations—but she also admires the American. Now she wants you to glance over these pictures and make up your mind for her. Which group of models are most becoming to an American beauty? Are French fashions smarter, but domestic designs more practical? Girls, go to it!

Above: Dolman sleeves and a profusion of long-haired fox fur mark this wrap-around coat from Paris. Note the slight trend toward fullness and the generous elegance of this French model.

Dull gold lame, printed in an intricate design of pink and blue, is the fabric of this formal evening wrap that Marion included in her Paris purchases.
WONDER if Sue Carol knows about the forfeit demanded by tradition when a girl puts on her boy friend's hat? Now, Sue!
NICK STUART looks happy—and why not? It happens to be his hat. And Sue Carol is Nick’s favorite motion picture actress.
COLLEEN MOORE, who started all that flaming youth stuff, takes a fling at posing as the most flaming of them all—Carmen.
MADEMOISELLE from Hollywood: Renee Adoree. The little French girl will give Tahiti a treat on location for "The Pagan."
YOU will see and hear a new Mary Pickford in "Coquette." She says it's her best dramatic role since the memorable "Stella Maris."
Cross My Heart

A conventional musical comedy with the conventionally mild entertainment. Bobby Watson, Lulu McConnell, Don Ecrayl and Franklyn Ardell handle the comedy, and do pretty well by it. Clarence Nordstrom does the young hero with lovely Mary Lawlor opposite him. Miss Lawlor dances awkwardly well, but just a wee too much. Indeed, the whole show is a little top-heavy with excellent dancing—and quite natural, too, inasmuch as it is presented by Sammy Lee. Our own heart landed, however, not at the feet of any of the artists mentioned above, but at the tripping toes of Doris Eaton, sister of Mary.

Gods of the Lightning

Whether propaganda has any place in art is one of those few controversies your correspondent is not capable of deciding. But certainly Mr. Shaw proves, time and again, that having something to say doesn’t seriously injure a play. And, so far as we are concerned, at any rate, Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson have no difficulty in proving that a lot of genuine emotion on the parts of the authors can rouse a lot of genuine emotion in the audience.

It is a thunderous play, this “Gods of the Lightning.” But for most of a slow-moving first act, you are inclined to wonder what all the thunder is for. Then, toward the close, the authors catch you in their wake, hold you spell-bound in a savage second act, and then proceed to tear the heart out of you in a brooding third.

It relates how two men, caught in a web beyond their understanding woven by men of no understanding, go to their death for a crime they have not committed.

Maxwell Anderson has never, to this writer’s knowledge, lifted his pen but to write something fine and sincere. “What Price Glory,” “Outside Looking In,” “Saturday’s Children,” and now “Gods of the Lightning.” Something, ladies and gentlemen, of a record.

Crashing Through

It is in a Shaw play—“Getting Married,” we think, though you needn’t bother to correct us if we’re wrong—that an aviator crashes through the skies to upset a household. Here the aviator is changed to a riveter. Nevertheless, we had a nice evening.

We are afraid that the hard-boiled crust on our heart has all but worn off. At any rate, when one of the old-timers, in this instance Henrietta Crosman, comes into a scene, we melt right away. We are clay in her hands. Whatever she does seems to us to be good acting. Maybe it isn’t, but that’s our story. And so it is, that in spite of poor riveters and rich young society women, in spite of the dreadful amount of divorce in the best circles, we liked “Crashing Through.”

These Few Ashes

Confronted with the nice situations and nice dialogue of this one, we are compelled again to trot out one of our pet phrases, and term it a deft comedy. During the course of the year, a fellow with our limited vocabulary probably refers to a dozen shows as deft comedies. Those that aren’t deft, Sophonisba, are, obviously, dumb. There, there, we’re sorry the subject ever came up.

At any rate, we liked “These Few Ashes.” It has a swell idea: one of those great lovers goes to his death mountain-climbing in St. Moritz. His body is cremated and his ashes are held by his butler to be given to the lady who wants them. Enter four ladies, fighting for ashes. Come four scenes, in which each lays her claim, with the movie flash-back telling the story. Exit four ladies, leaving ashes behind. Nice? What did we tell you? Deft comedy.

This Year of Grace

There have been times when bitter thoughts have entered what we like to think of as our mind. There was the girl who didn’t keep the date; there was the girl who did keep the date. Oh, we have pondered self-destruction in the wee hours of the morning, even as other lonely souls.

There was the time we decided finally to end it all by turning on the gas. Only the circumstance that there was no gas in the apartment brought us through the crisis. After all, it’s not so easy to die by just turning on the electric light.

So now we have turned Mohammedan — haven’t you heard—and just accept Fate and all that. And there must be something to it. Because if we had done away with ourselves on any of those previous occasions, we might not have been able to see “This Year of Grace.”

And then the laugh would have been on us, wouldn’t it? Because “This Year of Grace” is just about the grandest thing that’s come out of England since that first revue of Charlot’s. The book, lyrics and music are by Noel Coward, thus making him practically the English J. P. McAvoy. Only, in addition to that, Noel sings, acts and dances in it, too, so that he really is the English Geo. M. Cohan. Or may-

(Sylvia Sidney, one of the most promising of the younger actresses, in “Gods of the Lightning” a striking new play.)
EXTRA! EXTRA! Clara Bow attends her first premier!

You might think that Clara attended all the openings and all the parties in Hollywood. But she doesn’t. She would rather have a crust of bread at home than a banquet in a swell restaurant. The Montmartre, the Coconut Grove—all the smart epicurean rendezvous carry their gaiety without Clara. She is a 100-per-cent home girl.

As for an opening—well, no one has ever yet been able to drag her to one, until the other night, when she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Clifton. Mrs. Clifton was Helen Kiely, remember? Charlie Byer escorted Clara.

How did Paramount’s little red-head happen to break her iron-clad rule and go this time? Well, it was this way. She was dated up with the Cliftons for that evening and they wanted to see the opening of “The Marriage Bed,” the play directed by Robert Milton, the well-known New York producer, and co-starring Alice Joyce and Owen Moore. Mr. Clifton thought a stage opening might be interesting to Clara and that she wouldn’t be mobbed because so many in the audience would be picture people. Clara didn’t want to go and I don’t suppose she would have for anyone in the world except Elmer Clifton. But Clara remembers the time when a struggling little girl wanted a job and Elmer Clifton was the only one who believed in her. And she remembers during the years afterwards, which envy and jealousy made bitter ones for her, the kindly advice and loyal encouragement she was always sure of from her first director. So I don’t think there is much that

Clara wouldn’t do for Elmer Clifton and certainly she wouldn’t upset her host’s plans for an evening he evidently expected to enjoy thoroughly.

What interested Mr. Clifton was that Clara was the cynosure of all eyes that night, particularly among the members of her own profession. Few of her fellow players know, or have even seen, Clara—she is that much of a recluse. After the play she was besieged on all sides for autographs and had signed twenty-five before she got down the aisle. In the lobby the crowd became so hysterical in its effort to come near her that Mr. Clifton and Charlie Byer had to do something drastic and she was finally carried bodily to her car.

But that’s why the darling of America is so seldom seen in public.

She wore a gown with a white satin bodice and white ostrich feathers from her waist to the floor. Her cloak was silver and white and was trimmed with white fox. You all know that her curly hair is flaming red; but perhaps you don’t know that her skin is like a magnolia petal.

Edna May Cooper will be in the cast of Eric Von Stroheim’s picture in which Gloria Swanson stars. Edna May was the wife of Carl Brown, who directed “Stark Love”—until they decided to part.

When she talked to Von about the part she said, “Well, Mr. Von Stroheim, I don’t know whether you are a great director or not, but there is one nice thing about you.” “Yes,” said Von brace himself for almost anything after such a beginning. “Yes,” said Edna May demurely, “there is one very nice thing, and
that is that even if one has a small part in your picture, it lasts a long time!"
And Von signed her on the dot.

Greta Garbo has flung another surprise to Hollywood. The Swedish siren has always, except in her work, scorned clothes until recently. If she felt like wandering around all day in a house dress or a smock, she would. But about two months ago Greta met Lilyan Tashman and the two girls have held a mutual admiration society ever since. The convivial Lilyan has revolutionized the life of the aloof Miss Garbo who now is seen here and there and exquisitely gowned.
The slender willowy Garbo, hiding her grace under an ill-fitting frock, was too much for Lilyan whose taste in dress is a joy to all who know her. It wasn’t long before her fingers itched to take Greta in hand and now she has gone and done it. Greta can’t wait to go shopping every day and her sense for pretty clothes now fully awakened, she judges with a keen eye. When a creation gets to her liking is shown she remarks with an arch look at Lilyan, “These one goes to Sweden!” When something pleasing appears she exclaims, “Ah, I will be a dish in that, no?” This term came originally from Ernst Lubitsch who stood a moment in admiration of Lilyan at a recent Mayfair dance and said in his attractive accent, “Tash-mann, you are what we call a swell dish!” It amused La belle Tashman so that she included the word in her vocabulary and Greta is now amused by it too.
Frequently the Lowe telephone rings and a silver sweet voice floats over the wire, “Leeh? Thees ees Garbo. We will go shopping today—yes?”

Virgina Valli has just finished a seven week’s engagement in “Tarnish,” and she likes the stage so well that she wants to step right into another production. She might even accept one of four offers for stock that have come her way, which if she does accept will show a devotion to art. Stock is the best training in the world for an actress, providing of course, that she has a fine director; but for a girl who has a lovely home and all her friends in Hollywood it is a lonesome thing to vanish from their sight.
And then there’s Charlie Farrell.
Cupid has been trying to manage something there but times aren’t what they were. The girls these days don’t have to marry for either money or position or to be taken care of, so it takes a good hard left over the heart to send them to the altar. Still, Virginia told me very innocently that when she could spare some time from her garden in which she was planting jasmine, lemon verbena and tube roses; that she just runs over to the house Charlie is building to see that everything is going all right. “Charlie is working, you know, and can’t attend to things, and anyhow men don’t know about how houses should be built as well as women do, and they forget all the essential details, such as plugs in proper places for lights, and comfortable things like that.” So after all I guess Cupid is licking his chops over that.

Just the same the son of Venus is either fast asleep or in love himself just now, because he is certainly off the job. The only really, truly engagement seems to be between William Hawks and Sally Eilers and I guess that’s set. Sally has left
Those two ever escaped getting married in Italy was more than I could see. Sue says they nearly did—that she doesn’t know herself how they escaped, but as she talked I thought I saw the reason. There were tears in her eyes—oh, I don’t mean to get mushy, but Sue thinks that marriage would spoil Nick’s career, and I know that Nick thinks marriage would spoil Sue’s career. A little altruism on both sides.

* * *

These talkers are turning the whole world upside down. Here is George Hill, the popular Metro director, having to move from Culver City to Hollywood so he will be sure and not miss any of them. Directors and producers have been accustomed in the past to have any picture they wanted to see run off for them in the studio projection room or their own home. But you have to go to headquarters for the talkers. Few studio projection rooms are yet equipped with sound device and as far as I know no homes have it installed except Harold Lloyd’s.

So now you can go to Warners’ Theatre any night of the week and see as many as a dozen stars in the audience who ordinarily attended only the premiers.

* * *

Samuel Goldwyn is in another quandary. Again he is looking for a leading man for Wilma Banky. Walter Byron was loaned to play opposite Gloria Swanson in her next picture which Eric Von Stroheim is to direct. But there is always a delay where Von is concerned and the picture Mr. Goldwyn expected would be finished long before Miss Banky was ready to start her next has not even begun, although

Sennett’s to free-lance. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.? Well, Joan has been wearing a wedding ring for months, as everyone knows, but when you ask the provoking creature whether it means anything she just smiles and shakes her curls at you. She has gone the length of announcing her engagement but although her marriage was reported in the paper this is denied by M.G.M., and since I can’t get Joan on the phone this afternoon I’m going to take her studio’s word for it and call it a day.

* * *

When everyone had Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost all made up they go and split wider than ever. Marie says definitely that the adjustment is all off and the divorce very much on, but you never can tell. And just look at Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. How

* * *

A Hollywood girl who still believes in Kris Kringle
Clara Bow knows that if she and her watch-dog just manage to stay awake they’ll be rewarded.

Television for the first time is used as a dramatic device to supply the unusual climax of “The Wolf’s Daughter.” Gertrude Olmstead, Bert Lytell, Director Al Rogell and Lilyan Tashman seem to like it.
Walter Byron said today that he expected to start any day.

It was a shocking thing to hear that Vilma, the princess of the films, was to stoop from her throne and become a waitress in a Childs' restaurant on Fifth Avenue, New York, in her next picture.

"Banky has been the aristocrat long enough," said Mr. Goldwyn. "She is a fine actress, too fine for me to allow her to become one-sided. So I am taking her from her throne and putting her in the kitchen with a problem to solve that will endear her to everybody. She is just a little girl with nothing to help her but her own youth and beauty and courage." I know that is going to please Vilma's fans because I have heard from some of them and they are so afraid people will think she can only be The Beautiful Lady. Now everyone will have a chance to see that she is just a regular girl.

No one seems to know what they are going to do in Hollywood today. And you can well believe the starlets are taking advantage of the holiday. Sue Carol was cabled for to play the Spanish girl in "In Old Arizona" but when she found it was a talker and that she would have to speak with an accent, Sue balked. "I'm not sure of my voice over the air in my own native tongue and I don't want to try dialect until I am a little further on in talker technique." Which shows that Sue is wise.

Then I met June Collyer and asked her what her next would be. June giggled and said she didn't know, which put it into my head that she was going to try and wangle a trip to New York. It is in June's contract that she is to be allowed two trips a year to her home town, and as her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Heermance, are here it is a safe bet that she will return when they do. Mr. Heermance said he was still scratching the 9,976 mosquito bites he had acquired in Rome, which has nothing to do with June's next picture but just shows that Italy isn't all it's cracked up to be. I did think the land of romance would not be pestered with skeets.

But there you are. Virginia Valli doesn't know what she is going to do, Marian Nixon doesn't know what she is going to do and Dick Arlen doesn't know what he is going to do. And Joby Ralston is so happy keeping the home fires burning brightly that she almost hopes she doesn't get too tempting an offer. Of course by the time these words are read, all the kids will have done a coupla pictures, but that is the state of affairs today.

At the Montmartre the other day Lilyan Tashman told me of her immediate precipitation into "In Old Arizona," the picture that has had such difficulty in getting under way.
Raoul Walsh was going to direct and Sue Carol was cabled for to play the Spanish girl. Raoul Walsh was injured and the picture was minus not only a director but a heavy. But now, it is all set. Irving Cummings is to direct, Edmund Lowe is to play the lead, and Warner Baxter the heavy. Dorothy Burgess, the young lady who made such a hit in "The Squall" when it played here, is to play the Spanish girl and Lilayan Tashman the dance-hall girl. The locale is the Mexican Border. And it will be interesting to see Eddie Lowe and his wife Lilayan in the same picture.

* * *

Richard Dix and Hal Howe, Hollywood bon vivant, attended a party recently where there were several Spanish dancers. Now it seems that it is an old Spanish custom for a young lady to dance upon the hat of the caballero of her choice—anyhow, one of the young ladies did and much to the amusement of both Rich and Hal who sympathized with the unfortunate owner of the hat.

Now Hal has a complex about hats. He hates 'em, and as lots of people go hatless in California he gets away with the social error whenever he can escape his wife's eye. The morning after the party he started out bare-headed. "Where's your new hat, Hal?" asked Pete (his wife). But instead of the protest she expected, Hal stopped short and dashed back into his room. "No, it isn't there. What do you suppose I did with that hat? Now I told you not to pay $10.00 for that hat, Pete. I told you I'd leave it somewhere. And now I have!" Very much amused at his consternation Pete was already at the telephone. "You probably left it at the party last night. Oh, yes, I know it is my fault, of course, darling. How could it be yours?" But the hat was not there. The only odd hat that had been the one the girls had danced on and one of them had taken it with her. "My grief," said Hal dramatically, "I know now what happened. Those girls saw a cap and a new hat and naturally thought Rich belonged to the swanky one. That girl danced on my ten dollar lid thinking she had Rich's. That's what happened! Well, I'll just go bare-headed all winter. It will serve me right!"

Ben Lyon has his pilot's license! Yes,
out. Jimmie Cruze was making “A Man’s Man” with William Haines and Josephine Dunn, and it seems that in the picture, these two go to the opening of “White Shadows of the South Seas” at Grauman’s Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. As usual, Fred Niblo was a master of ceremonies and announced the celebrities as they arrived over the radio. When Bill Haines and Josephine Dunn appeared Mr. Cruze took shots of them listening in and admiring all the screen stars that Mr. Niblo was announcing. Later, at the studio, closeups of this scene had to be taken and Mr. Niblo told his friend Jimmie that he would turn actor for an afternoon.

On the day appointed Mr. Niblo gave his own outfit a half holiday and donning evening clothes skipped over to fulfill his engagement.

Jimmie Cruze ‘shot’ twelve scenes in half an hour, an unheard-of thing for most directors—and even Mr. Cruze had to hurry. Mr. Niblo walked off the set with a perspiring brow. “I thought I worked, but you are a punisher, Jim. I never slaved so in my life.” This being Mr. Niblo’s bow to the public as a picture actor he now throws his sympathies with all actors in the future. “Particularly those who work for Jimmie,” he adds.

This seems to be the first time in motion picture history that one director has worked in a scene for another director. King Vidor recently appeared in “Show People” starring Marion Davies, but he directed that himself.

Carroll Nye hasn’t a moment to call his own so much is he in demand these days. His next is a two-reel talker, “Confession,” and the first to introduce Lionel Barrymore as a director. Carroll is to play a heavy and was fixing himself up as the traditional ‘bad actor.’ “Oh, no,” said Lionel. “Not a heavy heavy—just a medium-weight one. The sort of boy who annoys brothers, don’t you know.”

Ruth Chatterton has knocked Paramount right between the eyes. They are mad about her, talking of silent. What a break for a woman! Her first talker is Sir James M. Barrie’s “Half an Hour” directed by William De Mille. I think the title is changed to “The Doctor’s Secret.”

Patsy Ruth Miller has turned inventor. The boys have such a time at the studio to light their cigarettes that Patsy has taken pity on them. She took a little block of wood, fastened a candle to it and a box of matches along side of it.
any time she wants to. The little Austrian girl, 'discovered' by Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg during their European honeymoon trip, and brought over here with a great burst of publicity, appeared in only one picture—"Mask of the Devil," opposite John Gilbert—and then only after she had reduced to fit the role. Eva, they say, reduced so drastically that she was ill for a while. Then she finally made the picture, only to be told, while she was hoping for another part, that she wasn't just the type. Her contract didn't expire until December but the company released her in October and she sailed for home. She was a self-possessed youngster and always said that even if she didn't make a hit in Hollywood, she would have had a fine trip out of it, anyway!

Hollywood turned out en masse to welcome Marion Davies home. But wait a minute—en masse isn't strictly accurate. Only Hollywood's elite are welcomed among Marion's friends; and so the welcome committee consisted only of those stars who are in the movie's Who Who. A group composed of Chaplin, Harry Crocker, Harry D'Arrast, Samuel Goldwyn and his wife, and Louella Parsons gave a big party for Miss Davies, al-

Presto! The thing is no sooner said than done, and a match in the hand is worth two lighters at home on the highboy.

When Aileen Pringle was a child she incurred the deep displeasure of her teacher because she used her hands constantly when talking. "Keep your hands still, my child," said the good lady, "people will think you have no vocabulary!" And poor Aileen kept her little hands locked tightly behind her back in the vain effort to let her tongue do all the work, an impossible task for a child with Latin blood. But now those natural gestures help her put over a part.

Mrs. Wallace Reid has taken up the megaphone in earnest, swelling our list of women directors to three, now that Lois Weber has retired. The first is Dorothy Arzner, the second Elizabeth Pickett. And now Dorothy Reid. Her first effort is "Linda," with a cast that includes Warner Baxter, Helen Foster and Noah Beery.

I was surprised to find that instead of the languid lady I had for some reason pictured her to be, Mrs. Reid is a smartly tailored little person who, wore, that day, a tightly fitting soft blue felt hat over crisply curling bobbed hair. Her grip is hard, her smile quick and flashing and her step buoyant with the joy of living.

Poor little Eva von Berne! After all the ballyhoo, she has been let go and told she can return to her native country...
most as soon as she'd set foot in Los Angeles again. She's Hollywood's favorite child.

They say that Phyllis Haver's voice registers practically 100 per cent perfect over the 'mike.' And Phyllis' voice exactly matches her personality. It's striking.

Have Bebe Daniels and Paramount come to the well-known parting of the ways? It looks that way. They say that upon the completion of another picture Bebe will leave the lot where she has practically grown up and established herself as one of the screen's premier comedienne, and make a new cinema connection. It won't seem natural around the studio with Bebe gone.

Ramon Novarro has just signed a contract with M.G.M. that gives him a great deal of pleasure. For six months of the year he is to make pictures and the other six months he is to do as he pleases, and he pleases first to appear in "Tosca" with The Berlin Opera Company in Germany immediately after his next picture, "The Pagan," is completed. The story by John Russell is to be directed by W. S. Van Dyke and photographed in the Isle of Hilo out Honolulu way. What a tough break these actors have!

George Jessel signed a contract yesterday to make his first feature length sound picture.

Jessel, the original 'Jazz Singer,' stage star, vaudeville headliner and singer of homely melodies, will appear in a special production called "Lucky Boy" that will be in every sense of the word a talking picture.

This means, it is announced, that there will be dialogue sequences, musical interpolations and the star will sing a half dozen songs that are tied up with his name.
Three Cheers for Will Rogers!

Your Old Friend in a New Role.

Will Rogers is pinch-hitting for Fred Stone in "Three Cheers," with Fred's dancing daughter, Dorothy.

In big electric lights above Broadway these nights you’ll see a sign that reads: "Will Rogers Pinch-Hitting for Fred Stone in Three Cheers with Dorothy Stone."

That’s all. But there’s a story back of it that Broadway likes to talk about. A story of friendship and gallantry and good will among actors who are also good fellows. Fred Stone, famous stage comedian, and Will Rogers have been friends for years.

Fred is better known on the stage than the screen. Will, the humorous, gum-chewing comedy philosopher, divides his time between the stage, lecture tours, newspaper reporting, and the screen. You know him as our "Unofficial Ambassador" to foreign countries via the movies.

Will Rogers was in Hollywood when he heard the bad news—his friend Fred Stone, on his first flight as a lone pilot, had crashed in his plane and fractured both his dancing legs. And with rehearsals for the new Stone show, "Three Cheers," scheduled to begin immediately.

Will Rogers had other engagements. But he forgot all about them. He wired C. B. Dillingham, the producer: "I'll go into the show to pinch-hit for Fred until he can dance again."

So it was that Will Rogers became a song-and-dance man—in his own inimitable way. Rogers made it possible for "Three Cheers" to open in time. The only condition he made was that the billing read: "Will Rogers, Pinch-Hitting for Fred Stone." He wants the audience to remember Fred!
C Vidor has assembled these players for "Hallelujah": Fannie De Knight, Daniel Haynes, Honey Brown, and Harry Gray, eight-six years old and formerly a slave.

"Hallelujah!"

About King Vidor's New Picture

By Val Lewton

"Why didn't I think of that?" is the probable query of the film impresarios as they throw a glance over the studio fence and see King Vidor hard at work on "Hallelujah," the first serious picture to be made with an all-Negro cast, and which will bring the sweet sounds of plantation melodies, of all the races and classes which make up a part of the American scene is the one whose story should be told by means of sound pictures.

Vidor, a Southerner, has for a long time looked forward to the day when he could film the first all-colored film. With the advent of sound pictures he saw his opportunity to make such a film opened to him in a more effective way than he had hoped for. Having once made up his mind to film a Negro story, Vidor, who holds that motion pictures should be written with a camera rather than with a pen, began to revive his memories of the South and of Negro life. Soon he had recalled enough incidents to furnish him with one of the most dramatic stories ever prepared for motion pictures.

The music and tempo of the "spirituals"—the work songs, the hymns, the heart-breaking "blues"—will all be recorded.

The young director of "The Big Parade," King Vidor, himself a Southerner, rehearses Honey Brown and Daniel Haynes for "Hallelujah," his all-colored epic.
pleas'ant. Ben Lyon

Having, or characterized by, pleasing manners, behavior, or appearance; agreeable; as a pleasant fellow. No matter what he plays Ben agrees with the public taste. In fact, we can’t think of a more thoroughly agreeable fellow. Ben has taken to flying.

out-lines. Olive Borden

Contour. Nobody ever had to cultivate a taste for this particular Olive, especially when she plays one of those artist’s models she specializes in. Olive’s art has nothing to do with paint but a lot to do with form.

u-nique’. Polly Moran

Being without a like or equal; single in kind or excellence; sole. (Not filet.) There’s only one Polly. She’s the shamrock of comedy and in “Honeymoon” she once more proves her supremacy.

chic. Lily Damita

Artistic cleverness; good form; style. No one who has met Mlle. Lily in the flesh or on the screen can deny she is the epitome of good form—in fact her form is simply elegant. She’s the Parisienne par excellence, ne plus ultra, etc. She’s Ronald Colman’s heroine in “The Rescue.”

soul. Ramon Novarro

Inspirer; moving spirit; nobility. In the history of the world perhaps only one man has ever won girlish hearts by being soulful—and that one man is Ramon Novarro. He’s a hero!

vi-va’cious. Sue Carol.

Active, animated, sportive, light-hearted. Sue is never still. She is always all a-quiver: maybe because her screen career started as a harem dancer in “Soft Cushions.” Now she is one of our foremost sub-debs.

suave. William Powell

Blandly pleasing; supple; urbanely persuasive. He plays underworld kings as no other actor can—he is silken and smooth and while he always gets his, he takes his medicine as if he likes it. The good sport among villains.
tem-pes’tu-ous. Baclanova
Stormy; turbulent; violent.
The stunning Russian lady
has swept like a little Revo-
lution across our screens.
From “The Street of Sin”
to “Forgotten Faces” she
has blazed her ruthless
way into our esteem.

sweet. Esther Ralston
Arousing pleasing emo-
tions; hence, dear or be-
loved. Or both—or all of
‘em. The emotions Esther
roused when she played
Mother Darling in “Peter
Pan” have never waned
and she’s now a star. Her
sweetness lasts.

whole’some. Harold Lloyd
Sound; healthy. No mat-
ter how many roles he
plays he will always be
“Grandma’s Boy” to us.
His pictures have brought
him millions, in friends
and in dollars; but he stays
the same unspoiled Harold.
Here’s to him!

glo-ver’s. Harold Lloyd
Sound; healthy. No mat-
ter how many roles he
plays he will always be
“Grandma’s Boy” to us.
His pictures have brought
him millions, in friends
and in dollars; but he stays
the same unspoiled Harold.
Here’s to him!

spark-ling. Renee Adoree
 Emitting sparks; flashing;
lively. Melisande of “The
Big Parade” will always
be the doughboys’ best
girl. Little Renee of the
big eyes and heart bubbles
as enticingly as the best
champagne from her own
gay land.

How Well Do You Know
Your Adjectives? Here’s a
Fresh Assortment.

ro-man’tic. John Gilbert
 Of or pertaining to ro-
mance; fanciful; exstra-
gant; fantastic; wild.
When you think of John
Gilbert you think of head-
strong princes—as Danilo
in “The Merry Widow”
of wicked memory—a
young man who knows
what he wants—and takes
it.

temp-ta’tion. Greta Garbo
 That which tempts; allure-
ment, enticement. It was
in the title role of “The
Temptress” that Greta
Garbo made her American
bow. She carried on in
“Flesh and the Devil”—
and the nicest thing about
Greta is that she’s always
yielding to her own
temptation.

ver’sa-tile. Norma Talmadge
Turning with ease from
one thing to another;
many-sided; as versatile
genius. Anyone who can
tickling her audiences as
“Kiki,” then turn right
around and make them cry
as “Camille,” is versatile,
no doubt about it.
Lot Talk

Film beauties may be emotionally magnetic, but they cannot wear costumes that are electrically magnetic if they are to succeed in the new talking pictures.

For instance, Dorothy Mackaill was playing a cabaret dancer in scenes for "His Captive Woman," the George Fitzmaurice production in which Milton Sills is co-starred. In some scenes there was a static crackling in the microphones.

"What are you wearing under that costume?" one of the engineers asked her. Miss Mackaill told him. That ended the difficulty, for the offending garments were replaced with others not so static.

In another picture, "Naughty Baby," in which Alice White and Jack Mulhall are co-featured, a similar question was put to Miss White.

Her answer, with a blush, was: "Nothing—that has silk in it."

The fabrics in her dress materials were found to be too soft to broadcast. Then the electrical engineer had an inspiration.

"It's your hair," he said. "Put some oil on it. That's where this static is coming from." He said as he ran his fingers through her shock of blonde hair.

And so silk-wear and dry hair are taboo on the talking stages.

Every man has an achievement of which he is proud. 'Little Billy' is the most famous midget in the amusement world. And he claims he was instrumental in bringing Charles Farrell to the screen. When Little Billy, who left a Broadway play to be featured in "The Sideshow," travelled to the Coast for the first time, Charles, he says, went along as his valet. The motion picture magnates took one look at Farrell, and his diminutive boss soon had to take a couple of looks for another valet.

'Little Billy' shares the featured roles of "The Sideshow" with Marie Prevost and Ralph Graves. Erle C. Kenton is directing.

Now Hollywood film players have something else to worry about. They used to complain about the face on the cutting room floor, which meant that scenes in which they appeared before the camera failed to reach the screen.

With the coming of talking pictures, a new nightmare presents itself. Not only are they apt to lose their favorite scenes, but their choicest bits of dialogue are liable to be sacrificed to the cutter's shears. Before long we will be hearing sad tales about the voice on the cutting room floor.

This actually happened a day or two ago when William C. De Mille was filming a scene for "The Doctor's Secret," based on Sir James M. Barrie's play, "Half an Hour," which features Ruth Chatterton, H. B. Warner, Robert Edeson and John Loder. Loder was called upon to be run over by a motor truck. A crowd was to collect and their excited voices were to be heard as they gathered around Loder's body.

De Mille was careful to select extras with English accents for the setting of the picture is in London, but it happened that a too thoroughly Americanized player got close to the microphone. When the film was shown later in the projection room the extra was heard to say: "Stand back, you eggs, and let the poor bimbo get some air!" His is the first case of "A voice on the cutting room floor."

Hundreds of motion picture extras had an opportunity to eat and drink—cider and near beer—all they wanted recently when Ernst Lubitsch staged a Swiss masquerade party as sequences in his new production, starring John Barrymore. The picture is being made under the working title of "King of the Mountains."

The festivities lasted all day and most of the night, and by the time Lubitsch had completed the dancing and feasting scenes, many of the merry-makers were so full of Swiss edibles and beverages that they declared their intention of fasting for a week.

Extras, garbed in every conceivable...
kind of fantastic masquerade costume, at first needed no urging when the director told them to dive into the food and drink. But as the day wore on, and the action was shot again and again from different angles, eating and drinking became an ordeal. Lubitsch, a stickler for detail, kept the studio commissary department busy replenishing tables with mountains of food and barrels of what was supposed to be heady wine and beer, but what was in reality cider and near-beer.

Barrymore himself, Camilla Horn, leading lady; Victor Varconi, Mona Rico and other principals had to consume their share. Hobart Bosworth alone escaped the drinking detail; he’s a clergyman in the Alpine romance.

Pat Rooney, stage comedian and song and dance man, has been signed for sound pictures. Marian Bent, his wife and stage partner and Pat Rooney, 3rd, have also been engaged.

The contract obtains their exclusive services in the presentation of movietone novelties for a period of several years. Comedies of sophisticated home life will be prepared in continuity and dialogue by Edgar Allan Woolf, noted playwright and stage producer.

The Rooneys are now playing in vaudeville in and around New York. The present tour will be completed by the first of the year, at which time they will leave for Universal City and commence production January 15th.

Pat Rooney is the son of the original Pat Rooney of a preceding generation; one of the highest salaried vaudeville favorites of his day. Pat was raised on the stage where he learned all the tricks of his noted father and his talented mother, Josephine Grainger, the popular soubrette of that day.

Rooney has been on the stage for twenty-five years. More mention of that popular song, “She’s The Daughter of Rosie Grady,” recalls to two generations the names of Pat Rooney and Marian Bent as does “The Sidewalks of New York” recall another favorite song.

* * *

The most unusual and dramatic use of sound yet employed in the making of talking pictures has just been achieved by Benjamin Glazer to record the beating of a baby’s heart as the infant hovers between life and death in a striking scene in “Sal of Singapore,” starring Phyllis Haver.

Already a tense scene as silent drama, its dramatic power is greatly increased as the audience actually hears the throbbing of the little heart while Phyllis Haver and Alan Hale hold their ears to the baby’s breast.

Thump! Thump! Thump! It beats. Then as the illness reaches a crisis the beat grows faster and more irregular. Finally it ceases altogether, and after what seems to be an interminable silence the audience hears a faint beating again and realizes that the baby has pulled through.

The way in which such a scene was recorded is a secret that only the special Photophone experts who made it know, but needless to say it was accomplished without danger to baby Rosemary Wilson, who plays such an important part in this production.

* * *

During the recent nine-week personal appearance tour in the East just completed by ‘Our Gang,’ the youngsters did 287 performances in the largest theatres of the Eastern states, playing to approximately 1,516,700 paid admissions. Adding in the thousands who thronged the streets everywhere, the additional thousands who were turned away from theatres, and the crowds of people who saw them at various appearances, visits to schools, orphanages, children’s hospitals and impromptu receptions the warmth and volume of the ‘Our Gang’ welcome are said to have exceeded all advance expectations.

It is a safe bet, their several mentors report, that no children anywhere had a more exciting trip. Added to their joy at breaking theatre records with startling regularity, they had a jolly good time all the way. They were feted and dined under most interesting circumstances.

In Detroit they were the guests of the Ford plant, investigating the big factory from top to bottom and even taking a joy ride in one of Mr. Ford’s planes.
Ask Me!

By Miss Vee Dee

C Miss Vee Dee is so popular we had to give her more space. She will answer your questions as soon as possible, but every letter must await its turn. If you desire a personal reply by mail from her, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

C Clara Bow and Bebe Daniels are the most popular stars among Miss Vee Dee's correspondents this month. They're nice girls and good friends.

Yvonne Van B. of Anvers, Belgium. Here's a pretty how-do-deo, but you can't fool me, Cherie. Je me'en fiche; or as our great-grandmothers used to say, "I should worry!" Florence Vidor is not the wife of Clive Brook. Florence was married on August 20, 1928, to the world-renowned violinist, Jascha Heifetz. Johnny Hines is not the husband of the charming Bessie Love or of any other fair charmer. Bebe Daniels is not married and as far as I know, not engaged as we sail into our airport. Bebe made a flying trip to New York City, gave us "the once over," and back again to Hollywood to work until January, when she goes to Europe for a long vacation.

A Reader from Alabama. How tall is a screen star without her shoes? Tush-tush, gentle reader, that's a very ticklish subject. Lestrice Joy is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Billie Dove is 5 feet 5 inches. Bebe Daniels is 5 feet 3/4 inches. Alice Terry is 5 feet 6. Marion Davies is 5 feet 41/2. Renee Adoree is 5 feet 7. Maria Corda is 5 feet 3. Jetta Goudal is 5 feet 7 and Vilma Banky is 5 feet 2 inches tall. What a head for figures you must have. It's quite a feat!

Mocelle of Ranoake, Texas. You have been told that William Powell has brown hair and blue eyes, but you want the "you-know-what" about him. Now here's my Big Moment. William was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. (The city that's filled with smoke, but don't breathe it!) He is 6 feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He has appeared in "Beau Geste," "Love's Greatest Mistake," "Nevada," and "She's a Sheikh." Dick Barthelmess, Ronny Coleman and Bill Powell are great chums. Wouldn't they be a riot on your Main Street?

Clara Bow the 2nd of Logansport, Ind. By popular consent that title was wished on you so why try to reject it? Do I think you will ever be an actress? I do not like to commit myself or broadcast bread upon the waters and get hit with the usual stone, but you have the same chance that thousands of other girls have and with the Clara Bow back-ground you should be able to fan your way into fame. Clara is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has brown eyes and red hair. Colleen Moore has one brown and one blue eye, brown hair and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Louise Brooks has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Betty Bronson has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Alice White has reddish-gold hair but I don't know her other good points. Your home-town girl, Ann Christy, (real name, Gladys Cronin), has not sent me her life history. She was Harold Lloyd's sprightly sweetheart in "Speedy."

E. H. W. of Hartford, Conn. Yes, I'm the Big Splash in this department for divers reasons, but don't ask me! Renee Adoree was born in 1901 in Lille, France. She was in "The Michigan Kid" with Conrad Nagel and with John Gilbert in "The Cosacks," also in "Tide of Empire" with George Duryea and William Collier, Jr. You will see William Powell with Louise Brooks and Jean Arthur in "The Canary Murder Case."

Wichita Slim of Kansas. So you are the hot news to all the fat guys, are you? Gertrude Olmstead was born in Chicago, Ill. She is 3 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 117 pounds. She has chestnut brown hair and gray-blue eyes. You can write her at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Gertrude was in "The Hit of the Show" with Joe Brown, Gertrude Astor, and that adorable cut-up, Daphne Pollard. Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Va.
Francis Feeney. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. Bebe Daniels and James Hall were injured while making "The Fifty-Fifty Girl" but they are all right. Bebe has made "Hit the News" and "Take Me Home" since she was laid up for repairs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is 18 years old. Charles Farrell is 26, Midge Bellamy is 27. Mary Pickford is 35, William Boyd is 30. Mary Brian is 20. Esther Ralston is 24 and Clara Bow is 23 years old.

A. Connor from Manitoba. You wouldn't give a fig for all your dates when George O'Brien pictures come to town! He weighs 143 pounds, is 6 feet tall and has blue eyes and brown hair. He was born in San Francisco, Cal., in 1900. "Paid to Love" and "East Side, West Side" are two of your favorite well-known successes. George has a long-term contract with Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal., but was loaned to Warner with Kathleen Collins in "Fangs of Fate."

And where is Rosalind Fuller? At present you can say she's a quickie cutie but if the producers will give her a chance, that baby will be hard to stop. Just try and do it. Your grand words of praise for my department put quite a crimp in my inferiority complex. I'll pass the good word along to Rosa Reilly as a well-deserved plug for Screenland's best. We thank you. And if I hear from any eighteen-year-olds in either Richmond, Va., or Charleston, S. C., I'll surely let you know.

D. B. of Mattoon, Ill. Why take a year to write a novel when you can buy one for 50 cents? I give you this novel and you'll give me thought of that. Jean Paige has married and retired from the screen some time ago. I have no information on Monroe Salisbury. Estelle Taylor was born in Wilmington, Delaware, but she doesn't say when. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. She is playing on the stage just now with her husband, Jack Dempsey, in "The Big Fight"; but she says she will be back on the screen soon, probably in a talkie.

Mary B. of Montreuil. Will I give you the high lights on your favorite? I ask you, can I do anything else in this gloom-chasing department? Here is where we snap our fingers at care and laugh at the merry-go-round of trouble. I don't blame you a tiddibit for trying to follow up Sue Carol but you'll have a hard time catching her for she's "Chasing Thrills" with Nick Stuart. Just the title of her new picture. But write her at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. She will be glad to hear your letter. Sue was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1908. She is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. She has brown hair and big dark brown eyes. William Boyd, next film is "Masquerade" with Lupe Velez and Jette Goudal.

Violet W. of Oakland, Cal. I want to answer you the worst way about your friend who went into the movies in 1913, but with such a slight clue to work on, I haven't been able to find her. I'm sorry. In a case like this I'd seldom lose a case, ginerally speaking—but I must tend to the department on that one.

Ruth Viola from Indianapolis. You're right; I'm the interpreter, the Who's Who and When of this department. To say nothing of "And How." H. B. Wayman. The screen, was born in St. John's Woods, London, England. Before coming to America in 1903 he appeared with many of the famous English stars on the stage. He was in "Sorel and Son" and plays Corinne Griffith in "The Divine Lady." He is now making (Continued on page 108)
fascination remain on the screen, for her alone.

The Garbo figure, of course, is the foundation for the Garbo mode. Greta Garbo might be called, anatomically, as a tall, attenuated girl, with a supple young body and with no spare flesh on her well-made frame. This is the type that seems to be overshadowing the rounded little creatures of some years ago. One important trait of the Garbo figure—there are no bulging hips. So it can be seen that the long straight silhouette is the basis of any design. Often the tall girl seeks to minimize her height—and personally I think this is a mistake.

Let us, for all, inspect the modes of the early morn.

The girl of the Garbo type should wear pajama ensembles; geometric designs in vivid colors; scarfs wrapped around the head. Sandals or plain mules can be worn with such outfits. Chinese dressing gowns in black with rich embroidery are extremely attractive—and an odd little ring on the finger aids the impression of exotic charm which is one of the rare gifts of this type of girl. As to the hair—a long bob, a knot at the nape of the neck, are the ideal types of hair.

The girl of the Garbo type should NOT wear negligees of taffeta with ruffles, or handmade flowers, dainty pinks or blues, or bandeaux with ribbon streamers. Ostrich plumes trimming on dressing gowns ought to be an unpardonable crime for a girl of the Garbo type. Frills don’t go with her figure or style, at all.

Now for the street dress. Lovely tweeds in shades of grays and browns, made in ensembles consisting of tailored coats with quite short skirts—tailored satin blouses or woven sweaters, preferably designed in horizontal stripes, suede pull-on gloves; these are the basic elements of the Garbo street costume; while medium- or low heel Oxfords or one-strap pumps are the ideal footwear for the street.

As to sports wear—the Garbo girl must never wear anything that would come under the descriptive category of ‘dainty.’ Such things are for flappers, and a Garbo is not a flapper.

Conservative sports costumes giving an attitude of freedom for movement are essential to this type of girl. Tweed overcoats or homespun materials should be worn with two-piece sports dresses or one-piece dresses trimmed with braiding.

Ensembles in tweed or jersey consisting of short jackets, tailored, with skirts with roomy side pleats and with sweaters in horizontal stripes are effective, in particular, for this type of wearer. Sports furs, made either in coats or short jackets with linings matching the dresses, and cravat scarfs are charming embellishments. These come in beaver, raccoon, astrakhan, and calskin. Suede or leather coats and the trench coats, are excellent for both sports and rainy weather wear. Cardigan jackets of knitted wool, too, are appropriate for a Garbo.

I remember that I designed a two-piece sports costume in Bo de rose taffeta, maroon with a sleigh belt, and a short skirt with roomy kick pleats, for Miss Garbo to wear in “A Woman of Affairs.” A tucked-in blouse, with boyish collar and leather belt, further carried out the athletic type of costume in this instance. Topping this was a trench coat of the same material finished with a bright plaid Tuxedo collar. With a bright little muffler encircling the throat and small hat of felt, the costume was complete, and used in scenes depicting yachting and would be perfect. Just a word about hats, incidentally, as we discuss costumes with which they go. Miss Garbo’s face is well-proportioned; burgundy. But strong, vivid reds must be shunned. And cut so as not to overshadow the face.

The Garbo girl must never wear her hair pulled out at the sides, but invariably brushed back, even when wearing evening dresses. Large pearl earrings add an artistic touch and embellish any form of hat on this particular type of girl.

One of Miss Garbo’s favorite costumes is a two-piece dress of dark green camel’s hair jersey. The skirt has plait on the side, and the blouse is in three tones of green. Over this is worn a short suede jacket in green, with an unusual collar, lined with velvet, and a novel scarf. Another of her costumes—and this will illustrate what I said aboutnegliges—is a negligee of fashioned gold cloth and a pajama ensemble.

The formal afternoon frocks of the Garboesque girl must be quiet in color and design. Knife-pleated chiffons or satins, fashioned in dipping lines, are ideal. The hipline should be always snug. Real lace, at the necklines and cuffs, can be effectively used in these costumes, and sleeves should be long and clinging. Sheer hose and unboutu-eive pumps are essential.

A great mistake of many girls of the

---

The Garbo Girl Sways the Mode—Continued from page 27

Garbo type is, that they often wish to appear more ‘ingenious’ than their type. They become attracted to crisp taffetas. As a matter of fact, this type of material should be studiously avoided, unless fashioned in a clinging design. Puffs and perky bows don’t belong to a Garbo. Her evening gowns should be of chiffon or moire. Lace is smart, but tulles with their tiers of ruffles may be admired, perhaps, but never worn by her. Solidly beaded gowns are excellent for formal occasions. Scarfs and drapes appearing from the shoulder line give her grace of movement.

Evening wraps are specially interesting for the Garbo type of girl—she has so many to choose from. If she admires the short jacket, for instance, she can appear in one of Russian ermine or moire, or the popular scarf of spangles. If she wishes a long cape, she can wear the bloused bodice cape with snug line from hips down.

(Continued on page 101)
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Grace Kingsley’s Gossip

—Continued from page 32—
will to turn over to her.”

Mrs. Clarence Brown was co-hostess with
Phyllis Haver and her mother, and we
found that Phyllis had chosen wisely in
selecting a whole houseful of people
in which to entertain her friends, because that
friendship list includes all Hollywood.

Both Phyllis and Mrs. Brown are brilliant
hostesses, so the party started out from the
beginning to be a success which it turned
out to be.

The house, in the Spanish style, a huge
patio, and though there is a great
taking down of the big picture, it was the
patio that everyone gathered, just as
everybody should in California.

The evening was cool, and there were
huge bottles in big fifties filled with
cool, to warm the patio, on which, by the way,
Marie Prevost, without stockings, burned
her leg, and there was a big fire in the
drawing room fireplace. A charming pipe
organ has been installed in the drawing
room, and there later gathered some musical
souls, including Price Dunlavy, who plays the
organ, and Bert Pidgeon and Vernon Rickard, who
sings, and a group of admirers, listening to
the musicians.

There were great tables loaded with food
in the patio—the salad, we heard afterward,
had been made in one of the bath-tubs—
and there was an orchestra to play for the
dance.

Bert Lytelle is supposed to be engaged now
with Phyllis Haver, but neither will admit it
but at any rate Bert came early and stayed late.

We wondered how Bert and Claire
got over, but Bert smiled when he
saw Phyllis and Claire Windsor later eating
together.

“She’s democracy!” he remarked.

Claire was escorted by Gino Conti, a
very handsome young Italian actor.

Sid Grauman was there and so
Sid Grauman was there and
so was Texas Guinan.

“I’m certainly going to take off my shoes and
stockings and wade through Sid Grauman’s hair
before I go back to New York!“

Bert and Claire Windsor and
eventually praised, and Mr.

Howe this is in the Los Angeles, you know, and one of his
of his most noted physical characteristics is
a terrific mop of curly brown hair.

Robert Taylor and Gertrude Olmstead
had come from the football game, as had
many of the other guests.

I forgot to say that the party was
an informal affair, with everybody
together in their everyday clothes, or at best
dinner frocks. So nobody was dolled up, and I’m
sure they enjoyed themselves more for that.

“It’s fun to doll up sometimes,”
confided Marie Prevost, who looked cute in
a white suit and tama o’thanter, “but
the beauty chase loses its novelty, and
I do love a big easy like this!”

I don’t know who Sally O’Neill came
with, but she was with Buster Collier most of
the evening. Buster lives in the apart
ment house and he invited a number of
the guests to his suite, where Walter
Pidgeon entertained with his singing.

Bebe Danielsolf was quite hidden
away in a black droopy hat. I don’t
know who she came with. She danced
three or four times and then went home.

Sally O’Neill ate supper with.
D. W. Griffith, and they both came out on
the floor and dance. He is a very
wonderful dancer, but I’m not sure
he wouldn’t rather have sat at his table and discussed
talking pictures with Paul Sloane. Paul
has just been signed by Fox for Movietone,
and is very enthusiastic. As for Griffith,
he says that he thinks the silent picture is
for.

Paul brought his lovely wife, Lillian
Sloane, who was once a grand opera singer.

After being married two years, they had a
baby a few months ago. Paul declared,
“You know you come home and see a
baby carriage in the hall, and, forgetting
that, all after those years, you have a child
of your own, you wonder who’s visiting you!”

Roland Drew was there, having come all
by his good-looking lonesome; and there
were a lot of others.

Harvey Barnes, Cornelius Keefe, Al Rogell
and Marion Douglas, Norman Kerry, Hugh
Allen, Ethelyn Claire, Peggy Prevost, Wilb
O. Collier, Lilian Bond, and a host of others.

Priscilla Dean arrived with her new
husband, Lieutenant Arnold, the world flier.

And Mrs. Maddox, who was always a
Maddox planes which fly up and down
the coast, told how Priscilla and her hus
band happened to get married the day they
did, down there in Mexico.

She had always looked forward to
our plane, the four of us,” said Mrs. Maddox.

“At the hotel at Agra Caliente we found only
two rooms. Priscilla and I decided to sleep
together, but my husband suddenly remember
ed it was our wedding anniversary, and declared
that he thought it only right under
the circumstances that we should be to
gether. So that left nothing for Priscilla and
the Lieutenant to do but get married.

Isn’t that just like one of those old-time
farcies?“

Righted Steve Gossoon. Steve used to
be engaged to Phyllis, you remember. But
she dispensed food and clothes quite
impartially to both Bert and Steve.

Dear war it was after the war,” remarked Bert,
“that Phyllis and I are en
aged; but I told her I wasn’t going to give
up any more jewelry until I find out
whether she is really serious or not.

Isabel O’Neill, who lately married John
Howard, wealthy business man, came alone.

She said her husband wouldn’t bring her
because she insisted on wearing socks
instead of stockings.

Chet Franklin, the director, looked rather
lonely, too, without his beautiful wife, Mä
der, who is back in New York on a visit at
present.

Lope Velez held court as usual for
a lot of men, sitting on a hamrock swing
until it broke down and precipitated all
the floor. Then she moved her court
into the drawing room. Lope is an
amusing child. She tells about her latest beau
with the utmost frankness. She is very
loving, yet I don’t know just how serious it
is, and we heard her exclaim:

“I wouldn’t call up any man!”

She probably doesn’t have to,” mur
ned Patty.

Bert Lytell and Texas Guinan hob-nobbed
about New York and New York people, and
Texas said to us that she considered
Bert the Peter Pan of the underworld!”
Once We Called Him a Wallflower

Now He’s the Best Talker and Most Popular Man in Town

I COULD never figure out what was compelling Bill. Knowing him intimately, I knew he wasn’t the dumbbell that everybody had him labeled. When asked about his natural self, he was his natural self. On the subject of business, he could sit for hours at a table company he would like and change things in his company’s sales policy. And dare good ideas they were, too! He could be witty as the best of them. He could discuss politics in a very logical way.

But, oh boy! How he’d close up when in a business conference or when talking to strangers. Anybody—all what a dummy he was! He’d shut back like a clam, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. And one night there occurred an incident that crushed his pride. A girl whom I knew Jim objected came up to me and said:—“Say, why don’t you leave that wallflower home? He doesn’t contribute anything to the fun.”

Luckily for Jim, he was standing close by and overheard every word. When the party broke up, Jim had vanished. I called him up next day but the operator told me he had quit his job. I tried to locate him but was unsuccessful, so I soon dropped him from my mind.

A Chance Encounter

One night about a year later I heard of one calling me from a passing automobile. I turned around and—to behold! Here’s Jim. Sitting at the wheel of a snappy red sport coupe, dressed like a fashion plate and looking like a million dollars. Observing my astonishment, he winked and said husbly—“All questions answered later, Bill. Meanwhile, let’s dine at my club. I’ve got to address the House Committee.”

During the evening I couldn’t help but marvel at the change in the man. Gone was the old air of diffidence and bashfulness. He was the lion of the party every minute. He completely dominated the conversation. Once he’d send us into gales of laughter in relating a funny experience he had with an Irish janitor. Next we breathed in Enniskillen through a description of his adventures as a doughboy in France. Later he talked about his wonderful position and how he expected to leave for Europe in a few days as a market man. No end to his stories.

But it was not until we were driving home that he unfolded the most amazing story of all: the explanation of his change from a timid, self-conscious wallflower to a fascinating dominating personality. He told how a remarkable new training had enabled him to overcome his lack of self-confidence and how it taught him how to become an interesting, convincing speaker and how it had shown him a short cut to advancement in business, social popularity, and—success. He said:

“Take my tip, Bill, and do what I did,” he said. “You know I was always afraid to talk in front of a group or at a party because I had such a limited vocabulary—I never could pronounce words correctly or say what I wanted to say. So I just kept silent. But after that awful job I got at Helen’s party I made up my mind to overcome that handicap. At first I tried looking up words in the dictionary but I made no progress at all. Then one day I heard about an amazing new method of learning correct pronunciation and becoming an easy fluent speaker—able to converse on any subject. I could actually hear a Speech Specialist pronounce hundreds of difficult words—right in my own home.

“The first evening I learned to pronounce exactly 20 words which I had been mispronouncing almost every day, and in less than one week I had enriched my vocabulary beyond my expectations. Today I am using hundreds of words that I never would have dreamed of using a month ago. And I never suffer from stage fright or timidity anymore because I know what to say and how to say it—I’ve merely found out how to express all the thoughts and ideas I kept bottled up for so long!”

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New Ways to Screenland

S E E N L A N D

He's always playing in that sort of drama, you know.

Louise Fazenda came with Hal Wallis, her husband, but left shortly, as she had another party to attend.

There were a number of writers present, including Rob Wagner and his wife; and Helen Ludlam, Screenland's Location Lady, not to mention scenario writers like Lenore Coffee.

If you could tear yourself away from the fascinating chatter and the fascinating dance music, you could find a fortune teller and a number of that sort up mysteriously in a couple of rooms.

Marion Douglas, who used to be Ema Gregory, came forth charged because the numerologist had told her that Marion Douglas was exactly the right name for her—that if anybody even so much as called her Ema, it was bad luck!

"Lois Wilson is going to have a real heart-warming, I hear," remarked Edward Ruquello, who had come to take Patsy and me to Lionel's party.

"And she surely has some house to warm!" retorted Patsy, as we rounded a curve in one of those charming winding streets in Beverley Hills, and caught sight of the big English mansion which Lois built recently. There was a long line of cars parked in front of the house.

"An English title doesn't suit Lois as a setting, doesn't it?" Patsy went on.

Inside we found any number of notables, including Gloria Swanson, May McAvoy, and Leatrice Joy, who are Lois's closest girl friends.

Bert Lytell was there, too, and Edward Everett Horton, Prince Troubetzkoy—but but he makes us call him 'Bill' now, because he doesn't mean a thing in Hollywood—and a score of others, including some writers.

Peggy Hamilton, who runs a fashion section in the Los Angeles Times, arrived still clad in the aviation suit she had been wearing that day, out at the flying field, where the air circus was in progress. The suit was white, with trousers something like riding trousers, with edgings of black. She hadn't had time to go home and change.

Gloria Swanson declared that she was going to make a habit of flying just so she could wear a costume like Peggy's.

A pathetic little incident occurred. Peg said, when Wanda Hawley, who used to be a star, but of whom we haven't heard in years, and who was among the others, sent a radio message to her husband, who is in the cast and who is feared is going to lose his sight.

Leatrice proved a real hostess, and the party moved along in joyful spirit.

We chatted with Gloria Swanson, who said that she is looking forward to going abroad to meet her husband, the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, who has to make the trip to France every so often because of being an alien.

"But Europe is no place for hurry," declared Gloria, "and when I get there I mean to stay a little while.

Leatrice Joy was making the talking sequences in 'The Bellamy Trial', and made a clever little remark about the talking pictures—

"You can no longer say of the pictures," she remarked, "that actions speak louder than words!"

After supper, which was buffed, some of the guests played the radio or the piano, others danced for hours, and some of us became absorbed in a word game called Guggenheim, which proved so fascinating that we kept on until twelve o'clock. Gloria found the talk around us so disconcerting that she ran off with her pen and pencil and sat on the stairway, refusing to talk to anybody until she had filled out her squares.

Prince Troubetzkoy dashed over to kiss Patsy's hand, but she reminded him that nobody named Bill ever kissed a lady's hand.

"But, but in Hollywood you just must be different!" he reminded her.

The girls at the party were of course all hugely interested in Lois' furnishings, which included her lovely petit-point lace chairs, heirlooms in the family, and two exquisite German cabinets, in warm colors with much dull gold, which had belonged in her family on her mother's side for generations, having once embellished a German castle.

"Just as you'd expect of the aristocratic Lois," remarked Patsy.

Although the party had begun early, nobody left until it was very late.

Mysteries of Hollywood

Continued from page 17

Who the devil was Emil Gats? And why should he be supervising the work of a 'best-selling' author and a world-famous director? Out! Out! Out!

The big idea was instantly fuzzled. No one could possibly look after ten or twelve companies. They simply had to have supervisors. But anarchy and rebellion were rampant.

Then came the inspiration. I don't know which of the immortals had it. But it was—temporarily at least—a grand idea. The trouble was in the name. That superlative syllable made the supervisor appear superior to the director, writer and actor, of course of which was absurd. He was merely a businessman and refused the name. He offered the name once more. An adopt a name didn't insinuate supervision and one that had always commanded respect.

They called them Associate Producers! Yet there are many who still believe the old axiom—That's my onion by any other name is still sweetest!"

You don't really know your Hollywood unless you read Rob Wagner. Don't miss the next instalment of his amusing exposures of the "Mysteries of Hollywood." In February Screenland.
I was heartbroken—when they laughed at my playing!

but a few months later...

I FELT I had never played so well.

It was a popular number with a catchy air. My own pleasure in the music helped me struggle with the difficult chords and tricky notes that always seemed to lie in ambush for me.

A glow of pride swept over me—at last I was coming through with flying colors! The piece finished, I turned around, confident of applause. Instead—

“Thank goodness, that's over!” came a disguised whisper clear across the room. “He sure does murder music!”

The burst of laughter that immediately followed showed what a fool I had made of myself.

Burning with shame and anger, I swore I'd never play again. For years I had “entertained” at parties with musical selections I never realized the crowd considered me a bore—they'd been polite enough about it until tonight. That's what hurts.

If only there were some way I could get back at them! But what could I do? My musical education consisted of a few piano lessons, taken years ago. I had practically picked up playing by myself. And I was too old to begin taking lessons all over again, now.

Suddenly a thought struck me. The very thing! I'd show them.

It was a good many months before I attended another party. Most of the old crowd, who had witnessed my humiliation, were there. As I passed a secluded corner I overheard some of them talking about me.

"Seems an age since Ralph's been round. Wonder what happened!"

"Why, didn't you know? Someone razed his playing at one of Jane's parties about a year ago, and . . ."

I moved on, smiling. This was just what I wanted. Joining the rest of the party, I noticed an embarrassed grin on the faces of one or two, but soon everything was forgotten in the enjoyment of the moment. The fun was at its height, when someone suggested dancing.

That stopped us short. Arthur, who usually supplied the music, had been unable to come. No one else could play. Here was my chance!

My Surprise

You should have seen the look of annoyance that quickly spread from face to face as I walked towards the piano and sat down. I had to keep from laughing as I turned around and asked:

"Is there anything special you folks would like me to start with?"

No one answered. Smiling to myself at the thought of the shock I had in store for them, I waited another moment to prolong the suspense—then I suddenly struck the first bars of "Just a Memory!"

But with what a difference! Gone was the nervous, stumbling manner with which I had "formally murdered" music. No wonder gasps of astonishment came from all sides. This was not the irritating, heavy-handed performance they had dreaded! They crowded around the piano, unable to believe their ears.

I played smoothly, easily, with the skill and execution I had always longed for. First one, then another, began to smile. Soon they were all piping in the chorus.

From that moment on I didn't get a chance to leave the piano. They all wanted me to sit in until the party's end. When I finally stopped playing, the applause was thunderous. My dream had come true.

As we walked home that night Jim demanded:

"What's the answer? How did you do it?"

I laughed. "Remember that last party I attended?" He nodded. "Well, when you folks showed me what a fool I was, I suddenly got wise to myself. That's all. I determined to prove that I could play —so I took up a home-study course that I had noticed advertised some time before . . ."

“Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how simple and practical this remarkable course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged a typical demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have for the asking. So if you really want to learn to play—a1 you wish to win a host of friends—send for your Free Booklet, and valuable Demonstration Lesson.

Don't delay—act at once—fill in and mail the attached coupon today—no obligation whatever. Instruments supplied when needed. Cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3221 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Pick Your Instrument

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What do you mean, "home-study course"? he interrupted. "Don't you take lessons from a teacher?"

"No! I taught myself. When the lesson arrived I started right in, wrote a few months of my first book and then taught myself the second book! It was easy because there were no monotonous words—no tedious exercises—no tricky methods—just a simple, common sense system that even a child could understand. Why I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the start . . ."

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Name

Address

...Continued from page 21

Sound Appeal

Golden Era! Now this beast is stupid, stubborn. We don't know what to do with it. And in this打通 the wrong thing, the light fills it with a terrible electric noise. But when we learn to 'speak' the light right away, then, Madame, the world will have found something very beautiful. For from the animal's face, the world will be plucked. And 'is ugly, mechanical body will be forgotten.

Just as de Limur says, the world knows nothing about the animal. And yet from Broadway clear across the continent to Hollywood Boulevard every man, woman and child wants to know about them—to understand them.

The reason you 'talk' today is a sound one. Ahem! The people are demanding them. The theatre owners who have playhouses wired for suitors are cut out once upon a time silence was golden. But not any more. Your little whim to hear stars voices has caused Papa Producer to reach his bag and dip down in his pocket. But at the end of his purse alone has just spent eight million dollars in building a plant for the making of talking. Eight million dollars for a gamble! But just as Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool" hasn't? You to my way of thinking this film is the best talker made to date. It is the Photophone picture and the Brothers Warner can do with their sound equipment plus a great emotional artist like Jolson. Of course, Warners got stage before two years but they are way out front in the parade. But Movietone and Photophone are stepping right along.

I am trying to explain the Photophone to you first for a good reason: It is the easiest for me to understand. And since I am the lowest common denominator in electrical intelligence—isn't it possible that I can grasp—electrically—can be understood by anybody.

At the Photophone Studio the 'set-up' is approximately the same. In fact, in the Paramount studio we have a street scene. Two girls, one a blonde and one a brunette, are standing on the street in front of a little grocery store where the city of cell mills have been. The director is Bert Lennon who because of his excellent craftsmanship as camera man in "The Patriot" was promoted to direct a year ago. He is about thirty, nice dark hair, keen blue-grey eyes, a Leland-Stanford man, and quite, quite good-looking. (Don't push, girls. I don't know if he's mine but I'll find out the next time I'm invited to the studio.)

Now, you must remember the action is being filmed by the action camera at the same time the sound is being filmed by the sound camera. Both cameras are located off the set and enclosed in separate glass booths.

Another important point to remember is that every action, word, scene and sound are most carefully rehearsed before the actual shooting begins because once the film is cut the director gave direction you would hear his voice in the picture. In this Photophone scene, over and over Mr. Lennon drilled the girls to walk on the set in a certain way, and hidden microphone where the brunette begins: "This is where we were to meet the boys, but they haven't come yet." And so on to the end.

At last we're all ready. The red light has flashed and the girls walk on the set and commence to speak into the hidden microphones. As the camera is focused on this point is where we are to meet the boys," her words are transformed by this delicate little microphone into electrical vibrations. These vibrations are then changed into sound. Just like telephone wires into a big black box. This box is called an amplifier. And in it are powerful vacuum tubes which increase the intensity of the sound until it outs one million times. Actually one million times. To grasp this, if a fly had been sitting on the microphone, the buzz of its wings after it passed through the amplifier would have sounded like a tornado. No fooling!

Now that the sound of the brunette's voice has been increased a million times it reaches through the amplifying spout, the Sound Camera. This Sound Camera contains a powerful light within it. And this powerful light is focused on a little mirror suspended by a filament in the camera which supplies a small strip on the side of the film. Now this little mirror is as sensitive as a wall flower at a fraction of the distance, or our actual ears. The sound of the brunette's voice increases or decreases—whether she is speaking softer or more loudly. These deflected beams strike the exposed part of the film and cause a particular combination of these zig-zags represents a different pitch of the human voice. Isn't that a marvellous process?

And what if you have your sound recorded on one piece of film and your action on another piece? How to get these two on friendly terms—the same strip?

Simple. The two original films are superimposed. And there is placed on top of the other. When finished the film looks exactly like an ordinary strip of film except one side there is the zig-zag blue margin of sound on the transparent film.

Here is your picture and here is your sound—all on one piece of film, but what do you hear? We want the voice of those Photophone girls to be heard from Bixby, Oklahoma, to Benares, India. From Calcutta to Kaliningrad. The microphones must run through the projection machine before it can be translated back into sound. And that's not difficult. Now that you understand the first process so well, the second will be a lot simpler. So listen carefully.

When your boy friend calls tonight to take you in from talking, you can explain him. And you'll only have to use one technical word. That word is Photo-Electric Cell. And it looks to me exactly like the old-fashioned night lamp which rebel to burn in the country.

To get these zig-zags on the film back into sound, just imagine the strip of film is passing straight through the projection machine. On one side of it is a strong light. On the other side is the Photo-Electric Cell. Now the light reflects through that little slot you could see in the zig-zags of the film, through to this cell. This cell is sensitive, just as the mirror was. And as the light strikes it according to the playing zig-zags and using in the film, this cell sends out different amounts of electrical current.
This current strikes on the loud speaker. This sound is amplified again, just like the brunette's voice was in the first process, and then it bursts forth out into the theatre—to delight your ears and mine.

That is the Photophone method. Of course we've left a lot of tricks and gadgets, but you get the idea nevertheless.

The Movietone is very much like the Photophone except for two main points: (1) The same camera records both the sound and the action. (2) Instead of registering on the film in tints and shades, the sound registers like tiny lines, one over the other, shaded from light gray to heaviest black.

The Vitaphone is something else again. For the sound by the Vitaphone method is cut on a wax record—somewhat similar to a phonograph record. But this disc is run at the same speed as the moving picture action so that they are both synchronized and can't get out of step.

There you are. You have the three methods—all as clearly presented as Einstein's Theory of Relativity—whatever that is.

And now, class is dismissed, but before you go I want to say that it looks like the Ass with the Golden Ears is here to stay. Whether we like it or whether we don't, it is interesting to recall something that DeQuincey tells us about the Ass in its wild state. A wild Ass is one of the few animals which won't run from its enemies. This talking picture has many enemies—mechanical enemies of reproduction. But I dare say, like the wild Ass, the talking picture will plant its feet firmly in the ground and remain to fight its way to perfection where it will ultimately beautify and amuse the world.

The other night I heard a sound record of John Charles Thomas, singing a passage from the opera Pagliacci. He sang it magnificently. And as I live, when I closed my eyes, I could not tell whether it was Thomas in the flesh or a mechanical reproduction. And so I thought back to what it would have meant to me as a child, loving music so terribly and yet so far removed from every artistic center that the only music I ever heard was once when Creature and his band passed through our little town and stopped between trains to give a concert. It was the highlight of my whole childhood. I was transported to heaven, as I will now, tomorrow, whole operas and symphonies will be brought to the smallest movie house, in the smallest village. Not only will our little brothers and sisters throughout the country hear transcendent music but they will actually see the finest living singers and actors before their eyes. To me, that seems the greatest romance of the twentieth century. And that will surely be brought about by the stolid Ass with the Golden Ears.

Screenland for February offers a contest tointerest and amuse everybody. It's unique—original. Watch for it in the next issue!

Cuticura Soap is more than a fine soap. It is sensitive, antiseptic and not only cleanses, but heals irritations and restores the normal action of the pores.

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FIND THE "DIFFERENT" AUTO

The cars in the oval all look exactly alike at first glance. They are not all alike, though. They are different. From all the drivers you can tell the difference. Something is purposely left off all the other cars but this one. The difference may be in the springs, bumper, exhaust or tire. The one that is "different" is the real Buick Sedan. I am giving away in addition to three other cars an great friendship advertising campaign. Ask any of the 200 or more people who will find and win and win Buick Sedan or $1,800.00 CASH 4 sedans and 50 other prizes totaling over $5,000.00, 30 prizes and duplicate prizes paid to date of issue. If you can find the "different" car you may be the one to get this prize.

Certificate for $180.00 to be used for prize given to person immediately as below, if you find the "different" car.

All who make the guess correctly will receive the prize, but one can only be given a prize if you and directions for getting prize. This prize will be mailed. For details send 25¢ each in cash of 5 or more. Send 2 stamps or money order. Return to advertiser no. 150, 3rd Ave., Chicago, III.

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The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman

Annette Kellermann's Own Story

MANY people will be surprised to hear that as a child I was so deformed that, practically a cripple. The world knew me today as "the most perfectly formed woman," and it is natural to assume that a cripple could not be a success. I had been fortunate enough to possess a symmetrical body.

Quite the opposite is true however. I was formerly so weak, I prided myself to be a invalid. I was bow-legged to an extent of one inch, and neither stand nor walk without from braces which I was constantly wearing. No one ever dreamed that someday I would be able to maintain for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world, because I had never been able to swim.

I relate these incidents of my early life simply to show that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, health, or complexion. The truth is that thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only fifteen minutes a day, through the same methods that I myself used.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me, and I will give you in 10 days a coupon by which you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion shiny, how to improve your figure, and to become not only stronger, healthier, and more graceful, but more beautiful as well.

The coupon below or write a letter and I will send you at once my interesting, illustrated new book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. All this costs you nothing and may show you the way to become a stronger, healthier, more graceful and more beautiful woman, as it has already done for so many others. Just send in the coupon or letter now. Do this at once, before your present supply of free books is exhausted.

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The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman

In New York—Continued from page 25

"It's a daring thing for Mary Pickford to do," I said.

She smiled and said, "I don't know. It isn't as if the heroine is a bad girl. It isn't as if I were to play 'Rain,' for example. I couldn't do that. I wouldn't want to do that—although I suppose I should, being an actress, not hesitate to play any part so long as it is artistically sound. But I am not afraid of doing 'Coquette.'"

"Then it is true that you have had letters from your fans begging you not to do it?"

"If there have been any letters like that," said Mary Pickford, "I have not read them. My company would keep them from me if any came in. But in any case—and her little head was held high—"my mind is made up. I am pleasing myself. I want to do it—I feel it is a great chance—and besides, it isn't what you do, it's how you do it. If 'Coquette' does not please the public it will be because we have not made it good enough. It is always like that. Whenever I have attempted something and it has not proved a success it is simply because it wasn't good enough."

It takes courage for a star to say that Mary Pickford has courage. She went on to talk about the『Coquette』on the voice tape that was to be the best of any of the picture stars—though of course she didn't tell me that. It is correctly pitched, neither too high nor too low. Mary Pickford is going to do something very interesting. She is at the turning point in her career. Frankly tired of the things she has been doing for so long, she wants to try something new. Mary Pickford is an institution, but unlike most institutions she isn't self-satisfied. She is as modern as 1929.

Mary Davies came back from her European vacation looking lovelier than ever Marion ever looked before. She's the playgirl of pictures. If I were to choose one girl out of millions of girls to play for Fatty in America, I'd choose Marion. She is just downright pretty—deliciously pretty. The fairest skin and the bluest eyes, the shapeliest nose and the delicate, helmeted head. There's that familiar, gratifying friendliness about her. I never realized just how nice she is until I dropped in on her with Betty Bronson. I'd had lunch with Betty, who was catching the Century that afternoon and wanted to say goodbye to Marion. All the Hollywood girls adore Miss Davies, by the way. Betty gave me a drop in—I should say, dropped up—to Marion's apartment in the Warwick. She was entertaining Mrs. Holbrook Blinn at luncheon, and she is the most hospitable soul I ever saw. She kissed Betty goodbye and they said they'd see each other again soon in Hollywood. And then Betty—but more about Betty later!

I saw Marion again at the Metro-Goldwyn office on Broadway. She was completely surrounded by admirers both boys, each armed with a snapshot photograph. The office force had rifled the photo files and grabbed all the available pictures of Marion and rushed to her to have them autographed. "Of course—I'll be glad to," and she spent half an hour patiently inscribing pictures to "The shipping room boys" and to sailors in the smoking room among the boys. And it is true that Marion is the only star of her standing who would take the trouble to do a thing like that. Most of them are too busy, or too tired, or something.

It would never occur to you, meeting Marion, that she could possibly be shy or a little unsure of herself. She looks so far beyond the dreams of those marvelous pearls that you'd think she would be the most self-confident girl in the world. But she isn't. She thinks she is honesty when she smiles, and she says she is scared to death of making a talking picture.

"But didn't you sing on the stage before you went into pictures?"

She laughed. "If you want to call it that," she said. "I did have a few songs in a musical show but I always had my friends to sit in the front row if they wanted to hear me."

Her next picture will be "The Five O'Clock Girl," adapted from the musical comedy of the same name. It will be a comedy—Marion likes comedy better than drama and is at her best in it. The "Patsy" is her favorite of all her own pictures. I suppose it was her excellent work in that picture that had something to do with the honors she received abroad. She received two of the hope honors, presented by Prime Minister Rivera, of Spain; and the other, nominating her as an officer of the Academy, from France. I saw them both by appointment. And she says she is proud of them. But she said: "I don't know what I ever did to deserve them."

Duse and Bernhardt are the only other two to receive the French medal. Charles Chaplin is the only other motion picture star.

She brought back sixteen trunks filled with clothes from Paris! And then while she was here she bought some American clothes, too. And when I asked her which set of creations she liked better, she looked puzzled and said she really didn't know, "But," she brightened, "I'd like SCREENLAND readers to see them. Suppose we have pictures taken of me in the dresses and hats I bought here in New York, and then put it up to your readers.

That's what we've done. And you'll see the pictures in the rotogravure in this issue.

You have heard all about Billy Haines, the Peck's Bad Boy of Hollywood, haven't you? The clown who keeps his leading ladies in such stitches that they can't act and laugh, he made Marion Davies laugh so that she couldn't keep a straight face while they were having pictures taken; and at the mere mention of his name Josephine Dunn and Alice Day, who like and respect him, shake their pretty heads and gasp. He's the pride and terror of the lot in Culver City. Only Molly Moran can keep up with him.

But there's another Billy Haines you haven't heard so much about. That's the Billy who is the ideal son and brother. He even writes a letter to New York this time—"he came east to see about some contract or other—he spent almost all his time with his mother and his sister, the blonde and the brunette. He devoted himself to his mother—who, by the way, is a very charming and handsome woman—it's easy to see where Billy gets his charm. The Hollywood family background is evident when he can forget his wise-cracking role for a moment and be a nice boy.
If we were classifying movie favorites according to mythology Jane Winton would be our Juno. Jane is statuesque and you'd know without being told that she was once a bright shining light of the Follies. She has a perfectly proportioned figure. She is graceful and she is pretty. Also, she is humorous. You feel about Miss Winton that, ambitious as she is for screen success, still, if a film career were ever denied her, she could always find something just as interesting to occupy her time. She is happily married to Charles Feynon, the scenario writer. And she is one of the few picture girls who manage to preserve a private individuality, quite apart from her career.

For instance, she had a wire from the Coast during her eastern vacation asking her to jump on the next train as she was wanted for a good part in a new picture. She thought it over and then decided she wouldn't accept—because her birthday was the next day and she didn't want to spend such a gala day alone on a train! You see she is individual!

Betty Bronson didn't go to Europe after all. She'd had so many offers to do pictures here she hasn't had time. She came east to make personal appearances with "The Singing Fool" but she couldn't stay long because Warners sent her to come back to Hollywood to play in a new talking picture. Betty is doing her best to grow up. She is having sophisticated gowns and wraps made for her by Natacha Rambova—yes, Rudolph Valentino's former wife has a very smart gown shop now in Manhattan. And she is taking entire charge of Betty's sartorial ensemble. But no matter how Betty dresses she continues to look like a little girl—a sweet little girl, too—though I know she'll hate me for saying it! She has a new bob, and a brand new shade of lipstick—and Greta Garbo is her ideal; but I can't help it; she's still Peter Pan to me.

Saluté, Chevalier!
Meet Monsieur Maurice Chevalier, the idol of the Parisian theatre-goers, who has come over here to make talking pictures for Paramount. He's a charming man—modest, quiet, unassuming. Madame Chevalier accompanied him—he is a very chic person, extremely French. Paramount gave a dinner dance for the new star at the Ritz—a party generally agreed to be the nicest film affair since the Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson soirees of cherished memory. When the Paramount company undertakes anything it is apt to be a success. The Messrs. Zukor and Lasky are elegant gentlemen and the entire organization reflects the importance and pleasant personality of the big bosses. And now—Chevalier! If his agreeable presence registers on the screen as it does face to face, you're certain to like him. He is neither very old, nor very young. He has not the cynical sophistication of a Menjou nor the exuberance of a Dix; but he has a certain quiet charm all his own.

Dorothy Gish has made the hit of her young life in a stage play by Samson Raphaelson, author of "The Jazz Singer," called "Young Love." It's a very frisky— and a little risque—comedy-drama, and co-starring with Dorothy is her husband, James Rennie. But he doesn't play his wife's husband in the play—if you follow us! He is married to somebody else, and that makes it all the more interesting. Miss Gish has a role after her own talents—that of a most modern and daring girl.

A Christmas Suggestion!!

Now is the time to be thinking of that old question, "What shall I give for Christmas?" We suggest books. Something which is enjoyed by everyone. Many of the books listed herewith have been made into movies, which gave us some of our greatest SCREEN SUCCESSES.

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The Girl Producer
(Continued from page 41)

for the girl to meet his casting director, Jimmie Hogan.
Fanchon had long curts, then, a la Mary Pickford.
Doug, she knew, was always settled for the question for Mr.
Hogan. "You don't want to write," he
told her and, since Doug was between pictures,
gave her a note to Lou Goodstadt, that
most beloved of casting directors.
Which all sounds very easy. But after
the first day's extra work, the little girl
became one of the mob of extras storming
the studio doors. One day when she had
no work for a week and found herself listen-
ing to the same old story about "Nothing
today, dearie," she tripped out of the
Fox casting office and went around to the back
of the studio. Here she climbed the fence onto
the roof of a warehouse and thence down into the
to work.
Shaking out her skirts and dusting her
hands, she wandered about until she dis-
covered some activity on one of the stages.
The company had gone to lunch but two
or three technicians were lounging about.
By a series of careful questions, Fanchon
acquired the name of the director and his
assistant and managed to have the assistant
pointed out as he returned.
She went to him with her prettiest smile.
"Why, Mr. Brown, it's just ages since
I've seen you!"
"So it is," he agreed, warmly. "You
ought to work on the Fox lot oftener.
That's what I think," beamed the girl;
and then casually, oh ever so casually, "Is there
anything in this picture you're making?"
"Nothing to interest you—just a few
extras needed," sighed the regretful Mr.
Brown: "Too bad," murmured the young hypo-
crite.
Presently she insinuated that "nothing
one does is wasted," and by adroit man-
nering succeeded in getting the offer of one
of the extra roles, not at the plebeian wage
of $5 but at the bit player's salary of $15!
Nothing daunted her. Once, for weeks
she worked during the daytime in "Every
Woman" at one studio and in "Hearcases"
all night at another, snapping what sleep
she could on the long ride to Culver City
where the latter picture was filmed.
That one year in pictures contained
more heartbreaks than I have ever known before or since," said Fanchon, her blue
eyes clouding with remembered tears.
Casually, during that year she had met
Raymond Cannon, then assistant director
to the great Griffith and also publisher of
a movie magazine called "Cameral". At his
invitation, Fanchon joined the staff. She
stayed with the magazine three years but
at the end of the first year, just before
her 18th birthday, she married the pub-
lisher, Raymond Cannon, who had then
become Dorothy Gish's leading man.
"I enjoyed my work as an editor. I
don't believe anything I have ever done
has been wasted. It's all been a steady
building up. Three years after our mar-
rriage my son Royer was born. He's part
of my experience, too," smiled the young
mother, proudly.
By this time, Mr. Cannon was a well-
established scenarist under contract to
Douglas MacLean. Just being a wife and
mother soon palled on his ambitious con-
sort. Royer was two months old when his
mother opened an office as a freelance
publicity woman.
As you may have guessed, Fanchon

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new address.
Royer was not an ordinary press agent. She was around making "discoveries" and pushing them to fame and fortune. There was Grant Withers, a son of Iowa neighbors. Fanchon took him under her wing and wrote a local newspaper story. He proved a dismal failure at this and used to spend his spare time in her office watching her write stories about her starry clients. He got the idea that he could get something out of pictures, so can I," he remarked one day after listening to her enthusiastic eulogy of a rising young producer, "Try and sell," she advised.

The next day she took him to Lou Goodstadt who gave the lad his first extra part, the comedy, he deliberately plugged for him. Grant freely admits that his steady rise is due to his estimable press agent.

Then there's Armida. A year ago, she was a little unknown Mexican dancing at the Plaza in Los Angeles. Fanchon saw her possibilities and at once put the girl under a five-year contract before bringing her to the attention of the West Coast Theatres, Inc. Now Armida is a headliner on the Orpheum circuit.

One night at a church, Fanchon was sitting in a Hollywood cafe waiting to go home with Raymond who had been detained at the studio. She had been distanced by publicity for some time and had been pondering over her future.

"I enjoyed publicity just as I did my editorials, but I had so much as I could in that job and I refuse to stagnate!" her blue eyes snapped at the word and she felt her lovely mouth. "I had had offers from every studio publicity department in town but I prefer to be a lone wolf. Acting was definitely out and Ray was doing all the writing necessary for one family. I thought about it and then suddenly the idea came! I would produce a picture."

The next morning she took the 'idea' to her banker. He listened carefully to all she had to say, then stated: "Miss Royer, I have watched you for years and feel that you can put this over. Go ahead and we'll back your picture."

"The Garbo Girl" That violated most of the accepted moving picture canons. There was no advance planting of characters; the camera simply picked them up as they entered the story through an unusual plot. In the old comedy of rhinestone and funny comedy, there were no gags; every laugh was secured by a natural bit of business. Very few close-ups and no fade-outs. The salary of the latter nearly cost the young producer her camera man. The story was an original of her husband's whom she had engaged as the director. Mr. Cannon had determined to use a new traveling shift of his own invention but when this device was explained to the camera man, he objected strenuously. "People will shoot at it," he declared, "it'll hurt me in the industry."

After the first preview, his apologies were profuse. That same preview brought a contract from Fox for the author-director while the two leads, Grant Withers and Wade Boteler, found themselves in the enviable position of picking and choosing among several choice roles. Need I remark that the canny Fanchon Royer had put both of these actors under contract to her? They're slated for my next two pictures," she announced. "I'm planning to produce four in the next year and after that—with, it's a secret but I'll tell you. I'm going to make a picture in China; my story's settled on, the locale picked out and I'm taking two Chinese advisers and possibly three of my cast from Hollywood."

Raymond Cannon will not necessarily direct any more of his wife's pictures. "I'll be lucky to get him, of course, but if he's tied up elsewhere, I'll engage another director. Perhaps one reason why our marriage is a success is because we have learned not to interfere with one another. He respects my judgment and I respect his."

Little Royer, who has now reached the advanced age of five years and a half, has a baby brother, Elwood, aged two and a half. Their fortunately young parents have a swimming pool, a pony and fourteen acres spread over a hill overlooking the San Fernando Valley as a playground.

Beyond the pool, perhaps three dogs and a goat, the children are not provided with amusement. "Let them develop their imaginations," decides their wise mother. "Expensive toys won't get them anywhere. If they want airplanes and machines, let them make them. The money is used instead for good books, color plates and high-class records."

Fanchon has ideas about education, also. Organized education, according to her, ruins the thinking child. If you knew all his letters, at four he played the violin and his greatest amusement is to sit on the floor with a globe and travel over the world. He has got one now and is now learning to use a dictionary intelligently, as he is never satisfied until he knows the meaning of each new word.

Not satisfied. Growing and building up like his mother!

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The Garbo Girl Sways the Mode

Conclusion from page 90

necessary with bouffant skirts, won't do for her, however.

Satin is also good for evening wear for the Garbo type, with panels shirred on the hip, falling into a longer line than the circular skirt, and giving the popular back line. All the gowns of the Garbo girl show off the swell of hips, the much considered curve on the back of her gowns, as that is the line of interest.

A few words about accessories to the dress. There are certain little rules that should be borne in mind always. For instance, in the matter of shoes. Garbo girls must avoid shoes that attract attention—meaning shoes that tend to the dark shades best accomplishing this. The fads in footwear shouldn't be followed by the tall girl. Her evening pumps should match the conservative color in her costume. Satin shoes in plain colors are fine, but jeweled straps and rhinestone buckles are terrible to Garbo's type.

All the bizarre jewelry belongs to the Garbo type—vividly enamelled sports sets consisting of choker necklace, bracelets and watch fob; for someone. But unusual earrings are permissible. She should never wear more than one ring but that should be large and of unusual type or setting. Small pearls belong to fluffy-haired flappers; not to her.

Purses usually are made to match some details of costume; flat envelope models being most in vogue. Evening and pouch purses with daytime ones.

One last word—that matter of makeup! The Garbo girl cannot stand too-vivid hues.

S C R E E N L A N D
A young man told me about a recent severe illness he had suffered which had found him pretty close to the financial margin. He had made a lot of money and immediately bought two or three cars, several bits of real estate and taken on a retinue of servants. All would have been well had he remained on the payroll as he was expected to do instead of landing in the hospital. This turned the comedy into a tragedy. He could dispose of the servants and two of the cars but he could not sell the real estate without taking a terrific loss.

In the meanwhile what was he to do about hospital bills?

Well, Jack Fawcett, who was a friend, heard what he was going through, sent word to the hospital to spare no expense in giving him the best of care and told the young man to relieve his mind of all unnecessary worry.

Bebe Daniels, I've been told, is unusually kind to her servants. Her personal maid attends her both at home and at the studio and Bebe is very exacting. But when it is time to play Bebe wants her maid to have as good a time as she, herself, plans for this purpose she gives her many clothes, not left-overs of her own always, but new ones. And recently she gave her a new Chevrolet so that she could go about and visit her friends, an impossible thing out here for one who has not much time and no car.

It was Mrs. Joe Brown who told about the nice thing Marion Davies did. Marion is always doing nice things for people. She is one of the most generous-hearted stars in Hollywood. She and Mabel Normand have become legendary where their charities are concerned. It was said of Mabel that she gave away half of what she earned. But here is what Mrs. Brown related. She was in a hospital visiting a friend of hers. On her way down the corridor she passed an open door and glanced in. The room she saw was a beautiful flower garden. It was a bower of roses and every other imaginable lovely blossom. Moreover, it was the room de luxe of the floor. Mrs. Brown asked who the happy occupant happened to be. And she learned that the patient was a young woman—the wife of a property man on Miss Davies' set at the studio. The film girl, learning that the poor man's wife was not able to afford the luxury of a private room, arranged everything. Moreover, she made it possible for the mother and baby to have the services of a trained nurse for as long as was necessary after leaving the hospital. Maybe that property man doesn't swear by his star!

At Jolson won't like it when he reads this. And we'll make it easier for him by not mentioning any names. It seems that a little actress in one of his pictures was downright hard up. She had a family to support and she wasn't making very much of a salary. Al made it his business to try to get her a raise. Cabling in the hope that she might do, he said: "Look here. You're doing splendid work in this picture. I know you aren't making as much as you're worth, but as long as you are working in my picture, it seems only right that you should get a proportionate to your performance and your work in the studio."

The result has been that they work in almost every picture Mr. Fawcett is in, and a good many that he is not in. Several times during the first year they went through the studio, the producer—Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett—who was the lovely Percy Haswell of the stage—took them to the studio in their car for some night scenes they had to work in, and, as the play was through work, this just so they would not feel embarrassed and out of place.

Because I know of many kind and helpful things the Fawcetts have done for people I asked Mr. Fawcett the other day what he thought about giving. Whether he thought it helped. His answer was very interesting. I thought. He said one must have above all things imagination in giving. An ability to discern what a person needs or is capable of doing. Then help him to it. And I think that's a pretty good summing-up of the case.
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S C R E E N L A N D

It is not surprising that Redskin and Cornblossom, in their efforts to win each other, which is another thing their people do not like. Things are going pretty badly for them both when Tully Marshall and Larry Steer burst in to save the day. Redskin finds he has at last registered in his name. Redskin promptly turns over half of the vast fortune that is now his to his tribe which makes him quite the cat's whiskers once more.

Ruth and I sat under an umbrella with Elizabeth Pickett and heard all about the exciting time she had getting the material for "Redskin" when it was four years ago. She loves the Indians and spent many months among them studying their manners and customs and getting an understanding of them. And she does understand them.

Richard wandered up between scenes and told us about an interesting thing he had seen. He was out duck shooting at dawn and heard a noise. The first dimact on the edge of a cliff. He noticed an Indian man and woman far below on the plain but took no notice of them at first. Then he became aware that they were deep in love scene. "I felt little mean because they of course thought they were alone, but I had heard Indians didn't kiss and it looked to me as though Redskin and woman they die in place it thing was about to be done. I couldn't resist watching—and besides I was so far away that if I ever saw them again I wouldn't do they looked so like. Who the Indian put his arm around his girl and he did kiss her, just as we kiss, and then they went into the hogan.

That afternoon we followed Larry Steer and went to the 92 mile drive to see the Smoking Claw. The drivers had to make two and three trips to get the whole company transported, the last car arriving at El Nava on Hotel about 3 A.M. The horses and equipment went the 200 miles between camps in the trucks and in 24 hours from the time they left Chin Lee the tents were up and the outfit slept in such a place to get away the was about to be done. Everyone reverted to type and used the implements nature supplied for sustenance and extremity and we all got along very nicely.

Tully Marshall did not come up to the Mesa location. His work in the picture was finished and he was back to Los Angeles at the present moment. He rode from Chin Lee in the same car Ruth and I and did keep us laughing over his funny jokes. He told us about Harry, the man with the camber work at camp. Harry surprised him one morning by telling him that he remembered a Shakespearean player Mr. Marshall had been in years ago in Harry's home town in Michigan. He knew the names of several members in the cast and could quote from all the Shakespearean plays and Sonnets. Mr. Marshall tried him by quoting several Sonnets himself, whereupon Harry said, "Oh, that's all right, too. That's from 'The Tempest,' Act II Scene I.'

It developed that Harry's father owned the locomotive and Harry, a young man then, did a good deal of reporting for it. But such are the mysteries of life that after many travels, Harry is pretty happy in his work with Mr. Anderson's company. He gets a good salary, comes in contact with interesting people, and keeps active and young at heart.

The new camp, unlike the old one, was right against the railroad so that water could be easily gotten, there not being time to drill. The location was eighteen miles from camp so we had quite a ride morning and evening.

The first night we were there, there was great excitement outside of our tent. We rushed out to find half a dozen men standing about, and Ken was heard rattling, whistling on the ground. I didn't have to be told that we had caught our first rattle. I don't remember what got Ken, it was braced, and Eve's temper was the topic of conversation for the evening. Next morning Richard told us he bashed his boots so hard on the floor that the sound of Victor Schertinger, who had the next tent, called, "Come in!"

It was grey and threatening that morning, Richard came to breakfast with a bath towel wrapped around his neck for a mullet. He said he was something like an ostrich. If his neck was warm he was warm all over.

Work was impossible for that day. A snow storm seemed nearer than anything else, and at that time of the year at nearly 7000 foot altitude you can never be sure what is to be done, though, so every man in the place took turns at the limited number of shovels and to the rousing camp tune of "There's Broadway" (Music by Schertinger, words by Dix) a diamond was cut to the left of the plaza between Mr. Schertinger's tent and the doctor's in preparation for Mrs. Anderson, who is a doctor. Dr. James Doyle; but he didn't have a great deal to do because no one was hurt except one lad who was kitchen helper. He dropped a cake on his foot and broken his foot, but the doctor had already started for the Mesa when he arrived in Gallup so the foot was set at the Gallup Hospital.

I pecked out of our tent which Elizabeth Pickett and Jane Novak invited us to share with them, to see how the diamond was getting on, and there was Richard, done up in a big brown overcoat and straw hat, carrying a stove in one hand and its pipe in the other. The sight of him was so comical that next morning I had a picture taken of him. That is just the way he looked around at me when I checked his determined effort to furnish his tent with a 'lum in' them. He and the star Richard's would have been the first one put in, but that's what makes him so popular, he is always 'one of the boys and ready to carry his own.'

And then everyone got into the game, the women cheering on the side lines, and when the California Limited rolled by about 300 feet from the diamond, the blase of the observation car little dreamed that they were gazing at $15,000. base ball game. That's what that gaudy cost Mr. Lasky and 500 more to the successful estate program. He had been the Richard's company on location, salaries inclusive, and a day of work lost is just the Boss' hand luck.

The afternoon almost everyone went walking, and the walk Elizabeth Pickett picked for herself to a horse caught in the quicksand. She checked it, but it had bigger wheels and it so happened that Jane Novak saw him too and came back for aid. They took ropes and a truck and all the men left the camp, and the poor animal had given up hope, and sunk to the shoulders, seemed resigned to its fate. With shovels the more about it was dug away and a rope placed around its belly. Then came the
tug of war. But it was saved. It was too weak to stand and fell flat. The men, most of them fine horsemen, massaged its legs and then it suddenly smelt grass. In an instant it went like a wild thing to reach it. The men remained until the animal was fairly steady on its feet and sighted none of its friends on a neighboring hill.

"I'll bet that horse won't forget you," we said that night as we hugged our nice warm stove and ate candy while hearing the story.

"No," said Elizabeth with her happy laugh, "no horse that had that rope tied around its middle would ever forget who pulled it!"

Ruth and I had been taken on a drive through the country by Ken Whitmore, and Dick Alberta went along to point out the places of interest. Dick is sixteen, a full-blooded Indian, and his father was a sheriff. Dick has a writer's mind and will someday be heard from, for he has also picked up a very fine education and has a graphic method of description that makes his stories live in your memory. Dick has always been afraid of snakes, and when he saw a snake in the middle of the road and the men got out to kill it thinking it was a rattler, the poor thing was so cold that all it could do was raise its head. One of the men gave it a crack with a small stick which meant nothing to it at all, and then they discovered it was a bull snake and not a rattler after all. They are harmless and clear the country of pests, so they lifted it out of the road into the sage brush.

"I'll bet that bull snake thought we had our sense of humor all right," said little Dick. "Cracking it over the head one minute and saving its life the next!"

I forgot to say that during the day we spent in the Sand Paintings which decorate the walls of El Navajo Hotel were explained to us by Mr. E. Purdy, agent for the Santa Fe Railroad. Dick Matrix and guide, whom you will see in the picture also told us about them. It is the first time they have ever been put on the walls of any structure, and even the Indian research workers won't believe that the walls are anything but the symbols of their Indian religion. The most beautiful trick which has been ground into powder and sifted through a funnel, just as a confectioner decorates his cakes. They are done on a pole and never left after sundown. You will see one in "Redskin" for, because they thought the Great Spirit was beneficently inclined toward these white men, they made a sand painting for them.

I discovered that the Indian religion was fundamentally no different from the Christian. There is one Great Spirit. By their thoughts and acts the Indians learned the pleasing things combined they do, and if we think bad thoughts we do bad deeds, and the Great Spirit exalts or punishes accordingly. Clouding this pure truth in various superstitions, just as the truth of every so-called Christian religion is clouded by the material minds that interpret it. Certainly it seems to me an imperfect thing for Christian missionaries to try and teach these Indians a religion that is not better than their own, nor productive of better results. It seemed to me familiar, that among the Indians, everything is blamed on the woman! If a hunter comes home empty-handed it is not his fault, no indeed! I must have seen that his wife was not

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Here's news for puzzle fans! C. W. Francis, A. F. Holt, Miss Leota Markus to $3,500.00 each in our last puzzles. Here's the new one. Here are twelve pictures of Charlie Chaplin, the world famous United Artists' star. No, they're not all alike, even though they look alike. Eleven of them are exact copies of each other and only one is different from all the others. That's the real Chaplin. The difference may be in tie, shirt or hat.

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**WRITE.** Do you know that there is eternal peace among the tribes. He arranges the festivities and any public ceremony. The first morning everyone was exhausted by the 300-foot climb up the sand-gravel mountain. But if we were exhausted with nothing but our clothes to carry what do you think the camera men and guides with all equipment? A camera weighs over 90 pounds.

"I don't care where I set up," said Harry Halberghner wiping his forehead. "That took all the fight out of me."
Harry Holabinet was one of the two black-and-white cameramen; Eddie Cron-jager was the other. Eddie is Richard's permanent camera man and has been with him on seventy pictures. Out of 300 men tested to get the job Eddie won, and he was just a kid then; it was his first chance.

The two Technicolor men were Edward T. D. Bowers and Richard Callaghan; and they and Andrew J. Callaghan, sales manager for Technicolor, came in for a lot of razónning. Sometimes the things that are fine for a black-and-white camera are not good for Technicolor, and when the 'set-up' was all made this would be found out—you can imagine the remarks cast in their direction about the result is marvellous.

To make Gladys as forlorn as possible a black shawl was selected for her; then Technicolor was remembered. Come on now, Technicolor," said Mr. Schertzinger. Make all your last complaints about this black shawl.

"It's okay," said Estabrook, "but-

"Oh, sure, but. It's okay, but—Why can't you forget that word?"

Andrew J. Callaghan, Ruth and I went across the road on a rock for a better view. "Those two, Richard and Vic, have razzed me these three. Sometimes I have a hard time to think up worse."

"Rye is great, once he gets going. Full of fun. The worst was when they asked me to play a part. During the whole twenty-five years I've been in pictures, I've never had a chance to act that I think would have to do it now! But a man didn't show up for the part and I was the type so I stepped in. Maybe I had a future for that! I've had fifty telegrams if I've had one.

Mr. Callaghan ought to have a story of his own—that's the trouble with this location, everyone has a story, and I am miserable because I can't write them all. But Mr. Callaghan, having grown up in the business, knows almost everyone in pictures—he gave a start to many players at his own studio years ago, the Essanay. Now he is heart and soul for Technicolor, though on the side he has turned producer again having presented "Jarrnegan," "The Yeller," and "The Squaw Man." Bennett in the title role. And Jeanne Cohen, who for so many years was private secretary to Jesse Lasky, is executive manager.

"You bring back some of Mr. Cal-laghan's memories of the early days and the beginnings of most of our biggest stars. It was an interesting scene, this, taken at the water hole, a beautiful pool which the Pueblos have used for centuries for their drinking water. We had to be very careful to throw nothing near it. Along the top of the rocks squatted the Indians, watching, and when Richard suddenly grabbed Gladys in his arms it amused them hugely.

Next morning the 300 feet weren't any easier. Richard and Gladys sat under an umbrella to get their eyes painted by the make-up man, got out the cosmetics. We were pretty silent, all of us, and Roy and Dolores, to cheer us, began playing all the Indians around the house. And when Richard suddenly grabbed Gladys in his arms it amused them hugely.

"Gee! That's great for a guy that owns one of those Hollywood hillsides lots. He could run right up after this and not know he was doing anything."

Henry Hathaway appeared with a little anxious of going over his nose to protect it from the sun.

The cameras were a long time appearing that morning. "I suppose they want us to go down there and shoot the picture," said Mr. Schertzinger.

Before we stopped laughing he told us what happened to him that morning. Each tent has a stove and the wood sometimes comes too near the hot place.

"What was my embarrassment to hear AI—(Al Sullivan, his brother-in-law who shared his tent)—announce that we were going to be on fire. Out we pranced in the early dawn, me in my B.V.D.'s, with a couple of tumbler's of water to put out a fire. We didn't have a pitcher.

"It reminded me of a story I heard about a travelling salesman who ran up to the desk of Main Street's one hotel and beating his fingers-nails together demanded water. The astonished clerk pointed to the cooler. The sales-man rushed over, filled a lily cup and dashed up stairs. In a few minutes he was back for another cup. After about five of these trips, each one more hurried than the last, someone asked whether there was anything wrong. "I should say there was! stormed the little man, 'My room's on fire!"

When we started to photograph the vil-lage, Homer Watson, wardrobe master, was the picture of distress. "We've come a thousand miles to photograph a Hollywood street. No one in the world would believe we've moved off this place here.

There was some truth in what he said, yet I am sure the cameras—picked up the unusual features; the dome oven that is on every roof, for instance, and that is the system the fireless cooker was taken from. A squash heat stones until they are white hot, puts them and her bread in the oven, and leaves it or any food, and when she comes back—there is her dinner. Then there are the funny little ladders that are the only entrances to the upper stories. Apparently they are built along the apart-ment house, one to each of the two or three stories, and each with separate ladder entrances which even the dogs use.

On the set, Director Dick Mattox told us about some mountains that no white man has ever explored, and he is longing for the leisure to do it. An Indian took him in their way along a path and he knows from a few things he found that the earth is rich in precious ore. Dick has count-less stories that would fascinate anyone. He is also a very interesting character and possesses the most amazing pair of eyebrows and mustachios in captivity. You will see them if you look sharp, for Dick is in the picture. He has a hat filled with trea-sures from the world and wears, along with his buckskins and checked flannel shirt, an exquisitely carved turquoise watch fob from Tibet. At first glance he takes you for a plain- man and then you notice, first a beautiful square emerald stick pin, a stun-ning ring and then the watch fob, and you realize that he has been appointed. That night in camp we all showed each other pottery we had bought and blankets, but the bitter draught for me was five turquoise matrix, the largest size of a fifty cent piece, which I was going to buy for $5.00; and while I was thinking about it, Eddie Margolis, second assistant bought them for $2.50.

Oh, and there is much more to tell but no more room; so see the picture.
I Was Ashamed Before My Vast Audience

Ask Me

(Continued from page 89)


M. J. C., Kingston, Ontario. You tell me your chatter is good to the last page—now what's wrong with the last page? Ray Milland in "The Last Hurrah" was certainly up in the air in "Wings." Would I say they were sky-larking? Well, that may get by but not if the Editor sees this first. As for the "I know you are and married." He is 27 years old, 6 feet 9½ inches tall and has brown hair and eyes. That's his real name. Mary Pickford has no husband. Most Drama was made by Virginia Valli, Nancy Carroll, Lawrence Gray, Tom Cooley, Earle Fox, Wilson Hummel and William Tucker, for Fox Films. Virginia Valli was born in Chicago, Ill. She has dark brown hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Virginia is now playing a realist portrait of "Circus." Pictures, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., and also in a stage play. Madge Bellamy and her husband are separated. Vнима later picture is "The Awakening." Norma Shearer is not retiring from the screen but is busy at work on "A Lady of Chance," at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., and then she is to make "The Trial of Mary Dugan." I understand in sound.

Betty W., New York City. If I gave you all of Tom Mix's pictures made in the last three years, there'd be a lot of gun-play, some first class hold-ups and I'd be busy trying to keep up with Tom. He has 25 pictures more or less, during the past 3 years; I haven't space for the list but here are a few of them: "Riders of the Purple Sage," "The Best Bad Man," "The Rainbow Trail," "The Yankee Senor," "The Great G and A Train Robbery," "Outlaws of Red River," "The Circus Age," and "Silver Valley," "Wallace Beery's "Thirty Days." He was a sick man then but worked to the end of the film. He started work on another picture "A Gentleman." He was shot a few days before the camera, he had to give up the fight. No one has ever taken Wally's place on the screen.

Lloyd K., of Richmond, Ind. I can tell you a lot of nice things about Janet Gaynor but you crave a letter from her in her own handwriting—every time you write. I have no letters from my own, but I don't. She was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1907. Her hair and eyes are brown. Her next picture will be "Street Fair" with Charles Morton. Drop her a letter, written your best bib and Tucker, and see what you get.

Grayce B. from Brooklyn. My idea of

But It Ended My Stoutness

My first and only attack of stage fright showed me the way to banish excess fat—forever

My heart beat fast! In 15 minutes I was going to face a vast audience. In 15 minutes I was going to speak in Carnegie Hall, New York—the most famous lecture platform in America! One of the largest crowds that had ever assembled in that vast hall was waiting for me.

Why did my heart beat fast? Why did I hesitate to face my vast audience? I was a seasoned speaker, I had lectured for years. I had spoken before thousands of people in the greatest auditoriums in the United States. Why should I feel afraid?

The answer was simple. That very afternoon I had received a critical letter from one of my followers. Here's what the letter said:

"Why is it you are so fat?" my critic wrote. "You—David V. Bush—America's greatest authority on right living. You tell others how to live—what to eat—how to care for your bodies mentally and physically. And yet you do nothing about your own stoutness!"

My method of right living had proved wonderfully beneficial to thousands of men and women. They had proved beneficial in my own case. Yet there was one thing I had been unable to conquer—my stoutness.

Vain Efforts to Reduce

For years I had tried to reduce. I had tried fasting, dieting, exercising, and mechanical appliances—everything I could think of. Nothing seemed to help. I remained as stout as ever. I could not accuse the cause of my stoutness. I could not accuse the cause of my stoutness. I was not a heavy eater, but to look at my rotund figure, anyone would doubt that I ate too much. Such was not the case. I ate moderately—lived temperately and took a normal amount of exercise.

A Startling Discovery

That night after the lecture a comforting thought came to me. It was this: All the reducing methods which I had tried were other people's inventions. I had never tackled the problem myself. I had never tried my own. For years I studied. For weeks I tried to find the secret. Finally I came to the conclusion that there was only one logical way to get rid of fat. Then I began to experiment on myself.

Imagine my astonishment. Imagine my delight! In 24 hours I lost 3 pounds more! Day after day I continued my new method of reducing.

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David V. Bush, 225 N. Michigan Blvd.,
Chicago, Ill.

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Sometimes C.O.D. packages are delayed. To get quickest order, please enclose cash. If cash accompanies order, we will pay the postage.
a grand pain in the neck is to have the subtitles of my favorite pictures read aloud by indifferent voiceless neighbors. That always puts a cramp in my sunny disposition. Well, the talkers will fix it! Olive Borden was born in Virginia 20 years ago. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Irene Rich was born in Buffalo, N. Y., on October 13, 1921. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Norma Shearer was born at Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Me., December 17, 1902. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She is the wife of George Webb.

Becky of St. Louis. You want the private life of the stars, but what is there private about the life of a star? We'll bet big-heads have got the low-down on them but they do and who wouldn't? Gardner James was born in New York City. He is 6 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 210 pounds and has light brown hair and dark brown eyes. He was on the stage before going into pictures. Clara Bow has red hair and plenty of it. Gloria Swanson's husband is a Frenchman. Beverly Douday has a falling of a cay for you. And one that won't be changed.

C. L. C. of Warsaw, N. Y. I'm reduced to a state of wading through the avalanche of letters that want to be answered in "next month's issue." Give me time; it's all the same to me—I'm used to staying behind. Gardner James was born and educated in Paris, France. He was on the stage before going into pictures. He has dark hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10¾ inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Address him at 3800 Milton Road, Hollywood, Cal. That is an old address but it may reach him. "Big Boy" (Guinn) Williams has appeared in "Back Street," "The Love of the Old Lady" and "The College Widow." He is in "My Man," starring Fannie Brice. You can write to Guinn at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

J. E. L. of Cromwell, Minn. What would the world do without this arbiter? That's me! All disputes, family fights and other friendly relations settled on a moment's notice. Marion Nixon is a native of Wisconsin. She was born October 20, 1904, in Superior. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 109 pounds. Marion was in "Out of the Ruins" with Richard Barthelmess. You can write her at Universal Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Eleanor K. of The Dells, Wis. You'd like to see me, wouldn't you? Just use your imagination and you'll have a fair idea of my vivid personality. Buster Collier is not married. He is 26 years old. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga., on Feb. 6, 1901. He has brown hair and dark blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. Ben's next picture will be "The Air Legion."
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WILL talking pictures open up a new field to trained animals?

This would seem to be so, judging from a letter received

by Charles Richards, casting director at the

Pathe Studios.

The letter reads in part as follows: "I have a talking and singing parrot that I believe would go over big in talking pic-

tures. This bird can sing the following choruses: 'It's a long way to Berlin,' and 'I'm forever blowing bubbles,' and he car-

ries the tune wonderfully well with piano accompaniments. Would like for you to hear him, and also would like to know if

you will give him a tryout."

Richards says he doesn't mind listening to tryouts of singing parrots, but when it comes to guinea-hens and peacocks, birds

which look a lot better than they sound, he draws the line.

Two faces familiar to the moving picture fans of the past decade appear in Douglas

Fairbanks' newest picture, "The Iron Mask." They are those of Florence Turner and Francis Ford.

Miss Turner portrays the role of the Mother Superior of the Carmelite Convent.

Mr. Ford enacts a gentleman of the court of Louis XIII. Both Miss Turner and Mr.

Ford were screen stars of the first magnitude in the early days of motion pictures, when Douglas Fairbanks was making his first step

from the stage to the screen.

Mr. Fairbanks plays D'Artagnon, the bravest soldier of France, in "The Iron Mask," the sequel to "The Three Muske-
ters," which he filmed six years ago.

Sandstorms on the desert are all right in

shock pictures when they are specified in

the script and manufactured to order, but

according to Director George Melford, who

has just returned with his company from

the vicinity of Yuma, Arizona, they are not

so good when supplied by the local weather

man.

With a company that includes Olive

Borden, Noah Beery and Hugh Trevor in

the principal roles, Melford went to the

Arizona sand steps to film exterior scenes

for "Love in the Desert." The director

is right at home on the camel playground, insomuch as he directed the late Rudolph

Valentino in "The Sheik" and made several

other desert pictures, but he was obliged to

call "time" for one hundred and fifty

extras and all the rest of the outfit when

sandstorms blew up two or three times a

day. Husky extras were obliged to hold

down the tents while Miss Borden and the

other players sought refuge and only the

camels seemed to enjoy it.

Willard Mack, who recently arrived at

the coast to assist in the production of

talking films, has completed an original

story, "Hunted." This will be an all-
talking picture, and Mack will direct as

well as portray the leading character.

The story concerns the events following a man's break from prison. Duane Thompson, who

has played in comedies, and Mary Doran

will have the chief feminine roles in

"Hunted," and the cast will also include

Robert Ames and John Miljan.

Lois Wilson returns to the Columbia lot

this week to be featured in "Object-Al-

mony," a take-off on the girls who make

marriage a venture of high finance. She

will play a dashing divorcee, a role entirely

different from her usual wholesome debut-

ante characterizations.

During the past few months Miss Wilson

took a flyer in the legitimate which was

followed by several appearances in "talkie"

productions.

Lane Chandler, tall young Westerner who

has played in several Paramount pictures,

has made good. Word came from the

West Coast yesterday that Chandler has

been signed to a new contract which will

continue his services with Paramount for

some time to come. Chandler at present

is enacting the juvenile leading role in

"The Wolf of Wall Street," George Banc-
thorp's latest starring film.

Chandler, six feet two inches tall and the

product of a Montana ranch, is a col-
le graduate. His screen career commenced less than two years ago when a director for one of the film companies discovered in England that he was a typical Englishman and would make an ideal star. The director accompanied him to Hollywood and introduced him to a studio manager, who signed him to a contract.

Russell Gleason, son of James Gleason, has lost no time in following in the footsteps of his father, mother and other members of his family. He has just been signed by a major studio to play one of the leading roles in Pathe's first all-talking picture, "The Missing Man."

Young Gleason's introduction to the screen came recently in "The Shady Lady," starring Phyllis Haver. Though a novice in the acting world, he has shown so much talent that he was given the difficult task of dubbing voices for the "The Missing Man."

Paramount has imported a German heroine to play opposite the French music hall idol, Maurice Chevalier, in his first American talking picture. Her name is Dita Parlo. Her first picture will be "Innocents of Paris," the novel by C. E. Andrews.

American picturers will have an early opportunity of seeing Miss Parlo who is starred in "The Homecoming" a UFA production, filmed under the supervision of Erich Pommer, which is to be released here soon. Miss Parlo is one of the favorite among European filmgoers, is young, brunette and slender with the personal magnetism of Greta Garbo and Clara Bow combined, according to one enthusiast, who saw her in "The Homecoming."

With other sections of the country shivering in the face of winter, Hollywood joins Paris and New York by laughing at Old Jack Frost and joyfully getting ready for the spring. But Hollywood goes further than either New York or Paris by actually wearing many of the spring styles now.

The newest thing in the way of garments being purchased by stars of the screen is in the form of undies. Spring frocks are slightly longer than they were last season. Many of the smartest evening dresses dip to the floor in back, some of them showing trains. But, by way of compensation, the smartly dressed woman who wears a frock with the uneven hem line extending to her ankles in front and trailing the floor behind her, has knee-length night robes and pajamas to don when she returns to her home.

This ultra new fashion has been introduced to Hollywood by Alice White, who has imported several of the knee-length night robes which are of silk crepe and elaborately trimmed with insets of lace. Miss White also had some of the most beautiful length pajamas, which are of silk crepe and tailored.

Wallace Beery yesterday took his final flight and is fully licensed by the Government to act as a dispatch pilot. The actor has been a keen enthusiast on the subject for two years ever since he made the comedy, "No Time for the Air."

He took lessons in flying and recently purchased a plane. He has flown frequently from the Hollywood studios to a cabin he owns about 100 miles distant and back again

In the early nite for work. Beery is now acting in "Tong War," a melodrama of the Chinese-American underworld. Florence Vidor is co-star with him.

What good is that 'school-girl complexion' when it is all covered with lamplblack that's what a dozen beauties, playing in Lupino Lane's new comedy, "Be My King," want to know. Lane is pictured as a stranded sailor on a South Sea Isle in this comedy, and the girls are all as beautiful as can be.

Finding children that look like prominent stars in their infancy is one of the bugaboos of the harassed casting director. But it can be done.

After weeks of intensive search, Edward Molnar, Leon Ramon and Virginia Marshall have finally been selected to represent the three juvenile leads in "The Younger Generation," in the production of the same name.

The three youngsters will portray Ricardo Cordes, John Darrow, and Lisa Basqueti at the age the three of them dream of or a career or screen.

Lila Lee is making "The Black Cors" which is to be made with sound device as a complete production. Miss Lee is finding this a busy season. She has just completed one of the feature roles in "Queen of the Night Club" at Warner Brothers when she was signed for this new production. Lila, who had an early stage training, is well qualified to make 'talkie' films.

Belle Bennett is going in for bicycling. The film star said she enjoyed that particular sport, which was a school girl and she sees no reason in the world why she shouldn't again indulge in this form of relaxation.

"Fortunately I have moved out in the country where I can ride unnoticed," says Belle.

Robert Armstrong—Continued from page 51

Robert Armstrong suffered a set-back. It was a case of being over stimulated. It had been his ambition to appear in a picture to his liking and then he would break it on the screen. James Gleason had written a play, "Is It Zat So?" He staged it in Milwaukee, with Robert Armstrong in the role of the prize-fighter. It was a hit from the start. Such a hit that a New York producer offered to put it on. "Is It Zat So?" ran on Broadway for three months.

The royalties and film rights have already netted Gleason a fortune, while Armstrong's performance of the prize-fighter won him an international reputation as an actor—and a contract in the movies. This man who plays crooks and rough-necked Criminals on the screen is a quiet chap after the studio whistle blow. He is devoted to his wife, Ethel Kent. He has a great respect for the different work of other people. And 'don't think,' he says, 'that she does any dressing, either. Once or twice she has been afraid she wouldn't let me ride home with her, because of my appearance of the week."

"I don't mind telling you I think she's right!"

"How we saved our first $500"

"Mary and I had been married four years, but we couldn't save a cent. Fact is, we were constantly in debt and I was always worried for fear I would lose my position."

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Here's Raquel Torres exhibiting the very latest in flower ornaments which, when opened, reveals a coin purse to contain, we suppose, car-fare.

Will "Talkie" Actors Speak English or American?

By Augustus Barratt

A n old Persian proverb observes that "The misfortunes of others are easy to contemplate, but we must not forget that fate is founded on tragedy, and that the troubles of the actors and the misgivings of the managers in the silent movies seem very real and potent to themselves.

No one can doubt that the merely mechanical defects of reproduction will be overcome, so the main difficulty will be with the performers. Apart from any special ability for acting, the first question to be studied is voice quality.

Now we all know that the profession of singing and speaking voice culture needs de-bunking. Probably not more than two per cent of the teachers in this country are really qualified. I have been conducting a 'Teacher's Class' all winter and have had highly intelligent students from all parts of the Union, but I certainly would not consider them equipped to tackle delicate cases of voice adjustment. The main trouble hitherto has been that actors and other people dependent on their voices have not realized that the speaking voice can be trained to be as elastic as a prima donna's, and that there should be no difficulty in adapting the tone, pitch, quality, and placement at any given moment to meet an unforeseen emergency. My students are taught to speak their lines from the softest pianissimo to the strongest fortissimo with the exact nuance of expression maintained, so that the effect demanded by the producer can be registered however near or far the microphone may be. That is merely a part of the day's routine. Moreover, voices are changed entirely and made to suit the personality of the speaker. If a tall, well-set up girl arrives with a high-pitched, squeaky voice, she leaves with it placed permanently three or four tones lower; and vice versa, if a small girl comes in with a ringing baritone quality. Harsh voices can be softened, and mushy voices strengthened and given timbre, in a very short period, if the student has application, and the faculty of imitating instruction.

It seems to me, after many years of experience, producing plays on both sides of the Atlantic, that the gravest question of the moment is pronunciation. Shall the actors speak English or American? If they speak American as the British understand it, full of western and New Jersey 'R's', nasal twang, and the local peculiarities from different States, the producers will lose their entire foreign English speaking market. If they speak English, it will be just as foreign to the States, for the British have as many variations of dialect as we have. Dictionary English, without traces of country or locality, would solve the problem, and would be acceptable the wide world over. If our American actors study, they need not fear competition. The presence of an expert director who not only knows how to criticize but to correct, and instruct, would save actors their positions, improve the quality of the speaking part of the picture five hundred per cent, and save millions a year in time at rehearsals.

Our American actors need to acquire style. What is style? Perfect tone, polished diction, unaffected by peculiarities of pronunciation, correct breathing, precise emphasis, a sense of climax, ease of manner, mobile facial expression, to fit the emotion of the moment; in short—the art of finished artistry. Think it over! It doesn't matter how good your voice is, if you don't know how to use it.
CLARENCE BROWN'S
Production based on the novel by
Robert W. Service
with
DOLORES DEL RIO
RALPH FORBES
and
KARL DANE

Adaptation by Benjamin Glazer
Continuity by Benjamin Glazer and
W. Sidney Young
Titles by Joe Farnham
Directed by Clarence Brown

Fighting the perilous White Horse Rapids is the biggest thrill you’ve ever had.

The desperate struggle to cross the Chilkoot pass is shown vividly together with the gigantic snow slide engulfing hundreds!

The burning of Dawson City, the screen’s greatest spectacle to date!

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15,000 people in the cast
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"THE Big Parade" and "Ben-Hur."
NOW comes the mightiest of all!
THE greatest romance of all time
GET ready for your biggest thrill!
THE Epic of the Klondike Gold Rush!

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If your theatre is equipped for Sound Pictures, you can hear "The Trail of '98" in Metro Movietone.

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Not if he has Camels in his case. For the young ladies of the land, with their usual penetration, have discovered the excellence of this famous cigarette. . . . So that nowadays, whenever a male voice is heard to say, “Have a Camel,” echo answers in a soft but prompt soprano: “I’d love to.”
Who Is She?

$500.00 to the WINNER

Advance Copy

February
25c

Screenland

Painted by
Georgia
Warren
As told to
Princess Pat
by
10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"

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

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

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

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to

Princess Pat
Princess Pat Ltd. Chicago, Illinois

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

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

Get This Week End Set —SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for this color and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Better retire, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and six other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

As told to
Princess Pat
by
10,000 Men

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"The GHOST TALKS!"

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WILLIAM FOX, in this newest Movietone Feature, introduces a new technique on the screen... don’t miss this all-talking farce comedy when it comes to your favorite motion picture theater!

The GHOST TALKS and so does the Screen in this latest MOVIETONE

Directed in dialog by
LEWIS SEILER
with
Charles Eaton  Helen Twelvetrees  Earle Fox  Carmel Myers
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DECEMBER 28, 1928

"PARAMOUNT takes an easy lead in talking pictures"

So stated the New York Morning "World" on the presentation at the Criterion Theatre of "Interference", Paramount's first All-Talking Picture. And public and critics from coast to coast have echoed and re-echoed Paramount's triumph in this new form of entertainment! But great as "Interference" is, it is only a hint of the amazing Paramount Talking Pictures that are coming to you. Between now and July 1, 1929, Paramount will present 22 ALL-TALKING Pictures with players selected from the cream of Broadway talent and Paramount's own great stars. In every particular—in story, in casting, and in direction, they are Paramount—commanding all the resources of the greatest organization in motion pictures. Today, as for 16 years, only Paramount will ever surpass Paramount! In addition, Paramount presents 17 part talking, singing and sound hits. Many of these sound pictures will have "silent" versions as well, so if the theatre you now attend is not equipped for sound, you will still be able to see and enjoy these great Paramount Pictures. Paramount's talking pictures attract on novelty alone. You demand quality and Paramount supplies it. "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town"!

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PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.
New eyes for old

If your eyes lack lustre and tire easily, rejuvenate them with Murine. This long-trusted lotion imparts a youthful sparkle to dull, weary eyes and makes them feel ever so much stronger.

Murine positively contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. Therefore you may use it freely to brighten and invigorate your eyes. Also use it after prolonged exposure to sun, wind and dust to prevent a bloodshot condition.

BOOKS FOR FANS

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is now being filmed. Charles Brabin, who is directing, tells you about it.

Many persons who have enjoyed "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" as a novel apparently have been worried as to the method that would be followed in making it into a picture. Persons who enjoyed Mr. Wilder's original method of treatment were prepared to be disappointed if this unique flavor was lost in the film.

The story gives the reader practically the same effect that he might get from looking over a series of very interesting, and very boldly designed woodcuts, where everything is in vivid highlights or blackest shadows. Our problem, therefore, was to get this same effect on the screen, else we would not truly be picturing Mr. Wilder's work.

We finally arrived at the conclusion that the only solution was to strive to do in pictorial effects what the author succeeded in doing in word pictures. That is, we saw that our task was to take the word pictures of the author, and translate them into corresponding pictures on the screen.

Lighting proved the main problem, and in many cases it has meant rather elaborate experimenting. In almost every scene it was necessary to throw salient features of faces into vivid highlight and black shadow, and still keep intact the surroundings, or,

in other words, keep practically a full photographic light on settings.

The story itself is a series of vignettes. The Marquesa and her daughter, Pepita, the convent girl, Esteban; Uncle Pio; the dancer and so on.

Finally, in one swift drawing together he interlocks these lives. The Marquesa takes charge of Pepita; Uncle Pio and the dancer come into the circle—and they all meet on the Bridge of San Luis Rey where a catastrophe works the parallel that links each factor of life in the story into a single idea.

So, in making the picture, we are trying to do the same thing—to show in bold relief not only the characters, but by sketchy sequences, the salient features of each story—then, as the author did, bring them together in a dramatic climax. It is the strangest form of story telling in the world, and, never having been done on the screen before, provides no rules or precedents with which to work.

We are happy, however, in that we have obtained a remarkable cast. Lily Damita plays the dancer. Raquel Torres is the convent girl. Emily Fitzroy is ideally cast as the Marquesa. Ernest Torrence will lend great artistry to the role of Uncle Pio.
Slowly... silently... ominously... the great steel door swung shut, locking within that airless vault a helpless little child—the sister of the girl he loved...

He had endured the third degree—could he stand that pitiful appeal? To "crack" the safe was a confession—not to, was—murder! What did "Jimmy Valentine" decide?

It's an evening you'll remember all your life. A smash hit on Broadway at $2 admission... acclaimed the perfected dialogue accompaniment. You'll have all the same thrills when your local theatres show this record-breaking Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, either silent or with dialogue.

WILLIAM HAINES with
LOVELY LEILA HYAMS

It's in our safe—$50!
Have you the right combination?
Answer these simple questions
and win the prize!
Come all you safe-crackers with bright ideas!
There's $50 and a valuable prize waiting for you in the M-G-M safe! The best set of answers to these five questions turns the trick. Read the rules below and send in your safe-cracking answers.

To the man winning the contest, William Haines will give $50.00 and the electric flash lamp he uses in "Alias Jimmy Valentine". To the woman, Leila Hyams will send $50.00 and the beautiful handbag she carries in the same picture. The next fifty lucky ones will receive my favorite photograph specially autographed by yours cordially,

Ramón Novarro

1—Name the six popular young players who appear in "Our Dancing Daughters."
2—Which do you prefer—Sound or Silent movies? Give your reasons within 75 words.
3—What popular murder story listed as a best seller novel and serial story last year has been made into a talking picture by M-G-M?
4—Name the Indian Chief in an M-G-M western who posed for the head on the Buffalo nickel.
5—Who is directing the first all Negro feature planned as an epic production of the colored race?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by February 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Notes—If you do not attend the pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of tie, each typing contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of
The William Haines Contest of October
Mr. A. Humphrey  Mrs. John Maloney
Redwood City, California  Racine, Wisconsin

THE CONSPIRATORS
WILLIAM HAINES—KARL DANE—TULLY MARSHALL

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TALKING PICTURE
"More stars than there are in Heaven"

It's Great with Dialogue or Silent!
Looking Them Over

A Fan's-Eye View of Coming Films

By Evelyn Ballarine

There's one on every lot. Some have more than one. Wait a minute! I'll tell you what I mean. I'll tell you without giving the usual three guesses. Now! Stage players.

It used to be that when movie stars retired from the screen the stage was their goal but now the tables have turned. The west has lassoed the stage actors—Hollywood and the talkers have lured them from Broadway.

Ina Claire is the newest stage actress to be signed for talking pictures and Pathé is the lucky company. Her great beauty and fine speaking voice will be seen, heard, and felt by all.

Metro-Goldwyn tracked down Willard Mack, playwright, actor and director, to make "Hunted." Mack will appear in it personally as well as direct. His wife, Beatrice Banyard, and pretty Sylvia Field, both of the stage, are in the cast.

Paramount has Jeanne Eagels. Jeanne signed a contract for the staggering sum of $125,000. And for only two pictures. Such a contract must be deserved. Jeanne Herbert Marshall is also with this company. Marshall is an English actor with lots of S. A. You will see him with Miss Eagels in "The Letter." Claudette Colbert is to make two pictures for Paramount. The first is "The Hole in the Wall." The second is to be "Gentlemen of the Press" from the successful newspaper play which is now running on Broadway. Walter Huston, also of the stage, will have the male lead.

William Collier, Sr., papa of Buster Collier, has been snagged by Paramount, because of his stage training. He is to assist with the supervision of Richard Dix's first talkie, and may do some acting and talking himself. Buster was one of the first talkie heroes and now he can say, "So's my dad."

United Artists has Eleanor Griffis, late of "The Spider," for the feminine lead in the underworld thriller, "Nightstick.

Sylvia Sydney has been signed, for two years, by Fox. Her first picture will be "Through Different Eyes."

And still they come—Dorothy Hall is to have the feminine lead in William De Mille's "White Collars" at the talkies. Ethel Barrymore may go talkie.
Audiences are saying it, Everywhere!

At last, "PICTURES that TALK like LIVING PEOPLE!"

Vitaphone Talking Pictures are electrifying audiences the country over! For Vitaphone brings to you the greatest of the world's great entertainers...

Screen stars! Stage stars! Opera stars! Famous orchestras! Master musicians!

Vitaphone recreates them ALL before your eyes. You see and hear them act, talk, sing and play—like human beings in the flesh!

Do not confuse Vitaphone with mere "sound effects."

Vitaphone is the ONE proved successful talking picture—exclusive product of Warner Bros.

Remember this—if it's not Warner Bros. Vitaphone, it's NOT the real, life-like talking picture.

Vitaphone climaxes all previous entertainment achievements. See and hear this marvel of the age—Vitaphone.

If it's Not a WARNER PICTURE it's Not VITAPHONE
Looking Them Over—Continued from page 6

Miss Barrymore made pictures long, long ago but she never "wowed" 'em as did her brothers Jack and Lionel Barrymore. Harry Richman, popular Broadway, night club host and also chief laugh-getter of George White's "Scandals," is getting set to star in "Say It With Music.

Charles King, Broadway stage favorite, did such good work in "Broadway Melody" that Metro-Goldwyn rewarded him by giving him the male lead in Marion Davies' first talkie—"The Five O'Clock Girl." Aileen Pringle, Polly Moran and George K. Arthur make up the rest of the cast.

We mustn't forget Al Jolson who really started it. He's out at Warners' studio making more talking pictures for us. "Mammy" is the title of his next. According to report, Ruby Keeler, his wife, may play opposite him. And why not? After all she's his Mammy, now.

Which goes to prove that the voice with the smile signs the contract.

Did you hear about Richard Arlen? They've made a sheik of him. (Yes, I always thought he was 'sheiky,' too, but this is different.) He has whiskers in everything for his part in "Four Feathers." It is said to be a choice role. Another feather in his cap.

Get thrilled! Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are going to be together again in "Blue Skies."

A certain party named Clara Bow is making "That Wild Party." Watta title! It is to be Clara's first all-dialogue picture. The story is by Warner Fabian, author of "Flaming Youth"—and that's good news, too.

The Moderns of today are coming in for their share of glory in the movies. Joan Crawford is going to make a series of pictures depicting the modern girl.

Ruth Taylor and Buddy Rogers are going to be costarred in pictures about the Moderns. The first is "Young Sinners."

Columbia Pictures has "The Younger Generation" with Lina Basque and Rex Lease.

Corinne Griffith is at work on "Saturday's Children." We all know that Saturday's children must work for a living. At the same studio, First National, Dorothy Mackail and Jack Mulhall are making "Children of the Ritz." That ought to make everybody happy.

Lucky Lorayne DuVal extra-ed for only three months when Carl Laemmle, Jr., discovered her and gave her the feminine lead opposite Reginald Denny in "His Lucky Day." Whose lucky day?

Lily Damita will have the chief feminine role in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Ernest Torrence and Raquel Torres are also in the cast. That leaves Ronald Colman (Continued on page 10)
How I Licked the Whispering Voices of Stage Fright!

It wasn't so long ago that I used to shrink in the background all the time. How often I wanted to spring a new idea at a business conference—tell a funny story at a social affair—or stand up and talk at a lodge meeting! But no—stage fright, nervousness, and timidity kept me silent while men of less ability won business promotions and social popularity. Now I am a changed man.

Before I explain how I overcame these handicaps, let me say this. Years ago I noticed that almost invariably the promotions in business, the positions of honor in civic affairs, the invitations to the best social circles—all go to the man who can dominate one person or thousands—who is known as an interesting talker.

But I always felt I could never be that type of man. I used to think good speakers were "born that way"...that somehow these faults that kept me silent were part of my physical makeup and that I could never correct them. I know that sounds silly—but then we humans are always making silly excuses for not getting the things we want in life.

But there was a girl...yes, she was the boss' secretary, pretty as a picture, smart as a whip—and I fell hard. There again my "inferiority complex" kept me from trying to cultivate her, especially as I knew she was receiving attention from men who were making more in a week than I made in a month. But one day she stopped at my desk to tell me that my department head was leaving in a few months, and asked me point blank why I didn't apply for his job. I stammered out something about being unable to handle such a big job. "Look here," she said softly, "I've been watching your work for two years. And I know you can handle it. The trouble with you is that you don't know how to sell yourself. Wait a minute." She walked to her desk and came back with a clipping in her hand. "Here's the kind of training you need. Don't let this opportunity slip by."

That clipping changed my whole career. It told about a marvelously simple home study method of training which any man could become a dominating speaker. I sent for it. And in a few weeks I was amazed at the speed with which I overcame my lack of confidence and poise. Then one day I paid a surprise visit to the big boss and asked him for the department head's job. I talked for ten minutes without interruption, telling him my plans for running the department, while Martha looked on approvingly. To make a long story short, I got the job and a fat increase in salary. (P. S. Six months later I got the girl, too.)

There is no magic, no mystery, no trick about becoming a popular speaker. No matter what work you are now doing or what may be your station in life; no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can bring out quickly your natural ability and become a powerful speaker. Now through an amazing home study training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential talker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

Send for This Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, How To Work Wonders With Words. In it you are told how this new, easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. Not only men who have made millions, thousands of others have sent for this booklet and are unwitting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon now.

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What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You How to Address Business Meetings How to Propose and Respond to Toasts How to Make a Political Speech How to Tell Entertaining Stories How to Write Better Letters How to Enlarge Your Vocabulary How to Develop Self-Confidence How to Acquire a Winning Personality How to Strengthen Your Will-Power How to Be the Master of Any Situation.
The Story of Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream

Over thirty years ago, when I was a young medical student in Vienna, I worked under the direction of a famous physician and skin specialist who had remarkable success in treating the greatest variety of skin troubles. And although he gave different prescriptions to his patients, they were all founded on one special base.

I marveled at this unguent which had power not only to soothe and heal the skin, but to invest it with great beauty. And I began earnestly to wish that more people might know about this wonderful preparation and benefit by it... I dreamed of possessing the formula and re-creating it in the form of a beauty preparation that would be a cleanser, molder and revivizer in one... a balm soothing and protective to the delicate skin of a baby.

I will spare you a recital of the struggles and the failures bridging this vision of mine and its realization. It took years and years of persistent effort before I finally persuaded the Viennese physician to part with his secret recipe... the price was a fortune! From this recipe, after many, many more years of research and experimentation, I evolved my Pasteurized Face Cream. And nothing can equal my joy when the great task was completed, when I held in my hands this concentred beauty treatment!

WHAT IS "PASTEURIZED CREAM"?
The word "pasteurized" is the keynote to the cream's extraordinary wonders. When Louis Pasteur discovered the process that would purify milk and cream, and make it safe for the most delicate of children, he unknowingly discovered also the finest process for purifying face cream too.

Pasteurized Face Cream is far more than a cream... it is a reproduction of the skin's natural oils and youthness! Here is no mere temporary freshener of the skin, on and off in a twinkling—this is a beauty-builder which works hand in hand with Nature! The skin welcomes it... it uses it up hungrily for its beauty-giving essences. And the longer it is left on the greater the benefits derived from it. There is no necessity for washing it away!

As a cleanser, Pasteurized Face Cream is perfect. Pore-clogging dust and impurities disappear at its touch. And while it cleanses, Pasteurized Face Cream revitalizes the tissues... it lifts away the tired, drawn look from eyes and forehead... it sculptures contours into clean-chiseled lines of youth! Sensitive skins, skins roughened and scaly from exposure, hard water and harsh soaps, find in Pasteurized Face Cream soothing comfort... renewed smoothness... silken softness. Oily and pimplled skins which rebel against most face creams, respond amazingly to Pasteurized Face Cream.

Women whose fancy is captured by a pretty jar do not buy Pasteurized Face Cream. But women—and men—of discriminative judgment realize that here is unparalleled value.

Helena Rubinstein

PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM 1.00
The Largest Selling Quality Cream in the World

Helena Rubinstein's Salons, offering her world-famous scientific beauty treatments, are located in the following cities: New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Newark, London, Paris.

Helena Rubinstein Beauty Preparations and Cosmetics are obtainable at the better shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

(MM.E. HElENa RUBINSTEIN, 8 East 57th Street, New York.)
Please send, without charge, the booklet, "Three Steps to Beauty," also full instructions on the daily care of your skin, which is:

Average Skin Oily Dry Wrinkles Blackheads Flabby

Name__________________________ Address__________________________ State__________________________

without a leading woman again. First Vilma, and now Lily! Who will be next? Ronald Colman is to start work on "Bull-dog Drummond."

Carol Lombard, blonde graduate of the Mack Sennett School, and Conrad Nagel have been selected by Cecil B. De Mille for "Dynamite," his first picture under the Metro banner.

Reports from England have it that Pola Negri has obtained George Bernard Shaw's consent to film his play "Caesar and Cleopatra." Of course, Pola will be Cleo, and the picture will be made in England—if the report turns out to be true.

There are three all-colored pictures coming along—and I don't mean Technicolor. King Vidor's "Hallelujah." Pathe has the film rights to "Porgy." Fox is making "Hearts in Dixie."

Tiffany-Stahl have signed our old friend Conway Tearle for talks.

Did you ever hear of a Noise Library? Metro-Goldwyn has one. Some of the records on file are: the wail of an infant, snores of a sleeper, machine gun bullets spattering on pavements and a complete soccer game. The only thing that seems to be missing is the cat's meow.

Everyone who comes to New York visits the Roxy Theatre to see Maria Gambarelli. The beauteous 'Gamby' is the premier danseuse and is known to thousands of radio and picture fans. She and her gang of dancing girls will be seen in the night club sequence of "The Hole in the Wall."
A NEW HIT FOR THE NEW YEAR!

New York has a new thrill... You'll have it soon! Twice a day—every day—at $2.00 per seat, "THE BARKER" is making film history.

As one man twenty famous critics declared—"The picture is there!

And since then Broadway's been a one-way street—all Manhattan headed for this First National Special from a famous stage-hit.

"Have your money ready" the day it plays your town!

In New York — In Los Angeles Every Paper — Every Critic joined in this

ALPHABET of ACCLAIM

- Acting marvelous
- Best since "The Sea Hawk"
- Completely engrossing
- Daring
- Excellent
- Fine
- "Gets" you
- House in uproar
- Intensely interesting
- Joy to behold
- Knockout cast
- Loud praises

Marvelous job
Nothing undone or overdone
One of the year's winners
Pleasure to watch
Quite credibly tough
Real thing
Sizzling entertainment
The picture is there!
Uniformly high merit
Vital
Wholly intriguing

She hired another woman to win the Love of the man she feared! You'll gasp at the strange secret drama that seethes sinisterly behind the gaudy glamor of the Midway. "Behind-the-tent stuff is the intimate sort that 'gets' you," said N. Y. Daily News.

PICTURE

FIRST NATIONAL'S FIRST TALKING PICTURE
"The most interesting picture on Broadway"—said N. Y. Evening World!
See the Movie!  
Read the Book!  
Your Favorite Moving Picture in Novel Form  
FOR $1.00

Order any one for $1.00  
or 6 for $5.00

Our Dancing Daughters  
The Wind  
The Fleet's In (Clara Bow Edition)  
Lilac Time  
Mother Knows Best  
White Shadows in the South Seas  
The Divine Lady  
Me Gangster  
Interference  
Dry Martini  
The Barker  
Wings  
Four Sons  
Seventh Heaven  
Anna Karenina (Movie Title "Love")  
Beggars of Life  
Revenge  
The Patent Leather Kid  
Resurrection  
The Gaucho  
The Grip of the Yukon (Yukon Trail)  
The Legion of the Condemned  
Sorrell & Son  
The Man Who Laughs

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BE更好地 to be a two-timer than an old timer! Be young. Be gay.  
If it's an effort let SCREENLAND help you. Let us help you, anyway!  
Let SCREENLAND banish those blues and put you in the pink; make  
you feel as spry and skittish as the very latest Hollywood ingenue.  
(And that's pretty skittish, let us tell you!) No matter whether you are  
sixteen or sixty, or between—and we'll bet you are—there's something in  
SCREENLAND for you.

Read SCREENLAND and keep up with the movies. See, hear, sniff and feel  
your favorite films. SCREENLAND, every month, keeps you in touch with  
Hollywood—the real Hollywood, home of the most lovable, most human people  
in the world—the people who make your motion pictures. Meet them all in  
SCREENLAND, THE MODERN MAGAZINE of the MOVIES!

C. You'd never guess, so we'll tell you. A scene from the famous old stage play, "The  
Warrens of Virginia," in 1908. The gentleman at the left is none other than Cecil  
B. De Mille. Then an actor, he is now our most modern movie director. He hasn't  
kept up with the times—he's 'way ahead of 'em! Seated is Frank Keenan—then, as  
now, foremost character actor. And next is Eugene O'Brien, who has also kept  
in tune with the times in the talkies.
Grow—Yes grow—Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By Lucille Young

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

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

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to try it without risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible. I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has disclosed the secret. Now so I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee. No ‘ifs,’ ‘ands,’ or ‘maybes.’ New growth or no pay. And you are the safe judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

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

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

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

Results Noticeable in a Week

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

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

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

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember... in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $3.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money,... simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without question. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, 240 W. 57th St., N. Y.

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

Lucille Young

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

Lucille Young

240 W. 57th St., N. Y.

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

Dear Miss Young: I have just tried your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Further used it and now am satisfied. A wonderful discovery to my eyes. I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the start to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead. Minnie Pinette, 1538 Cathedra Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier. It seems amazing. My eyelashes are growing thicker, longer, more luxuriant. Miss Flore J. Corrivan, 8 Pine St., New Bedford, Mass.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference yet between my eyebrows and eyelashes and those of other people. I am in contact with many people today and find my eyelashes appear to belong to a different person. 

Little Hoffmeng, 240 W. 57th St., New York.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful! Pearl Provo, 2985 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friends: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. I hardly expected such a successful new discovery. I am deliriously happy now, I will praise your discovery all over America. I do not need to speak that praise loudly and freely. Naomi Oust, 5437 West 11th Ave., Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is truly wonderful. I am more than delighted. I continue to use it the better my beauty, and I do not hesitate to say it to Lucille Young.

Franz Young, 111 S. E. 62d St., Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.
Confessions of the Fans

"This is the Fans' Forum! It is YOUR department, in which you are invited to contribute your opinions of and ambitions for the movies. Let's hear from you! Send along your photograph with your letter, because the other readers want to get acquainted. The most entertaining letters, on subjects of general interest, will be printed.

The Editor.

Small Town—But Not Small Time!

Remember those good old melodramas? Compare them with the new pictures. Each one has its little innovations. King Vidor introduced lip reading in "The Big Parade." Charles Chaplin's pantomime is unique. Murnau's camera angles are startling—and now Victor Seastrom depicting the player's thoughts as he did in "Masks of the Devil." What next? Whatever it is, I'll see it.

We keep close tab on the stars through the medium of the movie magazines, of which Screenland has always been my favorite, principally because it has never carried any sensational scandals or divorces. This seems to me a very wise policy. The tabloids seem to cover that side of things so perfectly!

May I thank you for this opportunity and unburden myself again when the spirit moves me?

Sincerely,

Mas. F. A. Cuneo
Brightwaters, Long Island,
New York.

Hear, Hear!

Dear Editor:

Do you mind if I cry a little? In other words, what do you think about these new talking motion pictures? Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't. See what I mean? I mean, sometimes I think they are swell, and then I've heard a film cutie that I've always been pretty crazy about say something like, "Oh, don't you love me?" or "It's time to go home," and I decide unanimously, "No, I don't love you," and "Well, I'd just as soon go home."
Of course, I knew all the time that these film beauties could talk, but I never thought much about it. They looked so darned good as they were that I didn’t care whether they talked or not—I just looked at them and let it go at that. Well, now they’re talking, aren’t they, and the sudden outburst has frightened me.

Maybe the thing has got my goat because I’ve thought of them as beautiful silent ladies, sorts of statues like Galatea. I’ve loved them like that. Then they suddenly open their mouths and utter something like—“I’ll have an elder cocktail and a plucked stern,” and I feel like running to the nearest exit.

I suppose I’ll have to get used to the thing, won’t I? Perhaps when I hear them talk in a couple of pictures I’ll want to hear them talk all the time. I may go to Hollywood and become a professional ear dropper just to hear them talk. Maybe I may do so much listening that I’ll forget how to talk myself. You can see that the whole thing has got me pretty worried.

On the other hand, take Al Jolson. Mr. Jolson can talk all he wants to and sing all he wants to and I’ll listen. Is it because he was a great stage entertainer that I like him, editor? When I first saw him in “The Jazz Singer” I thought, “Here is something great! How long has this been going on!” And when I saw him in “The Singing Fool,” I thought, “Let’s hire his voice! Let’s get him on!”

Well, I suppose there are others like Al and I suppose there will be more coming along who will be as good. I’ll wait. I’ll not only wait, I’ll write you about it whether you like what I say or not. I’ll unburden myself to you just as pleasantly as I know how.

Wait a minute, editor! I saw one picture with a couple of my favorite girls friends in it, and they can talk all they want to on the screen. Did you see “The Barker”? Well, do you remember when Milton Sills poked his head into the dressing room of Betty Compson when she was the hula dancer? And Betty said, “C’mon in! Well, I got up in my seat without reaching for my hat. I decided I could beat Milton Sills into that dressing room even if he did have a few rows head start on me. That was the first time I ever heard Betty Compson speak and I’m ready to hear her again. The same goes for Dorothy Mackaill in the same picture. Those two girls are my ideals at present. They can talk on and on for all I care, and I’ll listen. Betty Compson’s voice even sounded good after Milton Sills had choked her, and if a girl’s voice sounds good after she’s been choked I’ll say she’s got vox appeal. Get it?

Well, I guess I’ve said enough. Who knows but what next time you get an envelope from me you’ll take out a blank piece of paper and look at it and then you’ll hear my own voice come out of it instead of reading it. I don’t think such a thing is likely very soon, of course, but look at the telephone! Look at the radio! Look at the submarine! Look at the electric light bulb! Go ahead and look at ’em if you want to! I’ll look at Betty Compson and Dorothy Mackaill and others of my favorites—and at the same time I’ll listen to ‘em! Four out of five have IT—the other one can be an extra in the background and wave a flag. A minute ago I said I guessed I’d said enough. All right, I’m packing!

Best to Screenland,

J. CLARENCE,

Virginia Apartments,

Minneapolis, Minn.

“A Delicate Subject
—but these girls must be told”

—a dean of women says, in discussing
this phase of modern feminine hygiene

Unfortunately this delicate subject is seldom discussed. Now; a new patented process deodorizes® this scientific sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

EVEN among girls who are very frank with each other, there is a question of daintiness, of fastidious personal care that is unfortunately seldom mentioned. Yet many women are unconsciously guilty. At certain times they are seriously offensive to others. With realization comes constant fear.

Today these fears are ended. Science has discovered a way to counteract this offense.

Kotex now completely deodorizes®

Kotex has brought a new idea of feminine hygiene to women all over the world. In the past ten years they have learned new comfort, new ease of mind through this sanitary protection. Now a process has been perfected that completely ends all odors. In Kotex laboratories the one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered, it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. You can adjust the filler. Cellulocotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture. 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today... 45¢ for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

®Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,650,367)

5 Important Features:

1—Softer gauge ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;

2—Corners are rounded and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;

3—Deodorizers—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;

4—Adjust it to your needs; filler may be made thinner, narrower, as required;

5—It is easily disposed of; no unpleasant laundry.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes
Evelyn Brent is always convincing. You forget she is acting and live her roles with her.

She's a moody, amazing actress. Can you think of anyone who even remotely resembles Evelyn Brent on the screen? Of course not! She is in a class by herself. Where other stars gurgle, she looks glum. Where most movie beauties spare no pains to be pleasantly alluring, Betty Brent achieves her effects by directly opposite methods. She has sulked and stormed her way into fame! And now as the bold, bad girl in "Interference" she scores again.

Here are glimpses of Evelyn as the fascinating Feathers of "Underworld" as the actress in "The Last Command," and as a dashing duchess in "His Tiger Lady."
Evelyn Brent is a real trouper. In "Interference" she shared honors with William Powell, in "Underworld" with George Bancroft—always clever, she can be generous.

Even the European art of Jannings could not dwarf her individual artistry. The profile picture shows the 'Bette' Brent who is one of the film colony's favorite children.

Sombre or smiling, she challenges your interest and stimulates your imagination.

Evelyn Brent has been in line for our special applause for a long time. But it always happened that just as she was about to step into her hard-earned position as the heroine of the Honor Page—a reward coveted, if we do say it, by every artist in motion pictures—some other star rose on the horizon. There was Jannings, in "The Last Command." George Bancroft grabbed the pages for his portrayal in "Underworld" when Evelyn's performance was just as good. But here she comes as a talkie heroine to claim her own.
THE movies are growing up. It does look that way, doesn’t it? Well, let’s see.

Consider George Bernard Shaw who, having fallen very hard for himself in Movietone, is said to have agreed to permit Madame Pola Negri to enact Cleopatra in a film version of his play, “Caesar and Cleopatra.” If true, it will be the first Shavian drama to reach the screen.

No less than three productions based on Negro life and character are being filmed. A year or so ago, no producer would have dared. Today, it’s being done, done, done!

In New York City, a four-screen theatre is being built. The first of its kind in the world, it will be an amazing structure, in which films can be projected simultaneously on four screens. The whole theatre, in fact, is to be one huge, four-sided screen. (I didn’t dream it. It’s happening now.) The motion picture itself, they say, can be thrown on all four screens at once so that the audience will feel itself an actual part of the drama being unrolled. Suppose a war picture is the program. The spectator will see long lines of camions winding down the side screen, and air battles being fought over his head on the ceiling screen—while hero, heroine, and villain—at least, they won’t be changed—perform their parts on the “personal” saucer-shaped screen on the stage. Enough to make an old-fashioned fan dizzy? But wait a minute! This new-fangled theatre is being built to feature the Motion Picture—not to show off vaudeville acts and jazz orchestras. That isn’t so crazy, is it?

And let me tell you the rest of it: the interior of this theatre is so designed that it can be transformed in a flash to suit the setting of the picture—from a night-club to a newspaper office; from the heroine’s drawing-room to the adventurer’s underworld. I can’t understand it myself—but it sounds wonderful!

And then—now here’s why I love the movies! They will be quaint; they will be defiant and different!

They sign Dorothy Parker, one of America’s most famous humorous writers, to do dialogue. Great! But what do you suppose her first assignment is said to have turned out to be? “Madame X!” Madame won’t know herself.

And Robert Benchley. You met Mr. Benchley in his incomparable “Treasurer’s Report” and “Sex Life of the Polyp.” Well, it seems—I don’t know how true it is, so don’t quote me—it seems that the other day he devised another humorous classic, based on the adventures of a man in the underworld. What was his amazement, according to advices, when having turned in his story he received the following wire from the producer: “Can’t you put a little sex into it?”

A fan’s a fan, no matter where he sits. In New York he waits in line to loll in the luxurious loges of the palatial Paramount or the comfortable Capitol or the romantic Roxy. In a little movie theatre in Wisconsin with old-fashioned wooden seats he brings his own cushion—and likes it!

Have YOU been wired for sound yet?
The Big Night

Tonight's the night! Come along to the grand movie opening—stupendous, amazing, spectacular first night of a new film.

You'll see stars, more than there are in heaven! You'll see them roll up to the door of the picture palace in their motor cars; you'll see them step out to face the camera batteries and the flash-lights and the crowd. You'll watch them, one by one—or even two by two—speak a few words into the microphone when they are introduced. You'll love it. Above is an impression of one movie opening, that of "Interference" in Los Angeles. But it is like them all—bright lights, color, crowds. Here are Theodore Roberts, the grand old movie man, with the Vaughn sisters; Bebe Daniels, escorted by Joseph Schenck; Baclanova and Nicholas Soussanin; Fay Wray; Lois Wilson, with Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton; and Dorothy Mackaill.
New Ladies for the

**Bubbles of Beauty Bursting Upon the Screen**

Doris Hill has Jack Holt making love to her in pictures and all the men in the audience feeling like it.

Mary Duncan, to the lower right, made Broadway audiences gasp. Now she is electrifying the Fox lot.

Carlotta King brings a big-time voice to the Warner Brothers pictures—and that's not all.

Who to woo? That's the big question in Hollywood now—and all the time. Hollywood is always looking for variety. New faces for our cameras—new voices for our microphones—new leading men—and new girls to love. Especially new girls to love. You can't blame the boys of the screen colony for demanding a change now and then. They want new girl friends in their new pictures—and who are we to stop them?

In fact, we'll be broad-minded and call some new girls to their attention. Consider Carlotta King. She is all set to make some leading man very, very happy. She makes her debut on the screen as the golden-voiced sweetheart of John Boles in "The Desert Song."

Nora Lane—little, lovely, and Irish. She was discovered first by Frances Marion—and later by all the movie fans. (Left)
Hollywood Lovers

New Kisses for the Close-up Champions.

Helen Twelvetrees: nineteen, born in Brooklyn, stage experience. Acting and talking in "The Ghost Talks"—very nice, too.

Mona Rico started out in pictures as "The girl with the pretty hands." Then they discovered the rest of her.

Then there is Doris Hill. Five feet, two and a half inches of tawny-haired, blue-eyed loveliness, Doris has arrived as Jack Holt's leading lady in "Avalanche." And Nora Lane! She played opposite Fred Thomson, and now you'll be seeing her as the heroine of "Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City." Mary Duncan—ah, there's a lady to love! Well-known on the Broadway stage, Mary is making even more friends in the movies—at the torrid mama of "4 Devils" and the love interest in "Our Daily Bread" with Charles Farrell. Little Helen Twelvetrees is in "The Ghost Talks." Helen talks, too. Mona Rico plays with John Barrymore in "King of the Mountains." A Lubitsch discovery, this Mexican beauty. Dorothy Janis' ancestors were Indians. That may be the reason she specializes in scalps.

Dorothy Janis' ancestors were Indians. That may be the reason she specializes in scalps.
Mysteries of Hollywood


c

What Happens to Your Favorite Story or Play in its Screen Adaptation? Often It Emerges with No Resemblance to the Original. You Must Have Wondered What Accidents Befell It in its Journey from the Printed Page or the Stage to the Screen. Another Mystery of the Movies is Here Explained to You.

by Rob Wagner

Hollywood's classical wheeze regarding 'adaptations' runs as follows: John Fox, accompanied by a friend, went to see the screen version of his novel, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

When it was all over the friend turned to Fox and said: "John, the only thing left of your story is the pine!"

"Yes," replied the bewildered author, "and that's a redwood!"

John was an optimist. He was lucky that it wasn't a mulberry bush. Queerer changes than that have happened when an immortal work comes forth from the crucible of the cinema.

Why? Well, you've asked something regarding which the heaviest brick-bats have been hurled at Hollywood. But as Hollywood apparently hasn't the time nor inclination to explain the reasons, I'll unravel the mystery for you.

Let's take an extreme case.

Supposing you, dear, hopeful reader, write an immortal work, and straightway sell it to a picture company for a fat check. Naturally you expect to see your story on the screen. And quite as naturally the studio intended it to be as faithful to your story as the vicissitudes of the game permit. But, oh, the vicissitudes!

Supposing, for instance, you have written an Alaskan story, the big punch of which takes place in a blizzard. But suppose the Studio's program compelled them to set the shooting schedule for August. Alas, there isn't any snow in August! Well, says the Production Office, there's only one thing to do—make it a desert story. "Outrageous!" you cry. But is it outrageous? What sold them your story? Plot and characterizations. Well, plot is plot, and characters react to dramatic situations the same in one kind of weather as in another. A man can get just as jealous of his wife whether she be making love on a sand-dune or a snow-drift.

Your next shock will be the cast. You have visualized Ramon Novarro as your hero. But, another alas!—Ramon is not on contract to your particular studio. And if he is, maybe he's not available. But Victor MacLaglen is! (Just to use Vic as an example). In fact, Vic has been drawing a huge salary for six weeks and he simply must be put to work. No director ever found all the people he would like to have in his cast available at one and the same time. It's easy to describe your characters exactly as you wish them in a novel, but just try to match them up for a screen production.

Quite correctly you had picked out Dolores Costello as your heroine, and she certainly would have fitted the part. But August will find Dolores in a studio in Cuba shooting a sizzling Spanish story, perhaps Greta Garbo! Now Greta and Vic are miles away from the stars you had selected for your immortal story, but I ask you, as man to man—or man to girl, as the case may be—if Vic and Greta won't make a snappy team. You must think of 'box-office' in such matters!

Furthermore, as good as your plot is, you've neglected two important things—you've no comedy relief and you've no pets. That's bad. But the Scenario Department can help you out by writing in a part for Louise Fazenda and ringing in a basket of kittens. Louise and the kittens will no doubt surprise you, but they'll help to put over your immortal work.

They start to shoot. Now look out for 'vicissitudes'! Who

ORIGINAL

4 Portrait of a Contented Author—Very Rare

Kenyon Nicholson wrote a Broadway hit, "The Barker," First National bought it for the movies, and the screened result's more than satisfied Mr. Nicholson. He said, "I have never seen a film so faithful to its original." Is this the millennium?
could have foreseen, for instance, that big, husky Vic couldn't stand up against Greta in the love scenes? But he hasn't a chance. You had written a man's story, but after seeing the rushes the order comes down from the High Executives to play away from Vic and build up Greta. It is now a woman's story.

Oh, well, the plot is safe, and that's the important thing. But wait!

Ten reels of stuff now go to the cutting-room to be reduced to approximately feature length. The whole staff views it first in about eight reels, and to their consternation several of the scenes essential to the plot don't click. Why? Nobody knows; or else everybody has a different reason. Perhaps they weren't shot right; or maybe they are in the wrong place; or maybe the tempo is too fast or slow. Queer!—the stuff read fine, but it doesn't get over in pantomime. And don't think this case is too extreme. It happens to the biggest and best directed productions. Scenes that cost fortunes, and that everybody from the author to the Big Boss had bet on, die ingloriously at the first preview. Tinkering, or even reshooting, may save them; then again it may not. If it doesn't—out they come!

"Comes the dawn!"—or in other words the titling. And here is where the plot has to be abridged, or, alas, fundamentally changed.

Yet there is still hope. Especially in this case, for it is discovered that Louise Fazenda has stolen the picture—not an unusual thing for Louise to do. All right. This is no time for squeamishness; two hundred thou-

sand dollars is at stake! Cut Greta down and save every foot of Louise!

Your Alaskan drama has now become a comedy! Obviously therefore your main title, "Frozen Passion," will not do. It is changed to "Tarantula Tillie."

Then on a fateful night you go to the Superba to see your story on the screen. You are aghast. You fail to find even the mulberry bush!

But remember this, dear, hopeful reader—and writer— that you got a nice fat check, and you have been given screen credit for one of the best comedies of the year. Better far that you take your bows and leave brickbats to the checkless and creditless.

And while you are remembering, remember this— It is an intellectual and a physical impossibility to predetermine the finished motion picture.

You'll show us that it can be done? You'll come out with a million dollars and show those bone-heads up? Don't! Hollywood is littered with the remains of indignant authors who endeavored to shoot their stories as they had written them.

Lubitsch comes closest to performing such phenomena. But even Lubitsch anticipates his changes before shooting. Furthermore, he is a genius.

On the other hand, Charlie Chaplin never knows whither his stories will go or how they will end. And he's a genius, too.

Figure it out on a paper pad—preferably a pad of fool's cap!
How to Get

Just to Show She's Big-on Robert Castle, the New About Women From Clara

When he passes, Straight and tall,

Drop your bag—just Let it fall!

When he hastens To your aid—

It's just so much Marmalade!

When he passes, Straight and tall,

Screenland, with a bow, deep bow, acknowledges indebtedness to Miss Clara Bow and her assistant, Mr. Robert Castle, for these especially-paved photographs.

Exclusive Photographs for Screenland by Eugene Robert Riches.
Your Man!

Hearted, Clara Bow Practices her Wiles Leading Man from Vienna, Who Learns in no Time at All. Girls, Gather 'Round!

LET the It Girl, Clara Bow, Show you what you all should know: How to snare the male you like While you're on your morning hike. Study every move she makes Carefully, then get the breaks. View every picture, left to right— And you'll make a date tonight!

ARMS entwine you— Rather quaint!

NOW's the time to Seem to faint—

FOLLOW Clara's little plan And you'll surely Get your Man!
Now I ask you—anybody who will walk down fifty stone steps and then back again, just to greet a guest, is a real host, isn’t he?

That’s what Mervyn Le Roy did for us when Patsy, Dr. Howard Updegraff—who makes movie people’s faces over for them—and I went up to Mervyn’s house to a party which he and his lovely wife, Edna Murphy, were giving in their picturesque home on the side of a Hollywood hill.

Mervyn told us all about how to park our car and just how to climb those fifty stone steps set in the upright lawn, without stubbing our toes and falling into the fountain. Of course there were a lot of lights, so that we probably shouldn’t have fallen into the fountain anyway, but Mervyn’s attention all goes to show how very, very nice he is.

The house is built in the Spanish town-house style, but the rooms are not too large to give the impression of cosiness and hominess.

Sweet Edna Murphy greeted us at the hospitably lighted door, and though we were a little early we found a number of people already there.

“Of course Mervyn, having been a gag man before he was a director, would just have to gag up his house a little,” Patsy remarked, as we caught sight of a little wooden Indian, like a cigar store sign, which decorated an alcove. “It should be a statue of Shakespeare or some other highbrow.”

But when Mervyn explained that it was a statue which he had brought with him from the Yosemite, where Indians carve these things, Patsy realized...
that no decoration could be more suitable to a Spanish house, and hid her diminished head.
That lovely young leading lady of Charlie Chaplin's, Virginia Cherrill, was almost the first person we met.
She is blonde, and Charlie told us afterward that he thinks she looks like Edna Purviance; but we didn't think so. She has a gentler expression than Edna, and is much more vivacious and friendly in her ways. We afterward saw a test of Virginia, and she has a wonderfully expressive, sweet face. She was a Chicago society girl, but like lots of society girls, she tired of that sort of thing.
It is very thrilling, the way in which she happened to meet Chaplin. She told us all about it that night.
"I had never seen any boxing contests," she explained, "and like all young girls of this generation I was dying to see one. So a man I knew invited me over to the Hollywood American Legion Stadium to see some fights. All the Hollywood girls go, and it is rather a social event. You see, I was out west visiting Sue Carol, who is an old school chum of mine, and she wanted me to have just as good a time as I could.
"You hear about these magnetic gazes, and you don't believe in them. All the same I felt somebody looking at me, and I looked around to see a man staring at me very hard. He was off at one side. I felt I had seen him. Then I realized he was Charlie Chaplin and I nearly fainted in my blouses. In other words, I was fussed!
"I went again to the fights the next week, and this time Charlie sat very near me, and quite miraculously the man who had taken me knew Charlie. We were introduced, and Charlie asked me right away to come and take a test for his picture. He told me he thought I was Edna's type. Of course I was awfully thrilled, and of course I went.
"I've been out with Charlie quite a lot (Cont. on page 101)
The question you must answer: Should Sue Carol play opposite boys like Nick Stuart or men of the world like Lew Cody? Why do you think so?

Sue looks, acts, and is nineteen. Do you think she should play with the younger boys or with sophisticated men like Lew Cody, Red La Rocque, or maybe John Gilbert? You select the man and Sue will try to do the rest.

Sue Carol's fan mail is getting heavier and heavier. Which means that the fans like her. And Sue appreciates it. She actually does. So in her best collegiate manner she asked if she could thank her fans through Screenland's contest department. Did Screenland say No? NO! Right.

Sue offers this smart cabochon-cut real carnelian necklace and bracelet. It is mounted in sterling silver, dull-gold plated, and has a flower design. Just the thing for the Junior Prom, Senior Hop or what have you? You can have it if you write the best letter answering her question about whom she should play opposite.

We all know Nick Stuart is really her 'Big Moment.' She plays with him in "Chasing Through Europe."

In "The Air Circus" Sue had both Arthur Lake and David Rollins. And they were a cute trio, too.

Douglas MacLean was her crush in "Soft Cushions."

Remember Hugh Trevor in "Beau Broadway," or could you care for Richard Walling? Sue played with him in "Walking Back."
CAROL Offers You
Her Carnelian Necklace
and Bracelet
For the Best Letter from a Fan

Sue Carol hasn't been in pictures very long but look at the rapid progress she has made. Sue is grateful for her success and to show her appreciation she offers this lovely gift to you. Sue is sorry she didn't get something more general—something for both boys and girls. The necklace and bracelet sets are 'quite the thing' this season and Sue, being very modern, selected them. However, the contest is open to all. Sue says, "If a boy writes the best letter he gets the gift. He can give it to his mother, sister or the girl-friend."

Write the best letter—that is, the cleverest and clearest—answering Sue's question, and you may win the gift.

Address:—SUE CAROL
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th St., New York City
Contest closes February 10, 1929

© Sue Carol is the cuddly type. She collects French dolls, bulldogs and hearts.

© Sue Carol's necklace and bracelet will be awarded to the writer of the best letter answering Sue's question. By 'best letter' is meant the clearest and cleverest.
Love is the basis of all things. Love is the motive power that stirs every living thing into being, and without some phase of it there could not be a world.

They say the reason there is trouble when Cupid hurls his dart is that Man, generic Man, feels his incompleteness and resents it. Which is perhaps near the truth. Certainly we are not tempted if we do not feel the need of anything. Is the most delicious food tempting to a man who has already dined well?

People raise scandalized brows over the divorces of Hollywood, but until they can truthfully point to their own lives as perfect I don't think they can with any dignity criticize a situation they know nothing whatever about.

As a matter of fact I think Hollywood tries as hard as any other community to make a go of marriage. Hollywood may have more difficulties to overcome — more temptations. Although most of the players I talked with don't admit those difficulties, those dangers.

One day I asked Gloria Swanson why she thought film marriages were harder to live through successfully than those outside the film circle. Gloria rose and walked almost the length of the room before she turned and faced me with blazing eyes. "The question had been bolted from a clear sky and I could see that she was deeply moved by it. Though when she spoke her voice was calm enough. "For one who knows nothing about it I should say that film marriages are not harder to make successful than other marriages."

"But the separations—the temptations," I said.

"If there is an actor alive who is separated from his wife more than doctors are from their wives, or who is more uncertain of his time, I'd like to meet him. Then look at sailors, and traveling salesmen and big business men! As for the irregular hours—if you are not married to a madman he would..."

Below: Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, who manage to be happy though married and movie stars. Next, Clive Brook and his pretty English wife. She's not in pictures.
It is Harder to be Happily Married in Hollywood Than Anywhere Else. But It Can Be Done!

know that as a business woman his wife’s first duty was to her business. If it calls her at a time when she had planned a day of recreation with her husband it has to be forgotten—just as a wife understands, or should understand, that her husband can’t help her buy a new bonnet if unexpected and urgent business claims his attendance at the office.

"I was divorced twice and I’m glad I was. There was a lot I had to learn and a lot they had to learn, but I’m not going to be divorced a third time. Hank and I understand each other.” (‘Hank’ being the name Gloria is privileged to call the Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudray.)

"My husband, being a Frenchman, has a much saner viewpoint of the marriage relation and a better comprehension of how to keep love than the average American. I respect it tremendously. I think there are two things essential in marriage: trust and tolerance. No, there is an important third, Congeniality.

"As for the slave chain some men and women lash around their mates with regard to the companionship of other men and women—to me there is something indecent in it. As though sex was all there was to marriage! It may form the fundamental reason for its consummation, but oh, it is such a very small part of what a marriage should be!

"Twice a year Hank has to go to France. The last time I traveled back alone from New York after seeing him off, a newspaper woman met me at the train in Chicago. ‘Oh,’ she said, ‘Did you know that your husband took Peggy Hopkins Joyce to the theatre the other night? Aren’t you jealous?’ Of course I wasn’t jealous. Do I expect him to spend all his time alone or entirely with other men? Not any more than I would expect to shut myself up just because our business separated us for a few months. And naturally he would take a woman of our world. But

°C One of America’s most famous married couples: the Dempseys. Jack and Estelle Taylor co-star on the stage as well as at home.

°C Below: Wally Beery believes a wife’s place is in the home and Mrs. Beery agrees with him. They’re happy! Corinne Griffith and her manager-husband, Walter Morosco, are soul and sail mates.
said Corinne. “No matter how brightly I shine it never could dim my husband’s glory, for he has no ambitions as an actor. And no matter how big a business man he becomes it won’t make me feel that I must look to my own laurels or be lost in reflected glory. We work together on the same picture, our hours are the same, our companions are the same and our interests are the same. We have a better chance for happiness than many couples and we are very grateful.”

Corinne’s is an exceptional case. But not all Hollywood marriages are as easy to adjust. There are Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. Both are actors. Both are successful and charming. Both are popular. They have a few tastes in common and they diverge on some things. Eddie loves sports and Lilyan hates them. They both love music and books and both like to entertain. Such are the requirements of their profession, however, that entertainment is often impossible, or possible only if they care to chance embarrassing situations.

During the days when Edmund was making “What Price Glory” a formal dinner was to be given. Invitations had gone out well in advance and not all the guests were picture people. The dinner hour arrived and with it the guests, but the host was conspicuous by his absence. Ten minutes late he stalked in, an incongruous figure in the brilliant room, and it was brilliant, for I happen to know that Lilyan is one Hollywood lady who is also a correct hostess. In the midst of the evening array of the guests stood their host, breathless but not at all abashed. He had on a pair of torn army pajamas over which he had thrown an army overcoat. His face was covered with mud and powder stains. His shoes were in the same condition. During the course of the afternoon it had been decided that the company work a greater part of the night so that the sequence could be finished up. It had been difficult for Eddie to come home at all. He couldn’t wash up, because then the evening scenes would not match up with the afternoon scenes and he had only half an hour. He begged to be allowed to eat in the kitchen but no one would hear of it. And long before dinner was over the host was on his way back to the studio. Of course it was hard for Lilyan to carry off such a situation for there were some raised eyebrows among the uninitiated; but John and Lionel Barrymore, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, who were guests, stepped in and helped their hostess in explanations and smoothing things out.

Adolphe Menjou thinks when both husband and wife are in pictures it is easier because each has had a day of activity and won’t feel cheated if the other is tired and wants to stay at home in the evening.

Estelle Taylor thinks there is an art in making a success of any marriage, on the screen or off, and at the same time for each to retain his individuality, which she thinks the most important thing in the world for anyone to do.

“Once you put yourself under the domination of another personality you cease growing yourself. No one should do that. Each should have freedom. Jack’s life and mine are crammed with perfectly hectic happenings. Perhaps not all couples could survive it but we both love excitement and we love one another.”

“At first Jack wanted me to leave the screen and I tried to, but the strength of his personality was too great. I felt crushed and stifled and knew if I couldn’t find some self-expression that I would become bitter and resentful and that we would part. Jack was a dear when I told him about it and he let me work again. (Cont. on page 94)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

LUPE VELEZ and GARY COOPER

in "Wolf Song"
Sweetheart Time

Hold On to Your Hearts!

Dolores Brinkman is just a sweet, big-hearted girl—especially on St. Valentine's Day.

Raquel Torres believes that motion pictures should have more heart interest.
in Hollywood

All Photographs Posed Ex expressly for SCREENLAND by Ruth Harriet Louise.

Joan Crawford: "Here's winking at you!" Why, Joan!

Have a heart, Raquel! "Thanks," retorts Miss Torres. "I have one. Just a quaint old Mexican custom!

Dolores Brinkman is all a-quiver pinch-hitting for Cupid. Cupid is the busiest boy in all Hollywood.
JOHNNY MACK BROWN, former Alabama football star, was chosen from all the heroes in Hollywood to play in "Coquette."
DON'T call her a dancing girl! Now that she has risen from the cinema chorus Joan Crawford is dignified and dramatic.
WHILE other actresses have been worrying, Alice Joyce has been playing on the stage, in training for the talkies. Wise Alice!
A NEW movie girl? No—sorry! Georgia Warren prefers painting stars' portraits for SCREENLAND'S covers.
The Cover Girl is Here!

Which is She?
The Question: Who is the Masked Motion Picture Actress on the Cover of Screenland? Her picture is included among the twenty-five on the opposite page. Georgia Warren, our cover artist, painted her portrait from life. Identify her. $500.00 to the Winner.

How well do you know your movies? Screenland wants to find out! Look well at the girl on the February cover, outside. Who is she? Name her correctly, and write a letter, brief and to the point, giving your reasons for identification.

In other words: who is she and why do you think so?
What is the basis of your identification? What particular qualities caused you to recognize her? Her smile? Her type of beauty? Just what? The cleverest: that is, the most original and interesting—letter accompanying the correct name of the motion picture actress on the cover will win the $500.00 prize.

She is well-known in motion pictures. She has been on the screen long enough for all movie-goers to know and like her. She is a splendid actress, a charming personality, and has had a distinguished career. She sat for the cover portrait to Georgia Warren. It is a life-like portrait. She says so herself. Consider her carefully. Consult the opposite page, where her picture is included among twenty-five other motion picture actresses. Then get to work!

The contest letters will be judged by Miss Georgia Warren, Screenland's Cover Artist, who painted the portrait of the masked motion picture actress, and thus is better able to judge the merits of the contesting letters than anyone else. No member of Screenland's staff is permitted to compete. Address: The Cover Contest Editor, Screenland Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York. Contest closes February 10, 1929.

One of the Girls on the Opposite Page is The Cover Girl!

1. Mary Brian
2. Leatrice Joy
3. Dolores Del Rio
4. Lupe Velez
5. Joan Crawford
6. Bebe Daniels
7. Norma Talmadge
8. Evelyn Brent
9. Aileen Pringle
10. Corinne Griffith
11. Mudge Bellamy
12. Estelle Taylor
13. Florence Vidor
14. Marceline Day
15. Marian Nixon
16. Patsy Ruth Miller
17. Billie Dove
18. Pola Negri
19. Renee Adoree
20. Gloria Swanson
21. Sue Carol
22. Irene Rich
23. Mary Astor
24. Sally O'Neil
25. Raquel Torres
In New

Old New York Feels Young When

By

WELL, look who's here!


But we're the only ones in on the secret. Hundreds of New Yorkers jostled and pushed the pretty little blonde girl and not one of them guessed she was a famous motion picture actress. For all they knew she was just one of the many working girls wending their way to office and shop every morning. It was part of the plot for her to look like a humble wage-earner rather than a high-salaried screen star. And in the cause of art she trudged the streets and passed up and down subway steps, and posed on brown-stone stoops, and pushed her way through crowds, while concealed cameras ground the story into reels and reels of Samuel Goldwyn film.

Vilma enjoys her work. She's a conscientious artist, and a painstaking trouper. She'd work for hours at a stretch, if necessary, to secure a successful 'shot.' But she admitted to me she did get tired of waiting for the sun to come out! I regret to report that New York exhibited its worst weather side to the Banky troupe. Director Alfred Santell and his assistants would leave their hotels early in the morning and often spend the entire day with the cameras 'set up' and the star waiting—while the sun stubbornly stayed behind a cloud and sulked.

Vilma likes her new part. It is a change from princesses and helpless heroines of medieval romance. It is really her first chance to play an American girl—and since she is an American girl herself, now that she is married to Rod La Rocque, she welcomes it. Incidentally, Vilma is such a good little American that she is going to take
It Sees So Many Screen Stars!

Anne Bye

out naturalization papers on her own, so that she will be doubly sure of being one of us!
She's a nice girl. I'll bet Rod missed her while she was away.

Lillian Gish returned from a long sojourn in Germany. Lillian is one of the most romantic figures in our movies. She is picturesque; she is always doing interesting things, such as being reported engaged to George Jean Nathan of the intelligentsia; or spending six months in an old castle in Salzburg, the guest of Max Reinhardt.

Lillian met almost every important personage in Europe while she was there. Reinhardt is a great man over there, and since he is to direct her for United Artists, she was received into his artistic circle. And of course Lillian Gish is celebrated in her own right. She is considered among the Europeans our foremost film actress, and when she is abroad she is feted accordingly.

The castle was as large as the Grand Central Station, Lillian reports—only the ceilings were higher! She spent much time rehearsing with Reinhardt and also supervising the designing of her costumes for the picture. I don't know exactly what that picture will be. Some say it will be "The Miracle," which Reinhardt produced on the stage. Others say it is an original screen story, written expressly for Miss Gish. Whatever it is, it will be interesting, because it will mark Max Reinhardt's first screen effort, and Lillian's first film since "The Wind."

Of course the very first thing Lillian did was to go to see her sister, Dorothy, in the stage play, "Young Love." Dorothy has scored a distinct personal hit as the heroine of the Samson Raphaelson comedy, in which her husband, James Rennie, also appears. The play is just a little bit risque, and so all of the friends of (Cont. on page 104)
Clothes for the

The Flapper Is Passé. Norma Shearer Young Woman who has Taken her tally Alert Maid of the Moment! Adrian

What the 'Shearer Girl' Should Wear

What has become of the flapper?
She is as passé as the songs and dances she made famous.
With her has gone the short skirt that swung in tune to the discordant music and that displayed stockingless knees for public approval or disapproval.
Her day started in 1918 immediately following the war. Now in 1929 when the pendulum has swung back and things are more balanced, there is quietly emerging a different type of girl to take her place. This girl is mentally alert and vitally interested in solving the important questions of the day. The type of books she reads points to the keenness of her mind. She finds expression in the little theatre movement and follows the modern art of music and painting.

The Norma Shearer Girl should "take a definite stand for simplicity around the neckline," Norma accepts his advice, and the result is her reward!

Screenland presents Adrian, famous designer, as special fashion advisor. Let him solve your costume problems. Ask him questions concerning clothes. Address Adrian, Screenland Fashion Department.

C Special drawings by Adrian of his own designs for the Norma Shearer type. A formal afternoon gown, emphasizing restraint; next, a day-time costume—informal, but sophisticated.

C The hostess gown, left, below, designed by Adrian for Miss Shearer is of silver fabric which gracefully clings to the body. The black-and-white leather coat is described as 'amusing' by Adrian.
SMART YOUNG GIRL

is an Ideal Example of the Smart
Place: the Physically Fit and Men-
Solves her Clothes Problem.

By Gilbert Adrian

This mental attitude is reflected in her clothes which emphasize simplicity and a knowledge of her own type. At first glance of her costumes, so free from affectation, one wouldn’t realize that hours had been freely spent in the painstaking attention given to the blending and harmonizing of all the accessories, so in tune is the whole idea.

Norma Shearer is an ideal example of this ‘smart young woman’ of today. She has the sincere and fine air of the American woman whose mental qualities have been developed and whose knowledge is well directed. Sophistication is blended in an American manner which differs so much from the continental viewpoint. Her direct frankness of manner is reflected throughout her wardrobe from her smart pajamas to her most formal gowns.

Yes — she represents the ideal ‘American girl.’ She might be classified as the true ‘sports’ type, except that that would do an injustice to one-half her personality, for she is as mentally alert as she is physically so. She represents the American girl at her most charming best: a product, highly developed, of feminine charm indigenous to this continent and this age. As such she has a host of sisters.

If the American girl would make the most of her appearance, aid and abet her personality by the mode of her dress — and it is no longer necessary to set forth to the modern woman, a set of arguments as to why she owes it to herself to appear at her best — she can do

(Cont. on page 112)

Style Credo of the Norma Shearer Type:

1. See that your clothes are wearable, fashioned along lines that allow freedom of movement.
2. Eschew a too obvious character of daintiness and languorosity in costumes.
3. Place a taboo on fancy jewelry and fussy accessories.
4. Choose evening gowns and wraps of a distinct formality.
5. Exercise restraint in formal afternoon gowns.
6. Choose clothes that have grace rather than pep; charm, rather than an exotic quality.
7. Take a definite stand for simplicity around the neckline.
8. Wear small, close-fitting hats, rather than the drooping, picturesque kind.
9. Take care not to add a flower, a piece of jewelry, or a bow or ruffle too much to your costume.
10. Adopt simplicity, in other words — but see to it that it is a distinct and sophisticated simplicity.
The telephone gave one long ring.

The soft-eyed mother, standing over the hot kitchen stove with a heavy pot of noodle soup suspended from her hands, listened. Their telephone was on a party line so maybe it wasn't for them, after all. Their signal was three longs and two shorts. She didn't like to talk over that telephone. These new inventions were all right, but she liked the old way best.

Two more long rings sounded, then two shorts.

"Answer that telephone, Albert," she said to the second of her twelve children as she shifted the soup to a nearby table and started to ladle it out into thick white plates. "Your papa is hungry and I don't want him to wait any longer for his Mittag-Brot."

"All right, mama," Albert answered immediately and walked towards the old-fashioned wall telephone—a big six-footer of twenty-two with steady blue eyes and a deep, calm voice. "Hello," he said, and then stopped short as a volcano of words poured into his ear.

It was a pleasant day in late May but the lingering coolness of a Pennsylvania spring made the kitchen cozy and gemütlich. At least that's what the boys and their father thought as they waited for the noon-day soup.

"Mama manages wunderschoen," Benjamin, the father considered as he dried his leather-stained hands on the coarse white towel. And wonderfully did she manage! No matter how the family finances stood, the pretty, plump mother always had the good fire in the stove and the good soup in the pot and the clean checked table cloth on the old oak table. Benjamin gave his hands a final wiping and reached for his Yarmiš, a sort of black cap which Orthodox Jews wear in the Synagogue and at meal time, and placed it on his head. As he looked at the long table it struck him a little sad to think that only five children were home now where twelve used to be. But Milton was away pitching ball for the Cleveland team. Several of the girls had married—as girls will. And one was working in another town.

The father leaned over and touched his son Sam who was reading near the stove: "Come, son, our
JACK MULHALL is not only handsome, he is a good actor. And not only that, he has a sense of humor. Irish? Sure!
It's one thing to be a great director's discovery. It's quite another to carry on. Fay Wray, von Stroheim's 'find,' is really arriving.
A NEW picture of Clara Bow? Wrong!
Dita Parlo, latest import, does resemble
our red-head; but Dita has a charm all her own.
IT'S a nice Day! Marceline, who began by playing dramatic parts, now lends her grace to such fluffy roles as "The College Coquette."
ANOTHER lovely Day: Alice, who used to be a Sennett comedienne but has graduated into serious drama. She's in talkies now.
A BEAUTY from Alabama who became one of the most popular girls in Hollywood: Dorothy Sebastian, dainty and delectable.
EDDIE NUGENT brings a new brand of boyish humor to pictures. He is breezy but not bumptious—an ingratiating young man.
DOROTHY BURGESS, from the stage, and Warner Baxter contribute to the torrid atmosphere of the all-talker, "In Old Arizona."
from her visit to Sweden in time, though this seems unlikely at the moment. John is to do Tolstoy’s “Redemption,” and it is to be an all talking picture and directed by Fred Niblo.

Lee, the adorable baby who helps make “The Singing Fool” a picture not to be missed, is getting a bunch of fan mail. His father, who is head of the Paramount printing department, says he gets between fifty and seventy-five letters a day, which is a fine record.

Almost the first question President Coolidge asked Douglas Fairbanks on his recent visit to the White House was how the producers were planning to handle the foreign market now that sound pictures were so much in vogue. It seems that American pictures, in addition to being a medium for the foreign nations to understand our slant on things, sell American cars, American clothes, American foods and other commodities, to Europe. If sound pictures cut off our European commerce, American merchants will suffer a severe setback and in turn their landlords, grocers and so on will suffer. In other words, the little old pictures are a many of the nation and not to be despised at all.

During the filming of the “The King of the Mountains,” United Artists picture starring John Barrymore, a location was used which had to be reached by a long winding dangerous road along the side of a mountain. Camilla Horn, Jack’s leading woman, stood the torment of being driven up to location every morning, but never could be persuaded to return home by motor. “I walk on my feet,” she declared, and limped into camp hours after the cars arrived.

Bill Haines and Joan Crawford are skipping through “The Duke Steps Out” with Jim Cruse directing. On location Bill thought he would do some riding during his leisure moments. He was just going good when Zan! the horse stopped short, but Bill kept on going! “Darn the luck,” said Bill, ruefully picking himself up unhurt. “That’s the third horse that has played such a trick on me.”

“Dolores,” said Michael Curtiz to Mrs. John Barrymore at the wedding reception, “I have a gift for you. It is the gift of a day for your honeymoon.” And Dolores was very much touched because she knew that Mr. Curtiz must have had a difficult time arranging his schedule to meet the closing date of the picture and at the same time give her a day’s freedom. Married on Saturday, the bridal couple had counted on having Sunday together. Her director’s thoughtfulness added Monday as well.

Sue Carol is a very distraint young lady these days. The most unheard of things happen to Sue.
I suppose you all know that Douglas MacLean had her tied up to a five-year contract. To protect himself in case Sue was a flop Mr. MacLean had in the contract a clause which permitted him to drop her every six months if he cared to. If he wished to retain her services he stated this fact in a letter and each half year the contract was renewed. There was no opportunity for Sue to release herself, however, if she was not satisfied. Well, it seems that for some extraordinary reason Mr. MacLean forgot to renew Sue's last option which terminated while she was in Europe doing a picture for Fox. And now Sue is free and MacLean is trying to prove that he did write to her. He had demanded $150,000.00 for her contract from William Fox who wanted to buy it, and Mr. Fox was on the point of paying it when it was discovered that the date of option had been overlooked by Sue's manager. Satisfying themselves that she was really free the Fox Company signed Sue to a five-year contract with a sliding scale in salary which begins at $1500 a week. And now Sue will get her whole salary instead of the $500 allowed her by her former manager while he reserved $1200 for himself. That is, she will unless MacLean proves that he did write to her.

Openings in Hollywood are something to remember. At Grauman's Chinese Theatre "Noah's Ark" made its initial bow. There were incandescent lights for two blocks along either side of Hollywood Boulevard. There were lights on the tops of the surrounding buildings. The hills, half a mile back of the theatre, had bunches of colored spots that played a rainbow of light across the heavens. Even though people had not read the papers and did not know that the Warner Brothers' special, directed by Michel Curtiz and featuring Dolores Costello, George O'Brien, Noah Beery and Louise Fazenda, was opening that night, the brilliant display of lights would tell them that something was doing.

It seemed as though every car in the world was trying to get to the Chinese Theatre that night! The national guard was out in full force. The streets were roped off for a block on either side of the entrance and the crowd surged into every available crevice. The guest cars were provided with yellow satin ribbon badges which announced their right to be there by the words: 'Police pass this car to restricted area.' Then if you drove your own, an attendant jumped to the running board while you climbed out and faced the glare of about one hundred Klips. Blinded by them you groped your way past the radio announcer and into the lobby, between lines of cheering citizens. I didn't hear any cheers when I walked in but you should have heard them make whoopee over Dolores Costello who floated by on the arm of John Barrymore, and the wild cheers that went up to greet Sue Carol who came with Wallace MacDonald because Nick Stuart had not yet returned from Europe; and Belle Bennett who arrived with her director-husband Fred Windermere. Belle, wrapped from head to foot in an ermine cloak, looked more dazzling than the brightest lights. Her hair is like spun gold, her face is lovely with a radiance that only kind deeds and a sweet nature can give.

Another opening was for "Interference" the first all-talking picture offered by Paramount-Famous-Lasky. The Carthey Circle was the theatre, and an opening at that house is about the most stirring thing a newcomer can witness. The approach to the Carthey is along a boulevard bordered by flowering trees and shrubs and ornamental lights. Your car swings into the circle about fifty feet square and from the curb is a long walk under an awning to the lobby. There are the lights, the motion picture cameras, the radio announcers and the wide carpeted space that has to be traversed between the cheering fans lined up outside the ropes. There is so much space that
a hundred thousand people could gather there—and do. They begin coming at four o'clock in the afternoon. They bring blankets and sandwiches and thermos bottle of hot coffee. Some bring camp chairs and others buy from a man who drives up with a truck load of boxes.

Little Betty Bronson seemed a great favorite. "Come this way, Betty," squealed the fans. "Just let us touch your hand!"

* * *

There is a new game in Hollywood. It is called Kamra, and was originated by Mrs. Tom Miranda, wife of a prominent writer here. It is a card game, and instead of the ace, king, queen, jack, ten and smaller cards it has producer, director, star, lead, cast and extra people. They play it everywhere. I was introduced to it at the home of Mrs. J. Ward Cohen, (Jackie Saunders), who is so proud of her tall, ten-year-old daughter and her wee new daughter and who is such a charming hostess. Billie Dove, Leatrice Joy, Ona Brown and Doris Arbuckle were trying to master the game and do you remember Ruth Stonehouse? Well, she was there, and sometime I may tell you how happy Ruth is making a lot of crippled children.

* * *

You know how stately and aloof Corinne Griffith is on the screen? Well, she's not like that in real life at all. She is full of sparkle and fun. She moves quickly, not languidly, and her eyes are merry. She has the trick of being the pampered star and the unaffected, laughing girl at one and the same time, which is something of an achievement. For instance, Miss Griffith's set is always encompassed by a 'box' which admits only those who have business there. Not even people working on other stages are permitted inside this box without a pass. The reason for this is that Corinne likes quiet when she works. Strange faces upset her and the less the confusion the better work she does. Then she has a tiny dressing-room on wheels with her name engraved on a brass plate on the door, which can be wheeled from set to set. It is a perfectly equipped dressing-room, with table, chairs, a couch and a light-bordered mirror. The bungalow dressing-room on the lot is quite a walk from the stages, and this simple arrangement is a great time saver and a great convenience. Out of make-up Corinne doesn't play the part of a great star. Not many players are able to have their set boxed in and a dressing-room on wheels without a battle. But Corinne doesn't battle. She just asks for things and perhaps there is something in the way she asks, or perhaps it is the spirit in which she asks, that gets it for her.

* * *

First National Studios have plenty going on and a thing or two in the offing that looks good. There is Elmer Glyn's "Man and the Moment" which will star Billie Dove, only the title will be changed to "Polobot." Polobot is a game invented by the versatile Agnes Christine Johnstone who is writing the screen story, and which will give a thrill to the picture. The idea of naming the picture "Polobot" came from George Fitzmaurice who will direct the piece Corinne Griffith's next will be "Prisoners," by Franz Molnar, William Seiter, who did such a good job on "Happiness Ahead," will direct. Corinne to boggans the social scale from Lady Hamilton in "The Divine Lady" to a waitress in "Prisoners." The locale is Budapest.

* * *

The most unheard-of things are happening in Hollywood these days. All the producers are signing stage players for talkers at the rate of one a minute.
Paramount has signed O. P. Heggie, the English actor who has made himself so famous and so loved on our stage, to one talker with an option on his further services. The yarn will be "The Genius," an original story by one of the Yale boys who came out here recently, William N. Robson. There is a toss-up for the feminine lead between Ruth Chatterton and Lilyan Tashman, whose husky voice was a mild sensation when it was heard over the wax. 'Wax' is another new technical term.

Frederick March, a young man who has been playing in the west coast company of "The Royal Family," has been signed to play opposite Clara Bow in her next picture. It is "The Wild Party" and Warner Fabian, who wrote "Flaming Youth," is the author. Mr. March will also appear in "The Dummy," an all-talking picture which will be directed by Robert Milton.

One of the toughest breaks I have ever seen anyone get

And when they get them here they don't know what to do with them! Sylvia Field was perfectly happy in "The Royal Family," which was then playing in New York. Winfield Sheehan persuaded her to sign a contract for Fox. Miss Field wanted to wait and travel to the coast with the production which was soon to go on the road, but Mr. Sheehan wouldn't hear of it. "You'll be working long before the company gets there; you must go right out." That was six months ago and Sylvia is still a lady of leisure, because the organization can't make up its mind what to put her in. In the meantime Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decide that they want her and it may develop that her first picture will be under the Metro banner. Sylvia Field is in her early twenties but for four years has played featured parts on Broadway almost steadily, and is a great favorite.

And as they sign new players and keep them waiting around—Sylvia's is only one instance—they let other screen favorites go without raising a finger to stop them. Bebe Daniels bought back the remainder of her contract with Paramount without a struggle and that company also let Louise Brooks walk off the lot. Warners have let May McAvoy go and are boosting Edna Murphy for stellar honors in the near future. Her voice, it seems, records beautifully, and she knows her way around before the incandescents.

“Coquette.” The device above their heads is the dreaded "mike" nightmare of many movie actors. It holds no horrors for Mary and Johnny—they passed their voice tests 100%.

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One of the toughest breaks I have ever seen anyone get
has been handed to Ruth Elder by the public. For some absurd reason people think Ruth's flight almost across the Atlantic went to her head. Ruth's whole story is too long to tell here but she never posed as a person who attempted to fly across the ocean solely in the interest of aviation. She was making $17.50 a week as a dentist's assistant in Lakeland, Florida. Her husband was making nothing at all at that time. He was, she said, a perfectly charming companion and one she always delighted in being with, but he was helpless when it came to providing a living.

Ruth had several sisters and brothers, the youngest under ten, and a mother whose life was being crushed by poverty. When Capt. Haldeman, whom she met in Florida, offered to teach her to fly she was very grateful, and when the trans-Atlantic flight was proposed she looked things squarely in the face and decided that she had nothing to lose, except her life which she was willing to take a chance on, and everything to gain. It was her chance to make good, to provide a living for herself and her family, for she thought she might be offered a job that would pay her perhaps two or three hundred dollars a month.

Ruth told me she didn't dream of getting the deluge of offers she received, and I believe her. It was bewildering and fascinating. She accepted the one from Paramount and they made full use of the publicity of her name. It was agreed that she pay the backers of the flight a percentage of her salary and this she did to an amount between thirty and forty thousand dollars, which almost returns their principal to them. She also gave George Haldeman a percentage, because she owed the whole thing to him and yet he had gained nothing by the trip. The fact that a woman had been his companion dimmed the recognition he would otherwise have received for his bravery and clear thinking.

It has been said that Ruth is 'high hat,' but those who say it do not know that she refused a big special picture which would star her amid a blaze of publicity. She thought it much better to take a modest part for awhile until she knew her camera. This she was not permitted to do but the management compromised by having her play the lead with a popular star. You saw the picture—"Moran of the Marines," with Richard Dix.

Her option with Paramount was not taken up. She was dying to make good. She didn't go to parties or accept any of the dozens of tempting pleasures Hollywood held out to her because she wanted to give all of her time and strength to win. It has been said that she was so 'stuck on herself' that when Paramount made her a liberal offer she turned it down. This was not true. She never had even the chance to turn one down.

Her mother and the children are still on her mind, for out of what she earned, because of her just obligations, she was only able to retain a very little of the amount for herself. For awhile it looked as though her picture career was over, and then she had an offer from Hoot Gibson to play the lead in his next picture, and she gratefully accepted it. The salary is huge in comparison to the $17.50 of two years ago, but small compared with what the average player's salary is. And some of it still goes to those
who made it possible for her to earn it at all.

Ruth Elder has courage and strength of character and loyalty, and this shows in her face.

* * *

The death of Patsy Ruth Miller’s mother saddened all the film colony. Mrs. Miller had a weak heart and had suffered a slight attack three days before her death. She had gone immediately to bed and was thought to be almost completely recovered. The end came suddenly and with terrific shock to the father, husband and children of the woman whose hospitality was famous for graciousness. Patsy was playing in Henry Duffy’s “Nightstick” at the President Theatre, but after the first necessary arrangements had been made, and her brother Winston, who had just entered Princeton University, notified, Patsy took to her bed with a high fever. An understudy had to go in her place. She rose only to meet her brother’s train so that during the long ride from the Santa Fe depot to Beverly Hills she could prepare the pad for what he had to meet. But Winston had guessed, and his only thought was to be able to face his father bravely—to give courage and not to get it.

* * *

Greta Garbo’s long look forward to visit to Sweden will be saddened by the death of her former director and friend—the man who is responsible for her being in America—Mauritz Stiller.

Miss Garbo left the studio when the news came to her and remained at home for a day in strict seclusion. It was thought that she might make a picture under his direction while in Sweden, but all this is changed and her stay there may be very short. By the time you read this she will perhaps be on her way back, but as I write she is just beginning her long journey, having left for New York on The Chief.

* * *

What a cruel girl that lovely Phyllis Haver is! I found Margaret Livingston in tears on the set of “The Office Scandal” and across her back was a terrible welt raised by a lash in the hands of her jealous screen husband. And as though the poor child hadn’t had enough of torture Phyllis must pinch her arms until they are black and blue. Yes, they really were. But as soon as the camera stopped grinding Phyllis was putting the bruised places with witch hazel and other soothing lotions and berating herself for having such strong fingers. “The Office Scandal” is directed by Paul Stein and looks great.

William Fox dedicated his new sound stages built at Fox Hills the early part of this month. Three separate luncheons were given the press. The magazine writers were entertained at one hotel with Victor MacLaglen as host and Lois Moran, Sylvia Field and Helen Twelvetrees as hostesses. The newspaper people went to another hotel and the trade paper writers to still another. We all met on the dedication platform at Fox Hills where a crowd of nearly a hundred thousand people had gathered. It looked like Aviation Week, there were so many ears. After the speeches the bronze tablet commemorating the dedication of Fox Movietone City was unveiled by Mary Duncan, the siren of “Four Devils.” Then
Dr. Paul Fejos is now finishing the first talking motion picture with sequences in French, German and English.

Before starting on "Broadway," Dr. Fejos had completed the shooting of "Erik the Great" featuring Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin. It is rumored that Conrad Veidt refused to make a talking version in English unless he could make one in German and Dr. Fejos compromised by making it in both English and German and also adding French.

The prints with the German and French sequences will be sent abroad immediately and Fejos will be remembered in motion picture history as the director who solved the question, 'What about Europe with talkies.'

Dr. Fejos is a versatile linguist and besides possessing complete mastery of French, German and English, also speaks Hungarian, Italian and Russian.

When you see the ancient coach move across the French street in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, you will not suspect the near tragedy associated with it.

During the making of this scene in "The Iron Mask," the horses broke away from the control of their driver. Terrified by the noisy approach of D'Artagnan and his musketeers, and bewildered by the market day crowds of French villagers, the horses took their ancient bits in their own teeth. Madly they dashed around the fountain playing in the square, and were stopped only when they blindly smashed into the stone wall of one of the buildings.

The driver was thrown from his seat onto the tongue of the wooden carriage and miraculously escaped death. The coach was so badly smashed it had to be rebuilt. The hundreds of villagers, who grabbed their possessions and rushed to places of safety, barely escaped serious injury.

the stars were introduced and welcomed by the crowd. There was Pauline Starke, Louise Dresser, Sue Carol, June Collyer, Fritzie Ridgeway, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe, Andreas de Segurola, Bodil Rosing, Helen Twelvetrees, Lois Moran, Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, Victor MacLaglen, Sammy Cohen and others.

It interested me to hear the most enthusiastic welcome go to one who has long been familiar and dear to us—Louise Dresser. Bodil Rosing was also given a lusty cheer. Of the younger players Sue Carol got the heartiest applause and to my intense surprise Janet Gaynor's welcome was nothing at all to write home about. Little Helen Twelvetrees didn't get much of a welcome but when the announcer said, 'Come on now, Helen, step up here and say 'hello' as though you meant it,' and Helen, summoning all her breath by a visible effort, gasped 'hello!' with an hysterical little quaver into the mike, the accomplishment of which doubled her up like a jack-knife, the audience burst into wild applause and laughter. She never did straighten up, but backed away and down the aisle to her seat, half laughing and blushing furiously, while the crowd went into fits of mirth.

Of the men, I think the laurel wreath goes to Sammy Cohen whose only words were, "Well, I hope my papa and my mama are listening in!" Although Edmund Lowe, George O'Brien and Victor MacLaglen were strong favorites.

Various rumors as to the future affiliation of John Gilbert were dissipated with the announcement that the star has signed a new long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Thus it is definitely assured that Gilbert will remain with the company under whose supervision his outstanding successes were produced.
Who is there who can define the difference between a screen hero, and a screen villain?

Oh, you don’t say! A villain is a man who does mean things, and a hero is a man whose deeds are kind and good. That simple, is it?

Well, what about Edmund Lowe?

Hollywood is much interested in the answer to Lowe’s baffling personality on the screen. How can he do things that villains are commonly supposed to do, yet remain a hero? A popular hero, at that.

It was only a few years ago that Lowe was a ‘white-washed hero.’ That term, in Hollywood, means ‘goody, goody man.’ A man who could do no wrong. That was Edmund Lowe in 1926—before “What Price Glory.”

In one picture, he fought and whipped seven villains single-handed. In another, barricaded behind a flimsy door, and armed with a lone revolver, he carried on a battle with nine bad men, while the heroine cowered behind a wall of furniture. One by one, Lowe’s sharp shooting ended the lives of the attackers, and thus preserved one heroine as well as his own life.

“I disliked those parts thoroughly,” Lowe told me over his coffee in a quiet nook of the Hollywood Athletic Club, where we had lunched. “They weren’t real. Hating them as I did, I know that I failed quite often to give my best efforts. I tried! I worked hard with those impossible characterizations. But my heart wasn’t in my efforts because I didn’t believe in the thing I was doing. A man can’t do his best when his heart isn’t in his task.”

Coming from ninety per cent of Hollywood’s male stars, that little speech would have sounded prosaic, as if a press agent had rehearsed it with Lowe behind closed doors. But it was convincing, coming from Edmund’s lips.

He revels in his parts now. He enthuses in his work; and I, who remember him when he was a ‘white-washed hero,’ know that he did not enthrone a few years ago—before “What Price Glory.”

“What Price Glory” was the turning point in Lowe’s life. His dressing-room wall features a number of still photographs of (Continued on page 108)
To

ACTORS

Nils Asther—
Mysterious as Lon Chaney

By Betty Boone

He hails from Sweden, but he looks more like an Italian; he has no secrets whatsoever, still he's one of the most impenetrable mysteries of Hollywood.

His name is Nils Asther—but Hollywood calls him 'The Mysterious Swede.' His sudden leap to fame—his uncanny ability at depicting characters so foreign to his own nature, and the queer, indefinable something that makes him an object of guesses and conjecture at first sight—these are the things that make the young Nordic actor a man apart.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, where he is under contract, he is one of the most popular of the 'younger set' among players—and the least understood. He says it's all a mistake—that there's nothing about him that everybody doesn't know—and that people seem to make up mysteries about him. But just the same, the fabled Sphinx was no more mysterious than his good-looking young fellow.

He's conceded to be one of the greatest loves the screen has ever seen, but says that personally he has never been in love—despite the rumors that this or that fair charmer has captured his heart, which daily emanate from varied sources about the studios. Like Lon Chaney, he doesn't go to parties much—prefers to stay home and read and study; his most constant companion is a huge English sheepdog rejoicing in the descriptive name of 'Clumsy.'

"I feed him dog-biscuits," was Asther's explanation of the close friendship between him and his great shaggy pet. "Or sometimes maybe some pieces of meat—he likes that," he added.

This is one of Asther's odd tricks. He speaks little, and when he does he usually answers a question in a few simple words that aren't at all the answer one would expect.

"Making love on the screen? It is like posing for still pictures—you find out the best angle what you photograph with—then you use your own judgment," he explains. "No—I think I have never been in love—and maybe that is good. To fall in love—then one gets excited, and one cannot drive an automobile or act in pictures or on the stage when one is excited. Love is too exciting for one who calls himself an artist."

Leading women describe him as 'hot and cold.' He makes love fiercely, fervently, while the camera is going—and becomes a human iceberg when the whistle blows. Joan Crawford, opposite whom he acted in "Dream of Love," remarks that she'd like to see what he'd do if he were really in love.

But they all concede that whatever he does looks great on the screen. He is a natural actor, but didn't inherit it. His father, Anton Asther, managed a big factory in Stockholm, where he was born, and intended Nils to follow in his footsteps. But instead, after taking a business management course at Lunel University, he entered the Royal Dramatic School and thence went on the stage. He was one of that notable company of Swedish artists which included Lars Hanson, Karin Nolander, Victor Seastrom, and, in later days, Greta Garbo. Hanson came to America and returned to his beloved Sweden just about the time Asther, discovered through a picture he made in Germany, was brought to America and played the leading male role in "Sorrell and Son."

Asther thinks the stage is a better medium of expression than the screen, and has an idea that talking pictures will give the stage actor the opportunity he (Continued on page 112)
The Stage Coach

By

Morrie Ryskind

Harriet Hoctor is one of the dancing darlings of Manhattan. She is a Ziegfeld star.

Paris

At one time and another, this department has discussed the merits of the various lyric writers of the day: Hart, Gershwin, Caesar, Wodehouse, the Lef boys, Wodehouse, Dietz, Kalmar, De Sylva, Brown and even Ryskind have had bouquets from the flowering pen of your critic. Having seen—a little belatedly, to be sure—"Paris," we hereby move that all discussion be closed. It must be evident by now that Cole Porter is first, with few seconds in sight.

Of course, there is one thing to be said for our previous oversight. Since Porter became rich and abandoned America for the Continent his contributions have been few. Wealth, after all, is enervating. Indeed it is wholly possible that even your correspondent, in spite of his devotion to the art of theatrical criticism, were he suddenly to fall heir to a fortune, might abandon writing this monthly critique of the drama. At a late hour last night, however, Aunt Hetty was enjoying splendid health, and we were still forced to hew to these lines. Aunt Hetty lives in the poorhouse, but rumor says she has a snug fortune in Confederate money. And after the way the Solid South broke, we are in favor of another Civil War. In that event, Confederate money should be worth something, don't you think?

Still, on the other hand—we are getting a little mixed up, perhaps, and we want to remind you that we are discussing not so much Aunt Hetty as Cole Porter—Porter did turn out, a year or so ago, a song called 'Let's Misbehave,' and that alone was pretty nearly enough to lift him way up, even if he had never written anything else.

But here's a follow-up on that song—and a successful one, too. 'Let's Fall in Love' is just as good as its predecessor. And let's not forget 'Don't Look at Me That Way' and 'Babes in the Wood.' All three have the indubitable advantage of being sung by Irene Bordoni—oh, yes, didn't we tell you? She's in it. As a matter of fact, Martin Brown wrote Paris as a vehicle for the Bordoni.

Time takes its toll of Bordoni as it does with all of us, but somehow he manages to let her ride half-fare. Maybe it's just sentiment, but she looks almost as good as ever she did fifteen years ago. And she is still an artist at delivering a song. She still insists on letting her audience hear the lyrics of her numbers, in contrast to those singers—accept if from a battle-scarred veteran of musical comedy wars—who still think all an audience wants to hear is a high note. And she still makes you believe that a French farce is worth-while.

Good entertainment, say we. We liked it immensely. Go and do likewise.

Tonight at 12

Well, bless my soul, if it isn't another play by Owen Davis! This is not a Pulitzer Prize Play, but it should serve for one of these long winter evenings.

This time it seems that there are several families whose husbands and wives are not sure about which house they belong to. So one of the wives invites her Very Best Friends and accuses them of tampering with her Husband. It is another mystery story, except this time a husband has been stolen instead of a diamond necklace.
Amusing Comments on Current Broadway Plays.

And, as in most mystery stories that are any good, you can suspect everybody—and with damned good reason. At one point in the proceedings, indeed, it was all we could do not to halt the play and admit that we were the Guilty Person.

It not only gives Owen Davis, Jr., a chance to act, but it has some amusing and novel stuff. Something, we take it, you will enjoy after a session of nights at home with highbrow reading. At any rate we wish it luck. Herman Shumlin produced it and Raymond Sovey did the sets. Which is undoubtedly another reason why we wish it well.

Peter Pan

We went down to Fourteenth Street the other night to see Eva Le Gallienne as Peter Pan. We are getting on in years, but we never saw Maude Adams in the part. In fact, except for the movie version that the beauteous Betty Bronson made, we had never seen the show at all. So you are spared the comparisons of the past. All we can report is that we had one of the grandest times of our entire career.

Somebody has probably discovered this fellow J. M. Barrie before us. That, of course, is one of the difficulties a writer for the monthly magazines labors under. The boys on the dailies can herald their find on the following day. But we have to wait a month before we can record our discoveries. Sometimes it's discouraging.

But, albeit somebody has been ahead of us by twenty-nine days, we want to go on record as hailing the author of Peter Pan. There are two Dally Sisters and there are Four Marx Brothers—and we are fervent admirers of all six—but there is only one James Barrie. Sir James to you.

What with Dr. Freud having told pretty nearly everything, we know nowadays that almost all great writing is, to some extent, autobiographical. And certainly whatever the years have done to Barrie, he himself, in the innermost places of his heart, was the child who refused to grow up. Tarkington knows something about the heart of a boy, too, but Barrie knows the boy before he has reached boyhood. Forgive us. But whatever you do, unless childhood is so far from you that you have forgotten it altogether, see Eva Le Gallienne's Peter Pan. And, may we add, Josephine Hutchinson's Wendy, perhaps the best performance in town.

Congai

Sam Harris presents Helen Menken in a locale new on the stage, Anam, new to this observer at least. It is a colorful place and a colorful tale. Yet something about it doesn't altogether satisfy.

That fault may not be the story's. It may be ours. Given a setting in Indo-China, we are prepared not only for sights and sounds unknown to us, but for thoughts and emotions that are a little strange, too. What availed it to travel in search of far places only to find that the woman of Anam is exactly like the woman of Peoria?

Sisters under the skins may be all right in poetry, but on the stage we like them different. When an Oriental lady begins acting Occidental, something of the old romanticist in us jumps up and objects. And you know that ol' devil romanticist. You may bring sociology, psychology and economics to prove your case, but ol' man romanticist just keeps rolling along.

But then it is the author's intention, no doubt, to show that they are alike and, since he has been to Anam, maybe he's right. Granting then his premise, he tells a straightforward story, showing how the white man's burden gets to be the cross of the other races. Helen Menken is the native girl who gets around.
Another Follies Girl Makes Good!

But Instead of Playing in Pictures, Elizabeth Meehan Writes Them.

By Sydney Valentine

But I'll show you one:
A very pretty girl who used to be in the Ziegfeld shows and went into the movies, just like her sisters of the Follies—but instead of starring on the screen, she supplies scenarios for others to act in. Elizabeth Meehan—who used to be Betty Williams—is one of the most successful scenario writers in the picture business; and is well on her way to joining the ranks of the favored women scenario writers who command as high salaries as the stars. Elizabeth Meehan has important scenarios to her credit, and one of these days she will be in the Frances Marion-Jeanie Macpherson-Bess Meredyth class.

"I started out to be an actress!" she admitted the other day. "I left my home in Philadelphia to come to New York—for a career. I wasn't quite clear..." (Cont. on page 108)
Amazing New Beauty Secrets By Hollywood’s Make-Up King

SILENT for years, reserving his discoveries and his make-up secrets for the exclusive use of the professions of the stage and screen, Max Factor now speaks.

In his book just published “The New Art of Make-Up,” Max Factor reveals the secrets of beauty and make-up which every woman will prize. Hints, suggestions, information, advice and instructions which will mean everything to you in improving your beauty, and enhancing the charm of your personality.

There is a vast difference in the haphazard use of cosmetics as practiced by women in everyday life, and the scientific and artistic use of make-up as practiced by the stars of the screen and other beautiful women of Hollywood who have become acquainted with the knowledge given by Max Factor.

The charm and fascination of beauty lies in its naturalness, its unartificicality. There is more beauty in a puff of powder and a pat of rouge than the average woman thinks. And it has been Max Factor’s life work to develop make-up to the art which is now in Hollywood. The days of the painted, foil, off-color and spotty make-up are gone forever. Make-Up now is natural, almost indetectable, yet giving to woman’s natural charm the artist’s finesse of color and of contour. Make-Up for street wear, for day and evening wear, as created and applied according to the tested methods of Max Factor, will actually double your beauty and actually double the allure of your personality.

What a prize this book is for you! What wonderful secrets it holds which you yourself may use to bring out your beauty, your charm and your personality. Think how wonderful it is to have the advice and suggestions of the very man who has personally been the beauty advisor of screen stars for years.

Send for this amazing book, “The New Art of Make-Up”—NOW. Learn these secrets. Secure your individual complexion analysis and your own color harmony make-up chart from Max Factor. Learn what wonderful beauty is in store for you. Fill in coupon carefully and mail today to Max Factor, Hollywood, for the most sensational free offer ever made in Screenland.

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**FREE—NEW ART OF MAKE-UP**

Or, The Rise of Jeanette Loff. Here’s the girl’s story in one photograph. The lovely Jeanette used to play the organ in the movie theatres of Portland, Oregon. She watched the fair heroines cavorting on the screen and, between renditions of “Hearts and Flowers” or what have you, yearned to play in pictures instead of for them. One day she decided to give up her steady job as an organist and seek her fortune in Hollywood. A beautiful blonde of Danish descent with Jeanette Loff’s charm and graces is usually welcome, and so she rose from extra and ‘bits’ to featured leads at the Pathé studios. Her ambition?

To make enough money to install a pipe organ in her Hollywood home. In other words, stardom.
Find the key to unlock this FREE Bag of Gold

There are 19 keys pictured here. To be sure, they all look alike, but, examine them closely. 18 of them are exactly alike but "ONE," and only one is DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHERS. It is the key to OPEN THE PADLOCK on this $3,000.00 FREE "Bag of Gold."

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND IT.

The difference may be in the size, the shape, or even in the notches. So, STUDY EACH KEY CAREFULLY and if you can find the "ONE" KEY that is different from all the others SEND THE NUMBER OF IT TO ME AT ONCE. You may become the winner of a Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash money,—without one cent of cost to you. I will give away ABSOLUTELY FREE,—5 new six-cylinder 4-door Sedans and the winners can have CASH MONEY INSTEAD of the automobiles if they prefer it. 25 BIG PRIZES TO BE GIVEN FREE—totaling $7,300.00 cash.

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Choice of this beautiful Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash. We pay all the freight and tax in full on all the prizes and deliver them anywhere in the U. S. A. This is an AMAZING OPPORTUNITY. ACT QUICK, and here is why—$1,000.00 CASH—EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS. I will pay $1,000.00 cash money extra JUST FOR PROMPTNESS. Duplicate prizes will be paid in full in case of ties. YOU CAN WIN the Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash. ANSWER QUICK.

You Cannot Lose

Absolutely everyone who takes full advantage of this opportunity will be rewarded. But, hurry,—find the "ONE" key that is different from all the others and RUSH THE NUMBER OF IT and your name and address to me TODAY on a postal card or in a letter. And, just say:—"Key number... is different from all the others. Please tell me how I can get this magnificent Chrysler '75' Royal Sedan—or $3,000.00 CASH MONEY without obligation or one penny of cost to me."

E. Collins, 537 South Dearborn St.
Dept. 571, Chicago, Ill.
**ASK ME**

Beautiful Billie Dove is the most popular girl among Miss Vee Dee's correspondents this month. Billie, take your bow!

Richard Dix is always a favorite but he seems even more so right now, if Miss Vee Dee's readers are any judges. (They are!)

The Answer Girl will be glad to hear from all fans. She will answer all letters in the order received. Please be patient if you have to wait a little while. Miss Vee Dee is practically as popular as Clara Bow!

If you desire a personal reply by mail from Miss Vee Dee, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and won't you sign your full name and address?

Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 44th Street, New York City.

**Miss Vee Dee**

Myrtle D. of Savannah, Ga. So I'm a radiator? Just another name added to my long list of honorary titles. All right—it suits me. Now, watch meساء! You want Mabel Normand to come back to the screen again, and who doesn't? You'd like to see Charlie Chaplin back in his old stride—well, they say he does some smart stepping in "City Lights." Tom Mix is making pictures at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Claire Windsor has a contract with Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4116 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Buck Jones has his own producing company. You can write him at Buck Jones Prod., Hollywood, Cal.

Barbara Ann of Winnipeg, Man. You want youth to be served but you forgot to say how. On the level, now, and no foolin'? Gladys Belmont is Richard Dix's leading lady for his next picture, "Redskin." Anita Page played opposite Ramon Novarro in "Gold Braids," re-titled "The Flying Fleet," at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Ralph Graves, Carroll Nye and Eddie Nugent help to make the cast interesting. Another call to arms that will dazzle the eye and give the old heart a case of high-blood pressure.

Jessie A. from Barnsville, Ohio. What chance has a girl with eyelashes over an inch long, to get in the movies? I'd say, she has a better chance than if the lashes were over two inches long. No, I won't breathe a word to Norma Shearer about how sorry you are that she is married—but what's a pretty girl going to do? They can't please everybody. Norma is 24 years old. Olive Borden was born in 1904. You can write to Olive at Columbia Pictures, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Anthony of Fall River, Mass. Sorry I'm a little late in answering but what would a modern girl do with her time if she wasn't late once in a while? Mary Brian is playing opposite Charles Rogers in "Someone To Love." Mary was born Feb. 17, 1908, in Dallas, Texas. She has curly brown hair and blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. John Gilbert is all American, born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897. His father and mother were both on the speaking stage.

A Salt Lake City Fan. A call from Utah for the Marion Morgan Dancers, who high-stepped so beautifully in "The Night of Love." They danced in the cabaret scene in "The Escape," a Fox film. From now on, I'll keep my eyes open and take a good look for Marion's girl. Here's a dish of news for Greta Garbo admirers. She is to be co-starred with Nils Asther, in a series of pictures, for M-G-M. The first one to be called "Heat." That will burn the cherries off your grandmother's bonnet.

Mince of Del Rio. Meet the fan from Texas—yes, one in a million. Mary Astor and Kenneth Hawks were married Feb. 23, 1928. Pauline Starke is the wife of Jack White, the producer. Sue Carol's real name is Evelyn Lederer. Richard Barthelmess uses his own name in pictures. Lloyd Hughes can be reached at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. He is married to Gloria Hope and there is a little Hopelet.

V. V. from Kalamazoo. Do I look like Clara Bow and how do I act? My extreme modesty prevents a full-length description of myself but I act like the very dickens. In the March 1927 issue of SCREENLAND, you'll find a fine picture of William Boyd and two stills in character portrayals. Bill is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Lupe Velez and Jette Goudal play with Bill in "Masquerade."

Blue Eyes from Philadelphia. Have I a sense of humor? You'd be surprised how I can snap my fingers at dull care and laugh in the wrong place. Jobyna Ralston was born in Tennessee but I don't know her birth-date. The late Elmer Hanson's last picture was "Barbed Wire" with Pola Negri and Olive Brook. Clara Bow played in "Ancient Mariner," once upon a time.

Lena of New Haven, Conn. You couldn't bother me with any amount of questions. I love to answer you the worst way. Vilma Banky is making pictures at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7112 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Ronald Colman's new leading lady is Lily Damita. His new picture with Lily is "The Rescue." We do not send out photographs of the stars. Write to them and make your request. All

(Continued on page 92)
ARE you sincerely anxious to be done with dandruff, itchy scalp, falling hair and baldness? Do you really want to grow new hair?

Perhaps you've already tried hard to overcome these afflictions. Perhaps you've put faith in barbershop "tips," and used all kinds of savers, massages, tonics, all with the same results . . . lots of trouble and expense but no relief!

Now, consider what I offer you. And figure out for yourself what a handsome proposition it is. I GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—on the top, front or temples—IN 30 DAYS . . . or not one red penny of cost to you.

Isn't that a different story from those you've heard before? I don't say, "try my wonderful remedy—it grows hair!" I say, and I put it in writing, "I GUARANTEE to grow hair . . . or no cost!"

My Method Is Unique!

Naturally, you say to yourself, "How can anyone make such a guarantee? It's hard to grow hair. I know, for I've tried a lot of things and failed."

Ah, that's exactly the reason thousands who formerly suffered from scalp troubles bless the day they heard of me. For my treatment is based on science, on years and years of research. I studied scalp, not how to sell treatments. And I found, as did leading dermatologists, that ordinary surface treatments of the scalp are futile. Baldness begins at the ROOTS. If roots are dead, nothing can grow new hair. But in most cases, roots are only sleeping, waiting for the right treatment to bring them back to healthy, normal life.

I Reach the Roots

Now, I leave it to you. How can ordinary treatments penetrate to the roots of your hair? How can ordinary tonics or savers remove the real cause of baldness?

My treatment goes below the scalp, right down to the hair roots, awakening them to new action. My treatment works surely and quickly, all the while stimulating the tiny blood vessels around the roots to new life and action, And with just the mere investment of a few minutes a day, thousands get these results from my treatment . . . or they never pay a cent!

I Welcome Investigation

Do you want absolute proof of the true causes and proper treatment of baldness? Consult your family physician. Or look up medical reference books.

Do you want positive proof that I can and do apply these accepted scientific principles? I offer you the best proof of all . . . my personal guarantee, backed up by the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York.

A Square Deal Guaranteed!

Others may make rosy but flimsy promises. I could do that too! But I don't. I couldn't afford to, for every statement I make is guaranteed by the Merke Institute. This scalp research bureau, established 15 years, is known to thousands from Coast to Coast. It has a reputation to keep up. It wouldn't dare to back me if I didn't tell the truth. So when I guarantee to grow hair or not a penny of cost, you're absolutely sure of a square deal.

Why Suffer Years of Regret?

Before you turn this page take a look in the mirror at those thin spots on your head! Think how you'd look then all your hair is gone. Consider how much prestige and attractiveness you'll lose. Then decide to act at once! Right now, tear out the coupon shown below and mail it in for the FREE booklet giving my complete story. In it you'll find, not mere theories, but actual results from thousands, and the details of my "hair grown or no pay" offer. My treatment can be used in any home where there is electricity. Send the coupon NOW! And by return mail I'll send you a booklet giving all the proof that you're without the slightest obligation, Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 673, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MAIL IT TODAY!
I can do is to furnish the address—and the inspiration (?)  

Bernice S. of Clinton, Mass. There's no law against little blonde girls falling for big handsome movie stars—or little stars either; so you can sub out your story on my slender shoulders indefinitely. Rex Lease dashes around from one studio to another so it's hard to keep track of him. He appears in "Broadway Daddies" with Jacqueline Logan and Alec B. Francis, a Columbia film; and in "Stolen Love" with Marceline Day, Helen Lynch and Owen Moore, produced by FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Rex Lease was born in Central City, Va., Feb. 11, 1903. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and green eyes.

Lucille C. from Detroit Lakes, Minn. I'm always glad to make a correction even if it breaks a thousand hearts—I'm just that kind. Paddy O'Flynn is married. Now you know the worst—but Paddy says it's really the best for him. Bebe Daniels is to have a new leading man for her picture, Robert Castle, the handsome young Viennese actor recently signed by Paramount.

Eve of Marietta, Ga. What, you asked, would all the movie fans do without Miss Vee Dee. You would have to curb your curiosity, anyway. Clara Bow, Richard Arlen and Gary Cooper can be reached at Paramount Studios, 1451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Clara's latest film is "The Fleet's In" and "Three Week Ends." Richard Arlen plays with Louise Brooks in "Beggars of Life." Gary Cooper and Fay Wray were in "The First Kiss."

Alta of Everett, Mass. How are you, Alta? Glad you have joined our little round-so-circle. Billie Dove plays in "The Night Watch." Paul Lukas and Donald Reed are in the cast. Gary Cooper and Clara Bow are not engaged to each other or to anyone else; and as far as I know, Greta Garbo is not seriously thinking of changing her name. Joan Crawford has announced her engagement to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Milton Sills has a daughter about 16 years of age and I believe her name is Dorothy. Mr. Sills, you know, was married to a non-professional before he and Doris Kenyon were wed.

Robert B. from Sherburne, N. Y. As one joke to another, you think I'm quite a card, do you? I'm glad that's settled. Esther Ralston is 26 years old. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall and has golden hair and blue eyes. Molly O'Day is 5 feet 2½ inches tall and has dark brown hair and dark hazel eyes. The two Russian girls in "Lost at the Front" were Nina Romano and Nita Martinez.

Miss Vera of Two Rivers, Wis. You'd give your last quarter to get SCREENLAND, Attie girl! Give me your hand. I'd like to shake one like that. Pauline Starke does not work at any particular studio but makes pictures occasionally. Write her in care of her husband, Jack White. Pauline was born in Joplin, Mo. She has brown hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. She plays with Marian Nixon and Norman Kerry in "Man, Woman and Wife." Universal film. Gilbert Roland was born in Mexico in 1905. He has black hair and brown eyes. His latest picture is "The Woman Disputed" with Norma Tallmadge. John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, 30 years ago. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, and weighs 160 pounds.
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Let me send you the proof—absolutely free! If within 5 days you do not experience a decided change in your personality, if you do not find yourself making new friends with ease, if you do not discover yourself already on the way to social popularity, business success and personal leadership—just say so! Tell me my principle of personal magnetism can't do every single thing that I said it would do. And you won't owe me one penny!

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What is this marvelous force that raises the sick to glowing, vibrant health, the timid to a new, confident personality, the unsuccessful to positions of wealth and astonishing power?

You have it—everyone has it—but not one person in a thousand knows how to use it! It is not a fact nor a theory. It is simply you—your own marvelous personal force, released and magnified a hundredfold in an amazingly clear-as-crystal, scientific way! More necessary than good books. More valuable than money. For without it a salesman is handicapped! Without it your businessman is powerless to command! No actor, no teacher, no orator, no statesman can long hold his audience spellbound without this supremely influential magnetic force!

Personal Magnetism! How easy to release it! How wonderful its results! No long study or inconvenience. Not the slightest self-denial. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle that taps the vast thought and power resources within you, releases the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities and makes you almost a new person from what you were before!

Personal Magnetism is not hypnotism. Hypnotism deadens. Magnetism awakens, inspires, uplifts. Personal Magnetism is not electricity. It is like electricity in one way—while you cannot see it, you can observe its startling effects. For the moment you release your Personal Magnetism you feel a new surge of power within you. You lose all fear. You gain complete self-confidence. You become almost overnight the confident, dominant, successful personality you were intended to be—so fascinating that people are drawn to you as irresistibly as steel is drawn to a magnet!

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You can sway and control others. You can command success. You can influence people to do the things you want them to do. Through this amazing book you gain the key to a magnetic personality in 5 days—or you don't pay one penny. That is my free offer to you!

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"Any marriage can succeed if there is love, tolerance and understanding on both sides. If it is a one-sided affair, the bond may hold together for the sake of appearances, but it isn’t a happy marriage."

"Understanding and tolerance, I think, are the secrets of a happy marriage; on the screen or off," Betty Compson told me. Betty is the wife of James Cruze, the famous director. "No two people are cast in the same mold—no man can understand the other if there is to be perfect harmony. But the understanding should be equal; I don’t hold with a one-sided understanding. I am sure I couldn’t be happy married to a man outside the profession. I should feel that there was so much he couldn’t understand, and I should feel that somehow I was cheating him of what he had expected to find in his wife. With Jimmy it is different. He knows the business and what a taskmaster it is."

"I love Jimmy Cruze," said Betty thoughtfully, "I like him as much as I love him. We are splendid pals. But we are tolerant. For instance, Jimmy would never go out to anything on a bet. He never goes to openings—never goes to dances—never goes to parties. Nothing could persuade him to leave his own comfortable fireside once the day’s work is done. But he doesn’t expect me to share his dressing-gown and slippers mood with him if there is something I very much want to do. He expects me to go out and expects me to have a companion. And on my side I don’t expect him to remain alone during the evening if he wants companionship. Often when I have worked late I come home to find that a lady has been his dinner guest. Sometimes there are two or three. Why not? I am glad to know that he has not been lonely."

"Jimmy’s one firm gesture toward conviviality is on Sunday when we have open house. That was his custom for years before we were married and we have continued it."

"He sometimes sees his first wife, with whom I am also friendly, and they confer about the future of their child. I would be very much upset if I thought that I was standing in the way of this council or if Jimmy wasn’t interested in the future of his child."

"If I received his interest and he accepted my going to parties and parties our marriage would have foundered long ago. But I am sure it never will because we are pals. I don’t object to the things some women object to. I feel that individuals are entitled to their own opinions and to freedom of action."

"Jimmy loathes to wear a coat. Do you think I would ever ask him to? I guess not. On the rare occasions when a formal dinner is given in our house, Jimmy’s manner gets the better of him and he struggles into a dinner coat. He is then thoroughly miserable the whole evening."

"In our case it is our tolerance that has kept us together."

Glave Brook thinks that if film marriages are harder to pull off successfully it is because fewer couples have children. If a woman wants a career the year given to motherhood is a serious handicap. Yet children are often held to be a blessing. Mrs. Brook left the screen at the birth of her first baby and has not returned. She has two now and she declares that they more than make up to her for the loss of her screen work."

Directly in opposition to this viewpoint is the opinion of Wallace Beery. Mrs. Beery is not in pictures."

"My wife and I talked it all over and this is our arrangement," said Wally when I talked with him on the Paramount set. By the way, he and Florence Vidor supply the romantic interest in "Tong War.""

"I go out and hustle the dough and I provide my wife with the kind of house she wants, a car, clothes, and all the material luxuries most of us crave. But there is a very strict rule in our house. Unless I am working at night, which is a very rare happening, we dine together. And we spend our evenings together. We seldom go out and all our entertaining is done in a quiet way. I usually turn in at nine and am up at six. We breakfast together. I love to do a bit of gardening in the morning and Mrs. Beery loves it too. I am at the studio every morning at 8:30 when I am working."

"But suppose taking care of a house is not enough to occupy the minds of all women," I ventured. "Suppose she wants other recreation."

"Don’t get me started on what most women want to do with their time or I’ll explode Wally."

"Women congregate to gossip are responsible for a lot of trouble. Oh, once in a while, of course, but not as an every-day affair! What kind of a world do you think a woman have than making her home beautiful and rearing her children?" Wally wanted to know.

"Well, she has to get out and see something of the world. It’s important to her to know what to teach her child?" I demanded, in defense of the modern woman."

"Well, she doesn’t learn anything worth teaching her child at any bridge party!"

"She wants to be happy married to a wife who is in pictures. I know that working hours are
These photographs show Miss Peggy Sidway, before the Marvelous Marcel Molds were applied, and after they were set. Miss Sidway normally has very straight hair, but the waves she possessed after using the Molds were simply marvelous. When the molds come off at the hair salon, Miss Sidway's hair is lovely and soft. She has found that the hair still needs to be washed and dried, but the waves she possesses are marvelous. It's like having a brand new head of beautiful hair! If you want the same result, you can make use of the Marvelous Marcel Molds. They are easy to use and can give you the same result as the professional stylists. For more information, please contact your local salon or visit our website. Marvelous New Marcel Molds Make Any Hair Gloriously Wavy

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

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 eldest at S-15
Sometimes impossible to control. But when I get home I want myself and to greet my wife. And every, as I said, on the occasions when I am working, I go home. It may seem one-sided, but Mrs. Beery and I are congenial, and sticking to what, in our opinion, are the conditions for a happy marriage, we get along fine.

In the opinion of William Seiter, the director, and the husband of Laura, the greatest mistake in film marriage is the curiosity of the public regarding them and the determination on the part of the press to circulate rumors of estrangement whether they have any foundation or not.

"About two weeks ago Laura went to New York with Hedda Hopper. I had hoped to take her but had to start my new picture sooner than I expected so that at the last minute Laura decided to take the short holiday due her with Hedda. She wanted to better her bad reputation. I feel both girls made their arrangements and told me only an hour or two before time to start. It did give me a turn. They got as far as Council Bluffs, then, in a storm, forced through town and they made the rest of the way by train. Well, there was some excitement about it in the papers and when it was found those not along the wires began to lie. Newspaper men called me up the other night and said they heard Laura and I had come to the parting of the ways. I denied it. Not believing me they called Laura. New York. She denied it. Not believing her, they back me again! Can you do? Thank heaven Laura will be home toward. Her mother is so merry little will make me forget this nonsense. But it takes a strong bond to keep two people together with everyone apparently making it their business to part them.

Eve Southern says there is no reason why film marriages should not be as happy as other marriages. But she thinks it better to have more or less pictures, at least in some capacity. For instance, a husband who knew nothing about the business might be worried about the love scenes. Is he even didn't kiss a girl unless there was some attraction. Whereas an actor would know from personal experience that few actresses even stir his pulse when he embraces them, and he would know that his wife probably felt the same way about her love scenes. And if either thought there was an attraction they would not mention it thereby letting the half-conscious romance die a natural death. Mentioning it would, in all probability, make a reality of it, and then there would be grief. "My parents are devoted to each other after thirty years of marriage," said Eve. "The first thing my father says when he comes home from business is 'Mother.' And from forever she is my mother answers him. Our world is a different one from theirs of years ago, but I can't see why it can be just as loyal and beautiful."

Then there is Belle Bennett who had a son but whose first marriage was an unhappy one. Belle is stronger for both man and wife being in pictures than a mixture of former young when I first married," she said, "and there were many things I did not know. I was probably as much to blame as my husband for our unhappiness. I don't know. He objected to my work and I objected to being left to manage alone. After we were divorced I made a grave mistake in trying to idealize him in my son's eyes. Every birthday and Christmas I sent gifts which were supposed to come from the father but he never remembered. He just knew that he was big and handsome and I tried to build on that foundation a father whose tenderness was increased by being dead. But when he died he called only for his father—and it was my punishment to realize that because he did not come the child half blamed me for it. I met married again and hardly remembered. He thought I was being good and the wires the doctor sent. When the death notice was sent to him he sent me a wire full of plans. They blame it on his father saying he would never forgive himself. It was moral cowardice that made him fear to face me, and he will suffer until he straightens his own burden. I hold no grudge though it was hard at the time because I felt surely that his presence would have saved my son's life. But again I was to blame too, because I was the one. I thought I was doing something fine, but it was not true and it was unwise.

"I have had no difficulties in my second marriage that were not easily adjusted. My husband is a director. We work on different lots almost always, but our hours are about the same and we usually leave the evening free. Dinner is a great occasion in our house."

I started to tell how much harder it is for film marriages to succeed and circulate as in every case that the film people don't think so. Those who have been divorced don't blame the business, at least not the ones I talked to. They say it was a hard luck or lack of understanding, incompatibility, but not once did they say 'it is this business.' As Betty Compson said, 'If there are more divorces in business and among the wealthy it is because they try to hang on to love when they know it has gone, or that what they had mistaken for love was just a passing emotion.'

Dealing in emotions in their work the children of screenland are quick to detect the pretense in real life and feel it foolishly. They know that love and happiness are somewhere and they are bound to find it. 'Try it again' is their motto if it needs making. These women are economically independent in most cases and do not cling to their men for the sake of a meal ticket as so many wives not in the professional and business world feel they might have. If, for instance, you look at the divorce columns of the daily papers you will find a long string of private citizens and maybe not one film divorce. Of course there is one of any prominence there is a terrible hullabaloo raised so the public gets the idea that everyone in the business is changing partners. Taking it by and large, and not forgetting how the rest of humanity measures up to the marriage question, I can go on and honestly I can feel certain of reaching my goal with as high a banner as anyone.
How I Found My Ideal Man... and Lost Him...
In One Miserable Evening

By Martha Barnard

It was the night of Helen's party. Everyone was talking about the one absent guest—Tom Hartell—what a good scout he was—how brilliant and clever—what a success he was making of his law practice. Of course I discounted their praise and resolved that I for one shouldn't like him.

And then he arrived. Clear across the room I recognized him. I had never believed in love at first sight, but here was my ideal man—the one man I had been waiting for all my life. At almost the same instant he saw me. He leaned over and whispered in Helen's ear. A minute later he was being presented to me.

Immediately he began to ask a thousand questions—what amusements I liked—what plays I had seen—what books I had read. We discovered that we liked the same things—our tastes were almost identical. I was so happy—I could hardly believe all my dreams were coming true.

And then suddenly he seemed to grow bored and indifferent. He began to look around the room—to notice the other women. "Pardon me a minute," he said, and was gone. Three minutes later he was deep in conversation with another girl. For the rest of the evening he did not notice me. I was crushed—heartbroken—bewildered. I hadn't the least idea of what was wrong.

The next morning Helen dropped in to see me.

"You know, Martha, dear," she began, "Tom Hartell was terribly smitten with you last night. He told me that you were the girl of his dreams. And then you spoiled it all! Yes, dear, I know you didn't realize what happened, but Tom told me afterward that you simply murdered the King's English—you mispronounced every fourth word. Martha, why on earth be handicapped that way? Don't you know that now you can learn the right way to pronounce difficult words from phonograph records? Today it's so easy to learn cultured speech and to increase your vocabulary at the same time just by sitting down and listening for a few minutes each day!"

That was a month ago. Last night I sat next to Tom Hartell at a dinner party. We talked books, art, the theatre and I could see that he was amazed at the ease with which I used difficult words and the fluency with which I expressed my ideas. All his old interest revived—he told me that never before had he met a girl who could talk so well or so charmingly as I. Now I know that my dreams are coming true—I know that never again will I make the terrible mistakes that almost wrecked my romance.

Your speech, perhaps more than any other thing, reveals what you are. Cultured speech is a social and business asset of the first importance. No matter how meager your vocabulary, nor how incorrect your pronunciation, no matter how poor your "ear for words" nor how limited your education, you can now master cultivated speech and accurate pronunciation—easily and quickly!

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engaged in an animated discussion of the latest football game with Tony Moreno, her leading man—and what girl can talk emphatically without swift gestures and quick bobbing of the head? Nevertheless, Lucille persevered, Colleen approached the climax of her description of Don Williams’ latest touchdown for Southern California’s sensational eleven, and Tony bent an eager ear. Meanwhile, Sieker had completed a close-up of Gertrude Astor, and he interrupted the conversation by calling to Colleen: "Eadyra! Eadyra orfa yena extra otsa?"

And Colleen, slipping easily into this strange tongue, replied: "Eeya, Ilba, Omginka!" and returning to English, finished her description of the football play with a shake of the head that completely disarranged the square-cornered bob, jumped down from her stool and hurried over to the cameras—followed by the patient Lucille.

Whereupon, believing I had stumbled upon Evidence, indicating that Colleen was of some other nation than her Irish name indicated, I rushed over to her. "Not to be too personal, but how did you happen to speak Persian?" I inquired. Colleen’s big eyes grew bigger in wonder. "Persian?" she repeated, on an ascending scale. "Ohy! I see Bill and I were just talking Hollywoodese!"

It was my turn to register bewilderment. "And what—or who—is Hollywoodese?" I asked.

She told me: "You’ll just wait a minute, Bill will finish this scene, and I’ll explain."

I waited, Bill finished, and Colleen returned to her story. "Hollywoodese is awfully easy, and lots of fun," she began. Having struggled through a foreign language at school, I gallantly withheld a belief that she was mistaken. "All you have to do is to take the first letter from a word, add it on at the end, and then add a final A," Colleen explained, and beamed at me. I must have looked even more blank than usual, for she added, "Don’t you understand?"

A weak grin and a shake of the head on my part indicated, "It’s easy!" she insisted. "For example, Bill said to me, ‘Oleena! Eadyra orfa yena extra otsa?’ which means ‘Colleen, ready for my signal.’ When I answered, ‘Eeya, Ilba, Omginka!’ which means, ‘Yes, Bill! Coming!’ You see, we just took the first letter, or first double-consonant, from each word, tucked it on at the end, and added A, which is pronounced long, as in accord. See?"

The light of understanding penetrated. "Eeya!" I replied, proud of my linguistic accomplishment.

Colleen was pleased, and coached me for several minutes, until I was rattling off Hollywoodese like a native.

"Of course," said Colleen, "so many people are talking Hollywoodese now that you can’t tell secrets and get away with it!"

"But what does one do when it is necessary to be super-confidential at the top of one’s lungs?" I enquired.

"Well, I’ll tell you, but don’t spread it around," said Colleen. "We talk Double Dutch. I’ll give you a lesson. Suppose I wanted to say ‘Where will you be tonight?’ I’d say in Double Dutch, ‘Whisper, Wopill your hopes tonight.’ Now you try it—hey! Where are you going?"

But as far as I was concerned, school was out and I was headed for the studio gate, gasping for cerebral.
They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano
But When I Started to Play!

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down. "Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They knew all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur. "Heaven's, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. But just you watch him. This is going to be good.

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Liszt's immortal "Liebesbrunnen." I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound!

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the music composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself was speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies!

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the "Liebesbrunnen" died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends crowded in! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—poured me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was, astonished—amazed—delighted. How could they be wrong?

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story. "Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument by note in just a few months."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano. "It seems just a short while ago," I continued. "that I saw an interesting ad of the U. S. School of Music advertising a new method of learning to play the piano. I just averaged a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had learned to play the piano in her spare time—and without a teacher! Best of all, the wonderful new method she used, required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—only simple practising. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson.

"The Free Book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

"When the lessons started I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A.B.C. And, as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. I soon was able to play ballads or classical numbers or jaz, all with equal ease! And I never did have any special talent for music."

Pick Your Instrument

For any low price you can have a complete set of free lessons for any of the above instruments.


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You, too, can now teach yourself to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments by note. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—averaging just a few dollars a month. No matter whether you are a new beginner or an old pro, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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His Secret Came Out
On Our Honeymoon
How a Farmer Outshone Government
Officials, School Teachers and a Doctor

My acquaintance with Franklin Andrews began while I was a government teacher in an Indian school in Arizona. From the first there was one thing about him which I could never figure out—a thing that puzzled all of us.

"All of us" included the reservation "doctor," the Indian agent, the superintendent, the supply clerk and us teachers—and occasionally a high official from Washington or other government headquarters.

I suppose all of us had a better-than-average education. Anyway, we all tried to keep well read and well informed. Among us we subscribed to a rather imposing list of magazines and newspapers—passing each publication around so that each was read by all. We were miles away from a town of any size, so reading was our chief amusement and recreation.

How Did He Do It?

Now comes the thing about Frank Andrews that struck us all as strange.

He was a farmer—and a very busy one—with little time for reading. His farm was off in what people sometimes called the "Great Nowhere," with our little colony at the Indian Agency his nearest point of contact with the rest of the world. Yet in spite of all that, when any subject relating to the outside world came up Frank always seemed to know more about it and to have his facts straighter than any of the rest of us. We couldn't understand it.

As our acquaintance ripened, Frank and I became engaged. Naturally enough it gave me both pride and satisfaction to see him so often outshine the others in the conversation around the dinner table and elsewhere. But I could see that the others sometimes felt a bit of chagrin. Even the officials who dropped in from Washington or other big cities never seemed to be so well informed as Frank.

Something I Had Long Wanted to Ask

I often wondered about it. Then, on our honeymoon, the secret came out. It was in a room in our hotel in Kansas City. Frank was talking about a recent development in China—an event of world-wide interest and importance.

"Frank," I said, "tell me how you do it—it is something I have long wanted to ask you. How do you manage to keep so well informed on everything that is going on, with so little time to spend in reading?"

For answer he reached into his bag and brought out that week's issue of The Pathfinder, with the remark: "About everything new I know comes from that."

I was ashamed to confess that although I had often heard of The Pathfinder I had never before read it. I eagerly held out my hand for it—and I found it so full of interesting things that I read almost every page without stopping. Frank had to remind me three times that it was time to dress for a show we had tickets for.

I Was Quickly Converted

From that day to this I have depended on The Pathfinder to keep me informed and to help me in many other ways. Honestly, I get more from The Pathfinder each week than I used to get from half a dozen publications—and get it in a fraction of the time.

To anyone as busy as I am, this matter of time-saving is very important. Frank and I now live on a big fruit ranch in California, with so much to look after that we are both kept going from morning to night. We just glance over the headings of our daily paper to get the local news. We depend on The Pathfinder to set us right on everything really worth while. We simply couldn't keep house without it—our minds would soon become behind.—Mrs. Frank K. Andrews.

Three Million Others Get the Same Help

Every week in the year The Pathfinder is doing for more than three million other readers precisely what it is doing for Mr. and Mrs. Andrews—saving their time by telling them in a few paragraphs each week what they want to know about the world's doings—with the scandal and crime left out—and helping and inspiring them in countless ways. The Pathfinder is one of the most widely quoted papers in the world—for the reason that it is a veritable treasure-chest of good things. To be without it is to deny oneself a perpetual treat. It is a many-in-one publication, with a character all its own—nothing else like it. Published at the Nation's Capitol—truly "capital" paper. Its contents gathered from all over the world. Read all over America. Bright and lively, but free from anything "nasty" or too "clever." A genuine paper for the home. Every page is immensely worth while.

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BUTTERFLIES AND BACHELOR BOYS

Continued from page 27

socially since then, and at first, hearing what a high-brow he was, I was very much frightened. But one night, at a friend’s house he began to clown and play charades—and since then I’ve thoroughly enjoyed being with him. He has a quaint and whimsical side, and is a lot of fun.

Some guests arrived then, including Esther Ralston and her husband manager, George Webb. Esther looked adorable in a pink afternoon gown.

"Do you notice how informal these social affairs are becoming?" whispered Patsy.

"The Hollywood set doesn’t doll up as much as it used to, and I think that is jolly," Esther told us that she is looking forward to a trip to Europe with her husband soon. She has worked awfully hard and has earned a rest. She was very tired that evening, she said, because she had been playing a Hungarian peasant girl in "The Case of Lena Smith," all day, bearing a large basket strapped on her back. She said they wouldn’t lighten the load because they wanted the scenes realism.

Tom Geraghty and Mrs. Geraghty were there, and E. H. Asher and his wife, Darryl Zanuck and his wife, Virginia Fox; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rockett, Alan Grosland and a lot of directors and producers.

Kathryn McGuire came with her husband, George, and Robert Leonard brought his wife, Gertrude Olmstead; and Lew Cody came later with George Sidney.

Mervyn’s sweet little mother, Mrs. Percy Tabor, was there, as was also his stepfather.

Colleen Moore and John McCormick came late, having attended another party. They are a great comedy team, and are always doing funny, amusing, kidding things. Colleen happened to sit down on John’s knee, whereupon John pretended she was a well-dressed dummy.

"What do you do, young lady?" John demanded, catching Colleen by the back of the neck and turning her head around.

"Make whoopee!" answered Colleen.

"Why do you make whoopee?" asked John.

"Because I’ve got a whoopee shirt," answered Colleen.

Then Mervyn LeRoy came to announce.

"There’s dancing in the gold room, but please don’t take the gold!" and everybody decamped in that direction.

However, Colleen danced only once, and when she returned she asked her about her recent long yachting trip on her own yacht, and she said she had a lovely time. Asked what she did, she answered: "I just sat, and that’s the most fun I could have after all the hard work I’ve been doing in pictures."

Later, when we chatted I found out that she had done a lot of fishing—had caught a lot of fish and had the pictures to show to prove it. She said she caught only a small fish, but she was so proud she wanted to have it stuffed, but John wouldn’t let her!

She said they had carried off a baby seal from off the Mexican coast where there is a great seal colony.

"We carried it out to sea with us a long way, just to see what the other seals would do," she grumbled. Then we put it back into the water, and my, weren’t those seals glad to get it back!"

Just then our host put his head into the door and called out:

"Come get a box lunch! Food’s free!"

He had cleverly pulled a derby hat down over his ears.

The supper was a buffet affair, very wonderful, with wild ducks stuffed with wild rice.

Everybody sat about, chatted, or danced to the music of Mervyn’s studio orchestra, which played beautifully for us.

"I’m really completely worn out with the troubles of that sweet little Dolores Costello that noble George O’Brien" exclaimed Patsy. "I don’t know as I am equal to a party!"

We were on our way to Bess Meredith's house following the opening of "Noah's Ark" at Grauman’s Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. She was giving a party for the director, Michael Curtiz, to whom she is engaged.

"Noah’s Ark" in a Chinese Theatre is enough to wear anybody out, even if Dolores hadn’t been drowned and trained-wrecked and tattooed every few minutes, out in Price Dunlap’s "Rev," as we do.

As soon as we arrived at Miss Meredith’s, Patsy and I joined Oliver Borden, and we all wrung our little hankies together.

"I tried to cook but I’m sure my eyes are all red," remarked Olive, peeping into her vanity case mirror. "And when George was in his deepest difficulties in ‘Noah’s Ark,’ I got so excited when I almost cheer-heaved myself out of my dress," she went on, as she reached around to fasten a little hook on the side of her dress that had become undone.

Dolores Costello herself was present, looking just as ethereal as she does in the picture. She came with George Sidney, and we learned that she, too, was a bit tired after all the excitement of the opening, especially as she had made a personal appearance.

Olive had come with George O’Brien, to whom she is said to be engaged, and presently while we were chatting with Mervyn Le Roy and George Murphy, George came over.

Mervyn and George planned to have over their old days together, when they dwelt in a couple of rooms.

"We lived in a little cottage," announced Mervyn. "No, I mean we existed. We lived in a covered wagon, and did our own washing and cooking."

"When we had anything to wash or cook," laughed George.

"George O’Brien," remarked Patsy, when Olive and George had left for the supper room. "She doesn’t have a personality off the screen as he does. He is awfully popular with everybody."

Helen Ferguson declared that she had cried all evening at the picture, too, and her husband, William Boyer, said that he had supposed she got into the habit of crying while playing "Lombardi," on the stage.

That handsome Victor Varconi and his sweet wife were there. Mrs. Varconi looking very well despite the fact that she has been so ill of late.

We caught sight of Lily Damita, surrounded by a trail of men, including John Davidson, and we found out why by leaving the Damita circle to chat with us.

Paul Leni introduced us to his charming European wife, who told us that Hollywood wasn’t a bit as she had pictured it.

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"You see I was told that it was all very wild western, that I should have to ride a horse to the post-office because there were no motor-cars nor roads," she laughed.

"Jack Warner gave me with his pretty wife, and we were Warner, who has come out from the cast for a little while; and there was that amusing Bryan Forrester, who is always ready to pull a leg who, all the same, is no genius for organization, and is leaving for New York to manage the Vitaphone studio back there.

Eddie Foy, Jr., came bringing Besse Love. Eddie is getting to be quite a schemer.

Guinn Williams, who plays George O'Brien's pal in "Jesse James," came in, bestowing everybody a wide, engaging smile on everybody quite impartially; and there was Irene Rich, with her handsome millionaire husband, David Selznick; and Edward Earle, Joseph Sharnoff; Robert Vignola, Mike Levey, Bayard Vellard, James Flood and his wife, Carl Laemmle, Jr., Charlie Chaplin, and Eddie Brandt; Miss Al Rockett, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Strock, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Weinigarten, Ethlyn Claire.

Michael Curtiz opened the door, helping Miss Judydieth to receive, during the early part of the party, and then both busied themselves in taking care of their guests at the buffet table. Eddie Cline, a wife who had come with her husband, Hal Wallis, and Maria Korda was with her director-husband, Alexander Corda. Of course Miss Korda has a little group delighted to chat together in German.

As nobody had arrived at the party until one o'clock in the afternoon, of course it was all a daylight when we went; and yet even as we departed the orchestra was striking up another dance tune, and saw Lily Damita capture her man who, after a hat-trick with Michael Curtis.

Naturally you would expect Mitchell Lyson, Cecil B. DeMille's art director; to have an artistic home. It is in one of those beautiful Hollywood studio apartment houses, a Spanish house, and appropriately furnished with just the right luxurious furniture, chairs and lolas. And there is a great open fire-place, which glows and shies its hospitality to all Mitchell's guests.

Patsy and her mother to Mitchell's house with Max Constant, the other night, when our host invited us to party.

"Oh, who is that pretty girl that Mitchell is dancing the tango with?" inquired Patsy, after Carol Lombard, who was adding us our host in receiving of the absence of his wife, Stella Seager, who is playing an engagement on the band in San Francisco, had taken us upstairs to leave our wraps. "I'll just bet," Patsy went on, "that that girl can't speak a word of English!"

However, it turned out that the pretty girl does speak English—that she is very American indeed, since she has Cherokee Indian blood in her veins. She is Margaret Daily, formerly premiere dancer with the Chicago Grand Opera Company, and now in the west for pictures. Lily Damita came late, with us, and I don't know what she, who knows who Lily's escort is, she is soon surrounded by admirers.

Max Constant told us a little secret story about her.

"We were all at the Catalina Island Island; the Catalina Island; Missus working on a picture not long ago," he said. "We came in late from location, and found the commissary closed—we were all living in tents—and the cooks gone.

There was a hungry crowd, including grips and electricians, kollering for their dinner.

"Lily, without any fuss or notice, slipped into the kitchen and in a trice had cooked us a first-class dinner, which we were glad enough to serve for ourselves."

Barry Narton came in just then with a fetching young South American named Alberto Sanchez, whose torrid tangos was fascinatingly wicked. We asked Barry what he thought it was that made Lily so quiet and be said, in novelty. American girls are fine, just the thing for a steady diet, but here is a new and intriguing sort of guy.

We were observed by that time that Mr. Sanchez had, with South American Spanish precipitancy, already fallen headlong in love with Margaret Daily, and sure there were more who had proposed to her then and there if she had let him. At any rate she him tango with her, and the dancing part of the party turned into a tango contest from then on.

Barry Norton danced beautifully with Carol Lombard, while Mitchell Lyson danced with Sally Blake, and Paul Ivano with Lisa Torriti.

Paul told us afterward that he had photographed dozens of South American beauties when he was down there, but that he had fallen for only Lily who had entered into our idea of a motion picture star.

Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, who is rapidly making himself a name, where he would be, and that cute little Betty Collins.

A number of guests came in rather late, including Carlotta King, whom he had in "The Three Musketeers," and who has an exquisite voice. She sang some of the music of that piece for us. Her husband, Sidney Russell King, was with her and then a perfect rush of guests, including Alice White, who came alone, saying she had hoped to be able to chisel a beauty.

"Mrr sang in a most pleasing voice, and then he settled down for a chat with us, telling us about the beautiful new Russian Cafe he is to open soon. He is interested in the Russian Art Club Cafe now—a place where any Russian of high or low degree, will be fed and housed if only he will give a bit of service."

"He understands," he has aided a Russian peasant to wash dishes in the kitchen there.

"And please don't ever give me your title of Princess!" he said. "You know it doesn't mean a thing in Hollywood."

Sally Blake told us that her sister, Polly Ann Young, had had an operation on her lips, which is to improve her mouth so that she will look all right in pictures.

Julanne Johnston came with Michael Cudahy very late, saying laughingly that they hadn't been invited but had crashed the party.

Well, that charming couple know they are welcome anywhere.

Carol Lombard told us how she had been yachting with a party on Mitchell Lyson's board, and that she enjoyed surf-boarding very much once she had learned not to fall into the water.

John Maschino, Cecil B. DeMille's charming assistant director, had cooked the spaghetti and ravioli supper himself, and if he makes as good a director as he does a cook, he may put Von Stromberg in the shade.

"Will you a-yachting go sometime with me?" inquired our host as we left, and of course we easily chorous 'Yes' without any
ensemble rehearsal at all. So we have that to look forward to now.

"I'll just bet that Finis Fox wishes that he had on that gorgeous dressing gown his wife, Loris, gave him for a birthday present instead of this 'moonlight' gown, Patsy explained that 'moonlight' is Hollywood slang for evening clothes.

O'Neil was playing on stage with his writer-husband, a surprise party, but we had arrived too late to find out just how surprised Finis was of any.

"We had a whole wagon-load of gifts piled on the floor in front of the whole brick fireplace, in which glowed a hospital blaze.

The whole O'Neill and O'Day clan was there, except for Molly O'Day, Jack O'Neil, Sally O'Neil, and Isabel O'Neil, the last named with her bridegroom husband, John T. Howard, whose dad got rich making a very special kind of salad dressing, and who is very charming in his own right. He was once Ora Carey's husband, you know, but was divorced a long time ago.

Then it was an exciting time that she had to her honeymoon motor tour, when their auto was wrecked.

"We had an awful accident in Colorado," she explained, "and the auto turned over in a ditch, miles away from anybody. I managed to climb out, but John was unconscious, pinned under the wreckage. I had to drag him out. I found a little stream and brought him to by bathing his face with cold water!"

Molly O'Day was still looking a little pale following that operation she underwent when she had literally pounds of flesh cut away from her fat little limbs.

"It seemed to be the only way for me to reduce," she said, "So I want you to give a good deal of nervousness follows an operation like that."

Don and Ann Alvarez were to be separated for the first time in their lives, they said, when Ann goes to New York shortly with Claire Windsor.

Bebe Daniels came in looking blooming, along with Lila Lee.

"I must say that Lila looks a lot prettier, now that she is wearing a little make-up," remarked her husband, who was living with her, Jim Kirkwood. "You know he wouldn't let her use any," remarked Patsy.

Lila wore an evening dress, without any shoes, explaining that she started out with stockings but discovered a run.

"I knew I had to," she said, "so I decided to be very ultra and wear none at all.

Pauline Garon greeted us a bit huskily, saying that she had a cold and her voice sound like Aimee Semple McPherson's.

A lot of engaging young men arrived without any girls, including Norman Kerry, Buster Collier, Roland Drew, Dr. Harry Martin, John Farrow, Rex Lease and others.

After the buffet supper, we all danced or played cards. Some of us played bridge, but the greater number thought it great fun to learn that new card game called Karama, with Mr. Tom Miranda, wife of the scenario writer, has lately invented.

"While the rest of us were grasshoppers and danced all summer," remarked Sally O'Neil, "Miranda was the busybody who invented the card game. And look out that you don't get stuck when you play it, too, because you can play it for money."

"I heard in Billie Dove, who went just in come with her husband, Irving Willat, "you can play this game with your own husband without quarreling over it."

We laughed a lot of fun, and we clinked glasses to Mrs. Tom's success with her game.

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In New York—Continued from page 43

the Gish girls vow they couldn’t wait till Lillian saw it—to hear what she’d say! "Well," says Dorothy, "what she didn’t say! First of all, she said she was shocked. In the second place, she didn’t think I was very good—in her way.” Of course, Dorothy adores Lillian, and Lillian thinks Dorothy is the greatest girl in the world. But they have always been frank with one another, and so it was no surprise to anybody that Lillian had refused to endorse Dorothy’s play for newspaper advertising! Around town they are quoting a cablegram which Lillian is supposed to have sent to Dorothy on the occasion of the premier of the play: "Remember, whatever happens, mother and I love you." Dorothy is one of the rare persons who tells jokes on herself. I asked her if she were through with pictures. She retorted: "They’re through with me!" Seriously, though, I’ve no doubt she will come back in a talking picture. Her voice is beautiful, and you all know what a splendid actress she is. Both the girls were child actresses, so Dorothy is as much at home on the stage as on the screen.

Richard Dix is happy. He says so himself. He’s back in New York, and if he has his way about it he won’t be leaving again in a hurry. You know when Paramount closed its eastern studios and ordered all its stars to Hollywood. Richard protested—and vigorously. It didn’t do him any good—he was transferred to fulfill his contract in California. But he’s never sung weeping songs back. Rich is one of the few famous screen stars who actually welcomed the talkies. He was a matinee idol in stock before he ever went into pictures, you know; so his voice is excellently trained—and by the way, it’s a thrilling voice, guaranteed to send the Dix fanettes into raptures. It’s sort of low, but it’s mellowness, take my word for it; it’s good. So Richard is one of the first Paramount stars to be called to the eastern studios to make sound pictures. He had to have done “Building Damaged” as his first; but Samuel Goldwyn exercised his option on it, and it goes to Ronnie Colman... Instead, Dix will do “Nothing But the Truth”—the stage comedy, with William Collier, Buster’s father, supervising the sound. When I talked to Richard he said he had been working night and day over at Paramount in Long Island City, making voice tests and whatnot. But I know he found time to see a few shows, because I heard a story about his appearance at a popular revue. Seems that a little chorus girl saw him out front and passed the word around to her sister chorines that he had once worked as an extra in one of his pictures, and wouldn’t it be thrilling if he only recognized her! The other girls framed a note to her and signed his name to it, saying he spotted her. Richard’s routine was coming around after the show to say hello. She was thrilled and told everybody. Then it came out that it was all a joke. A kind-hearted stage manager at that Richard’s seat on the orchestra explained the situation. And after the show there was Richard, back-stage asking for the little chorus girl, who had been out of her life! It’s just like Richard Dix to do a nice thing like that. He’s absolutely de-
picture when left to himself is a standard joke and always good for a laugh. But it is not a joke with me. I was interested to observe his attitude on this picture that he has been given ten weeks to make. He agreed to do it, and I wagered that, and that it will be one of his best. You know how it is with some people. When they have all day to do a thing they keep thinking of more things to do. When they have an hour the joke gets finished just the same and often it is a better one. Von Stroheim struck me as being a person who would do his best work under pressure. In about a minute Gloria will be here and I'll have to make all sorts of apologies for not being ready," fretted Von. "Say, when is that sun coming out?" he demanded.

"In about three minutes, Mr. Von. And I think it will stay out about fifteen." "Good," said Von springing into action. '"Go--'t readied to do your stuff before you reach that post, you are out after that. Walter? Who's doubting for Mr. Byron?"

"Himself!" shouted Walter brandishing his sword in the air and looking very handsome in his cream white uniform, flashing armor and helmet. His mount was a splendid chestnut mare.

"Fine," Von shouted back. "Send your men back, Walter, when you see the girl who is doubting for Gloria—ride beside her and flirt with her."

"Oak," yelled Walter with another flourish.

Out came the sun and Von made the most of it. He certainly knew how to be a man of action that day and not a dreamer. His decisions were quick and his work rapid.

The white-robed nuns and girls were walking two by two along the country road with here and there a blossoming fruit tree and a tiny shrine of Our Lady. The soldiers in their stunning cream uniforms pranced on horses. The girls giggled, shook their curls and flirted as much as they dared. Walter rode beside the girl who was doubting for Gloria in the long shot—a pretty, slender, dark-eyed lass. Don't get the idea that Gloria makes a habit of being doubled. But two nights before she had worked until five o'clock in the morning and was pretty tired. If you don't get enough sleep you know what happens, don't you? Circles under your eyes and dull optics. How do you think that would photograph in a close-up? Hence the double that morning, for the close-ups were scheduled for the afternoon.

During the next wait Walter Byron took off his helmet and fell into the chair next to me, 'Fell' is right, Walter had a cold. "I think I have bronchitis by now," he said. "Every cough and I can't talk right." He was as husky as a raven.

"You ought to be in bed," I declared. "The picture must go on!" he smiled. "It's just the same as a performance on the stage. When the call boy says 'Curtain' an actor is at his post, and when 'Camera' is called it is just the same."

The picture are you all well acquainted with Walter Byron by this time. He played opposite Vilma Banky in "The Awakening," succeeding Ronald Colman as Vilma's screen lover. Walter didn't have very much to say this day, because you know how it is when you have bronchitis. And he was all stuffed up in the tight cream uniform and armored breastplate. I remarked that

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75 Art pictures and Bathing beauties 25 cents (coin). Money refunded if dissatisfied. Photo Beale Co., Box 44, Starthmoor Station, Detroit.

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YOU HAVE A VOICE

Opportunity comes to those who sing and talk. Voice projection requires neither Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix and Harry Carey for years. Also she is one of the screen's finest stunt women and her last work was in "The King of Kings."
There are so many things I like to do that when it is a slow season I jump into anything that comes along. I never was one to waste time, but I am assisting Claude Lampman, who has handled Mr. Von's wardrobe for years, and I'm having a lot of fun.

I was taken around by Miss Craig and shown where the girls dressed. There were hooks all along the beams at the sides of the tent and unbleached muslin sheets to cover the clothes with. Long tables were provided for the make-up, and one large mirror. "All the girls bring their own little ones. This is just for them to get a glimpse of themselves." The first day they were there a strong wind almost took the tents away and covered the costumes with dust. Miss Craig and an assistant all night to get them clean as there was not time to send them out to a cleaner.

The girls ate from lunch baskets at a table in the lee of their tent and the men at one on the shady side of theirs. Walter Byron had retired to his tent feeling pretty miserable.

Then Mr. Westland came and piloted me up the hill to Gloria's tent. It was about twenty feet square and was finished with a dressing-table, a writing table, several comfortable chairs, a rug and a couch. Gloria had on a black crepe de chiffon from which only a square of black velour has been cut for some reason or other brought out the amazing blueness of her eyes. She was made up, but there was no reason to dress until her call came. A Chicago friend, Miss Virginia Bowerk, who has known Gloria ever since they were children and is a house guest, was introduced.

Gloria has very strong ideas about individuality and believes that a person's duty is toward developing himself and bringing out his best. Responsibility toward another life she does not feel. She regards the individuality of her little girl and hopes the time will never come when she will want to bend the child's will to her personal way of thinking.

"Then they first laid her in my arms," said Gloria, "I have little experience with which I think no woman should go through this life without, I clutched the little warm bundle to my breast savagely. She is mine, mine— all, and the least easy of any child. Then I remembered my code. Why, no, she isn't! She isn't mine at all. She belongs to herself and that place in the scheme of life that she is to fill, just as I do, just as everyone does. I must remember that she is given into my care only for a short time, to guide. I must not violate that trust. I must never try to rule her mind."

"From then on, my baby had a definite personality to me. We talk over things and I make it my business to do nothing for herself. I advise her what I think is best but I want her to learn self-reliance; to realize that I am only here to advise and back her up if she is to apply herself and is as serious as an owl."

"There are certain animal habits you have to train into a child. You can't let it eat with its fingers and it must be taught manners. And the only thing concerning the development of Gloria's mind and personality I do not coerce. The type of mother who nags and says, you do this and you do that, and answers a child's question, 'but mother, why should I do it?' with a curt 'because I tell you to,' I have no patience with. Such training ruins more characters, makes more incorrigible girls and boys than anything else. I am convinced of that."

"Children are not fools. It doesn't take them long to know the inconsistencies of their parents and to know that a doctor in a hospital fills up your heart is best always. Naturally the child loses respect and the result is disobedience."

"The other day Gloria (junior) came to me and asked my advice about some child's problem. I told her that in her position I thought I would do thus and so, but that doesn't mean that you must do it. Gloria, you must discipline yourself and think in your heart is best always."

"She thought it all out and when she came to a decision she acted immediately."

"I found out, too, that Gloria had no respect for gossip. 'I don't understand how people can be so interested in the lives of other people. It may be egoism on my part, but I can't know but I have all I can do to keep my own business running smoothly."

"I think people who gossip must have very uninteresting lives and it gives them a thrill to discuss what happens to other people!"

Back on the set Mr. Von was having a fine time with a young call, a bugle playing boy with aprincipal, a hay wagon with a half dozen buxom young lassies on it, and the soldiers! The calf was very temperamental and simply would not be led quietly behind the buggy. To make matters worse 'ma' was mooning with apprehension on the hill a few yards away. "Shall we take it again, Mr. Von?" asked Gordon Pollock, first cameraman.

"I should say not! Not with a ten weeks' schedule and this weather. Calves always act that way anyhow. It will give life to the scene."

The next set-up required a blossoming tree in the foreground. They had to plant one so that a branch was in the vision of the camera. The blossoms were linen of fine quality. It is impossible to use real flowers in a scene of this sort. For one thing apple trees are not in bloom now and for another they would fade in an hour.

"When they were ready to shoot, Paul Ivano, second cameraman, made a megaphone out of his hands and said, 'Will this please move the wardrobe please move out of the foreground!' "Fair enough," shouted Claude Lampman, laughing and moving back a few feet. A megaphone is a good thing. "Oh, my white hats and linen flowers!" cried Flora Craig, wringing her hands. Everyone shook himself free of the dust.

"All right!" shouted Mr. Von, "Soldiers, flirt with the girls, tease them! Girls, if they get fresh use your pitchforks! (Giggles and squelches of laughter from the girls on the hay wagon)."

"Who is that man talking to Art Acador?" asked. Art was seated on a stunning black mount. He is chief buckaroo of the outfit, but I have forgotten just what that means. It sounds marvellous."


There stood the big business man whose presence I have always thought would be a blessing. He is a Harvard man with a fine background. He knows the value of money and knows how to make it work for him. He seems to have a pretty keen understanding of human nature—in other words, an executive who has the courage of his convictions. He knows the world, and he is 37!"
$5,000.00 Worth of Prizes

I AM going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE, more than $5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of an All-New Studebaker Sedan, a Chevrolet Sedan, a 14-Piece Fibre 100-Piece Apollo, a 29-Piece Wrought Iron Men's Watch, a Bicycle, Silverware and many other high grade articles of merchandise besides. You have an opportunity to win Prizes of this magnitude and value by filling in the coupon below for the "Cylinder Voice Sedan." All prizes are awarded in Cash. I am not in the habit of giving away any prize which has not an absolute cash value.

Find 5 Objects Starting with the Letter "C"

There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, balloon, circus ring, boy, tent, etc. If you can find and find all of these objects in the picture, you will win $500.00 in Cash. Send in your entry at once. You must send in your entries with the letter "C" fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

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In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes besides, hundreds of Dollars in Cash will be awarded, to any winner who turns in a "Cylinder Voice Sedan" coupon at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive $550.00 in Cash or the Studebaker Sedan and $500.00 in Cash. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter "C." Fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED.

- Edmund Lowe

Sergeant Quirt in that picture. Lowe himself says "What Price Glory" changed his whole career.

He studied the stage character of Sergeant Quirt, practiced the part for hours, and finally went to work with Fannie Hurst on the film version which he will make of Miss Hurst's novel. "Lummock.'

---

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Another Follies Girl Succeeds

(Continued from page 86)

what kind of a career I wanted at that time; but somehow I found myself on the stage. I was in the Ziegfeld shows—do you remember 'Sally'? And then I conceived this burning ambition to act—my destiny, I suppose! I told Mr. Ziegfeld and he said, go ahead. So I went into drama—but I didn't stay! I just wasn't the type. Back to the Ziegfeld revues, until somebody suggested try pictures. I started playing bits at the Paramount Studios in Long Island, but it wasn't long before the production end began to fascinate me, and I rescued it in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years' standing.
The Romance of the Vitaphone

Continued from page 47

only available seats for the Warner Brothers Nickelodeon. He would have to hang a "Standing Room Only" sign outside the store which might scare the customers away. The undertaker had agreed to rent the chairs for two o'clock that afternoon. But at the last minute, the wife and relatives of the deceased colored sexton of the Northern Methodist Church, had decided not to send a hearse until Saturday, so they put the body in the telephone, "you must wait. We can't lose all that money.

At the word 'money,' Sam turned from his stupor.
"What's the matter?"
"The situation was explained to him. "Oh, we can fix that O.K. You tell Harry to keep his shirt on; the chairs will be there at two o'clock."
Albert wiped his forehead with his right hand. Sam was the idea boy, all right; he couldn't add them or take them out of trouble.
"But, Sam, maybe you'd better tell me how,"
Albert said as he hung up the telephone.

"That's easy. You just go down and tell Emma Hanley if she'll put off her husband's funeral until tomorrow and she and her kids can come to the 'store-show' free from now until the end of the street."

"But, gosh, we can't do that. It'd eat up all our profits. She and her nine kids would be piling in there everyday," Albert answered, at a loss of words.

"No, they won't, either. When a coffin mouns, she mouns! That's a real old custom around here. All these Negroes go to the church. Even if we're not in church for six months anyway. They're scared to, for what people would say. And in six months, Christmas will be almost here."

Albert commenced to laugh. "Honest, Sam, you get the greatest ideas on earth."

"Ah, go on! It's a good idea is easy to get. You're the one that's got to persuade Emma to put that funeral off. And you were the one that kept Harry from flying off the handle. Say, if we didn't have you around to smooth things out for all of us, we'd never get far. I can think up things. But you do things. I bet a nickel Emma puts the funeral off and Harry gets his seats!"

Harry did get the seats. And the show, because of the accumulated efforts of the Warner Brothers, was opened at two o'clock on Memorial Day, May Thirtieth, 1903. And the family pocket-book was saved—for that one time at least. But this was not the end. The Warner family were to be rather disappointed and lost three times again before success was reached. Today, Warner Brothers Pictures, Incor-

porated, counts its assets at over one hundred million dollars. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse— Harry, Albert, Sam and Jack—have gal-loped to fortune and fame on the wings of a faithful steed known as the Vitaphone, or the Living Voice."
Win $3,500.00

Here's news for puzzle fans! C. W. Francis, A. F.
Holm, and Lola Martin won from $1,500.00 to $3,-

500.00 each in our last puzzles. Here's the new one.

Here are twelve puzzles of Charlie Chaplin, the

famous United Artists’ star. No, you’re not all alike.
even though they look alike. Eleven of them are the

same, but one brand new one is different from all

the others. That’s the real Charlie Chaplin. The differ-

ence may be in the tie, shirt or hat.

Find the “Different” Picture

3,000 prizes totaling over $7,500.00. $5,500.00 to winer of

first prize and duplicate prizes in case of tie. If you

find the “different” figure you may be the one to get

this great prize.

Certificate for $4,000.00 to apply on great price sent

immediately as below if you find the “different” figure

If you find the real Charlie Chaplin we will send as soon as correct

your answer is received certificate for $1,500.00 to add to the first prize of

$1,500.00 if you win, and directions for getting largest prize. Over $5,000-

00.00 in prizes already given to advertising our products locally.

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fibrous, easy to apply; bite

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Return mail will bring Free Trial PLAPAO.

Thirty years ago, out in Youngstown,

Ohio, Benjamin Warner’s shoe shop was

going on the rocks. "We just didn’t sell shoes," he

would say, shaking his head stolidly, "is that these

people here will go into a store and pay four dollars for a pair

of leaky shoes rather than to come to us

and get a pair made to fit with fine leather on

their own last for three dollars and seventy-

tive cents."

"Maybe, papa," ventured Albert the
diplomat, "maybe you make them too heavy.

I notice now," he continued, "that here in

the shops the shoes are lighter and more

sturdy.

The father shook his head again. "So

was I taught to make shoes in the old

country. And so was my father taught.

And so will I go on making them.

Soon the situation became so critical that

the boys decided to give up their small time

jobs in the town and visit larger cities in

search of work. Sam became a fireman on the

Eric. Harry and Albert got positions in

Chicago, working in the big meat pack-

ning industries. Jack found that he had a

very nice tenor voice and so was ex-

ploiting himself singing songs in the

'store-shows' and nickelodeons

throughout the middle west.

Day after day as Sam stood feeding his

"Innocence", roaring along the Erie Rail-

road, the coal flames reflecting shadows over

his sensitive, grim-smear face, he kept

thinking of some quick stroke whereby he

might pull his family out of their com-

plete place and give his father Benjamin and

his mother the comforts to which their hard

work had entitled them.

One rainy morning in April, 1898, Sam

could no longer contain the energies and

ideas which swarmed out of his healthy young

body and mind. "I’ll have to do

something, I’ll have to do something.

"The wheels of his mind were frozen

in a sort of something," he

planned the roving and give his father Benjamin and

his mother the comforts to which their hard

work had entitled them.

Two days later as he rode into Sandusky,

Ohio, still on the rods, along the track he

was to lie in for the coming week’s performance. Ferris

Wheel, Merry Good Round, Paddle Wheels. Hot Dog

Stands. Concessions of all kinds. And

then, in a district near the Erie, he

received a sign which read: THE GREAT

TRAIN ROBBERY—THE GREATEST

NOVELTY THE WORLD HAS EVER

SEEN. This was the time when

advertising poster nearly spoke the truth!

Sam got a job setting up the chairs and
cleaning out the tent in which the first

movie of any importance, The Great Train

Robbery, was being shown. He saved

every cent he made, except what he spent

for food in the tent-show boarding house,

seated on the ground, washed,

led the picture. What is not

washed, dried and pressed and

pressed and pressed until

he was to lie in for the coming week’s performance. Ferris

Wheel, Merry Good Round, Paddle Wheels. Hot Dog

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for food in the tent-show boarding house,

seated on the ground, washed,
morale of the Warner Clan at a high level with her vital Polish spirits. Papa remained in Youngstown to earn what he could.

The strange thing about this road show was that there were no ructions or quarrels to mar its success. 'One for all and all for one' was the Warner slogan then just as it is now. There was no master nor anybody else. And nobody grumbled. When there was food, everybody ate and nobody complained that one had more than the other. Today, too, when that success has come to them, Harry has built a beautiful big house out in Larchmont, in Westchester County. Jack has built one in Beverly Hills, California. 'That's their business,' Albert commented. 'That's the way they want to live so why shouldn't they? As for me, I prefer a quiet apartment in New York. And that's how I live. But if I wanted a sum of money, no matter how large it was, I would take it. And neither Albert nor Jack would as a rule desire today for anything. We love and trust each other. I guess that's the answer.'

Because this family trusted each other and because they worked by no labor-law dictation, they seemed to have found a success. Such a success, that they abandoned the venture and set up a store show in Newark, Pennsylvania, specifically to try to educate the public. Women, in those days, would not attend such amusement places because they were unlighted. It was Harry Warner who put modest oil lights along the sides of the interior of the 'store-show' and was rewarded by feminine patronage. It was this same foresight in educating the public that enabled both Warner brothers to continue their success in developing sound pictures. They could have shown Vitaphone pictures to the public two whole years before they did. But first, Harry Warner decided the public must be educated to receive them enthusiastically. How far his efforts in this direction have gone is best evidenced by the fact that war has made them more popular than ever.

After a modest success in Newark, the Warner Brothers went a step up—which ultimately turned out to be a step down. They removed their headquarters to New York, and also edited the 'Film Noise,' the father of the present-day moving picture trade papers. Unfortunately, after six years, Warner Brothers could no longer get films to sell in their exchange. Film companies were developing their own selling organizations. And the brothers sold out for little or nothing. They made a second try, refusing to accept defeat—and again they failed.

A third time, they started over again. This time they set out to make their own pictures, but instead of one reelers and two-reelers they would make feature pictures of five and six reels. They were just about five years ahead of their idea. For the company owners only wanted to show one-reel films. This time, the Warners were 'cleaned out.'

Starting again from scratch, with no capital except enthusiasm and endless capacity for work, the four brothers commenced producing modest pictures, of the length the public desired to buy. However, the realization was forming itself in Sam Warner's mind that the silent movie seemed near the end of its tether. And he commenced to investigate. He wanted to make a film that would ultimately educate the public to enjoy sound films.

Sam found that talking pictures dated back to 1892 when Demeny, a Frenchman, synchronized a phonograph and lantern slide. Two years later Edison did the same thing with his 'Kinetophone' but much better.

In 1910 a more highly developed Edison device was shown for some months over the Keith-Orpheum circuit but it was received rather coldly and garnered only an interesting novelty.

Sam Warner followed all of these developments carefully and in 1923 when Dr. Lee De Forest developed his 'Phonofon' the point where he was successfully shown in theatres in New York and other parts of the country, Mr. Warner persuaded his brothers to fling themselves whole-heartedly into talking pictures. It took a year for them to lay their plans. And it was in the latter part of 1924 and the early part of 1925 that joining with the Western Electric Company, the romance of the Vitaphone was developed and brought to the world, raising the relatively unimportant Warner Brothers Company to a predominately powerful position in the motion picture industry.

Warner Brothers could have shown talking pictures to the world two years before they actually did. But Harry had learned enough lesson—let the public draw its own taste. Instead, they decided to educate the public up to talking pictures. Their first step was to lease the Manhattan Opera House. They secured an orchestral accompaniment and opera singers: Mischa Elman, Harold Bauer, Efrem Zimbalist, Marian Talley, and many others. The grand climax came when the New York Philharmonic Orchestra played the first Vitaphone performance. Shortly after that, pictures were filmed with small talking sequences. These sequences gradually developed into actual talking pictures produced by Warners are starring on Broadway; and there are synchronized films in theatres all over the country.

Today with Warner Brothers' ownership of the Vitaphone Corporation and with their control of the Stanley Theatres of America, which operates two hundred and fifty theatres and three thousand silent houses, Harry, Albert and Jack Warner have reached the top of the trade.

"Yes," Albert said as he peered across his office desk out into the twilight which sets off the mountains of Eighth Avenue, "it was Sam whose interest in everything mechanical turned our attention first to sound pictures. And we've made millions. But that doesn't count.

"The three of us who are left will carry on, and I believe we will always accomplish more work in one day than any other trio of men will in three, not because we are smarter, but because we trust each other implicitly and don't have to waste time with petty executive jealousies.

"Even our older men are still working. We built them a fine home out in Hollywood where they can lean back and take it easy. But they've worked so long that they can't get used to it and every day they drive over to the studio and keep an eye on things. Papa is seventy-two years old but he is still strong and healthy and drives his own car himself.

"As I look back, if I have any regrets, it is that we brothers didn't get more education. Most of us stopped in grammar school. We had no money to pay for school because I played football. But often when I have to get up to address conferences, employees' organizations and the like, I wish that I had had more experience and the training that comes from a University education. Perhaps I could reach my men better.'
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30 DAYS
And now look at this transformed man! Made over! In woman's dreams he's covered that puny, weak, muscleless muscle mass of Titus into a B.B.E.L.E.K!—ability and strength!

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I Guarantee: to put in two inches of solid muscle on your arms; to increase your chest five inches; to develop your back to a size larger to add three inches of powerful development to your thighs; two inches to the waist to give you a trim, woman-like figure; and will make you take in a notch or two in your waist. Titus guarantees with an iron-clad, written GUARANTEE. Fee does this for others. Can be done for you. Get the PROOF—send for my amazing new book—FREE.

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Every man with an ounce of red blood in his veins should read this book. Whether you're interested in training or not—regardless of what other systems you have tried or how long you have been trying, this book will show you how to get the most out of yourself. It will point the way to the paths you may have always wanted to take, it's packed full of information you should have. Learn your secrets and address—split the coupon, postcard or a letter. But do it NOW.

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Name

Address

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Clothes for the Smart Young Girl

Continued from page 45

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The talking picture reaches perfection in Old Arizona

Actually filmed and recorded on location, In Old Arizona represents a distinct forward step in the art of the talking picture. For the first time, WILLIAM FOX brings to the screen not only the realistic settings but also the natural sounds of the great outdoors! The voices you hear are voices as they really sound out in the open! Until you've seen and heard In Old Arizona, you can't appreciate to what heights the technique of the talking motion picture has been advanced by Fox Movietone! Keep abreast of developments in this newest field of expression—make up your mind to see In Old Arizona when it comes to your favorite local theater.

Every part is a speaking part—featured in the leading roles are two brilliant screen stars and a fascinating stage favorite—EDMUND LOWE as Sgt. Dunn, the heartbreaking cavalryman; WARNER BAXTER as the Cisco Kid, outlawed Don Juan of the desert; and, in her first screen appearance, DOROTHY BURGESS as Tonia, the fiery, fickle, light-o-love who pays the price of infidelity in one of the most startling denouements ever filmed! In the supporting roles are nearly a score of well-known players of the stage and screen. With such a cast under the masterful direction of Raoul Walsh and Irving Cummings it is no wonder audiences everywhere have acclaimed In Old Arizona as one of the great pictures of the year!
For a slender figure—
"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"

“Hoot Mon, Luckies dinna hurt my wind or throat.”

Sir Harry Lauder, International Comedian

For a slender figure—
"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"

“It’s toasted” No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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Exquisite - Jewel-like - Stunning
The NEW Lipsticks
BY
Kissproof
Cut from Gorgeous CATALIN STONE

At last - the lipstick every woman wants - the new Kissproof encased in Catalin Stone.

No need to tell you that Kissproof is the finest lipstick of all. Lovely lips the world over are proof of that - proof, too, that Kissproof stays on - water-proof, smear-proof, alluring - all through the day and evening hours.

But Catalin Stone is - bewilderingly lovely, superbly feminine. Foam-flecked greens of sparkling seas; pinks of coral shining through blue water; azure of Venetian skies; rosy hues of sunset over water - these and a myriad of other translucent tints glow enchantingly from its polished surface.

Only Kissproof is licensed to manufacture lipstick cases from this wonderful new Catalin Stone. See the new Kissproof today. You'll want one.

Choose your new Kissproof lipstick from the superb Kissproof display case illustrated above. You will find it at all good drug stores and toilet counters. It offers you Kissproof in all shapes, designs, sizes, and prices. Remember: the genuine is always stamped Kissproof - insist on it.

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With every purchase of the new Kissproof lipstick at counters where the Kissproof display case is shown.

This Catalin Stone vial containing a generous quantity of the lovely new Kissproof perfume will be given to you absolutely free. Ask for it. If your favorite toilet counter cannot supply you, send direct (money or stamps) for any of the lipsticks shown above and we will include the perfume vial free.
Now you can hear
the pulse-beat of the world
4 times every week

Now Fox Movietone News, pioneer talking newsreel, brings you the sights and sounds of the entire world in four separate and complete issues weekly.

If it isn’t FOX, it isn’t MOVIETONE NEWS!

If it isn’t Fox, it isn’t the talking newsreel with efficient newsreel crews gathering the latest and most important news events of North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

Look for the name, FOX, and you’re sure to see and hear MOVIETONE NEWS!

It speaks for itself!

MOVIE TONE NEWS

4 issues every week
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Only Paramount can surpass Paramount

JUST as millions of motion picture fans know that Paramount was responsible for the great advances made in the "silent" drama, so do they now know that in the new field of talking pictures only Paramount can surpass Paramount! Following "Interference," the first QUALITY All-Talking Picture, came even greater Paramount Talking Pictures such as "The Doctor's Secret", "The Wolf of Wall Street." Now another great all-talking picture places Paramount supremacy farther beyond reach than ever!

Jeanne Eagels in "THE LETTER"


"The Letter" is also presented in a "silent" version so if the theatre you patronize is not equipped for sound, you can still enjoy this great Paramount Picture. Silent or with Sound "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
as Estelle Taylor and Lupe Velez in his new picture, “East Is East.” Who cares about scenery anyway? Tod Browning is directing this story of the Malay Peninsula.

Alice Joyce is probably the only screen celebrity who can shake the dust from her heels for long periods of time and come back without losing a friend. She recently took part in the stage play, “The Marriage Bed,” and immediately had a talkie contract thrust into her hands for an important part in “The Squall.” Myrna Loy plays a gypsy in this same picture.

Such stage celebrities as Eddie Dowling and his wife Ray Dooley have ‘gone cinema’ and will now cavort before the microphone—but not together. Eddie is going to make “Broadway Bound” with Marian Nixon. Ray is still pondering.

You, vaudeville fans! Do you appreciate the breaks the talkies are giving you? Now your own inimitable Sophie Tucker is making a talkie and they call it “Honky Tonk.” Doesn’t that suggest pep? George Duryea and Lila Lee will handle the romantic end of it. Sounds good already.

Bacalovano, that gorgeous Russian actress, will have a grand chance to use her Russian accent in “The Woman Who Needed Killing,” an all-dialogue picture with Clive Brook. Bacalovano, you know, was with the Moscow Art Players.

And talking about accents—Lily Damita and Nils Asther have promised to lose theirs.

You’ll hear Norma Shearer’s slight Canadian accent in “The Trial of Mary Dugan.” If you’ve seen the show you’ll know what to expect but if you haven’t—well, we won’t spoil it for you. But you’re going to hear H. B. Warner, Lewis Stone, and Lilian Tashman, too.

Elmer Clifton is doing something unusual in the picture line. He is making a Technicolor picture with an all-oriental cast headed by that good old trouper, Sojin.

I thought you might be interested in this—the definition of a vamp as given by some of our leading film directors.

Alfred Santell:—“A vamp is a girl like Clara Bow. Clara is a natural-born vamp because of her vitality. She overpowers any other personality by her own. Her frankness is most attractive to men.”

Fred Niblo:—“A vamp is a girl like Greta Garbo. Her mysterious allure is her appeal. Her eyes have the look of always concealing some emotion. You have the sensation that she is witholding something all the while, and that she can never be understood.”

Allan Dwan:—“A vamp is a girl like Myrna Loy. Her unusual physiology holds the attention. She is different in appearance from any other girl in films, and no man could keep from studying her expressions, and wondering what lies back of those eyes.”

James Gleason:—“A vamp is a girl like Phyllis Haver. Her vampishness is due to the fact that she is apparently so free from such ideas. Her open expression, ready smile, happy disposition, completely disarm a man and hold his attention regardless of how many dark, mysterious girls are in the room.”

Charlotte Greenwood is coming back into pictures again—this time in talkies. Do you remember her in “Baby Mine”? with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur? Miss Greenwood went out to Hollywood to play in vaudeville but Warner Brothers, always on the lookout for talkie material, talked her into a six-picture contract.

Rascal Walsh, who directed “What Price Glory?,” is also going to direct a sequel to it which is titled “The Cock-Eyed World.”

---

**For Loveliest Lashes**

**Be Sure It’s Maybelline**

**YES, it is now very correct to defly emphasize the eyelashes. Darken them to bring out the lovely pools of fascinating expression in the eyes. But be very careful of this!**

When you purchase a beautifier for the eyelashes, insist upon Maybelline. Beautiful women the world over have found that only Maybelline will do. Use, but harmless and safe. Maybelline does not stiffen or break the eyelashes. It instantly darkens them and makes even scant lashes appear long and luxuriant, but always natural! Truly, there is nothing else just like Maybelline. Make sure you get the genuine. The lovely Maybelline girl on each box is your guide.

Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown. 25c at all Trust Good Counter.

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**Phantom Red**

In “RED LIPS” (Universal Film) MARION NIXON demonstrates the power of hypnotic lip—lips that glow with the youth—fire and rare color that only Phantom Red Lipstick can bestow. Here you treat this new smart-dipped!—this complete beauty treatment. Just a sly touch to your lips darkens your face to a new toreador that is more sophisticated, Phantom Red is of the finest quality, hypo—harmless colors. Present charming, Ultra red and black—contains 31. Junior 50c.

CARLYLE LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 16234 Dey St. New York

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**SCREENLAND**

C. Sue Carol welcomes Nick Stuart back to Hollywood after his European location—vacation. Nick and Sue are making a picture for Fox.
REBIRTH OF
SCREEN HUMOR

The editor of Exhibitors Herald and Moving Picture World, a leading business publication, writing about the use of the voice in Educational's first all-talking comedy, said: "There need be no question whatsoever about its effectiveness in comedy. The talking comedy means a rebirth of the humor of the screen."

EDUCATIONAL PICTURES are the guiding factor in this rebirth of screen humor. Unquestioned leaders for years in the field of silent comedies, they now lead the way in talking comedies as well.

Wherever talking pictures are seen and heard this rebirth of screen humor has been greeted with wild applause. It started with the Mack Sennett Talking Comedies—such pictures as "The Lion's Roar" and "The Bride's Relations"—and continued with the new Coronet Talking Comedies, beginning with "The Eligible Mr. Bangs." Each one a comedy treat you can't afford to miss. And soon you'll see and hear the first of the new Jack White Productions with sound and dialogue and the first of the new Lupino Lane Talking Comedies.

Truly, a veritable rebirth of screen humor.

There is only one big company specializing exclusively in short features. That's one reason why the Educational Pictures trade mark always stands for the best in this class of picture, whether with sound or silent.
Are You Tired of Your Face?

Horrid little blemishes... pores that show... tiny blotches here and there... rough surface texture! Why—oh why—can’t you have that milky white skin, that smooth, flawless complexion that makes a woman so gorgeously beautiful? Now it is possible! Now there is an easy way that may double or triple the beauty of your skin.

Now... Amazing Results for Skins that Don’t Respond to Cold Creme

Use one 6-fold creme. Ordinary cold creme never goes below the surface. It does no more than cleanse and protect. Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret is different—it penetrates all three layers of tissue. What an amazing difference it makes!

Freckles fade out, blackheads melt away, tiny blemishes and pores to create clearness. Coarse closed pores, by being filled out from below, surface readjustment is replaced with smooth, flawless texture. And, finally, this amazing creme leaves you looking naturally and permanently without bleaching.

HOW IT WORKS

The world’s finest beauty bible—unknown in cold creme—are emulsified into one 6-fold creme. A penetrating base takes them through the skin. They reach all three layers, clearing, smoothing and whitening. For the first time, a way has been found to combine six great beautifying agents into one penetrating creme!

TEST ONE JAR

Get a jar of this new kind of creme today. Use it in place of cold creme. Let it bring your skin six-fold beauty. It is called Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret. Test it for one or two weeks. Then, if your skin is not shades whiter, noticeably cleaner and finer, we will refund full price for the asking. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only $1.50 for the extra-large jar. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) Gervaise Graham, Dept. 32C, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois. (In Canada, 61 College St., Toronto.)

Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret

(Mrs.) Gervaise Graham,
Dept. 32C, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me your beauty secret in an extra-large jar of your new Beauty Secret. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50 for the extra-large jar. I understand you guarantee to refund my money.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________

Confessions of the Fans

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

The Editor.

Sincerely yours,
A constant reader,
Miss Betty Treat,
219-41 One Hundredth Avenue,
Queens Village, New York.

Movies With Morals

Dear Editor:

In your January issue, I read in the department, ‘Confessions of the Fans,’ Miss Winter’s version on ‘Glamour vs. Realism’ in which she stated that one found more enjoyment from stories that are ‘unreal’ than from stories of real life. I wish to disagree.

There is, I admit, a lot of glamour to a picture based on tales that couldn’t possibly happen to a modern girl. But when a picture is based on real, true facts—how much more interesting! For interesting and even exciting things happen to a modern girl. I know—I’m one!

When you see a girl face to face with bandits, bootleggers, and what not, you may laugh and say that it isn’t a regular happening. No. I agree, it isn’t; but don’t things happen like that occasionally—even right here in New York State? Yes! I know, for that same thing happened to me. It would probably happen to one girl in a hundred. Yet some people don’t believe it could occur at all.

Someone with an experience like that was smart enough to write it up as a scenario for a movie, sell it, and profit by it. Yet if she were to relate her experience she wouldn’t be believed.

How many of you who saw ‘The Singing Fool’ think it isn’t realistic? You can’t doubt it when you see it and yet it seems impossible to some to visualize a man suffering as Al Stone suffered. Whether or not you believe it to be realistic, though, you simply can’t control the tears when Al Jolson sings his ‘Sonny Boy.’

After all, haven’t the real-life movies better morals? Take ‘Our Dancing Daughters,’ for an example. ‘Don’t all the young people (and old ones, too) get a good moral out of that story of youth? Their

Dear Editor:

How many times do we fans see these words written—‘Lest We Forget?’ Shall we ever forget Wally Reid, Barbara La Marr and Rudolph Valentino?

The old stars as well as the new stars of today are ‘Among Our Souvenirs.’ I am here to say that the stars are human. They are really ‘Just folks,’ even as you and I. I like them personally as well as professionally.

My fan letters to them, I have found, are really read by the stars.

Louise Dresser and I had exchanged a few notes and she found that I loved poetry. Gosh! One day she sent me a book of poems.

Ours Kenyon never forgets a Christmas card; and, too, on the back of the card she writes a note. Miss Kenyon has sent me a book of poems written by her own pen. Eselle Taylor sent me a lamp shade. On it were pasted four photographs from four roles she had acted upon the screen. Olive Borden sent me a leather, gold-edged diary with my own name stamped in gold on the front cover.

I have many memory slips autographed by the stars.

Read this one: ‘Thanks, my good friend Charles, for your very nice letter. Sorry I haven’t a real photograph to send to you. Lots of offers these days but they don’t want to pay my price or else it’s something I wouldn’t care to do. Perhaps someday
big thrill after another—as bewildering and entrancing as an Arabian Night's dream.

famous favorites in startling roles NOW on the VITAPHONE — Thelma Todd and Creighton Hale.

dread great mystery masterpiece from the director of "The Haunted House" and "The Hawk's Nest," Benjamin Christensen.

big breath-taking spectacle scenes — stupendously staged only as a great master can stage them.

times the excitement and fun to be found in any other mystery picture you have ever seen.

-ty mysterious minutes of spine chilling suspense—thrill upon thrill!

VITAPHONE Doubles the Thrills in FOOTPRINTS to SATAN

Presented by Richard A. Rowland
A First National VITAPHONE Picture
SOUND OR SILENT — IT'S COMING SOON — SEE IT!
Helena Rubinstein’s Make-up Chart

THE foundation of a perfect make-up is a skin perfectly cared for—free from blackheads, large pores, wrinkles or other blemishes. Among the creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN you will find a scientific answer to every need of your skin—plus the ultimate in finishing touches. For Helena Rubinstein is artist as well as scientist.

When you use Helena Rubinstein’s new indelible lipsticks, you will marvel at their amazing combination of lasting color and satìn-softness. There is witchery to the make-up masterpieces of Helena Rubinstein.

For your guidance in choosing the smartest and most becoming cosmetics, Helena Rubinstein has prepared the following make-up chart. Read it—you can tell at a glance the correct shades of rouge, powder and lipstick for you.

--- Clip the chart and keep it in your dressing table. ---

Which Is Your Coloring?

Brunette
Valaze Powder in the enchanting Mauresque tint.
Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—Chic! Fascinating!
Cubist Lipstick in Red Raspberry—Unusually warm, beautiful tone.
Valaze Eye Shadow (Black or Brown).

Medium Type
Valaze Powder in the bewitching Rachel shade.
Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge.
Red Ruby Lipstick—a rich, deep tone.
Valaze Eye Shadow (Brown).

Write to HELENA RUBINSTEIN describing your skin and hair, and you will receive a Special Treatment Schedule. Ask for her booklet—"Personality Make-up". It tells how to express your most beautiful you!

Blonde
Valaze Powder in the exquisite Blush tone.
Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—smartly dashing.
Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium—vivid, alluring.
Valaze Eye Shadow in Blue.

Titian Blonde (Auburn Hair)
Valaze Powder in Cream.
Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—Irresistible!
Red Cardinal Lipstick—the dashing light shade.
Valaze Eye Shadow (Blue or Green).

For Evening
Valaze Powder in Mauve or Cream.
Valaze Rouge in Red Geranium.
Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium.
Valaze Eye Shadow to match your eyes.

The Keynote of a Chic Make-up

Before you apply your finishing touches, cleanse your skin with Helena Rubinstein’s Pasteurized Face Cream, the concentrated beauty treatment. The only cream in existence that benefits and beautifies an oily skin (1.00, 2.00). Dry skin should be cleansed with Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream (1.75, 1.25). Next, smooth a little Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream over your face and throat—it lends the skin a most flattering finish and makes rouge and powder doubly adherent (1.00). Now your skin is ready for the clinging, exquisite Valaze Powder (1.00, 1.50).

Next, blend in the provocative, becoming Valaze Rouge (1.00). Follow with Cubist Lipstick (1.00) or Water Lily Lipstick (1.25). Both are indelible yet marvelously soft. Lastly, add a spot of Valaze Eye Shadow (1.00) and bring out the lashes with Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara) in black or brown (1.00, 1.50).

another 'Covered Wagon' will roll along and if I'm not too old I may clumb aboard. My best wishes to all my friends and to you and your dear mother. Sincerely, J. W. Kerrigan”

Ken Maynard sent me a riding whip. I wrote him every time I saw his pictures. Franklyn Pangborn sent me a 'hanky' he used in a picture as a token of remembrance from him. Lina Basquet even sent me an air-mail letter!

I find that the stars do read letters of interest.

Since seeing "The Woman from Moscow" I'm sorry to see Pola Negri say 'farewell' to her American fans.

The best bets in pictures, I think, are Charles Rogers, Gary Cooper and Ramon Novarro. Thanks to the talkies—step up, Ramon Novarro and let us hear you sing and play.

More power to Delight Evans and SCREENLAND Magazine.

Cheerfully,
CHARLES MANK, JR.,
26 East 57th Street,
New York City.

---

Dear Editor:
I am about to approach the subject nearest my heart. The Movies!

First of all let me give my hearty and friendly congratulations on your success as the New Editor of SCREENLAND. Long may you rule!

I have followed the movies from their old days to these modern days. I first saw William S. Hart, William Farnum, Bessie Barriscale, and many others.

When I read about Talking Movies I gave way and stormed. Talking Movies! To be annoyed by talking every time one wanted to see a picture. Bad enough the person beside you—but the characters. Never!

I was ultimately persuaded to attend a talking picture. It was "The Hometowners." Did I like it? Well—now I say let us have more, bigger and better Talking Movies! Not sound effects but all talking! They are simply marvellous!

I think Doris Kenyon has the sweetest voice. When I heard Buster Collier, Jr.'s voice I was completely won over to talking pictures.

If you like Barry Norton—see "Mother Knows Best" and receive a splendid surprise. ‘Talkies' are modern! See and hear them—they satisfy!

Sincerely,
MISS MARTHA VAN KIRK
503 Euclid Avenue,
Dravosburg, Pennsylvania

---

The Sound or Silent?

LONDON
Philadelphia
Chicago
PARIS
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Helena Rubinstein Creations are obtainable at better stores or direct from Dept. S-3
New Ventilated girdle reduces waist and hips
~two to four inches in TEN DAYS

FASHIONABLE women everywhere are praising to the skies the marvelous new Perfolastic Girdle that reduces fleshy hips and waist almost as if by magic and quickly gives you the slim, youthful figure you desire.

Perfolastic is entirely different from any other reducing girdle you have ever seen—lighter in weight, cooler, more comfortable, more slenderizing.

Cool— Comfortable— Slenderizing

Don’t confuse Perfolastic with the old style, heavy rubber garments that were so uncomfortable. Perfolastic is a featherweight, ventilated girdle that comes in models that weigh as little as just nine and a half ounces (garters included), and is full of tiny holes to let the skin breathe and the pores function, as they should. It is so cool, so comfortable that you hardly know you have it on.

Perfolastic does not bind or constrict the figure in any way. Bend, twist, turn, exercise as vigorously as you choose, you will find that Perfolastic “gives” with every movement of your body. Made of finest quality pure, live, fresh plantation rubber, by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co., it combines wonderful elasticity with extraordinary strength.

How Perfolastic Reduces

Long experience has shown that the safest, surest way to reduce is through massage, which breaks up the fat cells so that they can be absorbed and carried off by the circulation.

Perfolastic reduces through massage—automatic massage. It fits with glove-like smoothness, closely encircling waist, hips and thighs. The instant you put it on you look slimmer, for it gently straightens out fleshy curves, gives you length of line, helps you stand erect. And, better still, with every breath you draw, with every step you take, Perfolastic exerts a continuous, gentle massage that takes off flesh.

In an amazingly short time bulky hips and waist become slim and shapely—your figure regains the slender, straight lines of youth—you look and feel years younger. Many women have found, to their astonishment and delight, waist and hips reduced two to four inches in TEN DAYS.

No Dieting—No Exercises

Think of what this means! No more wearisome dieting, no more tiresome exercises, no more bitter self-denial in a vain attempt to get thin. For with Perfolastic you can now regain a slender, youthful figure without the slightest discomfort.

Free Booklet and Sample

No matter how much overweight you are, no matter what other methods of reducing you have tried, no matter what other girdles you have worn—give Perfolastic a trial. Write today for interesting FREE BOOK telling more about this remarkable girdle, and picturing the many delightful Perfolastic models, also sample of Perfolastic and full details about the special 5-day trial offer and Money Back Guarantee. No obligation. Don’t delay. Mail coupon below, NOW!

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NEW YORK CITY
Wrinkles appear when the flesh and tissues under the skin become soft or flabby. Babies and children never have wrinkles; their flesh is firm and live.

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This coupon will bring you a FREE sample Jar of Dr. Charles Flesh Food, Dr. Charles Flesh Food, Inc., 120-230 E. C. L., 20-21st Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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DEAR EDITOR:

Do the dreams of fans come true? Some say no, but I say yes! My dreams came true.

On November 12, 1928, I met Dolores Del Rio—my favorite. She is beautiful, sincere and humorous. I am proud to be the president of a fan club in her honor. Her enthusiasm for the success of the club is unbounded.

I distinctly remember being seated on a sofa directly opposite Miss Del Rio, who asked questions and gave pointers for the betterment of her club. Numerous members of the club were present. Many received photographs. Our tongues certainly did wag!

Fans, Dolores Del Rio is beautiful on the screen but not half as beautiful as she is in person. The screen cannot give this star her deep Mexican coloring.

Letters are sent to me asking if Miss Del Rio's hair is really long. It is! Long and dark and not the least bit waved. She uses very little cosmetics. She is much thinner in person. The screen tends to fatten a person.

The evening I met Miss Del Rio was a memory, but even now I can picture it. I see Dolores attired in her pink Parisian evening dress and, cocktail jacket. On her ears were diamond earrings. It was all so lovely.

My dream has come true—never to be forgotten. I close saying, "Dolores Del Rio forever!"

To SCREEnLAND, I extend my best wishes.

To Delight Evans—more success! You are worthy of the high office in SCREENLAND.

Most gratefully,

ROSE BADALI
717 Randolph Street
Chicago, Illinois.

DEAR EDITOR:

Movies are part of my life. I always look forward to a new production and sometimes I can hardly wait for a change in the programs at our theatres. Every picture seems to teach me a lesson.

I have always wanted an opportunity to express my thoughts on why I like the movies. The other day, I bought SCREENLAND and as usual read it from cover to cover and found a place where fans could make "Confessions." Well—here's mine!

Whenever I go to a show I forget all my troubles. That's one reason I have made myself a regular theater goer. What movies really mean to me would take long to answer. I remember every picture I see.

In school I was known as the 'Movie Kid' because I write themes about the pictures I've seen.

Why am I so enthusiastic about movies? Well, listen to this—today we movie fans have our favorites, don't we? I have mine, too, and boy, I received a letter from him! Gee! I'm sitting on top of the world! I'd give the world to say Hello to him but what's a kid going to do? Go to the movies and you'll see your favorite in all his glory. That's my remedy when I'm blue, and it always works.

If I bet other movie fans would like to know who my favorite is. Well, the guy who I think is the greatest and swellest guy in Hollywood is—Richard Dix.

I have written to other movie folk but have received no answer. I hope Mr. Jolson sends me the picture I asked for because I thought he was pretty good in "The Singing Fool."

What would we do without these movies? Where would we spend those nights when we are all dressed up with no place to go? Where would we take the girl friend? The Movies, of course.

May the movie folk of Hollywood have a happy and prosperous year—especially Richard Dix.

Just—

JIMMY BUKOSKI
21 Western Avenue
Seymour, Connecticut.

---

DEAR EDITOR:

If I helped my mother on Saturday morning I was given a dime as a reward and I immediately spent it at the local movie house. My father said that he intended to buy a theater because he thought it would be cheaper in the end. Dad was the bank in our house, we all went to him for show money.

Some movie fans lament the fact that the movies are not realistic enough. Heaven forbid! I hope they never will be for when realism steps in I'll lose my taste for the movies.

I like motion pictures because they depict life. I would like it to be—as not as it really is. Why should I go to a picture that is true to life? I see enough of that every day, and it does not interest me as entertainment.

I, too, am in favor of the 'happy ending.' Somehow a sad ending to a story leaves one disappointed and even a little depressed. whereas a happy ending puts a smile on one's face and a hopeful feeling in the heart.

I think Richard Dix and Ramon Novarro are just 100% and Marion Davies is the last word.

Sincerely,

ESTELLE CARRIER
12170 Broadstreet Avenue
Detroit, Michigan.
Do Unseen Hands Keep You Dumb... When You Ought to Talk?

How often have you wanted to talk, but held back, silent, because you felt unequal to the other people present? How many times have you passed up, or avoided the chance to talk in public—before your business associates, your club or lodge, because of your fear of stage fright? Are you afraid of your own voice—instead of being able to use it as one of the greatest business and social assets in your possession? And yet you might be surprised to hear that many of the most brilliant public speakers we have today felt exactly this way—before they learned how to develop their "hidden knack" of powerful speech—a knock which authorities say 7 men out of every 10 actually possess.

And the chances are that you too have in you the power of effective speech—which, if unloosed, would be almost priceless to you in a social or business way. Find out if you have this natural gift—read every word of the message below.

Discover These Easy Secrets of Effective Speech

PROBABLY you have never pictured yourself being able to sweep a giant audience off its feet—to win the applause of thousands. Yet, the men who are doing such things know that it is all astonishingly easy once you are in possession of the simple rules of effective speech. Before you learn these secrets you may be appalled at the thought of even addressing a small audience. Still it all seems so ridiculously easy when you know how to banish stage fright, and exactly what to do and say to hold an audience of one or a thousand in the palm of your hand.

Yet what a change is brought about when a man learns to dominate others by the power of effective speech! Usually it means a quick increase in earnings. It means social popularity. It means self-confidence. You yourself know how the men who are interesting talkers seem to attract whoever they wish, and name their own friends—men and women alike.

FREE "How to Work Wonders With Words"

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**What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You**

How to address business meetings. How to conduct and respond to trials. How to make a political speech. How to tell entertaining stories. How to write better letters. How to enlarge your vocabulary. How to develop self-confidence. How to acquire a winning personality. How to strengthen your will-power. How to be the master of any situation.

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1601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 6123, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free without obligation a copy of your interesting booklet, How to Work Wonders With Words, and full information regarding your course in Effective Speaking.

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Charming Hair!

Now you can have it and keep it!

Your hair, soft, fragrant—breathe! Alive with that youthful sparkle everyone admires. Having it and keeping it is larger matter of point than shampooing. Not just soap-and-water "washes," but the regular use of a shampoo that really softens—then you can create especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking!

If you really wish to make your hair bewilderingly lovely—just one Golden Glines Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely clean. It gives your hair a "tiny-dine"—not little bit—but much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one’s appearance; that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admires! Millions use regularly! You’ll like it! There’s a youth-impacting touch—a beauty specialist’s secret in its formula. At your dealer. 2¢, or send for free sample.

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Fascinating EYES

SPARKLING fascinate your eyes and the allure of youth can be yours. Just use Katherine Mac Donald’s Lash Cosmetic. It makes lashes appear longer, uniform, and luxurious yet washable and look natural. Absolutely waterproof. Lovers have said it is the best, and natural, and will not break them.

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Educator Press, 19 Park Row, New York, Dept. C-48

A Movie Fan Makes Good

Dear Editor:

I’m a movie fan—and how! Right now I’m employed in a company that has a chain of stores, and I’ve never yet become tired of seeing moving pictures. So many people remark that they’re tired of seeing so many shows, but nine times out of ten those people go to ten-cent “shooting galleries,” so no wonder!

While just a little fellow I used to stick a knife in my bank and slip out a nickel so I could go see Pearl White, Ruth Roland, or William Duncan. This happened about every Saturday, because I liked to follow serials, especially when the above mentioned were starred.

One time when I was about twelve years of age, I wrote a letter to the manager of a first-run theatre in Kokomo (Ind.). I realized now how childish and silly it sounded, but it started me on the road to the career I have always desired. The manager answered with a wonderful letter and enclosed a complimentary ticket. Month after month I received passes to see the shows. I was beginning to appreciate such stars as Conway Tearle, Wanda Hawley, Thomas Meighan, Wallace Reid, Mac Murray, and so many others. It wasn’t long until I became a “flunkey” around the theater. Those were the days! My salary was meager, but I didn’t mind that. I just wanted to be around a theatre all the time. You could hardly drive me away.

So you can see why I am interested in the movies. I shall always like them. They are my means of enjoyment and recreation, with the exception of your magazine. The trade papers are interesting enough, but give me Screenland to read before I go to bed. Now don’t get the idea it puts me to sleep. On the contrary it keeps me wide awake until the small hours of the morning, but nevertheless it is a good tonic.

To Delight Evans I extend my congratulations (and it’s sincere) on her appointment to the Editorship of Screenland. Her clever reviews have always given me many moments of pleasure. Often after I have seen a picture, I have had the desire to see and talk with her concerning her opinion of that particular picture. Perhaps if we have talking magazines, I will be able to have her voice her opinion.

Sincerely,

RALPH COKAIN,
Marion Theatre Co., Marion, Indiana.

She’s for Silence!

Dear Editor:

I’m a movie fan—always was and always will be.

First—three cheers for Screenland. Long may that delightful magazine prosper.

Second—the talks! Personally, I can’t stand them. Once in a while all right, but for a steady diet—No!

The scenes in “The Air Circus” with Movietone were awful earsores; but, on the other hand, I wouldn’t have missed “The Terror” for a fortune. Until the talking is improved give me the silent screen. I went to see Dolores Costello in “Glorious Betsy.” She was very beautiful but—her voice!

Why doesn’t Paramount put Mary Brian in better pictures? She is a marvellous actress. She and Buddy Rogers or Richard Arlen go well together. She would also be lovely opposite Gary Cooper or William Haines. William Haines and Harold Lloyd are my favorite comedians. Both Nancy Drexel and Barry Norton show promise. I’m tired of the red-hot-mama type. Give us more Janet Gaynors, Nancy Drexels, Mary Bryans, Fay Wrays and Mary Philbins. Again, a yell for Screenland, that magazine of personality.

Sincerely,

BETSY KENNEDY.
314 Berkeley Place.
Brooklyn, New York.

She's for Sound!

Dear Editor:

I adore the movies and I feel that I derive just as much education from a clean good book and I consider good books my best friends, for with them I am never lonely. So it is with pictures.

Who could feel blue or lonesome seeing Clara Bow or the demure Janet Gaynor? I whistled ‘Angela Mia’ for a week after seeing "Street Angel" and I cried for a week over ‘Sonny Boy’—Davy Lee really lived in that picture. If Lon Chaves is not always fine and clean and I should like very much to hear him in a talkie. The actors seem so much nearer to us when we hear them speak; it’s next to really seeing them. Conrad Nagel has a wonderful voice and his stock goes up 100% after you hear him speak.

Then there’s the News Reels. Isn’t that an opportunity in a lifetime for a poor little country diet—NO! She can stay in her hometown and see the world! Thanks to the movies we have no Dumb Doras any more, for even the most obscure country girl has seen Paris, London, New York, and all the wonders of Egypt. Long live the talkies, the eighth wonder of the world!

Sincerely yours,

BERENICE B. GOODWIN.
1600 Iredell Drive.
Raleigh, North Carolina.

This is the Fans’ own department. Contribute to it!
She kissed Broadway good-bye to take a flyer in talkies for Fox: Marguerite Churchill.

The smile belongs to Raymond Hackett, late of Broadway, now lending his talents to Norma Shearer’s all-talker, “The Trial of Mary Dugan.”

Charles Bickford, below, one of Broadway’s most popular leading men, has deserted the stage to act for Cecil deMille in “Dynamite.” Another Thomas Meighan?

Give their regards to Broadway—they’re in the movies now!

Charles Bickford, below, one of Broadway’s most popular leading men, has deserted the stage to act for Cecil deMille in “Dynamite.” Another Thomas Meighan?

Helen Kane, celebrated soubrette of Manhattan musical comedies, makes her movie debut with Richard Dix in “Nothing But the Truth.”

Above is Lee Patrick, a pretty and persuasive actress who has transferred her allegiance from stage to screen, for Pathé.
Who's Making in

All the Little Hey-Hey Girls are land's (Good) Scout After Visit-

By

Everybody thinks Hollywood is a red-hot town because it holds a dash of tobasco, chili, perfume of Arabia and sloe gin in human form. But just as, so long as we are in this world, the most docile person has some quality of imperfection, so these vivid personalities of the screen have a side to them so strong, so true and fine that people less tempted and less tolerant might do well to follow.

The more I know of the leaders of cinemaland the more they make me think of the advice Polonius gave his son Laertes in “Hamlet”: “To thine own self be true; and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.”

Being true to one’s self is perhaps the hardest thing in the world for some people who have a false sense of humility. They beggar themselves, deny themselves, sacrifice themselves until they are sour, crochety old bodies and find that their sacrifice has only made the object of it selfish and thoughtless.

The girls in Hollywood don’t do that. They develop themselves first, and improve their talents; then they are in a position to keep their whole family in luxury and they do. Upon the girls who dare and do depend the welfare of their family and so the things that appear selfish in them are really merely protective. They must save themselves; appear always at their best in order to keep the hard-won niche they have aspired to.

I think one reason that these girls get so much is that they are so grateful for what they have. Lupe Velez took me through her
Home Girls Now, Reports Screening Clara, Lupe Velez, and Others.

Helen Ludlam

new house the other day. She was almost bursting with delight over a new radiola-victrola that had just been installed that afternoon. "Look, Helen," she cried, "Isn't it the biggest thing? So big! They have to send all the way to New York to get this one for me. And how it plays! You can make it repeat over and over and it holds twelve records that it discards itself—look! I show you!"

She stood before it, a worshipful little figure in a black quilted satin lounging robe appliqued with branches of pomegranates. "I have just got up," she apologized for the lounging robe. "I finish my picture yesterday and I sleep all the time."

Her brother Amelio bounded in at that moment. He is a great saxophone enthusiast and is preparing for concert work with a good deal of success predicted for him. The two children live alone in the big house.

Like a child showing off her doll's house Lupe took me over every inch of her menage. Her bedroom would have been a surprise to almost anyone, particularly to those who have thought of her as a Carmen off the screen. Instead of a bizarre affair with heavy silken drapes, thick carpets, incense, and banks of pillows, what was my astonishment to enter a room one might have planned for a five-year-old child. The woodwork was a light cream; the wall paper also light cream with delicate pink roses scattered over it. The ivory bed was covered with rose taffeta and the window hangings, of the same material, were sim-

(Cont. on page 101)
Extra, Extra! Richard Dix ready to Leave the Screen! But Then the Talkies Came Along and Made him Change his Mind. Read This Frank, Revealing Story in Which a Famous Film Star Actually Says What He Thinks. Meet the Real Richard Dix.

"I was ready to quit pictures cold!" said Richard Dix. We were walking up the broad oak stairs of a famous old New York restaurant whose bowed windows overlook Saint Patrick's Cathedral. "Ready to quit cold," he continued, "when talking films came along."

He took off his heavy, woolly overcoat, the kind a woman instinctively wants to stroke to see if it can possibly be as soft as it seems—and sat down at the table. Healthy, tanned, full of the devil, Richard Dix looked better than he ever looked in his life. And he seemed to have something on his mind that he wanted to pass along to me.

"You know," he said, "a man tells the truth once, maybe twice in his life: just before he dies, and sometimes—just before he marries. Well, I'm not thinking of getting married and I'm certainly not thinking of pushing off, but I'm going to tell you the truth today. This is my Swan Song. The truth about this or anything else you want to know!"

I looked Richard Dix square in the eyes. I have interviewed a variety of men in a variety of places: offices, drawing rooms, chanceries, barrooms, prisons, hospitals, speakeasies and trains. But I never had one speak so frankly before. Maybe he was posing! But he returned my look with a steadiness which is difficult, even for an experienced actor, to simulate.

"All right," I answered, "but I think I ought to warn you that anything you say will be used against you. If you tell me the truth, the truth will be printed."

"Go ahead. I wish to Heaven you would! If ever a man was sick to death of working in Glorified Quickies, that man's name is Richard Dix. And Glorified Quickies are all I've been playing in for the past couple of years."

Plainly, Richard Dix meant what he said.

"Tell me," I asked, "why has the advent of talking pictures changed your mind about quitting the film game?"

"It was like this. I had made up my mind to quit making Glorified Quickies, to go to Hawaii, or some other tropical place, to eat, grow a paunch, maybe, and be merry—because I couldn't stand the kind of pictures I was continually being forced to play. Beating up ten villains to protect the village gal, jumping off of cliffs on the backs of Chinamen, and all that sort of tommyrot! I was on the stage for years. I know good drama when I see it. But the fans kept writing in and asking: 'Why do you play comedies? We want to see you in dramas.' It was too much. Dramas! The only two film dramas I ever played in were 'The Vanishing American' and 'The Christian.' Both a long time ago. Today, I have light little pictures that neither give me a chance to do what I want nor to play the parts the fans want to see. For that reason I made up my mind to quit.
any old picture. True, all of our favorites are not baby-dolls. Some actually possess great artistry, but in any event we go to see personalities.

Our devotion to Colleen Moore, Dick Barthelmess and Rin Tin Tin is a great cross to the producers. Time and again they have tried to subordinate ‘film favorites’ to their studio labels, but with very doubtful success. They make a picture with good, but unknown actors. Instantly comes a cry from the exhibitors: “Give us names!—Clara Bow! Ronald Colman! Bull Montana! Somebody!” But Clara, Ronald and Bull are working elsewhere, so what—to do?

Well, they’ve got to offer them more, that’s all. It isn’t the stars who are demanding big salaries. The producers are offering them. Harry Handsome is getting two thousand dollars a week at the Climax Studio. The Eureka producer learns that his contract will be up on the first. “I can pay him twenty-five hundred a week and make a barrel of money off him!” he exclaims. But another producer, watching the press comments, and learning that Harry’s fan mail has doubled in the last year, figures that he can pay him three thousand a week. And so it goes. Harry’s salary is absolutely determined by the grand old law of supply and demand. Every time you write him a fan letter you boost his salary. Don’t you suppose Clara Bow’s five thousand letters a week influence her producers when renewing her contract? I once asked Charlie Chaplin if he didn’t get fed up on attracting notice wherever he went. “Yes,” he replied, “it is terribly annoying and tiresome. But oh, Bob, how I would hate to have it stop!” Charlie knows it is one measure of success.

While we are solving the mysteries of motion picture salaries we might stop and thank the Wizard of Menlo Park. If ever a movement is started to build Thomas Edison a monument the musicians and picture actors should be the largest contributors, for the basic possibility of their large earnings will be found in those two mechanical devices of reproduction, the cinematograph and the phonograph. Caruso could have sung his head off to individual audiences but he never could have earned the stupendous sums that came to him from his Victor records. Charlie Chaplin could possibly have filled Madison Square Garden twice daily with multitudes to see his art in person, but it is the Edison projector (Cont. on page 104)
Janet Gaynor's

It is Janet's Favorite Costume. She Wears It in "Christina." And She Wants One of her Fan Friends to Have It!

Miss Gaynor Will Give her Lace Gown to the Writer of the Best Letter Answering her Question: "Shall I Continue to Play Character Roles as in 'Seventh Heaven,' 'Street Angel,' and 'Christina'—or Shall I Play the Smart Modern Girl? And Why Do You Think So?"

Janet Gaynor posing in the beautiful lace gown and cap which she wears in the wedding scenes of "Christina," her latest picture, and which she offers to a fan.

By 'the best letter' little Janet means that letter which is most expressive, sparkling, clever, and well-written, answering the question the star has asked about what parts she should play.

When you see Janet Gaynor on the screen—as Diane in "Seventh Heaven," or as Angela in "Street Angel"—you feel as if you really know her. She has a sweet and human quality that reaches right out of the picture and touches you and makes you her friend for life! And a costume she has worn in one of her inimitable characterizations becomes doubly valuable because she has worn it.
SOMEBOW SCREENLAND is particularly pleased with this month's Gift Offering to a lucky fan. Perhaps it is because Janet Gaynor gives it—and Janet is one of our first favorites—as she is everybody's! And then the fact that this costume which she wears in "Christina" is really exquisite probably has a lot to do with our pleasure! While Miss Gaynor wears it in the wedding scenes in her latest picture, "Christina," it could be worn as well as a costume party gown, and, of course, is just the thing for a fancy-dress ball. But we have a sneaking suspicion that whoever wins it will see, sometime, somewhere, somehow, that it serves its original purpose—as a bridal dress. For these days, you know, modern brides are going in for this sort of thing.

Janet Gaynor has just completed "Christina" and has sent SCREENLAND the lovely lace gown and cap which she wears in the wedding scenes—and of which, she says, "It's just about the sweetest costume I have ever worn in a picture! I became very fond of it while I was doing those scenes and I do hope that whoever wins it will like it, too!" "Christina" is laid in a little village in Holland but this costume is of no particular country—more, says Janet, of a "dream dress!"

Address—JANET GAYNOR
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes March 10, 1929

For the Best Fan Letter

For the Best Fan Letter

Gift Gown

Somewhow SCREENLAND is particularly pleased with this month’s Gift Offering to a lucky fan. Perhaps it is because Janet Gaynor gives it—and Janet is one of our first favorites—as she is everybody’s! And then the fact that this costume which she wears in “Christina” is really exquisite probably has a lot to do with our pleasure! While Miss Gaynor wears it in the wedding scenes in her latest picture, “Christina,” it could be worn as well as a costume party gown, and, of course, is just the thing for a fancy-dress ball. But we have a sneaking suspicion that whoever wins it will see, sometime, somewhere, somehow, that it serves its original purpose—as a bridal dress. For these days, you know, modern brides are going in for this sort of thing.

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Address—JANET GAYNOR
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes March 10, 1929
"Open House"

By Grace Kingsley

One of the first people we met was Jack Gilbert, who had arrived alone, and who was as handsome, courteous, and entirely charming as ever. Greta Garbo is in Europe, you know.

"When anybody becomes as universally popular as Jack Gilbert is on the screen, there is some good reason inherent in his inner self that makes it so," remarked Eduard.

"Oh, there's quite a line-up of romances here," remarked Patsy, as we said hello to lovely little Janet Gaynor and to Charles Farrell, and to Nick Stuart and Sue Carol.

Nick declared that he never expected to go abroad to do a picture, but now that seems to be called off.

Sally Phipps had come with Earl Weingart; and Lowell Sherman arrived a little late, following a benefit performance in which he had taken part.

One fascinating guest was Fay Compton, the famous...

"Mary Duncan just never will go back to the stage now, of course," remarked Patsy the Party Hound, as we paused for a moment before Miss Duncan's beautiful new English-mansion home in Bell-Air, the other evening, before going to her house-warming party.

We had gone out there with Eduard Raquello, and we paused a moment to admire the beautiful rolling grounds about her house—grounds containing great old trees, lovely lawns, flower gardens. And there was a gaily lighted Christmas tree on the front lawn—a growing Christmas tree, which had been decorated and lighted before Christmas and which still remained, a cheerful friend beckoning Mary's guests with a bright welcome.

Inside we found our hostess looking radiantly lovely in a rainbow-hued gown that set off her daintiness.

"Miss Duncan is sweet and piquant at the same time," remarked Eduard after our greetings were over. "That's a combination one seldom finds."

There was a great fire in the big living-room, and there we found many guests gathered, although many overflowed, too, into the library and...
in Hollywood

"Walk right in and make yourself at home!" say the stars, most hospitable folk in the world. We don't mind if we do!

English actress, who amused and delighted us with her bright wit.

Lya de Putti, alluring as ever—maybe a little more so now that she has made her hair auburn, and bobbed it close—came with F. W. Murnau, who seemed much devoted to her.

"But after all," remarked Patsy with a sigh, "you never can quite tell about these foreign men. They all have such gallant manners."

June Collyer came with Howard Sheehan. June looked simply ravishing in a tight-fitting white beaded gown with a wide flounce of white chiffon.

We talked a lot with Sue Carol, who is always the life of the party. She was wearing a ring, we noticed, on her engagement finger; but it turned out to be an heirloom—handed down from her great-grandmother—a large opal surrounded by tiny diamonds and set in quaint design. She had been running about getting autographed photographs, she said, for a small invalid boy she knew. She said that she knew she should be in the publicity business, because she was just born for it. She kidded Joseph Shea, of the Fox publicity department, asking him if, should anything happen to her picture career, she might be allowed to stenog a little for him and sweep out the office—said she was willing to begin at the bottom and work up.

She was wearing Nick Stuart's gardenias, and they appear to be more devoted to each other than ever.

Nick told us more about his trip in Europe. He said that he loved the picturesque Spain. In one town, he told us, a quaint little place, the King was expected that day to crown a statue of the Virgin Mary that was being erected in the market place. The King arrived in due time, and out came all the people dressed in their native costumes. They seemed to idolize their ruler, and said that no little village was ever too small for him to visit if he was invited for some special occasion.

"Ours was the first automobile that had ever visited the town, and how the people crowded around it!" said Nick.

"The natives all followed the camera and wanted to work in the picture," he declared. "And in Italy, we were working one day when Mussolini arrived in town. He freely allowed us to photograph him and when we had finished, he asked us if there was anything else we wanted him to do!"

Winfield Sheehan was there, and George O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Lydell Peck, Robert Benchley, Marguerite Churchill, Helen Twelvetrees, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Wurtzel, Howard Sheehan, Mr.
TMarv Duncan in the doorway of her home, waiting to welcome the guests who came to her house-warming party. Read Grace Kingsley's account of the party. More darn fun!

The new English home of Mary Duncan, the Broadway actress who deserted the stage for Hollywood and the movies.

and Mrs. Jack Blystone, Mr. and Mrs. Tristram Tupper, Carey Wilson, Dave Stamper, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Sprague, Phil Klein, A. H. Van Buren, and a dozen others.

Lois Moran, looking fresh and sweet and wholesome as she always does, came with Walter Hutchinson.

George O'Brien arrived alone—Olive Borden, he explained, being ill with a cold.

Lilyan Tashman, gorgeous in a white satin gown made in a manner so cunning as to suggest a Greek costume, and looking very pretty these days with a new bob to her golden hair, came with Eddie Lowe, her husband.

"Oh, there's Bebe Daniels!" exclaimed Patsy, running over to greet Bebe, who had just come in with Robert Castle—who, by the way, seems to have an awful crush on Bebe. Miss Daniels looked positively ethereal in a tight-fitting white gown.

"And when a brunette manages to look ethereal, she must be lovely indeed!" observed Patsy. "And isn't Robert Castle just too handsome?"

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn were there, Mrs. Goldwyn in a white gown, looking girlish and beautiful.

Mrs. Allan Dwan turned out to be a perfectly delightful young lady, amusing and pretty. She used to be Marie Shelton in the Follies, you know. She told us about how she and Allan are living at Malibu Beach, and how they had a Christmas tree right outdoors on the beach. She also told about buying a new car to surprise her husband, who is directing Douglas Fairbanks, you know, in "The Iron Mask."

(Continued on page 94)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

JANET GAYNOR in "Christina"

Photograph by Kahle
Certain Charmers

When Lovely Movie Ladies Dress Up Like Naughty Babies.

Sheba is a more or less current slang term signifying somebody’s girlfriend. Evelyn Brent, below, explains its origin, as the Queen of all Shebas.

If Cleopatra really looked like this—left—who could blame Messrs. Caesar or Antony? Pictured by Renee Adoree—herself in person.

Ruth Harriet Louise
of Screen History

All photographs on this page by Ruth Harriet Louise.

If these are faithful impersonations of famous ladies of yesterday, more men would be inspired to make history.

To the right: Aileen Pringle as Du Barry— or Pompadour? Which ever celebrated charmer Aileen is made up for, she is equipped to take the kinks out of any old king.

To the right: Aileen Pringle as Du Barry— or Pompadour? Which ever celebrated charmer Aileen is made up for, she is equipped to take the kinks out of any old king.

Dorothy Janis as Lorelei—to the left. No, not Lorelei Lee; but Lorelei, the despair and delight of ancient and other mariners.

So this is Salome! Gwen Lee, assisted by spangles and strands of pearl beads, is about to go into her dance. Would this were a motion picture!
THIS scene from Greta Garbo's new picture, "Wild Orchids," in which Nils Asther also plays, may explain why those orchids went wild.
CHARLES FARRELL making love to Mary Duncan in "The River"—or maybe it's the other way around. Anyway, we hope you like it!
COLUMBIA, the Gem of the Ocean—pardon us, we mean Dorothy Revier, the gem of Columbia pictures! And isn’t she pretty?
THERE are a few women in the world so lovely that other women admit it. Billie Dove is just such an irresistible beauty.
Poems have been written in praise of perfect trees and pretty girls. Exhibit A of the latter: Betty Compson, whose story is opposite.
Betty Compson is the miracle girl of the movies. She made her hit in "The Miracle Man" and she is still going strong. She is a refutation of the 'beautiful but dumb' theory. She proves erroneous the accepted belief that actresses and artists are not business women. She is both politic and frank, a combination that wise men deny being possible.

Miss Compson lives for two very definite things. They are love and wealth. She places love first. She frankly admits these are the only things that matter much. Her screen work she likes but principally because of its financial returns.

Astounding figures, aren't they? Miss Compson takes them as a matter of course. That is one reason she is amazing. She doesn't consider such a thing as failure. Ever since she was old enough to think for herself, she realized that she wanted two great things—love and wealth. She has won both. In James Cruze, a great screen director and one of Hollywood's most popular men, she found her ideal love match. He quite evidently agreed with her because they have been happily married for five years.

"We will never be divorced," Miss Compson says. "You may take my word for that."

"Jim and I think alike. That is important to any married couple's happiness."

"We don't (Cont. on page 92)"
A location on land is one thing. A location at sea is something else. Are you with me?

I was booked for a day at Long Beach with the Buster Keaton company. That sounded great—until they told me to be ready at five-thirty in the morning!

But I managed to get to the Hotel Breakers at Long Beach, where the company was stopping, just in time, for the company cars were standing by and everyone climbing into them. I did likewise and was taken to the dock where a steam launch waited to take us to the yacht in the harbor. It was just a few minutes' spin and we found ourselves on board the neatest little yacht you ever saw.

I began looking about immediately for breakfast but everyone had had it, which gave me great concern. Everyone was very mysterious about it and kept saying, "Wait till
Mr. Sedgwick comes." Edward Sedgwick, the director, seemed to be the only one who knew the words: "Open sesame!"

In the meantime the seamen and grips were fastening the yacht to a tug which was to hold the four cameras and several wind machines for the first shot. They took the cameras over in a row boat and as the operators climbed the slippery side of the tug they got razzed in turn by the crowd on board the yacht; about fifty feet away. Several oranges and apples were pitched across the watery space just as a mark of affection. They had to photograph Buster while he climbed over the rigging, slipped and slid, got all tangled up in the ropes and finally fell into the water. The idea of the story, temporarily titled "Spite Marriage," is that Buster started life as a tailor and as he pressed and cleaned his customers' swell suits he wore them a time or two—to be sure that they were all right. He fell in love with the leading lady of a stock company, Dorothy Sebastian, and bribed a super who had to kiss her to let him play the bit. In a fit of temper against the leading man, Edward Earle, Dorothy marries Buster thinking, because of his clothes, that he is a millionaire. When she finds out the truth she gives him the air and goes off on a yacht with a party of friends, including Edward Earle. Buster, to forget his woes, ships on a boat that is wrecked, and he is paddling disconsolately about in the water when the yacht his wife is on picks him up. The captain says he can work his way back to shore and Buster does his best, but he is a tailor, not a boatman. When he discovers that his wife is on board his whole effort is spent in keeping out of her sight, which leads to complications. That bit of the picture was what I saw. Leila Hyams is in the cast, too, but not in (Cont. on page 110)
HOW the "DEB"

By Adrian
Screenland's Fashion Editor

To the left: Anita Page discusses her new wardrobe with Gilbert Adrian, the famous designer who creates clothes for Miss Page and other Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.

Above, and reading down the style strip: Anita wearing a pajama ensemble of deep rose created by Adrian; next, a lounging suit; then an evening costume—a stiff black velvet wrap over a bouffant gown; and finally, Anita in an afternoon frock of periwinkle blue panne velvet, which she wears in "Modern Maidens"—the same dress Adrian is showing her in the photograph to the upper left.

Anita Page is one of the modern young women who like the bird of Paradise and other rare birds should be protected by some society lest her species become extinct! In other words, Miss Page is one of the really "honest to goodness" ultra-feminine women. Put her in sports things and she remains feminine; put her in pajamas of the most boyish type—and still she makes it ridiculously like lavender and lace, in spite of itself. There should always be that type of young woman. Miss Page is its essence. She literally smothers any severity by her femininity. The more boyishly one dresses her, the more
SHOULD DRESS

Adrian Designs Clothes for the Pretty, Fluffy, Ultra-Feminine Girl of Debutante Age Personified by Anita Page.

Adrian, noted fashion expert, acts as style advisor to SCREENLAND readers. Ask him questions concerning clothes. He will be glad to help you. Address Adrian, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

One of the cleverest creations Gilbert Adrian has ever conceived is the jaunty little sports dress sketched above, of white crepe trimmed with red. Next, a grey tweed day dress designed for Anita Page worn by her in "Modern Maidens." According to Adrian, the very pretty 'fluffy' type of girl may wear the most severe clothes and still remain perfectly feminine.

she emerges a most perfect girl.

In the first place she is blonde—so terribly blonde that nothing else matters! She has the potential qualities of the most fluffy kitten. Put her in periwinkle blue and she fairly purrs her delight. Lavender is equal to a large bowl of milk to her, and white does for her exactly what the loveliest bow ever tied around a kitten's neck would do!

Anita was made for favorite face powders, soaps and skin-you-love-to-touch advertisements. Ziegfeld would glorify her forever.

If you are an Anita Page you have, perhaps, from a clothes standpoint, the 'easiest way,' so to speak. There is no straight and narrow path for you—you can gambol all over the place—for you are beautiful, and beauty has perhaps an easier path to walk.

Of course you can never be really interesting to look at — this you must sacrifice. You can never be startling because, alas, you are beautiful! You can never

(Continued on page 101)

The small photograph below shows the shimmering sequin trimming of the evening gown, and the bow-knot pattern at the back.

Anita Page wearing a delicate tulle dance frock designed for her by Adrian.

45
DAYS before an eastern train pulled into Los Angeles recently with Clinton Brown aboard, James Brown was preparing for the first visit of his father.

Jimmy Brown is listed on the cast sheets of motion pictures as James Hall.

In his anticipation, Jimmy moved from a three-room apartment to one with five rooms. He had his negro house-boy learn how to cook all his father’s favorite dishes. He bought a new radio. He redecorated a room for his dad. He leased a new home in Hollywood where the two could move when it had been enlarged. He arranged with Josef von Sternberg, who was directing his new picture, “The Case of Lena Smith,” so that he could have some extra time that noon to meet the train. And he was down to the depot an hour before the little 67-year-old Dallas painter arrived.

Unless it is told, no one knows how much his father’s visit means to Jimmy Hall.

Years ago, it seems, the elder Brown told the junior Brown that he never could succeed on the stage. He told him continually. He told him emphatically. He told him with scoldings every time the youngster danced in amateur night performances.

But since that time, James Hall has accomplished a great deal on the screen and before that on the stage. During his 31 months on the screen, Hall has appeared in 17 film productions, two of them road-shows. He has played opposite 12 feminine players.

Almost any father would like to have a son as well-known as James Hall.

Clinton Brown is no exception.

Although the visit was to have lapsed into months, there was just one week of Hollywood for Jimmy’s dad because Jimmy was called to Texas for personal appearances. And to make the week shorter, on the last day the son was cast in the leading role opposite Vilma Banky in her next picture. All Hollywood had been searched for a leading man. Finally the Banky company went to New York confident that they could find a Broadway actor on the scene of the location of the picture. All the boys of the play-shops were tested. In the end they came back to Hollywood and James Hall. The role meant fittings for clothes, story conferences and all that precedes the start of a picture.

But in that week’s visit, Jimmy saw that his father was properly introduced to Hollywood. He met every star of the colony. He visited every studio. He had his picture taken with his son. And he went to every well-known place around the film city.

Although he was once wrong about the eventual success of his son, now there are three topics from which anyone talking to Hall’s
father can never get very far. One is James Hall. Another is James Hall’s boyhood. And the other is James Hall’s success.

Clinton Brown is the proudest father in Hollywood. Jimmy’s dad has kept back his pride for years and it has all exploded during this visit with his son.

“One thing,” laughs the 67-year-old edition of the screen player, “Jimmy climbed all the way himself—in spite of my opposition. “The main reason I tried to stop Jimmy was because of his youth. And it’s hard to visualize your son a success in a profession where thousands want the same thing. But nobody could have stopped Jimmy. He inherited his ambition from his mother. She was in musical comedy before our marriage. Real stage determination must seize you like a tremendous current.”

“When he was three years old, Jimmy’s mother used to teach him and his older sister dancing. They’d roll back the rug and away they would dance in front of the fireplace. Jimmy was so small that he fell down easily until he learned. But it never hurt him. They used to do a skating dance and several tap dances when company came.

“When Jimmy was four, his mother died. The other day, he told me that is one of the first things he remembers. He came into her room with his sister. He was dressed in a sailor suit his mother made. She drew him up to her and said, ‘Jimmy, I do want you to be a good boy. I’m so tired. I’m going to sleep. Won’t you go out and play?’ He didn’t understand and ran out and played.

“I tried three housekeepers but Jimmy wouldn’t do anything they asked him to. He would stand right up to them and say, ‘My mother never did that.’ So I sent him to his grandfather’s ranch at Thornton and the other two went to their aunt’s home. After three years, I married again and all three children came back to live with us. Jimmy went to a military academy downtown the street. He began dancing again on his own accord.”

“When he was nine years old, he was always at the theaters. If we wanted him, we’d have to walk down to the show. At first, I’d spank him when he came home. But that was so often that finally I just chastised him when he stayed out after ten o’clock.

‘He knew everybody in the theaters. When travelling companies came, he’d meet them at the station. They usually arrived at six in the morning. Well, Jimmy was down at the depot and helped them carry suitcases and if there was anybody who had never been there before, he’d show them to the hotel. Actors were gods to him.

‘Every night he’d go down to the theater to watch the actors arrive. Sometimes the ushers would let him go back stage and watch the performance. Sometimes he’d be around the ticket office. He’d always get in some way. When he couldn’t find any other way to see the show, Jimmy would give out hand-bills advertising the program for a pass.

‘On Thursdays the vaudeville house of Dallas used to have

(Cont. on page 107)
Fannie, meet the folks. Folks, Fannie. You’ll like her—in her own words, you’ll be ‘crazy for her.’ You’ll have to be yourself with Fannie. She forgets she’s a lady in “My Man” and you’ll forget your manners laughing at her. Her first film is gay, infectious, low-brow entertainment—a grand, rowdy, combination movie-musical comedy-vaudeville show.

Fannie Brice is the First Female Clown of the American stage. And such is her hilarious effect upon me that I am about to forget what I owe the one or two leading movie comedians and install Fannie as the supreme funny woman of the screen. She’s not only funny—she is ingratiating. This ‘pathos’ stuff has been overworked among comedians, but Fannie brings a new brand that you won’t be ashamed to sniff at. Miss Brice is a very real actress and a most engaging personality when she chooses to ‘play it straight.’

“My Man,” is next to Jolson’s “Singing Fool,” the smoothest vehicle a stage celebrity ever rode to screen fame in. Concocted for Fannie’s talents, it not only affords the star ample opportunity to perform her specialties, but it is very fair entertainment on its own account. The star is seen as a sewing-machine girl—one of those mothering hearts usually so objectionable but, as played by Fannie, just good-natured. She big-sisters Edna Murphy and little brother, and finally, a man, Guinn Williams, who, much to his surprise, is soon found enacting the title role of the film. Oh, yes, there’s a plot, but I don’t want to get mixed up in it. Enough that now and then it stops to allow Fannie to sing her best songs, such as “I’m an Indian,” “Spring,” and—yes, indeed—“My Man”; and to recite “Mrs. Cohen at the Beach,” which I humbly consider one of the Great Moments in the theater, rivalling Charles Chaplin’s most inspired clowning. I know Miss Brice’s masterpiece is a monologue rather than pantomime and that it wouldn’t be possible without sound equipment; but what of that? It’s a classic no matter what you call it. The direction is more than adequate. There is one scene in the factory, recording the whirr of the sewing-machines and the buzz of the workers’ voices, which is the nearest to artistic illusion the talkies have attained. Edna Murphy as the scheming sister is so much more exciting than she ever was as a sweet girl that it makes you wonder if there is any justice in the movies. The new Miss Murphy will never be out of a job. If you like to laugh, see “My Man” with that funny woman, Fannie Brice.

If the talkies are carrying on that noble old tradition of ‘A laugh first and last,’ with Fannie and Al contributing, let’s give them a big welcome!
LOVE!

who is Singing and Dance Fane in the Talkies.

Sydney Valentine

outstanding attraction of the talking films.

Her career goes back to the days of the old Triangle Film Company where she made herself famous in sad-eyed roles of the abused little slavey. She was discovered by D. W. Griffith, or rather, she invited Griffith to discover her. For during a school vacation she called on the great director and asked him to give her a part in a motion picture. The mixture of her childish naivete and audacity tickled the director so much that he cast her in "Flying Torpedoes" and from the first she displayed dramatic talent. But she became identified with a 'type' role and when the movie taste changed, directors and producers were unable to see her in any other characterization. One of her last important appearances on the screen was in the title role of "Lovey Mary," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, released in 1926 with William Haines as the leading man.

In 1927 she ceased trying to gain a new foothold on the screen and turned her attention to the stage. She played in stock in San Francisco and later became the star of a coast company of "Burlesque." When the production closed she entered vaudeville.

Miss Love has always been a dancer of extraordinary talent. During the 'Charleston' craze, she was the champion in that high-tempo dance, and she has won several trophies for her grace and agility in the dance. During the lean years she took vocal lessons and developed a naturally sweet and strong singing voice, so that when she decided to enter vaudeville, she was all prepared. She could sing and she could dance, she had had stage experience and she could also play the ukulele. She was booked over a Western circuit for a fourteen weeks tour which took her from Vancouver to Salt Lake City, Utah. Wishing to test her stage abilities, she traveled under the name of Virginia Lee, so that no success which came to her would be because she was 'Bessie Love of the Movies.'

While she was making her vaudeville tour, the sudden craze (Cont. on page 99)
She Married Him to Reform Him!

And For Once It Worked. Carroll Nye Has Graduated from Juveniles to Leads, All for the Little Woman!

By Betty Boone

"When you marry me there are two things you must promise to give up!" said Helen Lynch, looking at Carroll Nye severely. Carroll shifted uneasily to the other foot, looked affectionately at his cigarette case, and then, after a sidelong glance at his affianced wife, managed to stutter, "Okay, mama, shoot the bad news."

"Carroll, you must keep out of jail! And what is more, you must stop being a brother to half the beauties of Hollywood. There is no future in that sort of thing. You will never get ahead on the screen until you stop playing saps and start playing leads!"

P. S. She won!

Up to that point in his screen career, Carroll Nye had played brother to most of the cinema stars and, because he was usually a weakling as well, bringing nothing but woe to his celluloid sisters, he was always in the shadow of a jail if not actually behind the bars. He had met an untimely demise half a dozen times by bullets or a bash on the head, had been put out of the picture by the hangman's rope and the electric chair and, if our memory serves us correctly, he was once thrown overboard and drowned.

But, since nine months ago when Helen and Carroll were married after she exacted this promise from him, he has been endeavoring to turn over a new leaf.

In "The Perfect Crime," he played the part of a young husband unjustly accused of a crime and of course was kept out of jail. In "While the City Sleeps," Lon Chaney not only keeps him out of the penitentary but hands beautiful Anita Page over to him for keeps. In "The Flying Fleet," he is Ramon Novarro's aviator buddy and, while more or less up in the air, he emerges honorably and intact. His last two pictures have been real leads: in Lionel Barrymore's first directorial effort for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, "Confessions," and with Vera Reynolds in "Jazzland." At the present writing, he is making a test for the leading role of one of the much-discussed big productions to be made in the near future, and all his friends are pulling for him for they agree with Helen that all the boy needs is an outstanding opportunity such as this to put his name in electric lights. (Cont. on page 103)
HE is one of the youngest and ablest of the promising leading men: Carroll Nye, whose story is on the opposite page.
HE rose to fame in "Wings" and he keeps right on soaring. Richard Arlen is our candidate for stardom and glory. Success!
MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE plays Constance in Douglas Fairbanks' new film, "The Iron Mask." Remember Marguerite?
The little girl of "Stella Dallas" has grown up into a charming young woman. Lois Moran is a child prodigy who made good.
It was Neil Hamilton’s talent for tricks of magic that lead to his romance with Elsa and then to recognition in the movies. Now their happy marriage lends magic to Hollywood.

By Julie Lang

If you like your movie stars served without marriage, don’t read this, for I am going to wax narrative about the Hamiltons, Elsa and Neil, who are Hollywood’s staple product in the matrimonial line.

Such rocky topography as Neil’s screen career, his repute for being the handsomest man in motion pictures, long hours of day and night work, have not swerved the good old Hamilton ship one inch off its original course.

Elsa and Neil live sanely in the midst of people who thrive on chaos. They ignore Hollywood’s night life, house parties, and yacht parties, exclusive and otherwise. Furthermore, the Hamiltons have not bought a Hollywood mansion, and are perhaps the only well-known couple in the colony that can boast such an omission. When questioned on this subject they will laughingly tell you that their architectural moods change too rapidly to permit them to be content with one house for more than six months, and even a successful motion picture actor’s salary does not allow such flights of fancy as semi-annual residences.

So the Hamiltons rent, in quick succession, Moorish estates, hillside bungalows, English country style houses, and Spanish haciendas, and are enormously happy in all of them. Their one love is a small beach cottage where they hibernate from May till October and feel pleasantly close to nature when they eat sand with the beans.

Perhaps the true secret of the Hamilton’s blissful union is the fact that Elsa still thinks Neil’s jokes are funny and loves to watch him do card tricks. No more can be expected from any wife.

In fact Neil’s aptitude for tricks of magic lead to his romance with Elsa and thence to recognition in motion picture work.

Neil started life in a frankly poor condition in Massachusetts. At fifteen he had theatrical ambitions and a job in a munitions factory. He holds Hollywood’s record for having worked at more odd and various jobs than any other actor. He has sold, or rather failed to sell, advertising, stocks and bonds, cigars. He has made toys, worked in a Ford factory, enacted the role of shipping clerk in a hardware factory, moved scenery, ushered, and finally played leading man in stock.

A small part with the road show of “Artists’ Life” landed him in the Saxon Auditorium in Toledo. (Cont. on page 100)
MAKING UP

One of the real beauties of the screen, Marion Davies is also an artist at making herself up to look like two or three other girls. Learn about make-up from Marion—and you may win her make-up kit.

By Fred Gilman Jopp

"Make-up," says Marion Davies, her Irish wit bubbling, "is like an irritating itch. Only the person itching knows exactly where to scratch.

"Every woman uses cosmetics. But not many women use them with the understanding and subtlety that make-up demands. Some women don't buy good cosmetics in the first place; others pay more than they should for what they do buy, but these women are not able to discriminate because they don't know what they are purchasing. And many women makes a mess of applying make-up after they do get it."

"Explain that," I urged.

"Women," Marion was serious now, "vary with sunlight, with rain, with bad and good humor, and sickness and health. The best plan for a girl to follow in her make-up is to look at herself first, then at the blending of shades in a flower or bird. Flowers are delicately petaled, deliciously colored. Birds are just flying flowers; their shadings are gradual. Well, every woman should strive to achieve similar effects on her own face. Nature never permits colors to clash in a single flower; nor should they clash in a girl's make-up or her costume. The whole effect, then, should be in a single color, with a blending in of other harmonizing shades. Do this—hold fast to the natural color effects and you escape the vulgar and artificial."

"Make-up," Marion went on, "is a devilish thing. It can make or break a girl.

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"Women," Marion was serious now, "vary with sunlight, with rain, with bad and good humor, and sickness and health. The best plan for a girl to follow in her make-up is to look at herself first, then at the blending of shades in a flower or bird. Flowers are delicately petaled, deliciously colored. Birds are just flying flowers; their shadings are gradual. Well, every woman should strive to achieve similar effects on her own face. Nature never permits colors to clash in a single flower; nor should they clash in a girl's make-up or her costume. The whole effect, then, should be in a single color, with a blending in of other harmonizing shades. Do this—hold fast to the natural color effects and you escape the vulgar and artificial."

"Make-up," Marion went on, "is a devilish thing. It can make or break a girl.

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Why, any one of those jars, bottles and cans you see there—"she pointed to her dressing table—"contain harmless substances. But unscrew the cover of any one of those containers, and a jinnee pops out. I never open one without a thrill. There's voodoo there."

"But how is a girl to know just what make-up is best suited to her individual complexion?" I had an idea that this question would stick her.

"You scratch the spot that itches, Mr. Bones," Marion laughed. "In other words, the make-up that is best adapted to a girl's individual requirements. She can discover by experimenting with various colors, and—"

"But girls usually buy the make-up that is fashionable at the time," I interrupted.

"They shouldn't," said Marion, "for it cannot possibly give them satisfaction. No girl can expect to make-up perfectly in an hour. She must use the kind she thinks best, live with it and watch its reaction on others from time to time.

"When a girl of rather restrained tastes puts on a gown that is more or less attention-compelling, she does not feel at ease—doesn't 'carry it off.' She knows, even before her friends tell her, that something is wrong. Therefore, if she attempts to carry too much make-up—more than her natural gifts can live up to, she gives the impression of artificiality. But when she evolves her natural make-up—the kind that best expresses her coloring and personality, she avoids all appearance of affectation and artificiality. She doesn't look made up at all.

"My advice to the girl who seeks to understand make-up, is to learn to identify cosmetics with the adaptability with which they blend into her individual requirements. After a little practice the right make-up will suggest itself. And once a girl has her make-up properly related to her complexion she will know exactly what to buy, and use, in cosmetics. Moreover, she will instinctively select the color counterparts that best express herself."

Lon Chaney was working. He, some goofy mathematician once figured, had spent 2180 hours at the make-up table in the last five years. But I knew that Lon's mind revolved around one central idea—the development of new methods of make-up and disguise. That struck me funny. I couldn't imagine any nice girl wanting to make-up to look like one of Lon Chaney's screen characters. No, Lon wasn't the lad to help me now.

Suddenly the big idea flashed into my mind. Why hadn't I thought of it before? For out here the words 'make-up' were almost synonymous with a certain celebrated name, and a man who had spent his whole life working with cosmetics. Max Factor was the gentleman who could best give me the exact information necessary. Despite speed cops and a cold motor I left Culver City in nothing flat—bound for Hollywood.

When you come to Hollywood, reader—you will; everybody does sooner or later—be sure to take in the Max Factor plant. You will see unique departments, as spotlessly immaculate as those in a hospital, and you will view mechanical chefs who will cause you to exclaim in astonishment over the facial delicacies they create. The air inside the building is like that hovering over a rose garden in full bloom. It made me feel like the Spirit of Spring.

I wanted to tear off my coat and jump into one of those big velvety lakes of (Cont. on page 112)
When Movies Stars Come East

By

GOODBYE, Greta! Come back soon!

Yes, The Garbo left us for a visit to her native land. She has been longing for a look at Sweden ever since she has been over here. But success has its price. (Sounds like a sub-title!) Garbo became famous. She became rich. But she never could get away to go back home! She was lonely and homesick at first for the clear, cold bracing air of her country; most of all she missed her people—her family from whom she had been separated for so long. But—work—picture following picture kept her too busy to take a vacation.

And then she said, "I 'mos' go home for Christmas!" And when Greta says "mos", it means must. She won. Her last picture was rushed through. She sailed from New York in time to join her family for the holidays. I don't believe those rumor-hounds who vow she is gone for good. How can she, when Metro took the precaution of signing her to a new contract before she left Hollywood?

Clive Brook—ummmm!! Meaning that he is everything—and more—that he should be. I was so afraid I'd be disappointed! I have been, you know, in movie men. You see, I had illusions about Clive—so awfully English, and immaculate, and all! Would he measure up to his screen standards as his fellow-Britisher and friend, Ronald Colman, does? or would he fall far below, as—but mustn't mention names!

Anyway, when I heard he was here—right in New York—where I could get at him, not even the fact that he brought his wife with him on his vacation could stop me. I dashed over to his hotel. And—well, he's swell!
for a Rest—and All the Rest!

Anne Bye

He is rather grave and reserved at first—shy, I suppose—but very, very polite. And his voice, which you heard in "Interference," has a really charming accent—not too bally British, you know; just nice.

Speaking of "Interference," he was. "I like it, yes," he said. "But my role was hardly colorful, was it?" Imagine the serene man liking to play colorful roles! He hopes "Four Feathers" will offer him more opportunity. That's the Cooper-Schoedsack picture that has been in production a long time now.

"I like New York," he admitted, and I suppose I shouldn't quote him but he did add: "Better than Hollywood!"

He isn't worried about talkers because he had a long stage career in England. "Though I hope they don't cast me in a musical comedy film—I can't sing!"

He and Mrs. Brook are returning east soon to sail for London on a real vacation, to be gone three months. Mrs. Brook—and not incidentally, either—is a lovely little thing, English, too, and they are really in love if I ever saw love off the screen. She spent most of her days in town doing the shops.

Oh, yes—I asked Clive his favorite picture and he replied: "Forgotten Faces." What's your favorite Brook picture? One with his autograph, I suppose. (Not that I blame you!)

There's just one word that adequately describes Alberta Vaughn—and that's cute! She is cute. Little, and awfully young, and clever, and cuddly—a nice kid and a 'cute trick.'
Let's Go to
All Right—Let's! But First, You Had Better Make See. And the Best Way to Go About That is To

Adoration
Meet Billie Dove, as Princess Orloff, and Antonio Moreno, as Prince Orloff, at the height of Russia's court life. After a grand ball, Moreno thinks his wife unfaithful because he sees a woman in her chinchilla coat walk into Nicholas Soussanin's door. Before he can ascertain, the revolution breaks out. Pomp and glory give way to the poverty and degradation of Parisian slums. There, as a victim of absinthe, Moreno does some of the best work of his career. And Billie's four-square loveliness makes all this glamour and fantasy, this beauty and bestliness seem real. Don't miss this one.

Avalanche
Look out, look out! Here's that lusty foreigner, Baclanova, burning up the screen in an absolutely knock-out western. Jack Holt plays the hero, and gambles, cheats, and loves to do right by Johnnie—a child he had adopted. A western which both women and men will enjoy.

Love Over Night
Rod La Rocque, money changer, turns into a Romeo overnight when he falls for Jeanette Loff. He thinks Jeanette is concerned in a subway robbery and a little later Jeanette thinks Rod is a crook. A pleasant comedy of errors, with Rod getting the gal in the end.

Floating College
Want to make whoopee on a floating university? What, you haven't got the price? Never mind, save your money and take in this film instead. Risky as well as risque scenes in which Sally O'Neill looks especially lovely and William Collier, Junior, particularly handsome.

What A Night
Bebe Daniels doing a 'Poor Pauline,' Neil Hamilton and William Austin assisting. As a society-girl reporter she shows up a crooked civic leader and an underworld gang, covering herself with bruises and glory. Wheeler Oakman, the crook, gives a suave performance, and Bebe plenty of laughs.
Up Your Mind As To What Picture You’d Like to Read and Be Guided by Screenland’s Revuettes.

The Movies!

Prep and Pep

Culver, Culver, 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah! Yep, it’s a rip-snorting romance—remarkably well done—about your old Alma Mater, Culver Military Academy. David Rollins and Frank Albertson are out to 'get' Flash, (John Darrow), the Academy’s Exhibit 'A' athlete and bully. Do they get him? They do! Plenty of action, a prize fight, grand horsemanship from the famous Black Horse Troops, a prairie fire, and love interest as piquant as a yellow rose. Nancy Drexel, the heroine, Rollins and Darrow all good. But the real honors go to Albertson. He’s a comer!

Geraldine

Eddie Quillan transforms Marion Nixon from a brown caterpillar into a social butterfly. She loves Gaston Glass. But like a lot of Don Juans, when trouble comes in the window he rushes out of the door. A funny climax and ending in which Quillan does fine work.

Shady Lady

Love and crime shadow-boxing under a ripe Havana moon. A splendid cast: Phyllis Haver, a lady-not-too-shady, Louis Wolheim, the gun smuggler, Robert Armstrong, the hijacker, and Russell Gleason, the naive reporter. All spoiled by a story oozing sentimentality.

The Circus Kid

What, you don’t feel like laughing? Well, that old 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh' motif has been pretty thoroughly played out. Frankie Darro, Poodles Hannaford, Helene Costello and Joe Brown worked well, but the plot was too shopworn. Mr. Brown deserves better stuff.

Show Folks

Like absinthe, Lina Basquette grows on you as you make her pictorial acquaintance. In "Show Folks," you see the struggle of two vaudevillians to make the 'big time' circuit. She and Eddie Quillan give sincere performances in this likable film showing the heartbreak of actor folk.
EVERYTHING seems to go by extremes out here! Either the stars are given a vacation with pay for as long as a month while some story angle is being thrashed out, or else they are being worked night and day. During the rush time, only a very well-established star can refuse to report for work when ill—the leading players must show up no matter how they feel or what they look like. After all, humans have not overcome the laws of sense and nature, and until they do they can’t be photographed after being fourteen or fifteen hours in the studio and look anything but what they are—exhausted. The mental state of the company has its effect on the audience that views the picture later. The producers, in their desire to get ahead on their schedule, are piling up trouble for themselves of a different sort. It looks as though they were heartless, but I don’t think it is that. They just don’t realize what they are asking.

One of the companies sent for a player who had gone directly to the studio from the train after a trip from New York and had worked all day. When the producer saw the rushes he was indignant and asked the player what she meant by allowing herself to get ‘rubber tires,’ which is the trade expression for circles under your eyes. ‘What do you mean, would be more to the point,’ the girl replied. ‘If I had a chance to rest I wouldn’t have rubber tires.’

A popular young leading man was staggering around the set with flu last week. His eyes were in such a condition from the cold that the camera man didn’t know what he was going to do about it, but the company was behind schedule and the work had to go on. ‘That guy is supposed to do the heavy love scenes this afternoon. Can you imagine what romantic close-ups his wife will be? He ought to be in bed.’

Oh, there is no use mentioning names or companies. They have all had their fling at this sort of thing, from the highest to the lowest.

Another executive, viewing the day’s rushes, remarked to the director that a certain actor’s eyes kept drooping. ‘You’ll have to watch that. He has a habit of half-closing his eyes.’ The director replied somewhat tartly, ‘You must remember that this scene was shot at two in the morning after a day’s work. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the man’s eyes droop.’

The matter? Sound pictures! They burned up the country. The Western Electric, Victor Talking Machine, and other companies can’t equip the stages fast enough. The sound stages are there right enough, but only one or two are fully equipped and the companies have to work in shifts. On some lots, with all talking pictures the studio works the whole twenty-four hours with two sets of actors and two or three sets of mechanics. The silent pictures have to be rushed so that they can more quickly get to the sound sequences.

No one minds jumping to the rescue in time of storm, but the night work has been going on for months now and is apt to become a habit. Which isn’t cricket, and a thankless job at best.

I have heard it said that if the players weren’t working they would be playing, and in any case the tired eyes would be there; but that, I think, is a bitter opinion. A few people have gone into pictures with the idea of acquiring enough cash to indulge themselves. But the majority are conscientious workers who turn in early during the time they are making a picture. This, they feel, is good business for themselves as well as fairness to their managers.

A leisurely life is Ronald Colman’s idea of a happy one, and why not? To have things evenly divided—work and play. To have time to do everything in an unhurried manner. To sleep, to read, swim, play tennis and hike; to sail and dream in perfect harmony with the work one does—that, to Ronnie, is the perfect life, and it does sound pretty good! ‘As a matter of fact,’ he said, ‘people should get away from the environment they work in to arrive at a true perspective on themselves and what they do. When I am working out a character I must do it away from the influence of the studio first. Then, when it is clear to me, it can be improved upon by suggestions from other people. All during the time I am playing my subconscious mind is busy working out my problems for my pictures. It is torment for me to hurry. I don’t do my best work when I am crowded at the studio and I don’t enjoy recreation if I have to dash through it. Speaking for myself alone, I find I accomplish more by this stop, look and listen method and the result is infinitely better.’
Watching Ronnie smile, someone asked him why he didn’t do a picture that would give him a chance to use it. Ronnie laughed and said Mr. Goldwyn was the one to ask that of, but that anyone who wanted to see him smile would have plenty of opportunity in his next picture, "Bull-dog Drummond," which is good news, for Ronnie has such an attractive smile it is really a pity he has always to be so serious.

* * *

Betty Bronson has grown up. She is proving it by moving to an apartment which she will occupy by herself, cared for by a housekeeper who has been in the family since she was a child.

"I want to be independent and become acquainted with myself," said the diminutive star, who, for all her twenty years, looks like a very little girl. "At home," she continued, "mother and grandma do everything for me and I don’t think that’s right. Particularly I don’t think it’s good for them to do so much thinking for me. I must learn to think for myself, and the only way I can do that is to be alone." So by the time you read these lines Betty will have moved bag and baggage to a charming apartment overlooking the Hollywood hills and the valley beneath with the full approval and consent of her family who do not live so very far away.

Olive Borden has moved to an apartment too, but not for Betty’s reason. A house is too much responsibility for Olive to manage and she took a five-room apartment, decorated it herself along futuristic lines, and will have a sigh of relief when she moves there within the week.

For about three months now, Hollywood has been asking, "Will John Gilbert, or won’t he?" Meaning will he re-sign with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or will he accept one of several tremendous contracts offered him from other companies? Sorry if I got your hopes all up about whether he and Greta Garbo would at last tie the knot. I don’t seem to have anything hopeful in that direction to report —in fact, the last I heard, it was Nils Asther who seemed to be in favor. But could Greta take Nils seriously, I wonder?

Jack waited until the last minute and then trotted down and signed on the dotted line with Metro-Goldwyn as nicely as you please. Not that I imagine it interests you particularly what company Jack appears with just so he appears. Yet some of you may have noticed that Metro has given him a pretty fine break in stories and handled him very well, so I just thought I’d pass the good news along.

* * *

At the opening of a Los Angeles theater recently Tom Mix was asked to make a personal appearance. Tom didn’t want to because he had twelve dinner guests that night and felt it was time he cut out personal appearances, anyway. But when he heard that the management was up against it for stars Tom good-naturedly excused himself from his guests for an hour and went to the theater. And this is what he said: "I want to take this time to thank Young America for what it has done for me. Young America formed an opinion of what
Tom Mix was like, and it kept Tom Mix reaching pretty high to live up to Young America's ideal. I want Young America to know," Tom went on, "that however short Tom Mix may have fallen below its ideal of him. Young America has made a better man of Tom Mix than Tom Mix would ever have made of himself."

It never rains but it pours, and it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and everything turns out for the best! Those are bromides Lilyan Tashman might be humming these days. The last time I saw Lilyan she was like 'Niece, all tears,' but even while she was telling me that she was more disappointed over the postponement of "The Genius," in which she was to play the lead opposite O. P. Heggie, than she had ever been in her life about anything, and that she didn't think she could be so disappointed over anything in this mercurial business, she set her jaw and wound up by remarking that she supposed it was all for the best and that sometime she would know it.

As Lilyan had turned town three good parts to sign for "The Genius" the blow was even greater.

Perhaps the attitude she took helped break things for her; anyway, two days afterward Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer called to say that the part they had offered her before in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" was still open to her, and now Lilyan is sitting pretty with two salaries rolling in and the best part she has had for many a long day. She plays Mary's chorus girl friend who is so clever a witness. Norma Shearer is the star, Bayard Veiller the director. It is an all-talking picture—the first Lilyan has made.

In the column of a Hollywood paper devoted to what the stars wanted for Christmas, Ben Lyon asked that "Hell's Angels" be released. Howard Hughes, the youthful President of Caddo Productions, not being able to grant Ben's request before the new year, replied that he would do the next best thing and present Ben with a gift that would perhaps make it possible for him to be present when the picture finally is released. The gift was a $450 parachute. "That's one Christmas present I hope I won't have to open," said Ben with a twinkle in his eye.

Paramount seems to be busy enough. "The Wild Party," starring Clara Bow and including many of the starlets of Hollywood, will start next week. Warner Fabian's snappy piece was postponed to let Clara get over the flu, but that being a thing of the past, it is high time that party got under way. It will be a taller. Filmdom's biggest box-office bet was a little perplexed when I talked with her about sound pictures.

"I don't know what they are going to do about me," Clara said. "I speak too quickly and my voice records too high, so—I really don't know what they are going to do!" It seemed that it would be just too bad for Paramount if they didn't do something about it, but I discovered that Clara was too critical of herself. Those who have heard her play-back say her voice records beautifully over the wax, and as for speaking too quickly, that is a thing for the monitor to adjust. So, girls and boys, you will soon hear as well as see your flapper heroine. Dorothy Arzner will direct.

Marceline Day is in it, too—that "Wild Party" picture; and say, would you like to know what Santa Claus gave Marceline by means of Richard Dix? All right, listen—a diamond bracelet! Does that give you a thrill and start you tuning up the wedding bells? Well, don't get too excited. Times have changed since Grandma was a girl and young men gave only their fiancées expensive presents. Nowadays a young man can give a girl a gold mine if he thinks she is regular and
he has the price. And it means no more than a bunch of violets did—when Grandma was a girl!

* * *

Emil Jannings began his new picture—working title, "An Alpine Romance." Esther Ralston is the gal, and Gary Cooper, that high-powered, sex appealer, will contribute to the love scenes in a manner to cause maidsens to quiver. Watch out for the ones he offers with Lupe Velez in "Wolf Song," too. Folks say they are powerfull strong, and somebody said it wasn't all acting. But I don't know. Lupe swears she will never marry, so she probably isn't really in love. See what you think when you see it.

Mary Brian and Richard Arlen are going strong in "The Man I Love." It is a story of the squared circle and William Wellman, director of "Wings" and "Beggars of Life," holds the megaphone.

Then as soon as Evelyn Brent gets through playing Pearl in Universal's picturization of "Broadway," she and William Powell will make another all-talker. It will be called "Darkened Rooms," from the pen of Sir Philip Gibbs—a spiritualistic story. Hold your breath, kids, for goodness knows what will happen in it, but something does—and how!

This is only the second time Paramount has loaned a player to Universal, I believe, but Evelyn begged so hard when the part was offered her that Paramount patted her on the head and let her go.

* * *

It seemed to me, when I visited the Columbia Studios the other day, that Norman Kerry had an unusual air of importance about him. "What's it all about?" I demanded. "Why, don't you know?" he asked. "I'm a godfather! To the cutest youngster ever born on this earth!" His name is Norman Tokodya and he is the baby son of the Japanese gardener who cares for Norman Kerry's estate. "He took his christening like a major, too," Norman declared proudly. "Didn't cry a bit!"

On the same day with little Norman were also born on the Kerry estate nine Doberman Pinscher puppies, so that baby will have plenty of little friends to grow up with him.

* * *

After a somewhat hectic two months Pauline Garon signed two contracts at once. One for an Educational Picture and another with FBO.

* * *

Betty Compson signed two contracts on the same day, too. It seems to be the style in Hollywood now. Everybody's doing it. Betty's fine work in "The Barker" had all the managers on their toes to sign her up for future productions and it looks as though Betty had started the most enviable year of her career. She will do four pictures for Fox and three for FBO—all talkers.

* * *

Bess Meredith hopes that she never has to adapt a story in which the heroine goes to the electric chair because it will be all off with her if she does. This is the gag: Bess adapted "The Green Hat" in which Greta Garbo starred. If you remember, the 'shameless, shamefull lady' of Michael Arlen's novel killed herself by driving her Hispano-Suiza head on into a giant tree. While she was working on the story Bess had an automobile accident that proved a close call for her. She is now adapting Herman Suderman's "The Wonders of Woman" in which the heroine dies of heart failure. So when Bess was attacked one night with a terrible pain in the region of her heart she thought, "For heaven's sake, am I going to adopt all the diseases of the heroines I write about?" She was a little worried.
too, but after drinking several cups of hot water she discovered the pain was merely a severe attack of indigestion and not alarming at all. So she had a good laugh at herself.

I guess Michael Curtiz, the director, was pretty glad, too, because he and Bess are to be married very shortly, probably before these lines see print's ink.

The talkers have certainly made an unwieldy business of the motion picture industry. When players think they are all washed up on one thing, sign other contracts and finish two or three pictures, they are called back to make the talking sequences on the one finished so long ago. There is "Hell's Angels" that agitates Ben Lyon so. The picture was eleven months in the making and was finished six months ago. Just the other day, Ben, Jimmy Hall, and the rest of the cast were recalled for the talking sequences. Then it seems that "The Exodius," the Mormon picture made by the Pioneer Film Company, is recalling the players for talking sequences. That means Ben Lyon and Marie Prevost among others. Just how Ben is going to divide himself up is unknown at the present moment.

When Ben was in New York last, Skeets Gallagher kept prodding him to see the flea circus on Forty-second Street. "Those fleas are wonderful, Ben, you have no idea! They do whatever they are told, drag around tiny wagons and everything," whereupon Ben began to feel his (Skeet's) pulse and take his temperature. Finally curiosity got him, but refusing to be recognized on such an absurd jaunt he put on a false beard.

In about two minutes Ben was as enthusiastic about the trained fleas as Skeets. Their feeding time was of tremendous interest. Their trainer bares his arm and at a word from him the fleas hop up and take a nip. That happens once a day and is all their food. Ben waited for their next turn watching everything they did with the greatest attention. On the way home Ben's false beard seemed to give him some trouble and the next day it was discovered that several fleas were missing, among them the leading lady, and to this day Ben has not been able to live down Skeets' jeering remark that he walked away with the cast.

The Fox is apparently going to make a team of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. Watch for those love scenes—they are real. The kids are still crazy about each other, but what do you think is the title of their first picture under the new ruling? "Girls Gone Wild." I hope it is just a working title because it sounds terrible.

All Hollywood was saddened by the sudden death of Theodore Roberts, who has for so many years been a pillar of the stage and screen. No one can take his place. His funeral called forth the biggest names in Hollywood, some of whom owed their first start or a new beginning to his kindly advice.

Following her marriage to Peverel Marley, Lina Basquette will start on a tour of four weeks with the Fanchon and Marco outfit in a dancing act. It seems too bad that Lina couldn't have gotten that engagement over before her marriage but life is like that sometimes. Always going backward like a crab!

Anyway, right now Lina and 'Pev' are the happiest couple in Hollywood.

Simultaneously with her announcement that she and Warner Brothers have come to the parting of the ways at the expiration of her contract, May McAvoy announces her engagement to Maurice Cleary, a
motion picture executive, manager of the British Dominion Film Company. The announcement was made at a shower given by Carmel Myers for Rosabelle Laemmle, daughter of Carl Laemmle, who married Stanley Bergman.

“Welcome to pneumonia hall,” said Jason Robards recently as he and Thelma Todd and Sally Eilers huddled around a stove on the set of “Trial Marriage,” in which Norman Kerry is also featured. There was one week out here when Californians thought their sunny state was trying to double for the north pole, and this was it. By the way, Jason has just announced his intention to wed Miss Agnes Lynch who is a sister of Mrs. Carroll Nye.

William deMille has taken up the megaphone in earnest on the Metro lot. He is working on a talking version of his own play, “The Man Higher Up,” adapted by Clara Beranger who is the director’s bride. Theodore Roberts played the piece all over this country and deMille would have liked him to do the picture, but “I hear he is not very well,” Mr. deMille said when I talked with him; and a few days afterward the Grand Old Man, Theodore Roberts answered his final roll call on this planet.

Robert Edeson plays the part. There are just two men in the cast, no women. It will be interesting to see how this experiment, for it is an experiment on Mr. de Mille’s part, will turn out.

Edna May Cooper was flipping flap-jacks with Vilma Banky the other day on the set of “Child’s, New York.” When given the scene to do she asked to practice for a few minutes. “Oh, dear no,” said an assistant, “the plate is all clean and we are going to take the scene right away.”

When it was over Edna May asked how it looked. “Terrible,” said the assistant consolingly. “Just terrible.” “Well, let me practice,” begged Edna May. “Oh, no. You can’t. We are going to take it right now.” But again Edna May failed dismally. “How long did Vilma practice?” asked Edna May. “Oh, only a couple of weeks,” said the assistant. “Only a couple of weeks, and the picture has been going for six weeks, that makes eight weeks and—well, how do you expect me to get it right the first time?”

But the assistant didn’t know.
Wings Over Europe

It is an interesting play the Theatre Guild has produced for our mental stimulation in "Wings Over Europe." We say mental stimulation advisedly; you can check you sex glands when you enter the doors of the Martin Beck; all you need is your cerebrum: there are nineteen people in the cast—all men.

And we think, liberal as we like to think we are, that the authors cast their characters wisely when they chose an all-male contingent to present the intellectual problem involved. There is something about a good-looking woman that interferes with cold, calm thought. Bring a woman into a scene and reason—our reason, you understand—flies right out of the window. Enter emotion. Caesar was a great guy till he met Cleopatra. Socrates could see everything clearly until he met Xanthippe. Of course, Socrates got his reason back after a while and realized that Xan was not the quiet little angel he had thought. But by that time it was too late: he had married her. It was only when he was at a stag with Plato and the other boys that he could reason things out clearly.

Well, anyway, then, here we are at No. 10 Downing Street, London, in "Wings Over Europe." A young idealistic genius walks into a Cabinet meeting and shows the Cabinet that he has mastered the atom and can control matter. He can redistribute atoms so that wood may become gold, so that a lump of sugar or a man may vanish. He hopes his great conquest may build a new world, where man may be rid of all material necessity, so that he may be free to develop his soul. And what does the British Cabinet say? It sees only a chance to make the British army and navy impregnable.

Well, of course, that isn't quite the way the young idealist had looked at it. Thrown into despair at the realization that his supreme conquest may be used by man further to exploit man, he becomes disgusted with the whole human race. The slow growth of life from the mud and slime up to this so-called civilization he regards as a futile experiment. He will let nature try again on another planet. He will use his power to wipe out this world and its petty inhabitants. He gives the world, including the British Cabinet, fifteen minutes to live.

Those last fifteen minutes are sublime. The world doesn't know its doom, but the British Cabinet does. And the reactions of the various secretaries for This-and-That are well planned and excellently played. It is in those fifteen minutes that drama enters the theater. If the slow start of the first act could assume half the velocity of this scene, we could honestly say of the play that it held us from first to last. As it is, first it doesn't; but last it does. And last, if there are enough intellectuals in town, it may.

Gentlemen of the Press

Nothing but fear of not seeing a show as good as "The Front Page" kept us from looking at "Gentlemen of the Press" until this late day. It will be on the road when this notice hits your eyes, and if you live in the cities where it is to play, we suggest that you don't fail to see it.

Maybe it's not quite as good as "The Front Page," but it is head and shoulders above most of the shows that visit the road—or New York for that matter. It captures the romance and the drabness, the light and shade of a reporter's life as accurately and nicely as "The Front Page." If it is not as noisily exciting, it is occasionally even more quietly effective.

There are some excellent performances in the main, though we didn't like Hugh O'Connell's work as much as most of the critics seemed to. But Robert Gleckler, Carlotta Irwin and William Wadsworth more than made
up for it. George Abbott made a handsome job of the direction. Some radical changes, we understand, will be made for the film, though the intrinsic story will be kept intact. Paramount is even now making the screen version, with dialogue.

One Way Street

A critic, it is our belief, must hold high standards. Otherwise he is nothing but a box-score reporter for Variety, our famous contemporary. Yet, high as those standards should be, it is our further opinion that they must necessarily vary with the subject matter.

In other words, we think it a little foolish—no, we think it a lot foolish for a critic to apply the same measuring apparatus to, say, "Cyrano de Bergerac" and, say, to Bobby Clark. It is possible, we believe, for an otherwise cultured person to enjoy both John Barrymore in "Richard III" and Al Jolson in some Shubert extravaganza. But what a cock-eyed fool he would be if he were to apply the same critical rod to both!

So it is that we beg to differ with most of our critical colleagues who fell tooth and nail on Beulah Poynter's "One Way Street," because it held no Shakespearean cadences, nor any Ibsen-esque philosophy. That is to criticize Bacardi for not being nectar. The only way you can criticize Bacardi is on its flavor and genuineness—or so I have heard.

"One Way Street," then, is definitely nothing for your mind or your soul. But as a good average melodrama, containing the usual compound of murder, gangs, crooks, dope peddlers, etc., we maintain it will do. It provides a mildly pleasant (Cont. on page 106)
You've heard that odds for fame as a silent star are a thousand to one.

Well, breaking into the talkie racket raises the ratio two thousand to one.

I'm not deliberately discouraging the future Doris Kenyons and Conrad Nagels, but I do think it's wise to face a few facts before staking everything on such a perilous venture.

Let's suppose that you're Mary Jane Jones of Little Fork, Iowa. Mary Jane is not her name, but her experience is taken from life. Mary Jane comes to Hollywood 'by request.' That is, her family and indulgent neighbors think it's a crime to waste such talent on the home town. Such rare genius should be preserved for posterity via the talkie route. Mary Jane had a lead in the high school play, and sang over the local radio station. These credentials should pave the way easily, she assures herself.

Mary Jane Jones arrives to seek out the studio of her favorite film star, generously allowing them the first chance to sign her on the dotted line. We'll say it happens to be Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

She is ushered into Jack King's presence. He is in charge of the movietone file. Jack is put on specially for this work, for 25 percent extra than before the sound upheaval now besiege casting offices, as part of the talkie traffic.

Jack courteously requests her name, a photo for the file, and previous stage or screen experience. The home town fame doesn't phase him. No, he informs her, the head casting director, Fred Beers, sees only the prominent players. No talkie tests are being given. The present list is filled completely. Give her a call if anything occurs. Sorry.

Mary Jane hears that Maitland Rice holds a similar position at Fox studios. This procedure differs only slightly. He grants an interview, but the upshot is that studios can't afford to grant talkie tests except (Continued on page 109)
event.

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"Faux Pas" I Said... and Everyone Tittered!

But Four Weeks Later, What A Difference

It was the very first time I had been invited to the home of Mr. Blake—the President of our Company. Of course I wanted to make the best possible impression. After dinner we were all chatting idly. I began to explain some of my pet theories and they went over big—everyone was listening attentively. Encouraged I launched into an animated description of the last tournament at the club. And then—it happened. "Tyler made a terrible faux pas," I said—and everyone tittered! Embarrassed, ashamed, I flushed and faltered. My self-confidence fled—and for the rest of the evening I didn't dare open my mouth. If only I hadn't tried to use that terrible phrase. But I had seen it in print a thousand times and so I thought I knew how to pronounce it.

That little experience opened my eyes to my miserable pronunciation and meager vocabulary. Could that be the reason why I never seemed to get ahead—why I never got the big jobs with the real money? I was always gropping for words—always stammering and stuttering—trying to avoid words I wasn't sure of—and making scores of mistakes daily. Of course no one ever tells you when you mispronounce a word—it is such a personal matter—and I never would have known of my glaring error that evening if it hadn't been for that embarrassing incident when everyone tittered.

One day, I read about an amazing new method of learning Cultured Speech, Correct Pronunciation and Vocabulary Building that had just been perfected. Through this new "learn by listening" method, I discovered I could actually hear an expert in phonetics pronounce each word clearly and distinctly! And I could bear the same word a hundred times if need be, so as to get it fixed in my mind the right way.

I lost no time in sending for this new method. I was amazed to find how easily I learned new words—learned how to use them and pronounce them—just by sitting back and listening—words I would never have dared use before. The first evening I learned to pronounce correctly exactly 39 words, and in less than one week I had enriched my vocabulary beyond my expectations. Today I find that I am using hundreds of words that I never have dreamed of using a month ago. Not only that, but my new sureness with words, the ease with which I express myself, has had a marked influence on my business success. Already I have secured a better job with a much higher salary. And I know that I am saved forever from the embarrassment of making such an unforseeable error as I made that night at the Blake's!

At Last A New and Easy Way

At last a new and easy way has been found to really teach Correct Pronunciation, Cultured Speech and Vocabulary Building. Not by the old dictionary method, but by a plan absolutely new—phonograph records—taking recorded words electronically recorded in the most modern and scientific manner.

This fascinating new method has been developed by a group of educators, under the direction of Prof. Edward H. Gardner, for 18 years a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin. The instruction is absolutely authoritative. Over 5000 stubborn words are covered—words which should be familiar to every cultured person. Not a correspondence course—no studying—no lessons to send in. Instead, all you need to do is to sit back comfortably in your easy chair—and listen.

Everyone finds it delightful and easy to learn through this wonderful new phonograph records method. It is interesting, the entire family will want to listen and when your friends drop in during an evening, you will have a means of entertainment as fascinating as bridge.

Your speech reveals what you are. Correct speech is the first mark of education, of culture. Cultivated speech is a social and business asset of the first importance. No matter how poor your "ear for words," nor how incorrect your pronunciation, you can now master cultured speech and accurate pronunciation—easily and quickly!

Free Trial—Send No Money

Right now we are making a remarkable free demonstration offer. This offer enables you to try the Pronunciophone Method right in your own home.

The coupon below entitles you to a special seven-day free examination. Just send it off today, and the Pronunciophone Method consisting of Seven Double records (fourteen records in all) and including a unique Instruction Manual—"Good Taste in Speech," will go forward to you promptly, all charges prepaid. If you aren't delighted, fascinated—simply return the Pronunciophone Method within the seven-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise send only $3.25 as first payment and $4.00 a month for four months.

Mail the coupon at once and see for yourself how this amazing new method will help you, in less than 30 days, to acquire a command of speech that will win recognition and respect.

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Now Sent Free Trial
RUPTURED WRESTLER

Throws Away Truss!

Evelyn years ago Mr. T. M. Cannon was ruptured by a fall. He tried one type of truss after another, but the results were not encouraging. Finally he heard about a new truss and decided to try it. It looks like a fisherman’s net, and when the truss is lifted, it is quite apparent the truss is doing a good job, as there is a definite bulge where the truss should be. It is said that Mr. Cannon now wears the truss and is able to work without pain.

NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE
3734 Clay Street
Stoewenville, Ohio

How I Lost 97 Pounds

I weighed 275 lbs.!

After I had tried many ways to reduce, a medical advisor of one of America’s leading insurance companies told me of a new way—

a natural way, pleasant and healthful, with no dangerous drugs, no strenuous exercise, no thyroid or glandular extracts, no sweat baths, fomentations, or creams. It was easy, natural and abso-

tutely safe.

Send your name and address and I will send you particulars about how you can lose weight and obligation to you.

M. E. HART
Hart 334
Dept. 34 New Orleans
Today

Daring Young Men!

Heed the Call to Aviation

QUICKLY TRAIN AT HOME FOR BIG PAY

Now—a complete, practical, easy-to-learn training course in aviation as a new free service. Millions of men and women, interested in aviation but unable to go to school, can learn aviation principles, air craft, aviation meteorology, flying, and other essentials. Endorsed by aviation experts. Many testimonials. Write for details.

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National Aviation Training
Dept. 8, 1015 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Send me, without obligation, the Free Book "Aviation."

Name.
Address.
City and State.

Anxious Mary from Guadalupe, Cal. I don’t intend to be funny, but I’m afraid your manner may go on for years. Mary Brian can be addressed at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. She appeared in “Forgotten Faces” with Clive Brook, Olga Baclanova, William Powell and Jack Luden. John Gilbert has one more picture to make for M-G-M under his present contract and then he starts his new contract—more salary, better roles, etc. Betty Bronson may be reached at Warner Bros., 7842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. By the time you read this, Greta Garbo will be at home in her native land, Sweden—unless she changes her plans. Her latest release is “A Woman of Affairs,” co-starring with John Gilbert. Sally O’Neil is appearing in “The Floating College.” You can write her at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 416 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Andy of Brooklyn. I like the ease with which you throw your questions—fast and furious. But that’s only a carbon copy with which I can do safe answers. Joan Crawford is 22 years old. Her engagement has been announced to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Her address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. She is not related to Dorothy Sebastian, Birmingham, Ala., who is Dorothy’s home town. She was born April 26, 1905.

Just Me from Madison Wis. Of all things! You like my department and all the bunk that goes with it. Someone has gone gaga and I feel sure it isn’t Vee Dee. In a broad-minded manner you announce the three best-looking young fellows on the screen: Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess, and what about the other thousand and one best-looking screen players? I’m playing safe for I’d vote for them all. Ramon Novarro is 29 years old, is 5 feet 10 inches tall, and weighs 160 pounds. Richard Barthelmess is 33 years old, is 5 feet 7 inches tall, and weighs 138 pounds. William Haines is 6 feet tall, weighs 172 pounds, and was born January 1, 1900.

Chuck from Racine, Wis. I’ll let you in on a secret if you won’t breathe it. I’ve tried to intimidate the Editor into putting my picture in the magazine but threats are of no avail, so we’ll put a mask on my shining countenance until the Editor undergoes a change of heart. It may not be long now. Buddy Rogers can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. He plays with Mary Brian in “Someone to Love.”

Sally O’Neil—third most popular star with Miss Vee Dee’s fans.
Guarantee—New hair grown quickly or no pay—

The amazing story of INFRA-RED RAYS

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out, no matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electric discovery will end your dandruff, stop falling hair and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

Famous Surgeon’s Discovery

All observant men have noticed that their beard grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: Heat rays of a certain kind that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues and so RESTORE HAIR in all but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair, when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now for the first time, has Dr. Theodore H. Larson permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

Infra-red Rays Reach the Roots

In nine out of ten so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the surface skin—never get to the roots.

Free trial—mail coupon below—NOW!

Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair root and electrically, almost magically, revitalizes it. Hair literally “sprouts” as a result.

Send No Money

You can use DERMO-RAY in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness— or you pay nothing. Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer will be sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To forever end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

THE LARSON INSTITUTE,
216 North Wabash Ave., Dept. 498
Chicago, Illinois

Send me at once without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of DERMO-RAY.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________
State ____________________________
inflict ourselves on each other's business domains, I have never been on one of his sets; he never visits mine. When we reach home at night, I am always too tired and want too much to forget the studios. Therefore, we never dwell on the happenings of the day. We both break this rule occasionally. Now and then I hear of something that should be told and I tell him. He sometimes passes similarly helpful advice to me.

Betty's career has been a long and fruitful one. It was many years ago, in 1918, that the late Harry T. Tucker, booking a girl to play the feminine lead in "The Miracle Man," saw Miss Compson and gave her the part. At that time she was just a leading lady in Christie and she was beginning to wonder if she would ever be anything else. Betty went through two years of comedy leads before "The Miracle Man" opportunity knocked. Veteran fans will remember the picture. It was made under terrific difficulties, financial and otherwise. But it turned out to be one of the greatest productions ever filmed and it established and carried three players whose names still are written boldly on the movie roll. Besides Miss Compson, Lon Chaney and Thomas Meighan won fame with their performances in "The Miracle Man."

There followed a very lucrative contract with Famous-Players-Lasky, which contract, that is, ended five years ago. At the end of that period, through saving and wise investments, Miss Compson amassed a considerable fortune. Had she wished, she might have retired into contented tranquility, with a strap, because of her beauty, easily to a pleasant and comfortable life of a century surrounded by thousands of loving fans. As it is, she has thrown off her retirement belt and to her delight, the lady, I do not believe her. She is too energetic, too ambitious, too real ever to retire. When she finds her welcome gone dim, Miss Compson will find something else to occupy her time. Some other way to accumulate money. Somehow, it is difficult to imagine Betty as retired, holding her hands because of nothing for them to do.

Don't get the wrong impression about Miss Compson's desire for money. She saves it, but that is because of the fortunate position she has found in the world more generous than Betty. Every charitable movement finds her a contributor, more often than not under the cognomen 'a friend' or 'Anonymous.' Times too many to enumerate: she has aided extra girls or more important actresses who have encountered adverse circumstances.

Miss Compson is no miser with her money. She delights in eating and saving and giving. To Betty, the thrill of adding another thousand to the bank account is equal to the joy an artist gets out of his painting when he has paid his bills. Henry Ford is to retire as to look for Betty Compson to quit. What is that why I say I do not believe Miss Compson ever tried to retire.

Following cessation of her Lasky contract, Miss Compson was free-lanced with considerable success. Working around the studios, she soon found that the independents—(about Hollywood as eagerly refer to them as 'the quickies')—offered a most lucrative field. So during the year 1927, Miss Compson played the independent field, and her inspiring results supplemented her $170,000 by her efforts.

She did more than earn a great deal of money. As a quickie star, her name sold pictures to a great number of theaters and at bigger prices than any other actress. This fact became known in the more important studios. The minute it was learned that Miss Compson's name meant dollars and cents at any old box office, the bigger producing companies sought to retrieve her back from the independents. They should have.

Thus is written the cause of Betty's remarkable comeback over the past year. It began when she was called by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the principal feminine role in "The Carol Reed," a picture which united Miss Compson and Lon Chaney for the first time since "The Miracle Man." Immediately after this production, Miss Compson went to National to rehearse her voice registered opposite Milton Sills in "The Barker," one of the outstanding screen productions of the year. Famous-Players-Lasky next bid for her services. For "The Miracle Man," in which she appeared with George Bancroft. A great number of critics termed her work in this picture as her finest individual piece of acting. Finally, Betty went to First National following "Docks of New York." She did two Richard Barthelmess pictures, one was "Scarlet Street." They were well received. Meanwhile, she also reactivated the old sequences of "The Barker," to which studio officials had decided to add talking situations. It is not surprising when a person, as Miss Compson, has been in the spotlight for so long a time, she was called for talking sequences in "The Barker," Betty had gone through almost six months of intensive vocal and dramatic training.

A little incident concerning Miss Compson's wisdom in financial matters came to my ears recently. It seems that a certain prominent movie producer, who is also noted for his Wall Street dealings told Miss Compson about a certain stock. Before he finished informing her, their conversation was interrupted. She did not meet again for several weeks. It was on one of the big studio lots that the two once again confronted each other.

"If you want to thank me for the tip you gave me on that stock," Miss Compson said, "I made nearly six thousand dollars on it.

"Made six thousand!" echoed the producer-investor. Why, I lost four times as much on that stock.

It developed that the producer had intended telling Miss Compson to buy and hold the stock for advance but before he could do so, their conversation had been interrupted. When she looked up the stock's record on the market, Miss Compson decided that it would drop in value, so she sold short.

There are dozens of exciting episodes in Betty's financial life. There was the corner she purchased at night, we both tired and just before the street was improved, she sold it. She had seen a 'for sale' sign on the lot and learned that it could be had for little money. It was improved and sold. Should she have occupied a strategic position if a certain street were cut through and she knew that reality operators were quickly attempting to secure the site for their business instincts, the realtors were successful and the street was improved, Miss Compson's lot, now an important business property, jumped in value from five thousand to thirty-five thousand!
"What? Learn Music by Mail?" they laughed

"Yes," I cried, "and I'll bet money I can do it!"

I t all started one day after lunch. The office crowd was in the recreation-room, smoking and talking, while I thumbed through a magazine.

"Why so quiet, Joe?" some one called to me.

"Just reading an ad," I replied, "all about a new way to learn music by mail. Says here any one can learn to play in a few months at home, without a teacher. Sounds easy, the way they tell about it.

"Ha, ha," laughed Fred Lawrence, "do you suppose they would say it was hard?"

"Perhaps not," I came back, a bit peevish, "but it sounds so reasonable I thought I'd write them for their booklet.

Well, maybe I didn't get a razzing then! Finally Fred Lawrence sneered: "Why, it's absurd. The poor fellow really believes he can learn music by mail!"

To this day I don't know what made me come back at him. Perhaps it was because I really was ambitious to learn to play the piano. Anyhow, before I knew it I'd cried, "Yes, and I'll bet money I can do it." But the crowd only laughed harder than ever.

Suppose I Was Wrong—

As I walked upstairs to my desk I began to regret my haste. Suppose that music course wasn’t what the ad said? Suppose it was too difficult for me? And how did I know I had even the least bit of talent to help me out? If I fell down, the boys in the office would have the laugh on me for life. But just as I was beginning to weaken, my lifelong ambition to play and my real love of music came to the rescue. And I decided to go through with the whole thing.

During the few months that followed, Fred Lawrence never missed a chance to give me a hard dig about music. The boys always got a good laugh, too. But I never said a word. I was waiting patiently for a chance to get the last laugh myself.

My Chance Arrives

Things began coming my way during the office outing at Pine Trees. After lunch it rained, and we all sat around inside looking at each other. Suddenly some one nudged a piano in the corner. "Who can play?" every one began asking. Naturally, Fred Lawrence saw a fine chance to have some fun at my expense, and he got right up.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "our friend Joe, the music-master, has consented to give us a recital."

That gave the boys a good laugh. And some of them got on other sides of me and with mock dignity started to escort me to the piano. I could hear a girl say, "Oh, let the poor fellow alone: can’t you see he’s mortified to death?"

The Last Laugh

I smiled to myself. This was certainly a wonderful setting for my little surprise party. Assuming a scared look, I stumbled over to the piano without the crowd knowing.

"Play the Varsity Drag," shouted Fred, the king of embarrassment, that afternoon.

I began singling the keys, and then . . . with a wonderful feeling of cool confidence I broke right into the very selection Fred had asked for. There was a sudden hush in the room as I made that old piano talk. But in a few minutes I heard a fellow jump to his feet and shout, "Believe me the boy is there! Let’s dance!"

Tables and chairs were pushed aside, and soon the whole crowd was shuffling around having a whale of a time. Nobody would hear of me stopping, least of all the few followers who were singing in harmony right at my elbow. So I played one happy selection after another until I finished with "Crazy Blues" and the crowd stopped dancing and singing to applaud me. As I turned around to thank them, there was Fred holding a ten-spot right under my nose.

"Poles," he said, addressing the crowd again, "I want to apologize publicly to Joe. I bet this he couldn’t learn to play by mail, and believe me, he sure deserve to win the money!"

"Learn to play by mail?" exclaimed a dozen people.

"That sounds impossible! Tell us how you did it!"

I was only too glad to tell them how I’d always wanted to play, but couldn’t afford a teacher, and couldn’t think of any other way to learn. I explained how I had read the U. S. School of Music ad, and they had written me their free booklet which I started out to read, but couldn’t control myself to place by mail.

"That," I continued, "was the biggest surprise of my life when I got the first lesson. It was free from the start, everything as simple as A-B-C. There were no scales or fingering exercises. And all it required was part of my spare time. In a short time I was playing just as classical pieces, and in fact, anything I wanted. Believe me, that certainly was a pedestul hit I made with Fred."

Play Any Instrument

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"I drove up to the studio," she said, "and when Alix said she intended to go, I wanted to stop her. When he came to, he asked Doug if Doug would give him a job as an extra in his pictures. Well, it was an expensive car, I'll admit."

Speaking of cars, Mary Duncan overheard us, and came over to tell us that she had bought a big Rolls-Royce, but had to send it back because it was too large to go in her garage. She announced supper then, and asked George O'Brien to help her bring in the tables for the guests, the guests being expected to serve themselves. She had a buffer supper in the dining-room. Someone else offered to help, but Mary wouldn't let him, democratically insisting on moving the little tables about herself. The guests all brought in their own plates, but the butler served the dessert.

A Hawaiian orchestra played for us, and a few others of the cast, while others played bridge. The bridge players included Fay Compton, who is very clever at cards, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage, and some others.

Bebe Daniels danced exquisitely well with Robert Castle and Eduard Raquello in succession; Lilyan Tashman danced with Eddie Lowe and then with Lowell Sherman; Bebe danced with Mary Duncan, and others who entered into the stepping were George O'Brien and Sally Phipps, Sam and Mrs. Goldwyn. With Bebe it was getting time to leave. Bebe tangoed very beautifully, and she and Robert Castle gave what you might call an exhibition dance, due to the others stepping off with them. Bebe was fetched a ukulele by some body, and she asked the orchestra to play some Spanish compositions, accompanying them easily and well. Then we all joined in singing "La Paloma" and a couple of other Spanish songs. That is, we sang as much of the tune as we could remember, but didn't make much of the words. "Oh, dear, why do nice parties have to come to an end?" sighed Patsy and Eduard in concert, as we left, very late, for home. "I think," Patsy went on, "that Mary Duncan was just born to be a hostess. She has just the right touch of cordiality and radiant friendliness to make everybody have a good time at her parties."

"Oh, Bebe Daniels has a castle in Spain—or at any rate a new Spanish castle—and we are invited down there to Santa Monica, where it is built right on the beach, to a delightful party which Bebe is giving for Marion Davies!" exclaimed Patsy in delight.

John Davidson took us down there to Patsy and me, in his new Chrysler. It was a moonlight night, and the big house shone white, with the water of the ocean sparkling beyond, and the house itself hospitably aglow.

"It is a little too cold for anybody to go swimming, I suppose," remarked John. "But I understand that Bebe does give evening swimming parties a lot. Anyhow, it would be too much trouble to get out of evening clothes and back into them again.

We crossed the big loggia, outfitted with its barbecue oven, and suggesting delightful summer evening clam-bakes and other festivities, and entered the drawing-room. But there were few guests there. Most of them
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be happy in her next marriage," remarked Patsy. "She ought to. She is just the sweetest, kindest-hearted girl I have ever known. She is also so unselfish that nobody ever hears about. And now she will have time to do a lot more, since she is marrying this millionaire boy, and won't work any more.

However, it is just possible that Patsy is wrong about that—j mean about Anita's not working any more. She is studying various cultures and has more little clever things that nobody ever hears about. And now she will have time to do a lot more, since she is marrying this millionaire boy, and won't work any more."

"No, it's not, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice," W. R. Heast, and scores of others.

Joseph Schenck presently carried Lily Damita and Robert Castle with their heads close together, as they sat on a divan near the fire. Both played in the same pictures in Germany, and had a lot to talk about. Caren had only lately arrived.

Phyllis Haver presently went over to the corner and began playing the piano. The crowd stopped talking to listen. I had not known that Phyllis played so well.

Joseph Schenck was there, and Robert Vignola, Mr. and Mrs. Billie Sunday and Annie? Misses Arendt, William Davies and lovely姿态, and Mrs. and Mr. George Fittmacrow, W. R. Heast, and scores of others.

Joseph Schenck presently carried Lily Damita on her arm, and Robert Castle condoms himself by seeking out Bebe as a partner; while others who danced to-gether were Harry D'Arrast and Marion Davies, Roland Draw and Billie Taylor, Carmelita Geraghty and Bernice Newman.

Dr. Harry Martin was called on to act as master of ceremonies, and suggested some dancing contests. The guests were all charged partners then, except Charlie Chaplin and Miss Cherrill, and the prize was finally awarded to Joseph Schenck and Marion Davies.

Then it was announced that dancing contests would be held with the men guests dancing together, and the girls dancing together. That turned out to be most amusing! The first dance was with Joseph Schenck, Roland Drew with Jack Dempsey, Harry D'Arrast with Marshall Neill, Billie Dove with Phyllis Haver, Bebe with Mrs. Billie Sunday, and the French Carmelita Geraghty, and there were other couples I don't remember. At any rate, Chaplin and Schenck won the first prize for the men, while Billie and von Phyllis Haver won the girls' prize.

They were like a bunch of kids, those picture stars, and the whole spirit of the party was one of rollicking fun.

We all danced the old-fashioned square dances after that, and then Charlie Chaplin did a skating dance that was a riot.

Maybe the most amusing part of entertainment was the film feature, made up of odds and ends of old starring vehicles of Bebe Daniels, Pola Negri, Clara Bow and others, strong together, and their subtitles. Then Bebe announced it was a talking picture, and sat down close by to announce funny subtitles which she made up on the spur of the moment.

After the dance there were a couple of very funny skits, done in impromptu fashion. One had big Roy Brooks, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Lita Lee, Carmelita Geraghty and others in a sort of charades with lines suggested by Harry Crocker and Charlie Chaplin.

Following that, there was more dancing, then supper, then more dancing, and then Billie and Miss Crocker. When the kids after their first party, we went home.

"Oh, if that's Spanish hospitality," remarked John Davidson, "I'm going to start for Spain tomorrow!"

"Beds," remarked Patsy, "so far as we are concerned tonight, might just as well have never been invented. We are going to know, with John Davidson's wedding reception at the Holly-

wood Athletic Club, and then over to Dolores Del Rio's party."

"Well, I'm in the hands of my friends," I announced cheerfully.

"Oh, Bubble looks just as a bride ought to look," Patsy, as we caught sight of Mrs. Denny, arrayed in white prime, limy

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massages, tonics, all with the same
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expense but no relief!

Now, consider what I offer you.
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30 DAYS . . . or not one red penny of
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Isn't that a different story from those you've
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who formerly suffered from scalp troubles bless the day
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at the ROOTS. If roots are dead, nothing can grow
new hair. But in most cases, roots are only sleeping,
waiting for the right treatment to bring them back
to healthy, normal life.

I reach the Cause of Hair Loss

Now, I leave it to you. How can ordinary treat-
ments penetrate to the roots of your hair? How can
ordinary tonics or salves remove the real cause of
baldness?

My treatment goes below the scalp, right down
towards the hair roots, awakening them to new action.
My treatment works surely and quickly, all the while
stimulating the tiny blood vessels around the roots
to new life and action. And with just the mere
investment of a few minutes a day, thousands get
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pay a cent!

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Do you want absolute proof of the true
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Consult your family physician. Or look
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for talking motion pictures came into being. Fay Roo, by charge of the short sound features for the Vitaphone, invited her to do a turn before the 'mike' in the role of a song and dance vaudeville star. She did and the result was promptly forgotten. The film was not released to the public for many weeks, but when it was, Bessie Love was finally discovered. Here was the perfect star for the talkies. She had a voice, both for speaking and for singing, a well-trained voice. She had proven dramatic talent and both stage and screen experience. She could dance. She could improvise. She was what the 'talkies' had been looking for.

There was a scramble between many companies to bid for her services. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed her for the featured lead in "Broadway Melody," an all-dialogue picture, and she signed a completion contract for a five-year contract, making her one of the important players of that organization. "It's so much fun making talkies!" she says. "It keeps you on your toes every minute. For instance, in some of the scenes in 'Broadway Melody' I was supposed to hum and sing a tune. Well, I couldn't sing anything. I knew there's some sort of rule against that—I think, unless the company has made arrangements to use a popular song in a talkie it can't be used at all. So here I was—making up music as I went along. And you've no idea how hard it was not to let the strains of some current musical hit crop in! All those things make it seem like an almost entirely new business. Much more fun than the old silent pictures! I'm for 'em!"

Bessie and her mother come on to New York after the little star completed "Broadway Melody." Bessie told everybody, including me, that she was "going to enjoy a real, good holiday!"

"I've worked so hard—all that vaudeville to get experience for talkies; and then working from twelve to eighteen hours every day in 'Broadway Melody,' that I'm worn out, and going to rest."

I thought it might be interesting to find out just what method of resting was being selected by this movie girl, to pass on to you. So I asked her for details as to how she went about relaxing in Manhattan.

"Well, you see," said Bessie, "I have my singing lessons here—with Jeanette, and my dancing lessons with Ned Wayburn, and then I have to practice for hours. Of course I must talk business with my company, too—and there are interviews. And I have to shop and there's no place like New York for that. And I do want to see all the shows and visit a night-club or two. She paused a minute—maybe for breath.

"And that's your idea of rest?" I gasped.

"Why, yes!" she smiled. "A change is a rest. New York is so different from Hollywood and I don't want to miss anything! I would be a shame to neglect any opportunity to polish up my dancing with such a wonderful teacher as Wayburn—and I wouldn't miss my voice lessons for the world!"

Is it any wonder that Bessie Love has come back? And this time she is back to stay. Hollywood is glad, because it has watched her grow from a skinny little kid working for Griffith, into a very personable and provocative young woman—all without changing the real Bessie. She's still a little Love!
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Each of the six pictures shown here represents an important city in the United States. Can you name the cities? We start you out by giving you the name of No. 1 and explaining the other five so you can hardly miss getting the right answers.

After you have named the six cities represented by the six pictures then make up a rebus of your own representing some other city or towns you work or office in the United States. You need not draw any pictures, just tell what objects are to be used in your rebus. For example, to represent the city of Washington you could say, "Make a picture of a woman doing the family washing and near by a show of coconut."

To Start You Right
In the first rebus you see picture of a girl, some posts, and the letter "O." Since the six pictures and makes up the best rebus for some other city, town or office in the United States. If your rebus is good, it may be shown on the next page soon.

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Magic in Movieland
(Continued from page 71)

The theater manager proved to be a young, beautiful, efficient and capable girl. When the play left Toledo Neil quit to be near the fair Elsa.

Money was scarce, but Neil entertained the fair lady with his sleight-of-hand tricks and the amateur magician work that he was ardently practicing as a hobby. What magical trick won Elsa, we do not know; but she promised to marry Neil as soon as he found a job in New York that paid something, anything, a week.

Bursting with ambition Neil landed a leading role in a New York show. Wired for Elsa. She arrived the day before the big opening. They were married. Joy abounded. The show never opened.

Eleven dollars remained in the Hamilton exchequer. Eleven dollars for a honeymoon.

Perhaps it’s best to skip over the next three hopeless months.

At the end of ninety desperate days D. W. Griffith waved his magic wand over the young couple and brought fame to Neil—and, what is more important, a regular pay envelope.

The Hamiltons share so many poignant memories. The day they bought their first car. Suffocating luxury! The day Paramount signed Neil to a contract and they decided to drive west to the fair! Neil’s favorite trip! Their first Hollywood home—a modest bungalow, but there grew in the garden an orange tree, a lemon tree and a banana tree. Many rebuses are issued from the Hamiltons, but those fortunate to receive one may leave their ennui at home. Neil has worked at his magic until his performance compares more than favorably with the professional variety. Every drawer, cabinet and closet in the Hamilton manse is bursting with Neil’s black magic equipment.

There is a double brass bowl that annoyingly fills itself with water and rice with alternate precision. There is a pair of real police handcuffs, that once Neil’s wife only to have him slip out of them in the most voodoo fashion. There is a coffin-like box into which Neil places his fair wife and proclaims your for your home-grown eyes. With shuddering relief, Elsa emerges from the ordeal in one piece. There is a vase that tells your fortune. You ask it questions and an etereal voice tells you how many times you will marry and the number of children that will bless your old age. There is a high hat that produces the most astounding variety of flora and fauna. There are baskets from which music filters; there are trick tables, glasses, cigars and candles.

The Hamiltons have no profound advice to offer on the matrimonial question. They emphatically state that no set of rules can bring happiness. Therefore, you must content yourself with a few vague observations from the writer. I select the mutual interests of this couple as the key to their success; their healthy interest in the same recreations, hobbies, work and people. Then there is that combined stamina that withstands the tide of fortune, both good and bad, and the good variety required of a most interesting couple, Elsa and Neil.

Neil Hamilton has recently appeared in three pictures with Bebe Daniels. They were “Hot News,” “Take Me Home,” and “What a Night.”
ple and spare. There were no bed hangings. There was a dresser, a chest of drawers, a desk, a night table, several comfortable chairs — and that was all. The rug matched the draperies with a heavenly shade of blue worked in. A large lounging chair contained five or six flapper dolls which Lupe dressed herself. Taking me out on her errands she was always to be seen padding on to the branches of a very beautiful sycamore tree in the patio.

"See, Helen! My moon!" And there in the top branches was a round, shallow radianceme—a very good imitation of God's "I adore a moon," said Lupe, "and sometimes when she does not shine I light my own. Down there," waving toward the patio beneath, "e's a fireplace. Ees too cold now, but so much fun to roast chestnuts and dance before that fire.

There were two cars, a town car and a sport car, a beauty in cream with polished nickel trappings. "Cadillacs, both," said Lupe, a big crazy about Cadillacs. I learned to drive them. Now she, driving fifty miles an hour where I should go forty. A policeman run up to me and he say, "You are exceeding your mes," I say to him, 'All right, there. Will we finish it up to day? Then I will see a lot of other handsome policemen like you.' And what you think he do? He smile at me!

Few of the screen people are what one might imagine them to be. Does Greta Garbo, for an example, give the impression of being introspectily shy? They say she suffers mortal torment before an interview with a writer she has not met. She has few friends and visits few people. She is always lank. "I go too fast," she once told Fred Niblo. "And I am still tired from the effort."

Clara Bow is another girl that everyone has ideas about. A lot of people think she is a regular red-hot mama. Others, that she is just a cute flapper who is always flapping, Clara's laughing eyes and sunny smile hide one of the most serious people in Hollywood. Everything with Clara is a problem. When fans call her up — only heaven knows how they get the number — it is a problem for her to sort out what else she worries with them over how they are going to get what they want without violating studio rules. Her story sense is excellent, and two of the best sequences in "The Fleet's In" were Clara's own ideas.

She treats her domestic staff like members of the family and they adore her. Sometimes they bring some relative's children for the day and these youngsters have the freedom of the house which seems not to annoy Clara's streak in the least.

Her house is always open to friends who are lonely or hard up.

She rarely entertains but not long ago she gave a big dinner and complications arose. When the difficulties and conflicting personalities became more than she could cope with she went out on the front lawn and yelled, "I'm only going to live once."

One can sympathize with Clara in such a situation.

What she must never do is to let nerves get the better of her. Lupe has a streak in the face and grey in the hair, and not only that: they make one very unhappy and Clara is not made of the stuff that lets such things happen. She can get herself into something that instantly takes her mind from her trouble.

Scattered about her house you will find a striped kitten, several dogs, a parrot and an Australian teddy bear, which Clara declares is the dumbest thing she ever saw. The little animal wasn't feeling so well and had been clinging to a cousin of Clara's in a rather pathetic fashion. "He seems affectionate," I said, though there was not a spark of any sort of feeling from the bright, bottomless little eyes.

"Well, I really think," said Clara hesitatingly as though she hated to hurt the feelings of even a teddy bear, "I really think he has an idea that I'm clamping to a tree.

But to return to Lupe, I am the most intense little person I almost ever saw. She is heart and soul in the mood of the moment. There was a scar on her right wrist a trifle over an inch long, which I wanted to know about. One time her beloved mother was very ill. So ill that the doctor told her parents to put Lupe in bed and she would not live till morning. "Then neither will I," said Lupe and slashed open the veins in her wrist, which the doctor promptly took three stitches in.

She was a very big star in Mexico before she came to the states two years ago. She was, judging by the extravagant headlines in a book she has, one of the most popular in her country.

"I do not show you these clippings because I am conscious, Helen, but it was said that I was a forbidden fruit on the stage before I came to Hollywood and that is not true. Here you can see for yourself that I was in vogue.

Someone saw Lupe in Mexico City and engaged her to play in "The Dove" with Richard Bennett. She left with a blaze of publicity but what was her embarrassment to be stopped at the border because she was a minor and hadn't the proper papers. Lupe never thought of supplying herself with credentials. She tried to slip back quietly to her home but a little newboy recognized her, and her "incog" was all off. She became the laughing stock of the town.

She went madly to the mission and tried to get her papers through quickly but it was weeks before she could arrange it, and in the meantime "The Dove" opened. She left Mexico and asked studio bosses to trust her. What could they do? They could not believe that she was really going. She gave her mother all the money she had, enough to keep her for the summer until Lupe could make good in Hollywood. It never occurred to her that she might not make good. She took with her just twenty-one dollars and her little dog Melitone, which is a woman dog, and she had a little pasteboard box all punched with holes and woe betide any porter who tried to take it from her. No baggage car for Melitone. No, indeed!

It seemed to Lupe that the states were full of policemen and she fought roundly and cleverly to try to outwit them. "I have never trusted a man since then," she said laughing. "Then when I find that my policemen were porters I went up to them and had to be ripped I looked at one dollar and I wouldn't let them take any thing. Well, I run back and forth with my bags until I get them all in the waiting room. I said, 'I didn't do it all myself so I don't have to pay you nothing,' and they laugh. I couldn't speak much English then, just a few words."


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“Then I sit down in the waiting room with Meleton, my bags and my one dollar, and I wonder why I come to thee country where I do not know anyone and where I am so hungry that I couldn’t stand it and I bought some coffee and a hot dog. Meleton had half. Then I took my bags out and sat on the curb to wait for a taxi. ‘I can take forty cents worth and see where am I, ’ I thought. Some boys come by and laugh and wink at me. I laugh and winkle back. In my country it is only fun to winkle at a mans, in thee country it means something. So they get fresh and then I get mad.

“I get in a taxi ‘otel,’ I say, ‘What ‘otel’ he say. I don’t know any ‘otel so I just say again, ‘otel’. ‘What ‘otel?’ he say, and so we do like that. ‘otel,’ ‘What ‘otel?’ ‘What ‘otel’ for half an hour almost. Then he drive me off and I watch the meter. Every time it go up ten cents I jump. Then we turn on Broadway and I forgot all about the meter. I thought I was in heaven. So many lights, so many people and so much traffic! Was wonderful. We stop and I remember the open meter again. 1.75. What am I to do for another dollar, I thought, and then I went into the hotel and there at the desk was a cookoo man.”

“What on earth’s a cookoo man?” I asked.

“You know, a mans with two eyes looking at each other,”

“Oh, a cross-eyed man,” I said.

“Yes, in my country very bad luck. I run out and say to that driver. ‘What you bring me to a ‘otel where there is a cookoo man?’ He say, ‘Whar’s the ‘otel’ then?’ So we begin that all over again. Then I think of Richard Bennett. I have never see him but he is the only man I know to ask ‘Richard Bennett.’ I say, and the driver he understand after awhile and telephone to the theatre. Richard say for me to go to his ‘otel and he tell me I am all right and that he will stand the bill until I get a job. Oh, my, what I eat. Everything! And Meleton! What he eat that night?

Then to Richard, ‘Well, I cannot play in your play but I can sing and dance. Can I not get a job in your nice country? So he help me and pretty soon I play with the theatre what you think. The first night I am in thee country came a mans with a contract for me to sign and he say I can’t stay here unless I sign. What I know about thee country? And I want to stay, so I sign. It was not to get me a job but when get one I had to pay ten per cent of my salary. I free of him now but I have to pay him thousands of dollars.

“Well, I play with Fanchon and Marco only a little time and then they made me to take a test for pictures. And I laugh hard at him. ‘Me, in pictures! How can I be in pictures. I ugly. I not pretty!’ But they have to take me. And then they want me for ‘The Gauchos.’ Douglas Fairbanks is the sweetest thing, and Mary Pickford is the loveliest women what ever met in your whole life. She was so kind and showed me all my make-up and what I looked best in. She was all the time helping me to make good.

“And now I have this lovely house and my beautiful cars and my radio and Amelia and Meleton here with me and the American peoples have give me all the things I am so happy—all day long. And I am so grateful. I don’t care if I work all night like I have done on this last picture. My goodness, sometimes I think my work isn’t fully understood. It is past two before I can get to bed with an eight o’clock call. That means I have to get up at six fifteen. Was terrible.

“Bennett!” I’m think in those clothes! But now it is over and I can sleep all day.”

She flicked the ash of her cigarette in the instep of her slipper and looked up at me with an elfish grin. “Am I not awful? I am very lazy. Over there,” she waved to a small table of trays of about ten feet away, “over there is a long walk.” She has the ability to conserve her strength for things she must do and save herself steps that she considers unimportant.

“With a second she would have taken a new dance that she liked. I admired a black lacquer bench shaped in half a moon standing on short, golden legs. “I paint that,” said Lupe, “slapping a prideful chest with delight that her work had been noticed. ‘Ees not done yet, I have not enough gold paint for the hind legs. I hope between pictures, is anything but a stay-at-home. As soon as they is rested up she goes everywhere and sees everything.

“Bennett!” I will never marry,” she told me. “Soon as I get a husband I would not like him. Not marry, then you always like your friends!”

Richard Dix Tells the Truth

Continued from page 23

lifted my heart out of my bosom. But would they buy it for me? Twenty million years. And so I lent it. Dick Barthelmess is going to play it. I think they’re calling it ‘Scarlet Seas.’ I’m glad he got it—even if I couldn’t.

“But it’s all different now,” said Dix, more cheerful. “Anybody with a lick of vision can see that sound pictures are here to stay—unquestionably. But mind you, I don’t necessarily mean the talkie. I mean the film with some measure of sound in it. And I’m for them—heart, body and soul. And quite selflessly, too. I figured I was through when they gave up talking. Now I’ve nothing to stick my teeth into. It’s a fight. A fight to the death among movie stars, and like the fight of the human race, only the fit will survive, those whose voices and personalities will lend themselves to talking films. It’s on the knees of the gods. This is the greatest gamble we stars have ever taken—perhaps the next man excellent. But whether I’m rotten or not, I’ve got another chance to try!

“You must remember while we’re talking about this new invention that all our reactions today have been from the key cities—that is the largest cities—only. For the smaller cities and towns haven’t been able to hear their pictures wired yet. But just wait until you get returns from them! It is my belief that the Star System, instead of being wiped out as so many claim now, will take on a bigger and more important regime than ever before. And the reason for it will be the same reason that built up the matinees: the “idols of years ago!” And that reason is that these artists were able to express many tremendous varying emotions by the sheer force of personality.”
She Married Him to Reform Him (Continued from page 56)

All of which goes to prove that in marrying Helen Lynch, Carroll Nye took unto himself an asset and not a liability.

Nor is he falling but clinging vine sort of wife. She is more interested in Carroll's work and success than she is in her own career, and many will recall that Helen Lynch's name was featured on the screen for several years before Carroll made his first flicker. In fact, she was a Wampas Baby Star not so long ago and has been growing great ever since.

Carroll does not object to his wife's continuing her screen work—in fact encourages it, for he believes some interest outside of home affairs is a good thing. During the past season she has played in "The Showdown," "The Singing Fool," "Romance of the Underworld," and "Old Arizona," from which fact it is easy to surmise that Helen has had plenty to think about besides darning her husband's socks and preparing the evening meal.

Even while Carroll was one of the champion emoters in high school dramatics at Covina, California, and later at the State University, he had a secret hunch that he was not to be a real actor. But his first attempt to carry out this ambition after graduating from college was most discouraging. Several weeks were spent bucking in the Laundry game and warming benches of the various studio casting offices before Carroll decided temporarily to follow the line of least resistance by becoming a reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper.

Here he covered police and dramatic stories and now and then a society item for his mother, who is club and social editorDaily. But the life did not appeal to him. Any real future in the newspaper game seemed too remote to hold much allure. Carroll admits that whenever any of the screen stars, about whom he was continually writing, rode by in their Lincolns or Rolls Royces, he always made mental calculations as to how long it would take the star to reach the same goal. By dint of his own shiny, gold-trimmed road rings on a cub reporter's salary, and would arrive at the sad conclusion that such a luxury would be detestable to the possessor of a fourth generation Lincoln.

Besides, acting was still uppermost in his mind. So, when he got a chance to be a super at the old Majestic Theater in Los Angeles, he considered it a great piece of luck. Here he was general Jack-of-all-trades, from rushing props and helping with the advertising to playing soldier and even a little speaking part now and then.

After a few months of this apprenticeship behind the scenes, Carroll got his first real break as an actor. He was signed to play the juvenile lead in "White Collar," a comedy which was enjoying a record-breaking run in the city.

He must have made a good impression here, for, even while the play was still running, he was picked to take a leading part in Corinne Griffith's "Classified." This meant a trip to New York and a role which, even now, Carroll considers one of the best he has ever had, so it was certainly under his lucky star that the young reporter-actor made his debut into motion pictures.

It has been but slightly over three years since that debut and in this period Carroll has appeared in over forty pictures, a record which the young man may well be proud of.

In another year or two his wife expects to see Carroll playing leading roles of the Neil Hamilton or Lloyd Hughes type.
Thalberg’s eyes still mirrored a new sparkle. Romance was knocking at that big office door!

Norma knew it. But if Thalberg heard the rapping of Cupid he gave no sign of hearing. For warm discussions continued to brew. Miss Shearer felt at times that other girls were getting parts she should have played. She fought for them. But Thalberg yielded no ground. More tears. He was adamant. He was boss. His word was law. And there was no court of appeals.

For two years Miss Shearer worked hard, fought for better parts and stories on her road to success. At nights when she climbed the weary steps to her dressing-room after long days of arduous grinds before the camera, she would glance over to the executive building and look for a light in the general manager’s office.

“It would be nice just to know that he was working hard, too,” she said. “One Christmas Eve I had worked until almost midnight. It was raw and cold. I was tired and worn by my dressing-room the telephone rang. It was Mr. Thalberg. He very formally wished me a Merry Christmas. I hung up the receiver and cried.”

The passing of years and the camaraderie of the big studio had not brought the young couple any closer together socially, though they met practically every day on a business plane. Whenever they met, on or off the lot, the greeting was always the same.

“How do you do, Miss Shearer?”

And—

“Very well, thank you, Mr. Thalberg.”

Miss Shearer laughs when she recalls it.

“I guess he never thought about it,” she said.

“But I knew it was love at first sight when I first saw that ‘little office boy.’ Somehow, we couldn’t seem to get over the Mister and Miss stage. He was a business lion but a social lamb. We were never out together. All of our associations were cold business.

“One day somebody accused me of having a crush on him, but I passed it by saying, ‘Listen, there’s nothing between us but a desk and a very large one, too!’

Ah, this modern John Alden! Did he whisper his message of devotion in a romantic studio setting? Did he reach for her hand in the dimness of a projection room? Did he drop his business pose and take her into his arms in the midst of one of those heated story conferences? Let her tell you—after three years then. When I answered, it was Mr. Thalberg’s secretary on the line. She relayed an invitation from him to attend the opening of a picture that night.

The star smiled and sighed.

“I should have replied: ‘Why don’t you speak for yourself, Irving?’ For he probably was listening in to find out what I would say.

“Perhaps he was afraid you might refuse and wanted to be able to blame his secretary if you did? It was suggested.

“I didn’t give him a chance,” she replied. “I accepted right away. And if he didn’t intend to marry me, asking me to that opening was his first hint.”

The rest of the story is well-known: the picturesque wedding, the romantic European honeymoon, the beautiful new home in Beverly Hills.

But what we wanted to know was how Thalberg happened to send to New York for Miss Shearer in the first place.

She explained, “I explained to my husband something I have only recently discovered. He always kept a little notebook in which to jot down the names of ‘hopefuls’ he noticed when he attended picture shows. My name was in it twice”.

“But these story discussions—what has happened to them, now that you are married?”

“Other girls still get stories I want,” she said. “I still argue and plead and try the sob act. But he is still hard-boiled at the office. He’s just a little boy about seven years old with big, sad brown eyes!”

The Mystery of the Stars’ Salaries

Continued from page 27
How the Deb Should Dress
(Continued from page 47)

lead fashion, but you can always make every man in the room wish you were his wife—because you are beautiful!

You can drape yourself in the slinkiest black satin—you can wear earrings that touch the floor—you can wear high heels that tilt you at an angle of forty-five degrees—you can roll your eyes—you can hurl yourself upon a thousand tiger skins—but it will be almost useless because you are not the type that fascinates in that way.

When the little package you are carrying is much too heavy for you; when the street is much too wet for you to cross; when the wind almost hurls you against the lamp post—in other words, when you are almost helpless—there is your strength. Yes, we might add, weakness is your greatest source.

Where the interesting woman, because of her intangible beauty, must help herself by the proper clothes setting, where she must create exclamation points in her dress because of the rather obvious way it is necessary for her to point out her subtle allure, you can jump out of the Easter egg almost like all little rabbits, charm everyone. Your allure is the allure of the new-born. Freshness is your shield of acquisition. It is your coat-of-arms. Like Orpheus in his jungle you play on a flute and charm all of the wild animals about you. They come in like a lion and go out with a wedding ring. And the amazing part of it all is that nine times out of ten with your type, the wedding ring stays put.

And now getting back to clothes. You can wear almost any color in the world. You can wear soft things—fluttery things—but never with too much sophistication.

You will look well in the rain, and almost as well after a dive into the ocean—when all is almost worth being alive for, because it is a real test, isn't it? Men will always want to marry you but they won't wonder about you—they know you. You are never going to have difficulty with your clothes if you are very like Miss Page unless it be that you want to look too fluffy; otherwise, the kitten we spoke about can be made to look sily with a bow, not only on its neck but on its tail and legs. So restraint must be uppermost in your mind and you are comparatively safe.

Tailored things will help submerge a bit of your enthusiasm for too much softness. Black is indeed a foil. Apple green was created for you. Jewelry was not. You do not need it and if you love it, love it wisely or you will look like a jewel set against a background of spangles instead of velvet.

Dress simply, even when you feel you would love a change. Then with all your beauty, and knowledge, too, your life will be almost as much of a joy to you as it most assuredly is to your dressmaker!

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The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 31)

evening at the theater, which is much more than Walter Hampden ever did for us with his "Hamlet." "One Way Street" is eminently not for the delicate, but the general may find some caviar therein. And if that be a letting down of our critical barriers, if that mark the disintegration of the finer things that were part of us, you can sue us.

The Marriage Bed

It is an unusually if not totally honest play that Ernest Pascal has contrived to make out of his novel, "The Marriage Bed." To our bigoted note it may be that Mr. Pascal has been thoroughly honest. But to us the play, far above the average drama dealing with the vagaries of married life, is not totally satisfactory. Which doesn't mean that we didn't have a nice evening. Indeed, what is totally satisfactory? We have heard some complaints recently about ourselves, and there may be something to them. Yet we still feel confident that at times we provide a nice evening. That's our story, anyhow, and we stick to it.

The cast is excellent. Ann Davis as the wife, Allan Dinehart as the husband, Helen Fleet as the vamp, Helen Chandler as the kid sister who almost changes the wife's attitude—the casting is uniformly good. And so is the cast, under the quietly effective direction of Robert Milton.

Cyrano de Bergerac

We made a nasty crack above about Walter Hampden's "Hamlet." We reiterate it. Hampden as Hamlet seems to us to be definitely of the Swift School of Acting. But Hampden as Cyrano, ladies and gentlemen, is something else again. Indeed, it is one of the most glamorous things of the theater.

Now there must be a reason why a man who, though the School Teacher's Delight, can be so utterly hammy as Hampden can, in most things and yet can rise to the heights of Cyrano. Our own private reason is Brian Hooker. We know, alas! no more than menu French; but we doubt that Rostand ever wrote anything half as grand as Hooker's translation.

We'll go, while this mood is on us, a little further. With the exception of Shakespeare, no one has ever written verse that flows through in such dramatic terms upon the stage. We speak, of course, of English verse. Hooker has an ear for the cadences of English that is second to none. His lines shine and shimmer, they sparkle and scintillate, they float gracefully like the falling leaves in the last scene. But, you say, Rostand. Well, Omar is doubtless one of the immortals on Parthenus, but nobody can tell us that Fitzgerald has to sit in the second row.

And yet the Rubaiyat recited on a stage might be a boring thing. Hooker is more than a poet; he is the playwright, too. The right line comes in the right place; the pun (beloved of Shakespeare, too), comes at the unexpected moment; the lovely phrases men make to build their monuments against time and space come slowly and majestically.

Well, here we are trying to review Hampden as an actor and demonstrating only that Hooker is a great poet. Whether Hampden can act or not, or whether Hooker's lines, unlike "Hamlet's," are actor-proof, the fact remains that you cannot afford to miss this production. Hampden is superb in the piece, and any time Hampden gets any credit from us, he deserves it.
My Son—Jimmy Hall

Continued from page 47

amateur night performances. Jimmy tried to go to a Little League game every week. But new or not new, Jimmy went on with his singing and dancing.

"Once, advance billboards told of Otis Skinner in 'Kismet.' Jimmy figured that they would arrive at six in the morning. He was down at that early hour to meet the truck which brought the billboards. By a lucky mistake he didn’t get home until after midnight. During his spanking, he said that he had helped the manager’s wife carry her bags to the hotel that morning after she sold some of his job selling programs in front of the theater.

"One night, a week later, Jimmy didn’t come home at all. After midnight, I phoned the police. We went to all the homes of the boys with whom he traveled. The military academy knew nothing. Finally his sister told us that he had run away. I hired some detectives, they traced him to the 'Kismet' company in Richmond, Virginia, and brought him back.

When he came home he said that he was an artist. He gave me any opportunities. It seems that the manager had given him two jobs. He would sell the tickets before the show and then have the chance to sell the magazines to the boy who sits through one whole act without saying a word. All he cared was that he wore makeup and was on the stage.

He was about thirteen then. One night he ran all the way home. He told me that he was going with the show 'Everywoman.' He was to sell books and also have two roles this time. One, as I remember, was an off-stage voice. I told him that he could never come back home for money and that he was ruining his life. He cried a lot—but went.

"I know Jimmy has struggled to be where he is now. Perhaps not as much as some of the others. He was fortunate enough to have persons show him many ways to success.

"Margaret Breen, a musical comedy revue girl of New York, helped Jimmy a great deal. His letters told me how she was teaching him so that he could be his dancing partner in the 'Passing Show.'

"After Jimmy had climbed to leading roles in revues and musical comedies, he was just as enthusiastic about motion pictures as he was about the theater when he was a boy. He used to write and tell me about any film celebrity he ever saw in the audience during the revues. When the 1923 'Passing Show' came west and ended in Los Angeles, Jimmy saw that he was in it.

"When he played the Biltmore Theater in Los Angeles, it was the summer of 1924 and Hollywood was having its "Great Movie Season." Jimmy sent me some pictures he took of the motion picture parade in which many of the stars rode. He got up early and waited on the streets for the parade to come. When any film celebrity passed, Jimmy would slip out beyond the ropes and snap a picture of him. He sent me a lot of pictures. He even took the truck in which she was riding in the parade. He snapped one of Theodore Roberts. He got one of Lew Cody and Charles Ray standing beside a machine talking when the parade stopped. That’s how interested he was in the movie industry.

"That time when he was west he had several film tests. It was a disappointing letter he sent me when two companies tested him and said that for the big risk, they couldn’t pay him half of what he was getting on the stage. Universal agreed to take him at almost an extra’s salary but Jimmy refused. He was very disillusioned to return to New York and his contract with the Shuberts.

"The other night I met Nancy Carroll. She was led with Jimmy in the Shubert show when he returned to New York. Nancy is one of Jimmy’s favorite screen players now. They were laughing the other day about their experiences in New York. After he had the tests in Hollywood and the poor offer, he confided to Nancy that he never thought he’d like go on the screen, anyway. And she said she never thought she could learn enough fancy color grease paints on her face so she was willing to stay on the stage. Now they are both in Hollywood.

"When finally he did come to the Paramount studios in Hollywood, the letters Jimmy sent us were regular fan letters. He described everybody he met, his home, and his friends. Daniels has always been a favorite of his. Jimmy worked in her picture immediately upon arrival in Hollywood. I met her the other day and we laughed over the picture he took of her during the parade.

"Jimmy’s father looked around the luxurious apartment of his son. He spent most of the tenth of the first week listening to the new radio when Jimmy went for fittings and pictures.

"I see how foolish it is for anyone to try to stop a person with stage ambitions," says Jimmy’s dad. "Of course, everyone with the craze will not succeed. I was sure Jimmy wouldn’t. But those who stick to it in the midst of difficulties, I guess I had my way. Jimmy might be painting houses now. He had a determination which moved as the tide of the ocean. You couldn’t keep it back.

"Jimmy took me to the opening of a play here the other night. The theme had to do with parents who interfered in children’s careers. It was as if they said about children—have ‘em, love ‘em and leave ‘em.’"

After Jimmy left home there was the stage, Billy ‘Swede’ Hall and his wife took care of the young boy. To them go the credit for a big percentage of Hall’s success. This couple took the 14-year-old boy into their home when he came to New York, protected him and raised him to success.

Billy ‘Swede’ Hall still plays the Orpheum. He comes to Los Angeles every year to see his Jimmy.

Jimmy Hall calls both parents ‘dad.’ He loves them both. He entertains Billy Hall just as he does his father because it was he who taught the youngsters the whole inside ways of the game. Billy put him in his act. He got Jimmy places in other revues. He opened his home to him.

But these two fathers have never met. They never want to. And they never will.

Screenland gives you an intimate slant on the stars that you will find in no other magazine.
Purdy Fan attention J. G.
Long, Charles Vogtmann, Mrs. J. E.
Fields, Villa Ayton, Alva Simith, Mrs. John
Gillies, Jacob Wsek, each won sedan in our last
miss puzzle. Over 600 prizes awarded in one year. Over
$11,000.00 in prize paid by us in October, 1920. In next few
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The cars in the contest all look exactly as first seen. They are not
all alike. One is different from all others. There is
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**AND WIN BUICK SEDAN OR $1800.00 CASH**
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**In New York**

(Continued from page 75)

She came east to do talking sequences for
the Tiffany-Stahl pictures, "Molly and
Me,"—Alberta being the "Molly," while
"Me" is—just me, I guess. But it turned
out to be rather a hectic trip for Alberta.
Besides having war very hard, she
heard soon after her arrival here that her
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Preston, had
been injured in an automobile accident.
She wanted to dash right back, but—
for shame! But—picture must go on!—
and besides her mother wired her not to
worry, that their injuries were not serious
enough to warrant bringing Alberta back.
The next thing—well, it was a long story.
The little star was the fiancé of William Lait,
Jr., a millionaire of Pittsburgh and Pasadena.
The wedding was scheduled for an
early date, to take place in Mr. Lait’s home
in Pasadena. The young man planned a
gorgeous home for Alberta in Beverly Hills,
gave her a ten-carat engagement ring and
everything was all set.

Then came the trip to Manhattan for
"Molly and Me." Mr. Lait kept the long
distance wires busy telephoning his fiancé
every day.

He telephoned one day and found her out.
He telephoned the next night and
again Alberta was out. On the third
evening, he found her home, and upon inquir-
ning where she has been the other two
evenings, she told him that she had gone
to some of the night-clubs with some of her
New York friends. He became very
angry because she had promised not to go an-
where with anyone, and the wires burned
with the heated discussion that ensued
between the two. Alberta became just as
angry, and broke her engagement!

Before she left New York she intimated
that she might surprise everybody by an-
nouncing her engagement to Charles Feld-
man, prominent attorney of Hollywood, im-
mediately upon her return to the Coast.
You just can’t keep up with these cute
movie kids! * * *

Tim McCoy was in our midst—minus
that sombrero and those chaps, but with
all his western charm intact. Colonel Tim
is a great guy. You’d like him. He is
asome in a big, bronze, outdoor way; very
good-bred and tailored. He’s a curious
combination of naive and worldwide;
sometimes very sophisticate, often an enthu-
asiastic small boy. (He’ll hate me for that
last crack)! What I mean is, he’s inter-
ingue, quite apart from any claim to fame
his western pictures have brought him.

He sailed for Europe to join his wife
and the McCoy children, who are in school
in France. Due to the seeming slump in
the vogue of "westerns," he didn’t know
just what his future film plans would be.
If you ask me—oh, go ahead and ask—
Colonel Tim McCoy could make a hit as
a leading man even if he left his horse
outside. That’s how good I think he is! * * *

Belle Bennett is a sweet woman. I know
what you’re going to say! But when I say
'sweet' I don’t mean sticky. Miss Ben-
nett is genuinely charming. Her sweetness
is not staged. She’s a real person—and one
of our finest actresses.

She was in New York briefly for the first
time in years to make, at the R.C.A Sound
Studio, dialogue scenes for "Molly and
Me"—yes, the same picture Alberta
Vaughn is in. Belle had just finished her
part, that of the Queen, in Doug Fairbanks' new film, "The Iron Mask," before she was a stage player. She is one of the players who are always in demand. Even since her great hit in "Stella Dallas" she has been having director's first choice for attractive matron and youthful-mother roles.

Do you know Carlotta King? If you don't, you will soon. She is all set to make movie test success. The studio overhead $250 is reasonable for one with talkie accompaniment. Studios must be run on a business basis, making talkie tests for unknown aspirants few and far between.

Paramount's casting office suggests a solution to our Mary. Fred Datig tells her to get a part in some legitimate play around town. It can be heard as a commodity, and perhaps she will be invited by some casting office to make a test. Players with big names are doing exactly that, he informs her. Few silver-tongued orators are being picked from the ranks of inexperienced actors. Only those of established repute on the vaudeville, musical comedy, and legitimate stage are approached usually with offers. Often these people are signed for short subjects or two-reel skits to prove their ability in front of the camera before being entrusted with great responsibility.

Mary Jane Jones is stunned by the turn of events, but remembers hearing Betty Bronson to advantage in Warner films. Perhaps they'll see her true value too. The casting office is short and exact in their statements, but equally positive. No casting of talkies for three months, everything filled at present, sincerely sorry, but they'll take the address and photo for file. Don't get discouraged, little girl.

Subsequent visits to other casting offices arouse no change of heart. Mary Jane Jones realises she isn't exactly destined to back the current favorites off the map. Being a practical individual, she finally manages to get on with a Los Angeles stock may not fit with the personality you would portray on the screen? Imagine the tragedy of a great character man of the wide open spaces cursed with a lisp? Or the daunt heroines of the rather raspy bass voice that puts the hero to shame?

Audiences already imagine how their favorites will speak, the actual pitch of their voices, the general consensus of opinion decrees blondes have clear voices; while brunettes should figuratively possess more vibrant low tones to match the depth of their natural voices.

Exceptions prove the rules, and several of my friends reverse the order of events. Greta Garbo is a blonde with a "brunette voice." When she sang "La Tosca" on the set of our "Mysterious Lady," her notes were all in the lower register, deeper than most women's voices. By contrast, Dorothy Sebastian and Raquel Torres possess "blonde voices," soprano and flute-like, although they are raven-haired with olive complexion. So the old order changeth!

With sound success on the ascendency, casting offices find their work increasingly difficult. They must locate actors to talk in character as well as look the part. Bayard Veiller, is directing Norma Shearer in his play, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." He tells me, "I'm at my wit's end to locate a district attorney who will look and speak like a professional lawyer. No sooner do I find an actor, than he turns out to have a broken accent, or a voice off-key, or is too tall for Miss Shearer.

For this reason, the sound and photographic tests are usually made at the same time, with the sound apparatus recording while the camera clicks in its little sound-proof camera room. This favorite type of test is the Movietone System. With the Vitaphone process, the two are separate and may be made at different times.

Tests which are usually the thousand feet in length are then averaged. An imperfect nose can be discounted by a perfectly modulated voice. Small defects are overlooked for big assets. The highest average, considering voice and photographic charm, determines the winner for a disputed role, although other contenders may have single superior features. Cheer up; don't let one defect discourage you.

I received a very human fan letter the other day from a professional singer who adores Raquel Torres. She asked me if it would be possible to have her voice for that of Miss Torres, if the little Mexican's accent didn't do her justice. This woman of grand opera training confided that her great ambition was to help out her own film favorite by doubling her trained voice for the other's accent. Of course, the exchange isn't necessary, and I think you'll enjoy Raquel's unusual accent.

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SCREENLAND
Buster Keaton Location

Continued from page 43

this sequence; so she was not on board that day.

Ernest S. Pogano, who did the screen story, said the biggest laugh he ever had in his life was over a story he heard about Buster. Buster is a big fan, a comic most of the time, and wanted for work he would be tied up with some task. So his next contract had in it a clause forbidding him to play ball, for which you could hardly blame Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Buster didn't.

But what do you think they did? They gave him a director who is as great an enthusiast as Buster, and had Mr. Sedgwick crack player on the University of Texas team. It is a joke in Hollywood that when anyone applies for a job with the Keaton-Sedgwick outfit, the first question he is asked is whether he can play baseball. "He wasn't so much of a trooper, but boy! He was a great third baseman!" is the obituary earned by a few players. Of course Buster can play on the studio team which doesn't interfere with production.

"Say, when do I rate breakfast anyway?"

I demanded, suddenly remembering and thoroughly deafened. And just then the curtain rose. With Buster, Dorothy and Mr. Sedgwick.

Mr. Sedgwick spoke the magic words with such cheerfulness that the chef was glad to rustle an unorderable meal. "If you've never been on a boat, come down backwards," said the general. And disappear down a perpendicular ladder that led to the galley. "What will you have? Grapefruit, shredded wheat, granenuts, oatmeal, pancakes, eggs, bacon, coffee, orange juice or clam chowder. Also put your order for lunch: roast beef, sweet or white potatoes, lamb chops or eggs.

"Well, I've cooked for the movies before. I've cooked for Buster several times and he's a great guy. They don't make 'em any finer!"

He was a likable lad, this chap, P. E. Paige by name, called "Pep" by everyone. His initials probably suggested it, but his personality is that of a grandstand man, like a college athlete than an indoor man. "Pep" told us that everyone had a seasick two days before when there had been a bad storm, and the boat had stopped on end most of the time. "First time it has gotten me since 1917, but boy, I gave up good and proper that day. I was going to go to see today there will be a few victims, too!"

I felt very snappy by this time, having put myself outside of the order of some crisp bacon and eggs and two cups of the most excellent coffee I ever drank, and I felt very independent about the weather.

When we got on deck again Buster was doing his first scene. The eye had run along the boom and hidden behind a sail. But the wind was so strong he faced another dip in the briny. His antics to keep from falling were very amusing but Buster had gotten away with them unscathed.

I remembered a story Buster's father had told me about some stunt training. The whole Keaton family were Thespians and Mr. Keaton began training Buster before he could creep. When he was nine or ten his father introduced him to the gag in his act. When he grew up the vaudeville world wanted Buster to greet it with an unsmiling face. But Buster forgot; and besides, it was very funny, making it hard for them to follow. The next night Mr. Keaton said he would throw Buster out in the wings, which means off-stage, if he laughed. This was not as horrible as it sounds for Buster had been trained to land anyhow, anywhere, without hurting himself. Part of the act was throwing Buster at the scenery which was always good for a howl from the audience, and that was on a night that the troupe got in late and hadn't time to look about the theatre. When Buster was thrown the audience just said "Wang!" and was too near the back wall and he was neatly knocked senseless. As a rule the back drop just broke his fall but this time the wall came down and landed right in the aisle. So when his dad mentioned throwing him into the wings he thought it as a huge joke and laughed loud and long at the forbidden moment. He landed almost out at the stage entrance which he thought was a fine trip."

Next night his father said he would throw him in the audience if he didn't obey, but Buster was having too good a time to pay much attention. So when the gag came he stood off as usual and shouted, "'Faw, haw, haw, haw, 'Wang!'"

Wang! He shot through space and landed right in the aisle. He was so surprised he sat for a minute or two with no expression on his face at all and then broke out and said soberly, "Gee, I guess my paw means what he says," and climbed back on the stage while the house roared with laughter. From then on Buster was never smiled on the stage and soon was known as the little frozen-faced comedian. And he still is.

But to return to our location. Buster came from his dressing room looking quite happy and as though he really liked it. It was terribly cold. Too. Oh, I always cover myself with goose-down, he was saying. "It keeps the heat in the body and prevents one from feeling cold."

The sun came out so there would be no more work for a long time. "Isn't it a limit?" asked Buster. "Most companies have to wait around for the sun, but this sequence calls for a stormy sky so we have to work for clouds! We're in a storm the other day though the boat pitched so everyone was too seasick to work. We really had a close call. And if we weren't on the outside of the boat there would have been a few lives lost. As it was, we had to anchor because the sea was too heavy to land."

"I'm glad we didn't waste time."

With Norman McNeil, the organist, he was working out the melody of his latest song, "Pretty Thing." Did you know that Edward Sedgwick is the composer of both the music and lyrics of twenty popular songs? Ever hear of "You Told Me to Go," "Just Remember," and "You Can't Fly?"

Mr. Sedgwick sang a few of them for me, and I recognized the hits of their year on Broadway. And this is the way he does it. Between scenes or while waiting with his organist, who plays by ear what he sings until they have it straight. Mr. Sedgwick told me that Edward Sedgwick sang him "You Told Me To Go" over the telephone. "I don't take it seriously because it isn't my business, but it's a lot of fun and has produced into a very lucrative bit of fun."

"When you get tired making pictures you can earn your living singing songs to people," I told him.

"I used to do that in vaudeville for many years," he smiled. He has a really beautiful tenor voice. So if picture re-
quirily."

Dorothy had just finished a new picture when she was called to the phone. She had played a rather unpleasant character, but the pictures turned out well and she was pleased with her performance. Dorothy went to the set to continue filming, but she was feeling a little tired. She decided to take a break and have some lunch.

Dorothy was in a small restaurant near the studio when she heard a commotion. She looked out the window and saw a group of people gathered around a man who was arguing with the owner. Dorothy went to the window to see what was happening and saw that the man was being arrested.

Dorothy was concerned about the situation and decided to help. She went over to the man and asked if he needed any help. The man told her that he was a victim of a scam and that he had lost a lot of money.

Dorothy was shocked to hear this and offered to help the man in any way she could. She contacted some of her friends in the industry and was able to arrange a meeting with a lawyer who could help the man.

Dorothy was proud of herself for taking action and helping the man in need. She realized that she could use her influence to help others and decided to do more to make a difference in the world.
Making Up With Marion Davies

Continued from page 73

cold cream! It was easy to figure why Anna Held took milk baths. For I had discovered, unintentionally, perhaps, one of Max Factor's psychological secrets: his discriminative uses of scents in his various beauty concoctions. Have you ever stopped to analyze this thing, vulgarly termed 'aroma'? You have been taught that some girls have 'it' and other girls haven't—that this intangible influence that reaches into that least-understood part of you—the subconscious self. But don't allow Madame Glynn to fool you; there ain't no 'it.' For 'it,' by any other name, is merely perfume. And perfume is imagination. The appreciation of perfume is mental reaction. Adam and Eve smelt things, Apple blossoms, for instance—but they had no sense of fragrance. Since, long years have refined the mental processes and developed the sense of fragrance. Scents can tantalize, entreat, repel or caress, and—whoo, old typewriter! you're running away, the Factor building were grouped a number of curious people—tourists, I was told, waiting there to glimpse the movie stars as they scuttled from limousines to the make-up salon of the establishment. One little spectator seriously informed me that one could see more stars here in an hour than could be seen on the boulevard in a week's time. Imagine hanging around just to look at movie stars. Besides, the stars hated to have the mob look at them. Yes, they did!

This establishment must not be confused with beauty parlors, which are legion. The Factor laboratories are essentially beauty laboratories where new beauty effects are developed and tested, rather than a factory producing a variety of cosmetics. Beauty, such enviable beauty that the vast motion picture audience adores, is Max Factor's life work. He gains it through study, science, experiment and art.

He found that the customary three or four shades of rouge and powder were unsatisfactory, because there were more than that number of complexion. So he perfected eight different shades in powder and seven in rouge to give every type of woman the make-up that would harmonize perfectly with her own complexion. All of which is only one of the reasons why so many movie stars pass through his doors. He concocted the special make-up that first started Valentino to fame in "The Four Horsemen." He created a make-up that wouldn't rub off for Douglas Fairbanks. His name is on the roll of honor in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

And, confidentially, just between us, several stars, slipping to screen oblivion, are doing a come-back, because of the cosmetic magic he worked on them. But why should I laboriously dig out facts about this remarkable man? Let's make him do it, himself.

"Beauty aids cost the American people more than $1,000,000,000 a year," says Mr. Factor, somewhat peevishly. I had interrupted his work in the experimental laboratory. "In 1927 beauty preparations ran to $177,000,000. The women name most of them, although men spent millions this year in attempts to improve their looks. "To us in Hollywood, make-up is the enhancement of natural beauty through the use of cosmetics in perfect color harmony, individualized to the complex. The cosmetics used to gain this effect are never noticed, for each essential of make-up and harmony of color and becomes a natural part.

"To accomplish this effect is easy if you know what constitutes make-up; if you learn the correct method of make-up; and if you select the correct color harmony to blend with your natural complexion.

"The first thing to remember is that make-up requires that each feature which adds to beauty must be considered individually as a part of the harmonious whole. The hair, the face, the eyes, the lips, the neck, the arms—each should be beautiful. "The second thing to remember is not to use make-up in a haphazard fashion. It should be applied according to well-defined principles of art and cosmetic law.

"Third, all cosmetics used must be in perfect color harmony with the individual complexion, or else they clash.

"Over these facts I learned to work in Hollywood over a period of twenty years, and I know that beauty can be actually doubled through the art of scientific make-up, for I have proved it time and time again with the various movie stars and with the thousands of women I have worked on."

"Doubted?" I doubted that last statement. "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Factor, that any woman, no matter how unluckily she is, can actually be made attractive by merely applying the correct coloring to her complexion?"

"Absolutely!" Max was certainly emphatic. "Bring me an ugly woman and I'll make her attractive. Or, set any ordinary, looking woman down to one of those tables—"he pointed to the magnificently-appointed make-up tables of the salon—"and she will leave this place doubly attractive, by merely discovering the color harmony adapted to her individuality. She can do this all by herself, too. Why, there are hundreds of women, all over the United States, who are daily doing that very thing—finding the combination of make-up best suited to their type. Naturally, it makes them more attractive."

Max Factor should know!

The Winners of the contest are:

For Greta Garbo's Negligee, Mrs. Mildred M. Benson, 709 Cleveland Avenue, N.W., Canton, Ohio.

For Charlie Chaplin's Graflex Camera, Miss Lucile M. Wilshire, 2032 Belmont Road, N.W., Washington, D.C.

For Mary Pickford's Desk 2950 California Street, San Francisco, California.

For Harold Lloyd's Silverware, Miss Mabel Millsap, 120 West Fourth Street, Anderson, Indiana.

For John Gilbert's Wristwatch, Mr. Harvey H. Attridge, Coffman-Dobson Bank Building, Chehalis, Washington.

For Mrs. Emma H. Little, Set, New York, N.Y.
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BESSIE LOV
By Georgia Warren

ALICE WHITE OFFERS $500 IN PRIZES FOR THEME SONG
SEE PAGE 41
Edna Wallace Hopper, her yearly vacation over, has deserted Paris and fashionable French watering places for her theatrical tour on the Keith-Albee-Orpheum Circuit.

In a letter to Chicago, MISS HOPPER says:

"My very close friend, Princesse Galitzine and others of the American colony, enthused over my White Youth Clay and Youth Cream beauty treatment. Six years ago I furnished some of my intimate friends in Paris the formulae for the clay and cream, which they have had their chemists make ever since. They are amazed at the quick and lasting results. This is a delightful tribute in a country where beauty is considered well won at any price. Yes, to the French, a woman's attractiveness is indeed a serious matter."

The dainty White Youth Clay which keeps Miss Hopper's skin exquisitely clear and fine-textured, is absolutely necessary to keep your own skin free from the accumulation of grime, hardened natural oil and dead skin. These particles become imbedded in the pores and are not removed by ordinary cold cream or other cleansing. They finally form ugly, enlarged pores which result in blackheads and coarse skin. A white, flawless skin is impossible unless the cleansing process goes beneath the surface.

Edna Wallace Hopper's White Youth Clay draws every impurity to the surface and leaves the face delightfully refreshed, glowing and smooth. A white clay pack at home takes only a few minutes. It is removed with cold water and the treatment finished with a bit of Miss Hopper's fragrant cream as a base for her light or heavy Youth Powder. The purging action of the clay gives your skin a lovely, natural blush ... leaves it as smooth as a rose petal.

[An Invitation]

Send for this gorgeously colored art panel box of seven beauty aids. In addition to the products Miss Hopper uses on her skin it contains a sample of Wave and Sheen. This waving fluid is ideal for setting a permanent or for use in waving. It leaves a soft, flattering sheen which makes your wave doubly attractive.

Mail this special offer coupon at once to Edna Wallace Hopper, 336 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago—enclosing 50c for enough of her seven beauty aids to prove their value to you. Also Free Certificate good for 50c tube of Quindent tooth paste.

Name
Street
City State

Miss Hopper Startles Paris
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The screen adaptation of this stage success has been produced with the perfect realism that only the Fox Movietone process of recording sound on film can create.

You see and hear a living spectacle of the greatest metropolis in the world—the breezy talk of Broadway and the sporting world, the frenzied shouts of twenty thousand fight-crazed enthusiasts during a championship fight at the world-famous Madison Square Garden, the voice of the announcer, the bang of the gong, the ringside repartee, the beat of gloves on flesh, the tumult during the sensational knockout.

You see and hear a thrilling horserace at historic Belmont Park, the roar of subway trains and voices of milling crowds, the click of coins in the turnstiles; you see and hear the hustle and bustle of Times Square and the Grand Central Station—every sound of these eye-filling and ear-thrilling scenes recorded by Fox Movietone at the ACTUAL SCENES.

And you see and hear a fast-moving story of New York and its many "rackets", a story packed with exciting action, love, comedy, color and suspense.

An unusual cast of well known artists of stage and screen, including Paul Page, Lola Lane, Henry B. Walthall, Helen Ware and Sharon Lynn, masterfully directed by Benjamin Stoloff, make the picturization of this absorbing story by Edward Knoeblock and George Rosener superb entertainment.

F MOVIETONE X More than Sound—Life itself!
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**Introducing Olga Chekova.** Doesn't she resemble Pola Negri? Chekova is a Russian who was trained in the Moscow Art Theatre.

**Olga makes picture in Berlin.** Her latest is "Moulin Rouge" which is released here by World Wide Pictures.

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**Looking Them Over**

A Close-Up of Coming Films

By Evelyn Ballarine

Everyone is asking—"What's going to happen to the foreign players now that the talkies have come and conquered?" Yes, what about them—are the talkies eliminating them?

We hear that Lya de Putti left for London to star in "The Informer" for British National Pictures. Dita Paro was imported from Europe by Paramount and was transported right back again without making even one picture. Pola Negri has already said goodbye to America and is making pictures abroad. Anna May Wong went to Germany, last year, to make one film but her success in that picture resulted in her signing a contract under which she will make a number of films in Germany. Miss Wong also appears in "Piccadilly," the English film starring Gilda Gray. That picture was made in Elstree, the Hollywood of England. We hope Anna May Wong returns soon. She is a good actress and has a charming voice. Eva Von Berne went back to Germany after making only one picture, "Masks of the Devil," in which she played opposite John Gilbert. Eva is with UFA now, we hear. Maria Corda and Conrad Veidt have signed contracts with UFA to make pictures in Germany. Are the talkies to blame?

On the other hand, Camila Horn is still here, also Lily Damita and Baslanova. Maurice Chevalier came to Paramount from France to make "The Innocents of Paris." According to reports, this picture is a knockout and on the strength of it the Paramount officials signed Chevalier for another year. Bravo, Chevalier! "The Big Pond" is his next picture. Joseph Schenck imported Mona Maris, an Argentine screen celebrity, from Berlin, where she had been featured in pictures. And she doesn't speak a word of English. Olga Chekova, famous Russian actress with World Wide Pictures, has been invited to make pictures here—but she's holding out on us. Like George Bernard Shaw, she hesitates to come to our America. In that respect she is unique as she is the only foreign player who wouldn't fly at the chance, providing, of course, his contract permitted it —(flying, I mean).

Chekova is Russian but lives in Paris and Berlin. She resembles Pola Negri and was once a member of the Moscow Art Theater. She has her own producing com-
The Voice of Vitaphone brings to you the living pulse-beat of Paris.

See and Hear Dolores Costello in "The Redeeming Sin" with Conrad Nagel

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Get a test jar of this new kind of facial creme and use it instead of cold creme. One element not absorbed by the skin shows completely. Other elements bring your skin six-fold benefits. It is called Germaine Graham Beauty Secret. Test it for one or two weeks. Then, if you do not notice striking improvements, if your skin is not noticeably finer, whiter, and smoother, if you are not delighted I will refund your money. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only $1.50 for the extra-large jar. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVASE GRAHAM, Dept. 48-C, 23 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill. (In Canada, 61 College St., Toronto.)

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* * *

company and perhaps that is the reason she won't accept an American offer. You'll see her in "Moulin Rouge," which is soon to be released here and which is reviewed in "Let's Go to the Movies." It is a film in this issue of Screenland. We also hear that Emil Jannings may return to Germany at the expiration of his contract with Paramount Pictures. We sincerely hope this is just one of those groundless rumors. Jannings is too good a bet to lose and besides, he doesn't need sound accompaniment.

Milton Sills is going to be two other fellows in "Dark Streets," his next picture. By that I mean he plays a dual role for the first time in his screen career and it's the first time a dual role has been attempted in talkies. What's more, he plays both a cop and a crook and besides that Doris Kenyon, his lead opposite him. If the signing of stage players continues at this rate we'll have to revise our list of screen favorites—or at least add to it. Irene Bordoni, the pretty-known French actress, has signed a contract with First National. Miss Bordoni has the distinction of being the first actress to make an international talkie. This will be possible because she sings in French, Italian, Spanish, and German. Her first production will be built around her piquant personality and will contain musical numbers written especially for her. At present Irene Bordoni is in "Paris," a French farce with music and a Broadway success. She won't be starting on her picture until after the run of her play. Then she will journey out to sunny California and will sing her songs about sunny France.

Mary Eaton, once glorified by Ziegfeld, and Oscar Shaw, who played in pictures before they could talk, are making "The Cocoanuts" starring those very funny Marx Brothers. "The Cocoanuts" was last season's Broadway hit with the Marx Brothers, of course. This picture is being made at the Long Island Paramount-Studio. Richard Dix's first talkie, "Nothing But the Truth," is being made at the same studio. Dorothy Hall, of the stage, has been given the feminine lead opposite Dix. Helen Kane, also of the stage, is featured. Those of you who like Follies will have a chance to see some soon—for Fox Films is making the "Fox Movietone Follies." And little Dixie Lee, a practically unknown chorus girl won a choice role in the "Fox Movietone Follies." She was the lucky girl selected out of four hundred applicants because she was pretty and could put over hot songs. And now she has a five-year contract with Fox.

Dorothy Burgess is another stage recruit to be given a long-term contract with Fox. She got it because of her splendid work in "In Old Arizona." Oscar Smith, Negro blackout at the Paramount studios, is now under contract to that company. You've seen him in a number of Richard Dix pictures. Dix gave him his first picture bit in "Shanghai Bound." He has quite a large role in "The Canary Murder Case," Paramount's mystery-murder talkie. Oscar isn't going to let his picture contract interfere with his blackout business; he'll continue to shine shoes between pictures. He's no snob! He's known in Hollywood as 'the cute kid.'

Richard Arlen has a new contract with Paramount which means his voice must be good. Good! He is now at work on a talking film of the prize-winning titled "The Man I Love." Mary Brian has the lead opposite him. William Wellman is directing it. This is the fourth Arlen picture that Wellman has directed. "Wings," "Beggars of Life," and "Ladies of the Mob" are the others. They are a good team and we look forward to a very interesting picture.

Rah! Rah! Rah! C-r-r-e-a-t-a-t-e! The movies are going collegiate again. And with our pet pupils, Clara Bow, Colleen Moore, Joan Crawford, Alice White, Marcelline Day and William Haines.

In "The Duke Steps Out," our wise-cracking boyfriend, Bill Haines, is a college boy. Joan Crawford plays opposite him. While this is a college story the hero is a prize fighter who later goes to college. It is whispered that this is the story of Gene Tunney's life—and speaking of whispers—this is a talkie.

"The Wild Party" has Clara Bow and Marcelline Day and a flock of co-eds doing their stuff for dear old alma mater.

"Hot Stuff" is college life with Alice White and others. What others? What does it matter—there's Alice White!
“Why BE Good?”

Does it PAY to be good or is it BETTER to be bad!

“WHY BE GOOD?”
—When it’s so much more thrilling to be bad!

“WHY BE GOOD?”
—When you meet Prince Charming, who is wise, wealthy and wonderful!

SHE’S at it again. Making hilarious whoopee! This daring darling is on another intriguing tour into the lands of love and whoopee... This time her excursion is personally conducted by Cupid... She’s a shop girl. Seeking sensations. She finds them. And HOW!... Is it BAD to be good? Or GOOD to be bad? Colleen demonstrates in this 1929 version of Flaming Youth... See this exponent of incandescent youth! HEAR the hilarity Vitaphone adds to the whoopee!

A FIRST NATIONAL VITAPHONE PICTURE
Confessions of the Fans

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

The Editor.

Dear Editor:

Although this is my first letter to any screen magazine, I have been a constant reader of them all.

I often wonder why a certain actor is featured when another very plainly steals the picture. For instance, "The Patriot." With all due respect to Emil Jannings, that picture belongs to Lewis Stone. So far as I am concerned, there isn't a better actor on the screen today. And why all this whoopee for John Gilbert? Maybe I'm prejudiced but I'd rather see the old Key-stone Cops. I am glad, though, that Conrad Nagel is at last getting the credit he deserves. And Ramon Novarro—I only hope that "The Flying Fleet" is better than some of the other stories they've inflicted on him. I still like his "Scaramouche" the best of all; in fact, I've seen it no less than six times. Now he will be in operetta! Here's wishing him all the success in the world.

At one of the theatres the announcement is—"Clara Bow in "Wings."" Why? Any one can see that the picture belongs first to Richard Arlen and then to Charles Rogers. There will be an avalanche of criticism on that statement.

I've just read that Greta Garbo has returned to her native land. Glory be! Maybe now we won't have to look at those clinging, slinky love scenes that make one want to crawl under the seats. As I said before, I may be prejudiced. Without a doubt this world could not exist without love—but give us the clean, wholesome love stories. Could anyone wish anything sweeter than Janet Gaynor? However, taking everything into consideration, how many of us would-be critics could do as well as those we criticize.

In the year 1929, please give us more of Charles Farrell, Charles Rogers, Gary Cooper, Dick Barthelmess, Marion Davies, Janet Gaynor, Buster Collier, Jr., George Lewis, Robert Armstrong, Conrad Nagel, George Stone, Marian Nixon, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt and Ralph Forbes. But please let's not have any more war pictures. A great many of us are trying to forget.

Sincerely yours,

(MRS.) GERTRUDE M. MCDANIEL, 621 Oak St., Quincy, Illinois.

Attention, J. Clarence!

Kind Editor:

I say "kind" because 'tis truly an editor with a kindly spirit who will listen to the rattle of the General Public, read through hundreds of grumbling and complaining letters, then cheerfully publish the few that are readable! That's what I call a woman!

That man, J. Clarence, of Minneapolis: I agree with him—and I don't! Sounds paradoxical—but he said in the February issue of SCREENLAND, along with the Confessions of other Fans: "Sometimes I think the new talking pictures are swell and sometimes I don't." I agree with him—inasmuch as I do like the new talkies very much: therefore I cannot agree with him during those periods when he doesn't think they are swell! I haven't been hit with the "No-swell-talkies" yet.

That man is way up in Minneapolis where I was born and I'm way down yonder in Georgia—but I'm sure agreeing with these Georgia Crackers on talkies. Why, when Al Jolson smit the town with "The Singing Fool," everyone had a great time! It stayed over two weeks and each performance was jammed and crowded with men, women, children—all coming out with tears streaming, declaring they had just had the best time. Women do make a good time crying, but if it makes 'em happy, let's have some more pictures like that.

I wonder did J. Clarence see Bill Powell deliberately poison Evelyn Brent in "Interference?" Evelyn was kinda dirty
Once We Called Him a Wallflower

Now He’s the Best Talker and Most Popular Man in Town

I COULDN'T figure out what was wrong with Jim Begley. Kadland knew I was just a few days away from the headlines. He could see the map of my mind and voice coming together. I could sense my destiny was in the balance of a chance encounter.

And I overheard their conversation. It was something墙flower had. He was the odd man out in their conversation. Once I had told him the story of my life, he was the one who listened. We sat for hours and talked about everything. He would give me a chance to share my thoughts and feelings.

But it was not until we were driving home that he unfolded the most amazing story of all; the explanation of his change from a shy, self-conscious wallflower to a dominating personality. He told how a remarkable new home study training had enabled him to overcome his of self-consciousness and stage fright; taught him to become an interesting, forceful speaker; and how it has shown him a short cut to advancement in business, social popularity, and real success.

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Three Cheers for the Talkies

Dear Editor:

Now you might just as well get settled comfortably for a nice long story. I have been waiting for this chance an age to tell you and everyone else just what the movies mean to me.

I saw the most wonderful picture—Vilma Banky, in "The Awakening." I have often seen Miss Banky act, but in this picture she does more than that. She lives and thinks in words just how this picture affected me but it will always be in my mind, deeply impressed.

As New talkies are certainly going over big. Recently I saw "The Barker," starring Milton Sills, one of my favorite stars; and it was "hotsey totsey." I admire...
Following Is a Complete List of the Prize Awards, and the Winners:

1st Prize—$10000.00—Cash
Mrs. Rose Waldstein, 31 Peterboro St., Boston, Mass.

2nd Prize—Chrysler Automobile
A. Seligman, e/o Sheridan Hotel, 1201 Sherman Ave., Chicago, Ill.

3rd Prize—R. C. A. Combination Radiola & Victrola
Charles Alexander, 270 No. 4th St., Bloomington, Pa.

4th Prize—Eastman Motion Picture Camera

5th Prize—Electric Victrola, Cadenza Model
Marie H. Isley, 1623 Alaca Place, Tucumcari, Ala.

6th Prize—R. C. A. Portable Radiola
Mrs. J. B. Myers, 3323 Memorial Ave., Lynchburg, Va.

7th Prize—Elgin, 17 Jewel, 14kt. Gold Watch
Mrs. L. P. Allard, 209 East Lee Greenstreet, North Carolina.

8th Prize—Waltham Wrist Watch
Lillian M. Dow, 975 -- 15th Street, Boulder, Colorado.

9th Prize—Corona Portable Typewriter
Dorothy Gray, 329 Main Street, Greenville, Pa.

25 Prizes—$250.00—In Cash

50 Honorary Prizes of $10 in Cash

that a majority of the participants in the contest wrote us that they frequently saw Columbia Pictures on the screen of their local theatres—and that they enjoyed them immensely.
What makes a salable story?

Of course good idea (how many fine ideas have died in your mind this year?) or one interesting experience, plus the ability and NERVE to write it. Nerve is capitalized, because of lack of nerve-lack of confidence—is the steel chain that fetters many a natural born writer to some dull, unconnected task. "I haven't got it in me" brings many a potential best-seller to a premature close. Ability without enterprise seldom finds its target.

Have you ever noticed that every year scores of young men graduate from the newspaper profession into the ranks of successful writers? Why? Most newswriters know that writing "salable stuff" is no dark and mysterious secret. Day after day, they write—and write. The very nature of their calling crowds their minds with ideas. Their copy is painstakingly corrected and criticized—by experts. Occasionally, friendly (or threatening) advice is thrown in. And gradually, fewer and fewer corrections are necessary. Astonishing how quickly an intelligent man can learn to write by writing.

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Our interesting Writing Aptitude Test will reveal your ability, gauge your possibilities—measure you exactly for the training you need. Send in the coupon and get it. Fill it out and return it to us. Our editors will analyze it for you and tell you exactly what it shows. It's free; there's no obligation. Send the coupon now. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Her Version

Dear Editor:

I have some opinions that just must be set down in black and white. So, I make my first visit to your very interesting department.

"The Patriot" was a wonderful film. I'll never forget Jannings' characterization of the mad ruler of Russia—his finest role. Recently I saw him in "Sins of the Fathers." His performance was indifferent compared to his mad Czar. Though, of course, he did some fine work in this later picture. Speaking of the talkies, I give them my unqualified approval and commendation. They are improving right along and promise to become the greatest educational and beneficial as well as entertaining invention of the day.

"Interference" was good but I thought "On Trial" was better. Of course, the four stars in "Interference" acted superbly. I can hardly wait to see and hear the sound pictures that are coming. There will undoubtedly be many surprises and disappointments in the voice tests—but it will only mean that actors must perfect themselves in talking as well as acting. These two arts should be hand in hand anyhow.

I think I have written my most clamoring-to-be-heard thoughts so I'll just say, Here's for better and better talkies and quit.

Sincerely,

Clarece M. Freeman,
518 North Illinois Street,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

On Americanizing Foreign Stars

Dear Editor:

I would like to protest, publicly, against Americanizing foreign stars. Does dressing and stamping them with the Hollywood brand make them prettier and more charming? Oh! But does it add one whit to their art? No—thousands of Noes.

For examples look to gorgeous Greta, the peerless Pola and vivid Vilma. The most patriotic Yankee must admit they have gained in looks (and it), but have lost in art. The same is true of Jannings, although he has suffered least. Import and make them citizen—but for the sake of cinema don't cover up their own world differences. I'm thinking about the talkies: I think they are here to stay. I hope so. The native music of "White Shadows of the South Seas" was wonderful. The talking and singing sequence of "Mother Knows Best" were flawless. Who and can ever forget the pitiful sobbing of the German soldier in "Four Sons?"

Sincerely,

Catherine Cruyse,
111 Maple Ave., Hamilton, Ont., Can.

He'd Walk a Mile for a Movie

Dear Fellow Fans:

I have been asked many times why I go to the movies so often. My answer is varied. For one thing, I live on a farm. That means up in the morning to do the chores until evening and then to bed. Day gets very monotonous. But, thank my lucky stars, the movies are just around the corner—me, I mean. Eighteen miles to one movie theatre, a mile to local shows, and I go to Spokane, forty miles away, for a special now and then. And, of course, there are the fan magazines, What a bright spot they are in an otherwise dull life.

Screenland is my favorite. I thought the January issue was the finest ever published. I enjoy the reviews; they are relevant every way.

To me, talking pictures are just a big nuisance. Of course, there are lots of silent pictures and I'm glad of it. I always head for the show that has a silent picture with organ accompaniment. I love pipe organs and the restful quiet of the silent pictures best of all. However, I will admit that the talking sound, and musical effects of "Wings," "Lilac Time," and "Mother Knows Best" were very entertaining.

I wish some of the fans would write to me, particularly Dix Colbert whom I think ought to be a star himself.

Sincerely yours,

I. Theron E. Foutts,
Box 162, Springdale, Washington.

On Movies and Fan Magazines

Dear Editor:

Movies and Fan Magazines

Her Meat
The Newest Touch of Smartness

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S
Cosmetic Masterpieces

Paris-inspired, created by one who is artist as well as scientist, the cosmetic masterpieces of HELENA RUBINSTEIN are unquestionably the finest in all the world—and the most flattering!

Helena Rubinstein has perfected the one indelible lipstick that gives the lips a satiny-smoothness and suppleness, as well as lasting color. Helena Rubinstein originated the rouges that not only enhance the skin, but actually protect and benefit it. And back of the marvelous powders that bear her name, is Helena Rubinstein’s genius for the blending of colors and textures. On sheer merit the powder creations of Helena Rubinstein maintain absolute supremacy.

Know the witchery of make-up, realize the full flower of your loveliness through these world-famed finishing touches. Build your beauty with Helena Rubinstein’s Specialized Preparations—enhance your beauty with her inimitable finishing touches. Her creations proclaim her the artist as well as the scientist!

The Perfect Foundation

Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream. Makes powder and rouge doubly adherent, doubly flattering. 1.00.

A Powder Masterpiece!

Valaze Powder—the most exquisite powder in the world! Fragrant and wonderfully clinging. In the smartest and most becoming shades. 1.00, 1.50.

Irresistible Rouges

Valaze Rouges flatter and protect the skin. Red Raspberry for day time, Red Geranium for evening. Crushed Rose Leaves, the conservative tone. 1.00 to 5.00.

The Last Word in Indelible Lipsticks

Cubist Lipstick in two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening, 1.00. Water Lily Lipstick in Red Cardinal and Red Ruby. 1.25.

The Smartest Vanities

Water Lily Compacts in modishly colorful cases. Double, 2.50, 3.00. Single, 2.00, 2.50.

Heighten the Beauty of Your Eyes

with Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener, 1.00. Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara); adherent, yet does not make the lashes brittle, 1.00, 1.50. Valaze Eye Shadow (Compact or Cream), Brown, Black, Blue or Green, 1.00.

Your Daily Beauty Treatment

Cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Clear, refine and animate the skin with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—Helena Rubinstein’s skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). Brace the tissues and tighten the pores with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (1.25). Complete treatment—a two-months’ supply—with detailed instructions (3.25).

If there are blackheads, conspicuous pores, wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00). This unique preparation gently penetrates the pores, rid them of all impurities. Use this preparation instead of soap.

LONDON
Helena Rubinstein
8 East 57th Street, New York

PARIS

Write to Helena Rubinstein, describing your skin and hair, and you will receive a Special Treatment Schedule. Ask for "Personality Make-up"—the booklet that tells you how to express your most beautiful you!
Spring Styles Make Youthforms a Necessity

Round Out Your Form Make It Beautiful

Today's styles clearly define the bust. Style artists have designed the blousin, flattening, possono, tunic, dressing the bustine, and have given women a new sense of the bustline. Young women are the ones who serve to set a purpose—holding your bust in correct position and giving you that unspoiled charm of youth.

Youthform's secret lies in the elastic band which runs around the body, and the beautiful first-quality pink Van Raalte's famous silk forms which holds the bust in shape, removing all wrinkles from them. Doctors and physical culturists are using Youthform to correct sagging busts. Thousands people wear it daily as they are comfortable,001 eagerly to wear. Not odd in street wear, Oldsmobiles, they are made to your individual measure. Order direct.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

(1) Youthform Co., 83 West St., Atlanta, Ga. 8

Tactfully since the talkies are coming in so strongly.

Being a professional dancer, I am, of course, interested in reading about the stars, as well as seeing them on the screen. Every gesture they make impresses me in such a way as to create a spell of its own over me.

I am certain that most of the younger generation of today are trying to imitate the ways and motions of their favorite stars. But who can do it? No one except the actresses themselves. They all seem to be blessed with such wonderful taste in clothes, as well as artistic talent.

I know and am convinced that constant attendance at the movies and reading your magazine has done a great deal in helping me with my profession as well as cultivating poise in my every-day existence.

I have heard many people remark that were it not for the movies and the monthly magazines, to which we all look forward so eagerly in order to have something to detract our attention from our troubles, there would be practically no other source to break the monotony of every-day life. I know this applies to me.

When we are in a movie theater and watch what is on the screen we feel as though we actually live through all that is before our eyes, it is so realistically portrayed. I cannot begin to mention the pictures that have appealed to me, but I might add that I have enjoyed each one.

Here's to the movies! May they reign forever and ever in their supremacy over every other form of entertainment, for they have truly helped cheer millions.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph Baylinn
4875 Park Avenue
Montreal, Quebec.

Bravo, Arlen and Cooper!

DEAR EDITOR:

Whoopee! At last I have an opportunity to express my opinions and to boost two movie stars, and to hand a huge bouquet to the talkies.

To the talkies—long may they reign!

"The Singing Fool" with the imitable Al Jolson giving his "Public" a truly remarkable picture. All the stars' voices registered very well, but little Davey Lee stole the picture, as far as I was concerned.


Movies are a tonic especially for those of us who cannot spend a fortune for entertainment. Besides, they are an education as well.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Ann Fiala
Grand Forks, North Dakota.

Clara Bow and Nils Asther—Speak Up!

DEAR EDITOR:

I get a real kick out of the talkies. I've just seen and heard Barbara Kent and Glenn Tryon in "Lonesome," I certainly liked that picture! I like Miss Kent's voice; in fact, I 'fell' for it. I received a sure enough thrill when Mr. Tryon talked. And who wouldn't?

I can hardly wait to hear the voices of Clara Bow and Nils Asther. I'm sure they are just as good as I could hear. About Nils Asther as I am. In my estimation he equals John Gilbert.

I've been reading Screenland for a long time and I find that it contains the best news of the stars. It beats any other fan magazine published. Adios, til next time!

Yours truly,

Ethel Denny
2921 South Flores
San Antonio, Texas.
Dear Editor:

I suppose I am unique in that I have never written to a moving picture star, possess not one single picture of one, nor have ever written to a magazine before, but I have been tempted to write you for some time and now I am giving way to that temptation.

I have just seen "Conquest" for the third time, having been completely fascinated by the performance of H. B. Warner. The entire cast was excellent, but H. B. Warner's superb diction and marvelous voice put him head and shoulders above any other actor in the play. I should like to know why such a splendid personality as his should be subordinated to Monte Blue. I like Monte sometimes, but putting him in a talking picture with a finished actor such as H. B. Warner—well! He rattled off his lines in one breath, with no more expression than a schoolboy, I thought.

In conclusion let me say that talking pictures come as a boon to those who like the theatre but cannot afford to pay the price to see the high class plays which come to their city. Consequently the talkies fill a long-felt want, and I have lost all desire to go to the theatre now that I can see my favorites, H. B. Warner, Conrad Nagel, Pauline Frederick and others, as well as hear them.

Please put me in touch with someone with whom I can exchange praise of H. B. Warner.

Yours faithfully,
MARGARET H. HEINZ
917 Mutual Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

She Likes 'Em All!

Dear Editor:

I agree with Estelle Carrière, who approves of the talkies, and I think those who see the following pictures will agree with us.

"Interference" was marvelous. "The Singing Fool" brought tears to the eyes. If anyone says this picture isn’t the prize picture of the year—well, I guess we just don’t agree! "On Trial" is another wonderful example of what the talkies can do.

The whole cast was excellent.

"My Man," "Red Hot Speed," "Sal of Singapore," "The River," "The Bellamy Trial," "The Doctor’s Secret" are all among the good pictures of this year and everyone a talkie—and a good one.

Let us see more of Gloria Swanson, Olive Borden, Dolores Costello, Philippe de Lacy, and Joan Crawford.

Success to Delight Evans. May she have happiness in her new position.

LILAC V. RATHBONE
Hotel Cumberland
Broadway at 34th St., New York City.

A New Member of Our Club

"I warn every woman I employ"

Says the woman Personnel Manager in a large office about this phase of modern feminine hygiene

One unconscious offense which is no longer necessary. This remarkable sanitary pad deodorizes® completely and is superior in comfort features as well as ease of disposability.

In the world of business, in society, women often find themselves embarrassed at certain times. Sometimes they offend without knowing why. When they learn, miserable self-consciousness follows. Make-shift efforts to counteract the difficulty seldom succeed.

Now a discovery made in Kotex Laboratories ends all these fears and worries. Science has discovered a way to counteract a serious offense.

Kotex now deodorizes® completely

Kotex has brought a new idea of feminine hygiene to women all over the world. In the past ten years they have learned new comfort, new ease-of-mind through this sanitary protection. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely ends all odors. The one remaining hygienic problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. Cellulocotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture 3 times more absorbent than cotton itself. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today—45¢ for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms, by West Disinfecting Co.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,879,347, granted May 22, 1929.)

Use Super-size Kotex
Formerly 9¢—Now 6¢

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

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes
Warner Baxter, You Have Worked Long and Faithfully in Unimportant Roles. When Your Big Chance Came, You Were Ready. You are a Sensation "In Old Arizona"—and All Other States! You Deserve All Our Applause.

The applause an actor appreciates most comes in the form of a good contract. Warner Baxter has just received a new one—the William Fox reward of merit for splendid performance.

It tickles us pink to see Warner Baxter succeed in a big way! His is the greatest personal hit of the talkies thus far. After all the arguments about the old-time movie actors being crowded out by the stage folk, along comes Baxter to prove they're wrong. He has been in pictures a long time, winning a modest fame; but it remained for the talkies to usher him into his own.

Warner Baxter wins every woman who watches him in his love scene in "In Old Arizona." The only unconvincing part of this picture is the fact that the fair heroine plays him false. But then she was that kind of a girl!
You won't forget "The Cisco Kid" in a hurry! Baxter has created a real character in this colorful bandit. Warner's success couldn't be greater if he had been a long-heralded Latin from overseas. Wait until you hear him sing his love song "In Old Arizona."
Is it possible? A man
who has never heard
of Greta Garbo!
And Sir Joseph
Duveen is one of the
greatest authorities on Art
in the world. He knows
his Mona Lisas and other
famous examples of beauty.
But Greta seems to have
escaped him so far. Re-
cently Sir Joseph, noted art critic and art dealer,
was defendant in a $500,000 suit involving the
authenticity of an alleged Da Vinci painting.
The prosecuting attorney asked him about the
merits of Da Vinci’s artistic contemporaries:
“Do you know Garbo? Perhaps he was the
forefather of Greta?” But Sir Joseph only
looked mystified—until the counsel asked him
specifically if he considered this long dead-and-
gone Garbo a good painter. “Oh, he was a
good copyist,” replied Sir Joseph, on familiar
ground.
That’s where Greta has the edge on her an-
cestor, if indeed he was. Our Garbo is nothing
if not original.

The talkies are teaching directors new tricks.
I was talking to Harry Beaumont, who made
that talkie sensation, “The Broadway Melody.”
“It’s all so new and different,” he said.
“We’re in the experimental stage. But all this
talk about a new technique for talkies is a
trifle hasty. Why throw away all we have
learned in years of silent picture-making? Why
not retain the best of the silent technique and
incorporate sound as simply and spontaneously
as possible? It’s only a
question of time, by the
way, before all technical
imperfections will be elim-
inated.

“As for the argument of
the anti-talkie agitators,
that the sound pictures de-
stroy the atmosphere of rest
and quiet which made the
silent movie such a pleasant
relaxation—I sympathize.
But I want to call attention
to the fact that we are try-
ing to use as much music
as possible in the talkies.
And listening to music is
the greatest of all relaxa-
tions. You’ll admit that in a ‘legitimate’ the-
atre where a drama is being enacted there is
a feeling of tension and strain, due to the audi-
ence’s determination not to miss a single word.
While at a musical play, the audience is stimu-
lated and refreshed. The same thing is true of
the talkie. Without music, it is wearing. But
think of the hundreds of stories we can use
which call for a musical setting of some kind.
We must make them so gay, so charming and
entertaining that the spectator will be buoyed
up rather than worn out.”

Here’s a new one! The birthday party scene
in “The Broadway Melody” went off swiftly
and smoothly, every one of the dozen or more
players speaking his lines without a hitch—
when one actor who had to say, “The Scotch-
man’s favorite song is ‘The Best Things in Life
are Free,’” slipped up; he left the final ‘s’ off
the word ‘things.’ Beaumont didn’t want to
have to take the scene over again; so he expe-
rimented with his sound technicians. They made
various records of the actor uttering the letter
‘s’, selected the best one, and patched that miss-
ing ‘s’ onto the word so that you’d never know
it was mended!
Our Own
BABY STARS

"They Haven't Changed a Bit!"

Look at these pretty babies. Can you recognize your favorites of today in these little ladies and gentlemen of a few years ago? We'll help you. The roguish vamp at the top is Gertrude Olmstead, while the little boy next to her is her present husband, director Robert Leonard. Below Bobby is Richard Dix—at the age of two. Then Joan Crawford—when she was only five. The two sunbonnet babies are Norma Shearer, at two; below, Colleen Moore at three. Bottom, Esther Ralston, a six-year-old child actress; and Reginald Den- wry, a well-known stage star in London at the age of ten.
Oh!
Oooh!
Umm!
Aw!
Aah!
Ho-
Hum!

Which is the

Screenland's Art Director was left alone with some love scenes from recent movies. He lost his heart and his head and this is the result. Gaze at these amorous impressions and tell us which is the dangerous age of man?

The first kiss (above). Nancy Drexel's closed eyes and puckered lips, Davy Rollins' approach—all perfect. Camera!

Judging from appearances, Barry Norton is more than a little that way about Madge Bellamy.

Scattered around this page are classic examples of the art of Young Love, by experts. Young Love is variously called first, puppy, and platonic. But is it? We would give practically anything to know. It's been so long, we can't remember. And if we asked any of the young persons on this page, they would never speak to us again. After all, some things are sacred.

That Eddie Nugents! Can't he be serious about anything? Apparently not; for even his love scenes, even with Anita Page, are only kidding. Just the same, the merry Nugents of this world have their fan mail, too.

When Charles 'Buddy' Rogers is caught (by the camera) kissing Mary Brian like this, at the right, all the papers next day come out with stories reporting their engagement. Can Buddy help it if his kisses so obviously have honorable intentions?

Sue Carol's mind is not on her work—or on Arthur Lake, her accomplice in this affair of purple passion. From private sources we learn that Sue is thinking, and seriously, about Nick Stuart. As for Arthur—what does a high-school sheik think about, anyway? Never mind—don't tell us.
This is the question you must answer: no, not a contest this time! What is the best age for lovers—twenty-four, or forty? Look around you and you will see examples of embraces rendered by representatives of both ages—or under, or over, or between. Cold, scientific scrutiny should convince you. What—reeling already?

Lewis Stone is one of the most suavely successful mature lovers of the jumping gelatines—with sound accompaniment. Mr. Stone's specialty was husband roles until scenes such as this convinced the public that he, too, has his moments.

Clive Brook's kisses may look cold but you notice that his fair partner never complains.

Adolphe Menjou, sophisticate of screen lovers, seems always rather bored with the whole business.

Clara Bow, most ardent kissers of the silver screen, receives a smack on the brow—just for a change.

William Powell bends Evelyn Brent to his will. "And the villain (in this case, Mr. Powell) still pursued her. Ah—if movie heroines could only count on that!

You great, big masterful man, you! George Bancroft, you had better unhand that woman. Suppose Betty Compson doesn't want to be unhanded? Oh, it's all for a picture, anyway! But has it ever occurred to you that the love scenes on the screen are ever so much more convincing than the love scenes one encounters elsewhere?
If you had money to spare what would you do with it? Would you fritter it away on pretties or wild-cat stocks? Would you let some salesman talk you into the world’s greatest investment and have it turn out a bottomless pit for your savings? Suppose I give you a peep into some of the snappy things the stars are doing with their spare pennies and maybe you will get an idea from them.

Many of the girls and boys in pictureland have very level heads and feel insecure when they have all their eggs in one basket. The road to stardom is thorny enough; to keep crown and castle once it is won, is harder still. So the players look about for an interest that will give them practical expression and at the same time help them to secure financial independence outside the field of pictures. They make their earned money work for them.

For a brilliant example, let’s take Bebe Daniels first. Bebe’s mind is far too active, her energy too inexhaustible to be consumed in the making of pictures alone. She would feel one-sided, incomplete, if she couldn’t find another outlet for her tremendous vitality. Bebe loves the water and the beach and she thought what a nice thing it would be to build beautiful beach homes for people who loved the seaside as much as she did. So she bought up a lot of beach property and designed the houses that were to be built upon them herself—putting into them all the comforts she enjoys in her own perfectly-managed menage. After she has made

How the Stars Make Their Salaries Work for Them.

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them beautiful and comfortable and livable she either rents or sells them at a handsome profit. For while Bebe is spoken of as an exceptionally generous girl she believes in value received when the affair is business. She is in business for profit and deals with people who can afford to meet her terms. Her generosities and her charities are quite another matter and those who benefit by them are the more fortunate because Bebe is a good business woman. She is well established in a business she loves almost as much as acting, so Bebe should worry if she never made another picture in her life, as far as money goes.

You would just know that Jean Hersholt would turn to something fine and something constructive. Books! First editions of books, but to make his library valuable he buys up everything he can of the authors in whom he is interested. For instance, he has a complete set of the works of Charles Dickens. They are in pamphlet form, about twenty parts to each volume, making between thirteen and fourteen thousand parts in all. He is now negotiating for two extra volumes which are autographed by the great novelist. Mr. Hersholt has also a complete set of the plays of Ben Jonson, who was such a pal of good old Bill Shakespeare. He has both the 1616 and the 1640 editions of these Jonson plays. He is very proud of his copy of the 1492 edition of the “Nurnberger Chronicle,” which is the first book ever published with wood cuts and which he values at $1,000. Then he has the very rare first editions of “Huckleberry Finn” and “The Scarlet Letter.”

Hersholt’s possession of Theodore Dreiser’s “Sister Carrie” was a bit of luck. He had not been able to find a copy of the first edition through the usual channels except for a price which he thought far too high. One day he was browsing in a second-hand book shop in San Francisco—and (Cont. on page 111)
MODERN ART

Motion Picture Settings Used to be Synonymous with Bad Taste. Today, the Screen Presents New and Admirable Ideas in Interior Decoration.

This is an efficient age. We want our motors fast and capable of smooth, easy riding; our plays interesting, our clothes more comfortable, our radios capable of quality and distance.

Yet the thing that we seem to lack in many of our homes is this same quality. Few of us ask if our homes are really efficient.

For instance, in the usual home, the only two rooms that are completely efficient are the kitchen and the bathroom. How few of us ever realize that the bedroom, living room, and so forth, should perform their functions in the house as perfectly as the kitchen. We should live in the living room just as well as we cook in the kitchen. But we don't.

We have in the kitchen and bathroom eliminated all the non-essentials—everything that would prevent cooking in the one or bathing in the other. And so, the thing we require today in the living room is the thing that will make this room one hundred percent efficient, too. This can best be defined as a certain definite restfulness—and comfort, of course. By comfort, I mean comfortable chairs, furniture, lights, etc.

© You'd never know the old movie swimming pool! Here's Clara Bow about to dive into ultra-modernism. Left: Colleen Moore and Neil Hamilton enact a sweet scene from "Why Be Good" against a late-American door—and note the new floor-lamp. Below: Aileen Pringle in a setting designed by Cedric Gibbons, most noted of all screen art directors.
in the MOVIES

Study the Sets of the Pictures You See and Make Over Your Own Home in the Modern Manner.

By Sydney Valentine

As an instance, in a modern interior a plain radio case, with its exposed dials, is certainly better artistically than the bastardized period cabinets in which the instruments are now hidden.

I can as readily imagine putting a modern straight-eight motor in Napoleon's coach. A cabinet designed on modern lines would fit in any period, because it is a thing in itself.

The first consideration in the design of an interior is the mood you wish to express, as it should, primarily, never be looked on as an empty room by itself. In laying out plans for it, we should always imagine our friends occupying it somewhere in the composition. And as we owe something to our friends, who consider us when they dress in modern clothes, so should we at least provide them with a background not completely out of period.

Roughly speaking, as to furniture, let us say that any intricate carving a la Grindley Gibbons done purely for its own sake, or any squirming design has no place in the modern scheme.

Wall paper, except in the plain oatmeals or grass—or the Chinese papers—has no place. The large realistic flower designs and Spanish leather (Continued on page 109)

*That lovers' trysting scene in the garden is a movie tradition. These days a modernistic fountain by Paramount gives it a new lease on life. Below: how the little heroine's boudoir has changed! It's gone modern like all good movie sets. Right: cabaret scene, new style. The use of modern machinery is an interesting innovation. Boom-boom!
A movie company on location not so far from Hollywood. This particular spot in California is the only place in the world where these very special cypress trees are to be found.

WHY MUST MOTION PICTURES Be Made in HOLLYWOOD?

By Rob Wagner

If Mr. J. Rufus Wal-lingford comes to your town promoting a motion picture company, eat his civic applesauce—but don’t invest! No doubt he will tell you that your scenery makes Hollywood look like Dismal Swamp, that your Community Players will make Famous Players infamous, that Mamie Gatz, your local Juliet and soda-jerker, has it, and he may even thrill you with a picture of the County Exposition building turned into a studio, but—be ready with the raspberries!

The truth is, there is only one place in America where motion pictures can profitably be made—if anywhere!—and that’s in ‘Hollywood’—‘Hollywood’ meaning the territory within a radius of twenty-five miles of the actual geographical Hollywood. Nor is it only remote towns like yours that have been stung by promotion bunk; even neighboring cities like San...
Diego and Santa Barbara contain magnificent but empty studios. True, New York and Florida are perennially attempting to stage comebacks, but after a few months’ expensive shooting the picture companies almost invariably go broke, or head for Hollywood. And there’s a reason.

This is it:
First, sunshine! Weeks of rain may bring joy to Eastern and mid-West farmers but they spell disaster to picture companies. Southern California can assure them of at least three hundred days of sunshine. Even in the rainy season the rains come mostly at night and it is rare indeed to find three cloudy days in succession.

Second, scenery! True, Florida has almost as much sunshine as Southern California, but it is flat as a pancake and has little environmental variety. Hollywood, on the other hand, is in the center of the most diversified ‘locations’ to be found anywhere in the world—a great city, small American towns, quaint Spanish villages, New England farms, huge cattle ranches, mountains, forests, romantic streams, harbors, ships, sandy beaches, rock-bound coast lines, canyons, burnt-out deserts—yes, and even snow.

‘Yukon blizzard stuff’ in the High Sierras. One or two of these locations may be found in other parts of the country, but where else in the whole world can they be found bunched together in so circumscribed an area?

“But,” Wallingford will tell your Chamber of Commerce, “modern picture companies are depending less and less upon sunshine and outside locations. Most of their stuff is now made within their own studios.”

Even if this were true, which it isn’t, there are other reasons why it is cheaper to make pictures in Hollywood.

Third, casting! For fifteen years actors have been flocking to Hollywood where they have taken root, own property, and live in their own homes. All of these actors are instantly available. Furthermore, during these same years the casting offices have been

(Cont. on page 108)
Ten Years Ago John Gilbert said: “I will be one of the most famous stars in motion pictures.” He Didn’t Believe It himself—but Look at him Now!

And his salary is $10,000 a week!

The new contract that gives Gilbert this staggering renumeration for his services seems to have lifted the final shred of inferiority complex from his brilliant mind. He is a different man. Perhaps the realization of this brash forecast has ironed out the last remaining bump in his roadway of failures.

“I am very happy!” was his exultant reply to congratulatory salutations when he dashed out of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive offices after signing the papers that place him at the head of the ranks of film stars.

And he looked it.

For down in his heart Jack wasn’t any too anxious to step out of the studio in which he experienced his early struggles, his worst failures and his greatest triumphs.

When Gilbert signed his new contract he went back to his dressing-room, shut the door, and sat down to read it to make sure it was not a dream!

Ten years before he walked into the same dressing-room, shut the same door and sat down to cry. He looked into the same mirror that hangs on the wall, cursed the counte-

John Gilbert pounded the table with his fist. His eyes blazed fire and his hands flew in voluble eloquence. As he leaned over the boarding house red-checkered dinner cloth his leany jowled face was wreathed in exuberance...

“I will be one of the most famous stars in motion pictures.”

The girl to whom this reckless speech was addressed was thrilled. She believed every word of it.

Gilbert, you must remember, was even a good actor ten years ago when he voiced this wild prognostication. In his heart he didn’t have faith in a scrap of his utterances. For at the time he was a complete failure.

Jack failed as an actor; failed as a director; failed as a writer. He even failed to make good when he decided to end his wretchedness in the oblivion of death. He was licked.

Today, strangely enough, Gilbert’s absurd prediction has come true. He stands as an overwhelming success built upon a foundation of dismal failures.

He is one of the six most famous stars in motion pictures.
they shook hands and vowed to be friends. They are.

Jack and King Vidor fought all over the place when they made "Wife of the Centaur" and "Bardelys the Magnificent." Gilbert had been a director and a writer as well as an actor and thought he knew more about all three jobs than Vidor did.

Consequently, Jack said that Vidor was wrong when any problem came up and a new row flared. But Vidor, on the other hand, said—and did—just exactly what he thought best and ignored each and every one of Gilbert's suggestions or demands.

Gilbert came up for "The Big Parade."

Vidor wailed loud and long. They met in Irving Thalberg's office. Like it or not, they were going to make the picture together and they might just as well get along.

Vidor scowled as he turned to Jack.

"Anything you have to say, say now and keep your mouth shut when we start the picture!" he snapped.

Gilbert offered his hand.

"King, in the pictures we made together, everything I said would be good was rotten and everything you said would be good was good. I will never question your judgment again!"

Then they went out and made the greatest picture of their careers. "The Big Parade" to Gilbert's mind, is and always will be the high spot in his acting life, come (Cont. on page 110)
"I suppose that the idea of house-warmings," suggested Patsy the Party Hound, "originated in the old Colonial days in this country, when log cabins were the rule and one big fire-place was sufficient. Now William K. Howard and his wife have turned their Spanish bungalow in Bel-Air into an old New England farm-house."

We were on our way down there, with John Davidson, the New York actor who has lately been giving his excellent voice an airing at the Vitaphone studios.

"Only," Patsy went on, "it will be the old New England farm-house idea with all the modern conveniences. I dare say that neither Bill nor Nan Howard will ever have to break the ice in their pitchers when they arise in the morning. Steam heat will make them all easy. It was Nan's idea, about the house, and I'll bet it's a lovely place."

The house looked very charming as we approached, with its wide verandas, its lawns, its old-fashioned stone walls surrounding the wide grounds, and the tall trees drooping over the place.

We entered by an old iron gate, rusty and creaking and picturesque with its ancient scroll work, and we decided that this was really more Spanish than it was old American, but it fitted into the beauty of the scene very nicely.

We were greeted warmly by our host and hostess, and found a few guests already assembled in front of the big fire-place in the huge living room, the walls of which were supposed to be of pine, knot-holes and all, but heaved in some fashion to preserve them and give a finished appearance. Comfortable furniture, charming chintzes and window boxes of geraniums carried out the quaint effect.

"Bill never saw the house until it was all finished," explained the director's wife. "He just gave me carte blanee to go ahead and do what I liked with the place. And when he arrived he liked the living room so well that I could hardly get him out of the place even to see his own study and bedroom."

Bebe Daniels, looking radiantly lovely, had arrived with her fiance Ben Lyon, and her mother, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, and said that she was having a nice time vacationing since she finished her Paramount contact.

"I'm just discovering my home," she said gaily. "You see I have been working so hard that I really hardly knew I was alive."

C'Nan' Howard is a charming hostess and a good scout.

C The new home of the William K. Howards in Bel-Air, a smart home site near Hollywood, is a reproduction of an old New England farm house—with all the modern conveniences.
what things look like there by daylight. I really discovered
the cutest little balcony off the roof that I had hardly
known existed. I'm going to
turn it into a little retreat
where I can go and read and write
letters when I feel like being alone."

Warner Baxter and his pretty wife,
Winifred Bryson, who is going back
into pictures, were there. Winifred was
ill for a long time, but looks blooming
now.

Julanne Johnston came with a hand-
some young chap named Tony Joviatt,
who is just starting in pictures, and who
seemed to be very devoted; and there
were Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner, Roy
Brooks, Myron and David Selznick, and
a lot of others.

Janet Gaynor came in soon with her
mother, and we wondered how she had
managed to ditch her admirers for the
day, which was Sunday.

We caught a glimpse of a Rolls-Royce
arriving, and presently Harold Lloyd
arrived with his wife, Mildred. They
had been playing tennis all morning on
the big grounds of their home, and had
even been teaching their small daughter
to hold a racket, although they hope
she won't become an enthusiast too soon, for fear she may
get hurt with a tennis ball.

Also Mildred said that she had been learning to row
on the little stream that runs through the grounds, but
that she now longed to get out and row on the ocean, but
that Harold was frowning on that idea.

Betty Compson came for a little while, but as she and
her husband, James Cruze, were themselves holding open
house as is their Sunday custom, she had to run away

soon. Betty was looking par-
ticularly pretty in a new sports
suit of pale green.

We all sat about the fire
and chatted or turned on the
radio and danced. Bebe and
Ben danced together, and Janet Gaynor
and Roy Brooks.

Naturally all the women wanted to
inspect the house, and Patsy and Julanne
Johnston 'chose' rooms like a pair of kids.

"This room is mine!" announced
Julanne, as we entered Mrs. Howard's
lovely boudoir, with its wide windows
looking off toward the mountains, its
pretty dainty furniture and its window
boxes of bright flowers.

Down on the grounds we could see
the place where the swimming pool is
going to be when the place is completely
finished.

"Only of course," remarked Bebe,
"you cannot call it the swimming pool
in an old New England place. You
must call it the ol' swimmin' hole."

The Howards have Filipino servants,
and Filipino food was served.

"But I hope," remarked John David-
son a little voice, "not dog in any form."

"Not even hot dogs?" inquired Janet
Gaynor.

The lights in the living room are duplicates of the old
candle lamps, except that of course they have electric bulbs
in them; but only a few were turned on, so that the
dimmerly lighted was almost the only light by which we
ate our buffet dinners.

"Can you see to find your mouth?" asked Nan Howard
of Ben Lyon, who was sitting, Turk fashion on the floor,
with his legs curled up under him. (Cont. on page 90)

31
Richard Dix’s Good Luck Elephant

For the Best Letter

Some connoisseur among fans will win this lovely piece of pure camaelion, exquisitely carved, for writing the best answer to the question: Is Richard Dix at his best in light comedy, or should he always play dramatic roles such as "Redskin?"

Richard collects elephants. His favorite of them all is this beautiful little camaelion objet d’art which he is holding in the picture above, and which you see on the table beside him, below. He wants one of his fan friends to win it.

Richard Dix isn’t superstitious—not a bit of it. But he does like to collect elephants; and he does prefer those elephants with their trunks up, for tradition has it that that means “Good luck!” The star has elephants of all shapes and carvings and sizes; but his favorite is a little fellow of the best shade of camaelion. The elephant Dix is offering to a fan is exactly the same as his own pet. Write the best—that is, the cleverest letter answering Dix’s question, and you’ll win the gift. Address: Richard Dix, Screenland Contest Department, 49 West 45th Street, N.Y.C. Contest closes April 10, 1929.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

EMIL JANNINGS in "Betrayal"
Something happens to us Nordics when we gaze on such scenes as these. We want to be tropical! Having once read a book called 'White Shadows in the South Seas,' and having once seen a canvas by Gaugain, we feel that South Sea urge creeping in on us. Something seems to tell us that, although we have always taken ample precautions against sunburn and insect-bite on those occasions when we fare forth to summer beaches, still we have it in us to be awfully, awfully primitive when properly inspired!
Remember Novarro in "Where the Pavement Ends?" It was one of his best pictures. Perhaps "The Pagan" affords him equal opportunity to go artistically native.

Ramon Novarro and Company Travel to Tahiti to Capture Tropic Charm

(Images of Ramon Novarro in tropical settings)

...ration comes through pictures like "The Pagan" in troupers do all the work while we loll in the loges doing the Narcissus above, plays the little heroine Sea Romance.
CLARA BOW, the Crown Princess of Pictures. You'll hear her voice, complete with sex appeal, in "The Wild Party."
Of course, Grant Withers is grinning. And why not? He is the lucky young man chosen to play opposite Dolores Costello.
HE says he doesn’t like to be called ‘Buddy’ but what can he do about it? Charles Rogers is Buddy to a billion girl-friends.
A BARRIE heroine on the stage, Ruth Chatterton should feel right at home on the screen in a Barrie talking picture-play.
Conscience With a Kick!

Alice White's New Contract Contains a 'Conscience Clause.'

You have heard of Sweet Alice-Ben-Bolt and Alice Through the Looking-Glass. Why worry about them? Here's Alice White! The little red-head who rose from studio script-girl to star is always good news. The other day she signed a new First National contract containing a conscience clause which states that Miss White shall 'follow the dictates of her conscience in private, personal and public life and conduct.' To quote from this contract: 'Artist agrees that in every instance in which she may have done anything or committed any act in violation of the dictates of her conscience, the same shall be considered a default hereunder, and the Artist shall forthwith report the same to Producer and take such steps as may be prescribed by Producer to cure said default and re-establish Artist in good standing with her conscience and at peace with her better self. Well, well!

She is the Exhibitors' Pet. Came stardom—and now a new Vitaphone-First National film is "Hot Stuff," with Alice in the title role.

Her conscience-clause contract is no reflection on Alice—the double exposure below notwithstanding.
ALICE WHITE

Offers

$500.00
IN PRIZES
for Theme Song!

First Prize - - - $250.00
Second Prize - - - 150.00
Third Prize - - - 100.00

THIS is the day of the Theme Song! Motion pictures are being written, acted, produced around theme songs. The wags are calling Hollywood Theme Song City. The public has proved it likes theme songs with its movies. And it's a poor feature picture these Vitaphone days that can't boast a song written especially for it and played or sung preferably by the hero or the heroine.

Of course you remember Jeannine I Dream of Lilac Time, the theme song of Colleen Moore's "Lilac Time." And, before that, Ramona and Angela Mia. These were all theme songs. But now the films have gone a step further and in "The Singing Fool" Al Jolson himself sings the hit song of the show, Somny Boy. In "Weary River" Richard Barthelmess plays and sings the theme song Weary River. And if you saw "Show Girl" you'll begin to hum one of the songs especially written for Alice White for that picture—Show Girl, or Buy, Buy for Baby.

Alice is one of the most modern stars on the screen. She personifies pep—verve—dash—deviltry. She doesn't keep up with the times—she's way ahead of them! She's the Girl of Tomorrow. And it is Alice who wants a theme song for her forthcoming production, "Broadway Babies." It occurred to Alice that among the motion picture audiences there must be many embryo Irving Berlins with corking ideas for popular songs adaptable to movie theme song requirements. She wants to find them! In other words, Alice White wants the best lyrics—one verse and a chorus—that will lend themselves to a musical setting for "Broadway Babies." Not the music—just the lyrics! Sounds easy! But it requires cleverness—study—a fresh, modern style—and a knowledge of what a motion picture theme song requires. And that is—

A snappy, appealing title—for one thing. Plenty of pep for another. Spontaneity—and, above all, originality. Your theme song must suit Alice White's vivid personality. It must be sparkling—spirited. It must be worthy of the charms of the modern girl as portrayed by Miss White. It must be gay and it must be young!

To aid you in your efforts of composing the lyrics here is a copy of the lyrics of Buy, Buy for Baby from "Show Girl."

There's a pretty girl I know, Buy, buy, buy some hatsies,
When she meets a Romeo, Buy, buy—oh baby's through;
She always asks about his credit, Buy, buy, get reckless,
I said it, Buy, buy, a necklace,
When he says her eyes are blue, Or I will bye bye you,
She says: "Dearie, I am too.
C. O. D.'s the way you're goin' to get love from me—
I can't endure it, Buy, buy—for baby,
But you can cure it." Buy, buy—or maybe
Chorus
Buy, buy, some shoesies,
Baby will bye bye you!

Anyone may enter this theme song contest except members of the staff of Screenland Magazine and of First National Pictures. The judges will be Alice White, First National star; and Nathaniel Shilkret, the well-known composer, who is responsible for many popular song successes and an expert on musical scores for motion pictures. Mr. Shilkret wrote Jeannine I Dream of Lilac Time.

Address:—ALICE WHITE
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes April 10, 1929

©Alice White, the First National baby star of such amusing movies as "Show Girl," "Naughty Baby," and "Hot Stuff," hopes to discover a new song writer through her Screenland Theme Song Contest.
On Location with

How They Filmed "Evangeline"

When I said I was going on location to Carmel everyone exclaimed, "Oh, that's where Aimee was!" Meaning that admirable show-woman, Aimee Semple McPherson. Alas for fame! The beauty, the quaintness, the preciousness of that little town—none of these were thought of first; just, "Oh, that's where Aimee was!"

Well, it is a night's journey to Carmel, the location selected by Edwin Carewe and his two brothers, Finis and Wallace Fox, for the taking of the Grand Pre sequences of "Evangeline," starring Dolores Del Rio.

The scenery one finds there is no more like California than Florida is like New York. It looks Canadian, sure enough. There are the rugged, wave-tossed rocks; swirling, angry, brittle waters that lick and leap upon the jagged crags like the arms of a triumphant woman. The shore is barren except for innumerable cypress trees—one is dead, and its naked branches rise like ghostly sentinels against the dark green of its living fellows. Behind are groves of giant pines that sigh and moan as though they had a tale to tell if they could but speak.

(C The Carewe-Del Rio Company journeyed on location enough to convince any stickler for realism. "Evang-
"Evangelme" should be a great picture! It is filled with scenes as lovely as this. Dolores is an ideal heroine, and Roland Drew lends romance to the role of Gabriel. Longfellow’s classic will reach the screen in all its original beauty.

Dolores Del Rio

By Helen Ludlam
Screenland’s Location Lady

I was met at the station by John LeRoy Johnston, director of publicity for the Carewe Productions. It was a six-mile spin through the village of Carmel to the Highlands Inn where a company of sixty had been maintained for more than three weeks. And when I saw that Inn I gave three cheers for the movie company wise enough to select Carmel for a location.

It is on a promontory of 250 feet approached by a terraced road and surrounded by all kinds of wild flowers. The large foyer with huge fireplaces at either end is amply supplied with windows ten feet wide that overlook the rocky shore and tiny islands over which seals cavort and dive into a sea that stretches its blue-green width toward Japan. It is a perfectly gorgeous sight! Moreover, the beds at that Inn were one hundred percent comfortable and the blankets real wool, soft and very warm.

Work starts at sun-up on all the locations I have previously reported but rules are made to be broken and this company was the exception that proves the rule. At eight o’clock Mr. Carewe was just leaving the Inn. He was on crutches, having broken two small...
**Should**

"Yes!" says Lois Wilson, Hollywood’s Favorite Bachelor Maid.

"Nice mothers bring up their daughters with matrimony as an accepted and thoroughly planted idea. I know mine did and all my sisters are married and happily, too. Mother taught us that marrying for wealth was the hardest kind of a way to earn one’s living. Love and love alone was right."

Lois chuckled over Eddie Horton’s notion that women weren’t matchmakers.

"Of course they are," she asserted, tossing the soft golden-brown curls of her becoming long bob. "The right kind of women are all matchmakers. I adore matching people myself—I’m a regular cupid. I’m responsible for May McAvoy’s romance. I tell her I’m entitled to twenty per cent of the gross receipts. May is my best friend and Maurice Cleary appealed to me as a mighty fine man. They were so exactly suited to one another that I brought them together; then I listened to May’s confidences and judiciously praised Maurice and listened to Maurice and lauded May and—there you are!"

"Eddie is so intensely in earnest about his career, acting means so much to him. He may imagine his women friends are not planning his downfall but that just proves how little he knows about women."

"There is no such thing as platonic friendship between the opposite sexes. You can be friends for a certain length of time but sooner or later one or the other begins to feel something more tender creeping in."

The question about the blessedness of the single state was attacked with zeal by the lovely bachelor maid.

"The advantages are more than overshadowed by the disadvantages. I should say twenty-five per cent for and seventy-five per cent against. Single people pride about their liberty, freedom and independence. Who wouldn’t prefer the chains of love with its blessed privilege of shared joys and sorrows?"

"I think if you’re lucky enough to have escaped matrimony until after twenty-five, you have the best chance of making a success of it. If you’re ever going to have any judgment, it’s formed by then."

Miss Wilson firmly contends that our country’s marriage laws should be remade.

"They’re all in favor of women," she declared, hotly, a crusader’s fire lighting her beautiful brown eyes. "There ought to be a league to protect men, poor dears. They’re so gullible. Nine out of ten men fall for the clinging vine type of girl. They’ll come running to any little thing with a baby stare and a helpless look and a lisped ‘What s’all I do, big man?’, turning from the truly feminine girl who really needs his protection but who so far forgot herself as to display a bit of independence."

"You see a man’s nature cries out for the feminine woman but it’s so hard for him to detect the dross from the gold. He can be taken in by any clever little gold digger, only to find after the (Continued on page 100)"
Movie Stars Marry?

"Not this movie star!" says Eddie Horton, Bachelor—and proud of it.

I'm a selfish, crabby, nasty old bachelor and that's how I'll stay until the end of the chapter!

Edward Everett Horton, one of Hollywood's most sought-after single men, speaking!

It's not that Eddie (as he is affectionately called) doesn't love the ladies—women are all lovable, he says; but he is so wrapped up in his stage and screen work, so intensely interested in it, that it would take a superwoman to jolt him out of it long enough for the trip to Hymen's altar.

Eddie's aversion to matrimony may be palpably explained by his severe New England bringing up.

"I was a boy in the gay nineties, remember, when there was a strange complex about women," he tells you, his blue eyes twinkling. "Mothers kept warning their sons away from the girls. 'Be careful, she'll get you!' they'd whisper, as if a pretty woman was a disease.

"Even the songs of that generation taught that marriage was a trap—something to be avoided as long as possible. Man friends would say sadly to one another: 'Well, old man, did she land you? Too bad. No more fun for you. Come to the club for one last fling.'"

"If any mother so far forgot herself as to encourage her son's matrimonial ambitions, it was always: 'Pick a good girl, Johnnie, and settle down.' Ominous words. Settle down. Give up freedom and put your nose to the grindstone. Not the way it should be—fall in love and marry because you want to share all the joy and fun and happiness of life with the best beloved.

"The modern generation of bachelors regard marriage in an entirely different light. They go into gaily and out of it just as lightly.'"

This lean, six-foot, brown-haired proponent of bachelordom lives on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley with a Filipino man to look after his material wants and two jolly dogs—Pal and Bill—to welcome him home. The old adage about the quickest road to a man's heart leading through his tummy won't work at all in Eddie's case as he prides himself on his cooking. He knows more about the art of cookery than all of his feminine friends put together.

He adores children but his married sister has three and his married brother three more—all of whom Eddie is at liberty to borrow whenever he likes.

Just one slight hint to aspiring females fell from Mr. Horton's lips. There's no guarantee that it will work—but here it is for what it's worth.

"I have no vanity as an actor and I don't regard myself as essentially vain." His sensitive fingers nervously folded and refolded the script of his newest Christie talker while his longing eyes eagerly regarded the little group of players waiting for rehearsal at his Hollywood theatre. You could see he was on tiptoes to join them.

"Yet, I have noticed this," he (Cont. on page 112)
The Modern Maid INSPIRES the Mode

Joan Crawford is as Ultra-Modern as the Airplane and the Skyscraper. She is the Movies’ Last Word in Gorgeous Girls—and She Dresses the Part. Can You Keep Up With Her? Adrian Admits He Can’t!

The Modern Maid’s Clothes

By Adrian

If the airplane stands for the most modern travel, if skyscraper furniture is the last word in modern homes—we need only look at Joan Crawford to see the future modern maiden.

She is not a girl of today—she is a girl of tomorrow. She is slowly finding herself. She is as indefinite as every other modernistic tendency. She has passed through the flapper stage into the sophisticated girl of today and is on her way toward the most satisfying creation of modern womankind. When she has developed equanimity of the three phases she cannot help being an amazing person.

Because she has favored the more youthful type of dressing and characterization on the screen, it does not mean that she has not another sphere. Joan could dress a trifle older and still retain quantities of the “flame” she clings to with feline fierceness.

She would be just as striking a person seated at tea as she is when continually kicking

Screenland is proud of its special fashion department conducted by Gilbert Adrian. For Adrian is no commonplace costume designer. He is an originator of modes. He understands clothes—and, more important, he understands women and their costume requirements in this fast-moving modern age. This is the fourth of a series of fashion articles by Adrian in which he discusses the different types of femininity and what each should wear. Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Anitia Page—and now Joan Crawford have all been analyzed and advised as to their clothes problems. Adrian will be glad, too, to advise Screenland's women readers—to answer any questions you may care to ask concerning clothes. Address: Adrian, care Screenland’s Fashion Department, 49 West 45th St., New York City.

At the right is Adrian's original sketch of the evening wrap worn by Joan in the photograph. The fur border of white fox was added at Joan's suggestion. The modern maid has her own ideas of design.

Miss Crawford wearing an evening wrap of white satin and silver after Adrian's design.

Joan Crawford’s approval of Adrian’s sketch, which she holds, of the ‘Zebra’ costume for her new picture, is as nothing to the approval of audiences later on when they see her in it.

A sug-g-g-g--t motor coat of green suede is sketched at the right, above. It has a green suede cap to match.

A Joan Crawford's approval of Adrian's sketch, which she holds, of the 'Zebra' costume for her new picture, is as nothing to the approval of audiences later on when they see her in it.

the clock off the mantel. Quite naturally she would interest one in an entirely different way—and I might venture to say more so, because restraint means hidden power—unleashed activity means 'fatigue' later on. It is the possibilities of the beauties of the sky-rocket that intrigue rather than the memory of the burnt-out holder.

All this seems so far removed from clothes, but really it is as important to know why one dresses the way one does. If one analyzes the psychology of the person it is so much easier to dress the person.

Mentally the Crawford type is either a rocket or a fascinating and continuous eruption of scintillating lava.

When the Crawford type is not mental her clothes are naturally less important and become a series of amusing incidental details. Personally I am more interested in the Crawford type when she is quiet, when she is graceful; because of her natural beauty rather than in the midst of hectic gyrations.

One cannot dress a human display of fireworks! But when she relaxes and her body becomes more tangible then (Cont. on page 100)
The wide-open west, that favorite movie set, now has sound accompaniment. "In Old Arizona" is the first picture to give utterance to the great outdoors.

That is, you hear the beat of horses' hoofs, the bleating of sheep, and the mooing of cows—if that means anything to you. The stage coach, time-honored prop of a million western movies, also finds its sound effects. Guns pop. A dance-hall becomes noisy. The lone bandit talks to his horse—and you can hear him! Wonder how soon we'll be caught in a movie thunder storm with sound, hear the breakers boom on the beach, and day break? Oh, you go on, now!

"In Old Arizona" started out to be a short subject, but it grew and grew until it became a real, full-fledged, feature talkie. And with reason. It's good. The story is about The Cisco Kid (Warner Baxter), a personable bandit enamored of a Mexican girl (Dorothy Burgess). A tough Top-Sergeant (Edmund Lowe) is on the Kid's trail—and the girl's. It's a lively battle between the two men and I won't tell you which one wins—the girl. It's almost always exciting. Mr. Lowe is corking. Miss Burgess, stage recruit, is a good actress if not exactly glamorous. But Warner Baxter is your real guide "In Old Arizona." He's the shining star of this scenic with sound. With the greatest ease in the world Baxter picks up the picture and rides leisurely off with it. And I'm glad. The Cisco Kid is a part which calls for a picturesque personality, a mike-proof voice, a convincing accent. And it isn't an actor from the stage who puts it over—it's Warner Baxter, a young man about Hollywood. Hooray!
through the lies and is not interested in the petting.

The only thing that reminded me of her screen personality when I met her was the way her face crinkled up when she smiled and the way she did her hair. She usually wears gowns rather nun-like in their cut. The last time I saw her she had on a deep purple, heavy crepe tea-gown, perfectly straight, reaching to the floor, with flowing sleeves and very little cut out at the neck. Believe it or not, I am talking about that siren of the screen—Jetta Goudal!

She is always busy. When not at the studio she has much at home to occupy her mind. Recently she took a new apartment and did her own furnishing. Bit by bit, as she recognized a need or decided what would be the most comfortable as (Continued on page 99)
He's known as 'Nick' to everybody from William Fox, his boss, to assistant directors on the lot. (He used to be an assistant director himself, by the way.)

If you think it over you'll find that a nickname means something in Hollywood. All the big boys have one. Doug—'Charlie'—'Bill'—'Dick'—'Ronnie'—'Billy' and 'Nick' Stuart.

Nick Stuart was christened Nicholas. But nobody remembers that. To the world he is 'Nick'—or even 'Nicky.' Although it must be added that Nick cringes a little when he hears 'Nicky' from anyone except Sue Carol. Sue can call him anything and get away with it. Though to date she has confined her choice to 'Nicky.'

He's a nice chap. People out here like him because he is a good sport. He laughs when the joke is on you or when it is on himself. He laughs longer and louder when he is the victim.

He'll grab for the lunch check, but he is a good enough sport to match you for it if you protest. If he loses, he laughs; if he wins and you pay the check, he gets a kick out of that.

If you understand what I mean, he's a real sort of guy. He enjoys a good fire any old night. You slip on a banana peel and he'll guffaw. At the same time, he'll help you to your feet. On the golf course, after a poor shot, I've seen him throw his club fifty yards. Then I've seen him shame-facedly pick it up and half smile because of his outburst.

Until Sue Carol came into his life, he was a regular lady chaser. Maybe this will be news to Sue. All the sweet young things in Hollywood had been kissed by Nick. You see, he is only twenty-four now; before Sue he was only twenty-one. Now these same sweet young things can only stand off and envy Sue. Nick can't see 'em. They're so much alfalfa in his life. Fields of chaff from which he has separated the real crop, Sue.

Nick is nobody's fool. When he came to America from Roumania, he was 14 years of age and couldn't speak a word of English. He expected to find Santa Claus living in the United States. His parents believed it rained gold and silver. Pretty soon his mother and father learned that it rained plenty, but not gold and silver. And Nick, as soon as he was old enough to know, learned that not one but half a million Santa Clauses live in the United States. Only, the chorus girls have 'em cornered.

In his brief ten years in America, Nick has learned to speak English as well as you or I—maybe better, because his English is rather correct; there is a lack of illegitimate slang. He is saving his money and already owns one home and is buying another. The one he owns is in a district that is growing rapidly. Nick will make a lot of money on that investment.

Nick impresses you, whenever you see him, with the fact that he is clean. It is the first thing you think of when you meet him. You think of it constantly when you are with him. After you leave him, you remember his shining white teeth; his spotless shirt and smooth collar; his perfectly pressed trousers; his fresh (Cont. on page 107)
HOLLYWOOD'S Cutest Couple. Nick Stuart and Sue Carol are happy because they are co-starring in "Girls Gone Wild."
YOU will hear Vilma Banky's voice, fascinating accent and all, in some scenes of her new film. Yes—"This is Heaven"!
CHARLES FARRELL hasn't been in a "Seventh Heaven" lately; but we still maintain that he is a 'very remarkable fellow.
WE present David Rollins—the brand-new boy wonder of the movies. Only Jackie Coogan is more boyish. David, take your bow!
HER beauty was against her until she dropped everything and began to act. Now Esther Ralston is a great trouper.
MARIAN NIXON'S name is now in 'Headlines.' She is a Vitaphone talking heroine, guaranteed immune to mike-fright.
THE Metamorphosis of an Ingenue; or The Rise of Edna Murphy. Remember her as a sweet young thing; then see her in "My Man."
"THE Duke Steps Out" may be a comedy, but Joan Crawford and William Haines have their serious moments in it. See above.
To Every Girl

Madame Helena Rubenstein, Famous Expert on Feminine Charm, Reveals a Few Beauty Secrets to Rosa Reilly.

Marriage first," Madame Rubenstein said. "From experience I have found that most happily married women, and sometimes, it may surprise you, happily engaged girls, make little effort to keep their good looks. "Why should I bother?" they say. "My husband loves me." Or, "My fiance likes the way I look."

"Well, maybe. But whenever this is said, I always have my doubts about the man's being satisfied. Every man under the sun, whether he will admit it or not, wants beauty of face and soul, first of all, in a woman. In this regard, I would refer you to that much-talked-of book, "The Technique of the Love Affair," in which 'A Gentlewoman' tells how to win the man you desire. In estimating the different attractions of a woman, what does she place first? On page thirty we find:

(1) Beauty,
(2) Fame,
(3) Wealth,
(4) Rank,
(5) Social Popularity,
(6) Intellect,
(7) Domestic Talents.

But could you get a happily married woman to believe this? Ah, no. 'I cook my husband good food. I talk to him intelligently about his business. I make him happy,' she says. But if you will refer to the above, you will see that domestic talents and intelligence are the last on the list. So don't be like these too-

secure ones who are the hardest of all to prod into taking any pride in their appearance.

"But take unhappy women. Unhappiness seems the very thing which makes a woman struggle to improve her appearance. If she fears her husband's affection or her sweetheart's love is waning, she tries to give it new life by making herself more attractive. And you would be surprised what a determined woman can do towards enhancing her charms!

"Ignorance, the second drawback, is another terrible handicap. Most women don't realize that each different type of beauty demands different treatment. The beauty of Greta Garbo may expire on what the loveliness of a Billie Dove would thrive. Before you girls rush out and buy creams, lotions and ointments by the quart, you must inform yourself on what type of skin you have.

"The third drawback, Laziness, is the commonest and most fateful drawback. Loveliness, like success, is only achieved (Cont. on page 102)
In New

Broadway is Buzzing with Movie Gossip!

You'd never know your old Broadway these days—and nights. It isn't the same. It's gone all Hollywood. Not that I care—I love it. I'm for the movies all the time. But the old-timers grumble and say: "The old street isn't what it used to be." No—it's better.

Where movies are, there also is success and fun and life and beauty. And the movies are spreading themselves all over the Great White Way. You'd be amazed, if you haven't visited New York for some time, to see how the motion pictures have invaded the 'legitimate' theatres; how the talk at Times Square is all about 'Movietones' and 'Vitaphones' and 'mikes' and 'monitors.'

The talkies have come, have stayed, have conquered. Three cheers for synchronization and theme songs!

Such a grand group of movie stars in town this month, too! Consider these names: Gilda Gray, Dick Barthelmess, Phyllis Haver, Lily Damita, Nancy Carroll, and Bill Powell—just to mention the most interesting. Where shall I begin—with a welcome home to the Shimmy Star? All right with me, Let's go!

Gilda has been in England, you know, making a picture for World Wide, called "Piccadilly." It's from a story by Arnold Bennett, and it's directed by Dupont, who made "Variety." And Gilda says it's by far the best thing she has ever done. She's crazy about it. "And wait till you see my new dance, honey!" she says in her fascinating husky voice. "It's a combination of the shimmy, the Black Bottom, the Varsity Drag,
and the Charleston. I call it ‘The Piccadilly Shiver.’"

She met everybody worth meeting over there—princes and distinguished authors and extinguished dukes. And she went to Paris and simply raided the shops, my dears. (SCREENLAND will show you her new clothes next month, and not by the way, either.)

Gilda may always be relied upon to say or do something out of the ordinary. Sure enough—listen to this:

"I had to put on weight for ‘Piccadilly.’ Dupont said I was too thin and he wouldn’t start shooting until I gained twenty pounds—the hardest work I ever did! And now that I’m back home I have to take it off!" Like George Bernard Shaw in his Movietone, she can ‘put it on’ and she can ‘take it off’!

What will she do next? Well, probably a vaudeville tour, first. And then Hollywood and talking pictures. You know Gilda sang in “The Follies” as well as strutted. She has just about everything to make a hit with the mike.

I promised Phyllis Haver I wouldn’t tell a soul when she confided to me about her budding romance with a certain popular young man about Manhattan. And I’d keep my promise, too, if she hadn’t announced her engagement as soon as she returned home to Hollywood.

It’s a swell story and I’ll tell it to you. It seems Bert Lytell was giving Phyllis a grand (Cont. on page 94)
Calling on

"Drop in any old fith. All right, Cor-
time,” says Miss Grif- inne—here we are!

To the right above: just a little girl and her play-house? Yes, in a manner of speaking! Corinne can look like a little girl with no difficulty at all when she is called upon to play one for First National. The cunning cottage is her private dressing-room bungalow on the lot at Burbank, California.

To the left: the dressing-room itself—really the most important feature of Corinne Griffith’s bungalow. It is furnished in pastel coral and green. An innovation introduced by Corinne is the incandescent-lighted mirror of her dressing-table. It is lighted underneath with the same type of lighting that is used on the studio sets, so that the star can tell immediately how her make-up will photograph.
"Is It Worth Seeing?" is the Question Everybody Asks It For You. Follow This Department of Short and Snappy

Lucky Boy

An excellent talking picture, starring George Jessel, dealing with a Jewish boy's love for his mother. Hating his father's jewelry business, the boy leaves home, works his way to San Francisco and gets his first dramatic chance at amateur night in a little coast theatre. Later he makes a great success in a night club and falls in love. Jessel sings five songs, making a big hit with one—"My Mother's Eyes." George is an able actor, a true singing artist and retains all the naturalness of youth. Supported by a good cast, this is easily one of the best of the talking pictures.

The Last Warning

Yells, gasps and horrors aplenty. A small-time Phantom of the Opera picture with sound, showing Laura La Plante, Montagu Love, Mack Swain and others hunting a murderer in a deserted theatre. Taken from the successful stage play of the same name, it loses its speed and compactness when transferred to the screen.

Sal of Singapore

A hot, saline romance, glorifying Phyllis Haver and her collegiate chassis. Allan Hale tames Phyllis, a pretty dance-hall shrew, shanghaiing her to take care of a baby left on his ship. Fred Kohler, always a good menace, steals the girl, puts out to sea, and it's no pink tea when these two huskies meet. Phyllis is enchanting.

The Jazz Age

Young Douglas Fairbanks and Marcelline Day in a whoopee picture dealing with the son of poor but honest parents and the daughter of a rich but grafting father. Splendid race between street car and two automobiles, with plenty of flasks and dance-halls thrown in. An excellent film, proving Doug to be a real actor.

Nothing to Wear

In the eternal predicament of women. Jackie Logan has nothing to wear. Receiving a fur coat, she thinks it's from the boy friend and returns it. Which makes it bad for her since her husband sent it. Clever farce, exploiting Jackie in undress uniform. Von Eltz, Jane Winton and Bryant Washburn ably assisting.
**Red Hot Speed**

Be careful there, you fast driving girls or you'll have Reginald Denny appointed your guardian. Some punishment! Denny's first talkie is a clever farce in which, as the Assistant District Attorney, he gets appointed guardian of pretty Alice Day, the speed demon, who not only wrecks cars but sticks her tongue out at the victims. Alice's father, a well-known newspaper editor, is running a campaign against fast driving, and Alice gives another name in court to keep her misdemeanors from his ears. This starts the farce ball rolling and keeps it spinning until the end. Both Denny's and Alice Day's voices are excellent talkie material. Don't miss this one!

**Moulin Rouge**

Filmed in the celebrated Moulin Rouge in Paris, and showing a greater part of the famous revue, this picture introduces a new star, Olga Chekova, formerly with Moscow Art Theatre. Chekova, resembling Negri, is a remarkably able player, enacting the part of the actress-mother whose daughter's fiancé falls in love with her.

**Stolen Love**

You will like this film about the sheltered young girl, Marceline Day, who falls in love with Rex Lease. When her aunts upset her romance, she runs away to Frisco and becomes a model. Owen Moore does fine work as the sophisticated gent who tries, in a deserted mountain cabin, to steal Marceline's—ah—er—virtue.

**Reckless Youth**

Co-ed yarn, culminating in a hotel suite where at midnight the heroine finds herself alone with the villain—who falls asleep! A murder is committed, the girl accused and all her illegitimate indiscretions uncovered. Marceline Day, Ralph Lewis and Coy Watson contribute interesting performances.

**Give and Take**

Except for the excellent clowning of both George Sidney and Jean Hersholt, this 'talkie' leaves much to be desired. George Lewis is the hero, and Sharon Lynn the girl in the case. The difficulty lies in the fact that the story, taken from the stage play of the same title, is too slight for such expanding.
A Screenland's Department of Gossip Keeps You in Close Touch with the Studios and Stars.

It happened during the 'shooting' of "The Duke Steps Out" co-starring the lovely Joan Crawford and the amiable Billy Haines. The scene represented the interior of a college gymnasium where an informal dance was taking place—all part of the picture, my dears.

Pretty co-eds in sport frocks and shifty male students garbled in corduroys, open shirts and dizzy sweaters, pranced about to the tunes of a jazzy orchestra. (And oh, what jazz!) Now a lot of 'em were real extras, but the majority of the merry crowd were solicited from the University of Southern California, thus lending the real McCoy to the atmosphere.

Incandescent lights (which are fast replacing the old time klies) burned furiously while James Cruze the director, who can turn out a real entertaining first-class production almost as fast as a 'quickie,' watched the goings on silently, pleased.

The first scene ended, Joan glided over to her canvas-back chair, made herself comfortable and then started sewing on some curtains—honest, which goes to prove that the rising star is somewhat inclined to be domestic.

Not many seconds elapsed before a tall, sandy-haired (or should I say blond?) fellow, not handsome, but quite good-looking, and dressed exactly like the college kids, came upon the set. Without looking to the right or the left he made straight for Joan.

"Hello, Dodo," were the words Joan greeted him with, and then automatically the sewing was discarded. A kiss from the youth was solemnly implanted upon the scarlet lips of the happy maiden; then, dragging a chair close by the one Joan occupied, Doug Jr. sat down carelessly and bent his head so that it touched that of the girl he loved. While the lights were being readjusted and the cameras placed for the next 'shot' the two coo-ed, laughed, etc.

"Come on, Joan," came the husky beckoning from Director Cruze. It was a shame to disturb them, but then the picture had to go on.

After giving Douglas Jr. a smack on the cheek (not with her fists, silly, but with her lips) the vivacious star hustled before the cameras, leaving the lad behind—it just had to be done.

Now what man, terribly in love, would be content to sit out of sight while his adored one emoted before the clicking cameras? Even actors are human, so 'Dodo' nonchalantly strode over to the side-lines merely to watch the scene.

A group of students, mostly males, were crowded around Joan making whoopie. In the midst of all the fun a sudden impulse, or perhaps it was a frantic desire, caught hold of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Sporting a big boyish grin, quite like the one his famous dad possesses, 'Dodo' made his way into the group and began acting like nobody's business. James Cruze, startled at first with the uncalled-for intrusion, gave way to a hearty laugh.

"Go on with the scene!" was his order—and he watched with a satisfied grin.

Joan's large grey-blue eyes lit up with joy and she acted as she never had acted before. Her emotions were not put on now; they were real. A close-up followed—'Dodo' was in that, too. You see he was part of the picture now, giving his valuable services free of charge. All for love!

Both walked off the set arm in arm.

"Dearest," murmured Doug Jr. into her ear, "just think, this is the first time I have ever appeared in a picture with my own sweetheart."

Joan patted his cheek; and whispered back: "And it may be the last time!"

A burning kiss in view of the cheering mob proved to be the fade-out; then Joan and 'Dodo' made their exit.
But Joan was wrong. It wasn’t the last time. These two will play together in “Modern Maidens”—and watch for their love scenes! *

Perhaps the most important news break this month is the change in name of the FBO studios to RKO, which means that FBO pictures have consolidated with Radio Corporation of America, the Keith theaters and the Orpheum theaters. And that means that before they got it all sifted down to RKO there were about fifty other smaller consolidations and mergers and goodness knows what! Anyhow, it is a very impressive change—which is expected to bring some fine results.

RKO will be the film producing company for the Keith and Orpheum theaters and will also be affiliated with the RCA Photophone system of talking pictures.

Great things are being lined up by Vice-President William Le Baron for the 1929-30 program and the young lady they have selected for special honors is little Sally Blane.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are playing one of the most interesting sets I have seen in Hollywood. A whole stage is turned over to represent a bit of New England country, with houses, roads, telegraph poles and forests of trees. Charlie plays a lineman and Janet a little girl who hasn’t just the right slant on things. She sells milk and when she delivers some to Charlie he throws ten cents to her from his perch on the telegraph pole. She covers it quickly with her foot and tells him he didn’t pay her. Now Charlie is a rather serious-minded young lineman who thinks Janet too nice a kid to do such things. So he climbs down from the pole, turns Janet across his knee and gives her a sound spanking!

“It’s no fair,” cried Janet when she heard what was to happen to her. “I ought to be allowed to get back at him for that!”

So it was agreed that Janet give Charlie a good bite on the leg while the thrashing is going on. And she does.

“Gee!” said Charlie ruefully. “You didn’t have to bite that hard, Janet!”

Charles Morton is all upset about a baby picture some magazine printed of him. “I think it looks so silly to see myself as a baby! The fellows sure razzed me about it. Who gave it to you?” he asked one of the Fox publicity staff. But Charlie could get no information. “By golly, I’m going to find out,” he declared. “I’ll bet Dad gave it to you. That’s just what he would think was a swell idea.”

Twenty years from now Charlie won’t mind having his baby pictures printed; it is only the very young who mind those things.

A friend surprised Louise Fazenda making cookies the other morning. Louise is a splendid cook and moreover, she likes it—oh, not as a steady diet, you know; but once in awhile—she thinks it is fun to take possession of her nice shiny kitchen and ‘mix things.’ This was the first day Louise had been free for weeks. She has just finished shrieking through “The House of Horrors” for First National. A friend who was celebrating her eighty-fourth birthday gave Louise excuse enough to try out her favorite recipe, and I can give first-hand evidence that the result was delicious.

No one would expect Louise Fazenda to do things like other people and she doesn’t. Her favorite costume for
Ray Dooley, who is Mrs. Eddie Dowling, gave up a leading role in Earl Carroll’s Varities to make this trip with her husband, “And not to play in movies either,” she said impressively. “I came out to learn how to ride a horse!” And she’s doing it, too, no matter how painfully.

Gary Cooper is in the newest Emil Jannings picture. Before the company went on location Gary appeared at Lupe Velez’ house on a truck.

“Well, suppose it isn’t stylish, but it’s comfortable, and that’s all that matters to me. Although I do hope Hal never catches me in it,” was her very human afterthoughts. Hal Wallis is her husband and the new production manager at First National.

Thelma Hill, the clever Mack Sennett comedienne, is working on her third talking picture, “The Bride’s Relations,” directed by Mr. Sennett. It is harder to make sound comedies than serious pictures in sound because the laughter and noise often puts the mechanism out of commission, Thelma says. For this reason all wise cracks and joking between scenes is out. The other day they had been waiting a long time because of some necessary adjustment when the call came to get ready. Thelma was all primed to do her stuff when the cameraman, who is English, stuck his head out of the box and said, “I say, Mr. Sennett! Shall I carry on?” The roar of laughter that followed this remark put the mike out of business for the day.

Eddie Dowling is in Hollywood and will start within the next few days on “Broadway Bound,” an original story by the star which has been adapted for the screen by Frances Agnew. Miss Agnew has also written the continuity and dialogue. I remember one picture she titled that might have made even George Marion, Jr., jealous, so I think it is safe to expect good entertainment from the dialogue department of “Broadway Bound.” And I am sure you know what Eddie can do with good dialogue. For years he has been touring these United States in vaudeville and musical comedy, so he is no stranger to you.

Marian Nixon will play the lead. Lloyd Ingraham and Sam Hardy are in it, and Frankie Darro plays the boy. Fred Newmeyer directs.
go all the time in the cage. Some day I know
those eagles eat him. But what can I do? He
love them, so I take care of them.

Will Lupe marry Gary? Well, Hollywood is
wondering, too. But no one knows, least of all
Lupe. She thinks they are both too young to
marry. But Lupe is an impulsive, warm-
hearted, adoration child, so you can never tell.

Hollywood turned out en masse to the most
brilliant opening of the year, "Broadway
Melody," at Grauman's Chinese Theater. And
now that it is over I'll bet every producer in
the business envies Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer their
contract with Bessie Love. For weeks people
have said, "Well, wait till 'Broadway Melody'
opens," and for once rumor was right. John
Gilbert was master of ceremonies and a very
near one. He introduced Charlie King, a new-
comer to the screen, and Anita Page. The
ap-
plause for each was hearty enough but when
Bessie appeared it was deaf-en-
ing. "And someone else was
very good," said Jack and
called for Jed Prouty. Harry
Beaumont, the director, is now
being hailed on all sides.

Sue Carol was there with
Nick Stuart. Josephine Dunn
came with Raquel Torres and
two young men I did not recog-
nize. Corinne Griffith was with
her husband, Walter Morosco.
Billie Dove, with Irving Willat.
And there was Marion Davies
—and Lois Wilson looking very
lovely in a white taffeta bou-
(C) Right: Finis Fox, who writes the
scenarios for his brother Edwin
Carewe's films, and his wife, Loris.

fant gown. As Adolphe Menjou left the
lobby he said to his wife, Kathryn Carver,
"Is it still raining or has it stopped by the
grace of God?" But it hadn't, and in Cali-
forina when it rains, it rains. And Elmer
Clifton decided against Henry's and for the
Roosevelt that night for a sandwich and
coffee with his wife and their guests.

It wasn't surprising to hear that Warner
Baxter signed a long-term contract with Fox after his
reception in "In Old Arizona." You should have heard
the flappers flapping in the lobby. "Did you ever see such
'it?"' one of them asked. "And what a
voice," said another. Darn right, both of them. He
was a greater sensation than Eddie Lowe, because
we all know that Eddie can act but Warner
was practically washed up in pictures because of the stiff-
necked parts he had had the misfortune to draw.
With the usual vision of business men in art, no
producer could see Warner in anything romantic, and
then fate took a hand. An accident to Raoul Walsh,
who was to have played the part as well as direct,
gave Warner his break.

Eddie Lowe thinks pictures are great—if you can
live through them. In an earlier issue of SCREENLAND
there was a location yarn about Eddie and a bear
doing a sister act together on the top of a mountain
for "Making the Grade." Well, it seems that women are
not the only beings privileged to change their
minds—because that whole sequence has been cut
out and now, months after the actors believed the
picture over and done with, the Fox executives call
them back for another try.

It is to be a water sequence and was taken last
week at Catalina. Al Green, who directed "Making
the Grade" being tied up on the Metro lot, the scenes
were directed by James Tingling.
Eddie reported on the dock for work and found his co-actors there ahead of him. They were all waiting for him in a large net, tunas, lobsters, star fish, and other aquatic wonders. "This is going to be good," thought Eddie. "Now Eddie," said Mr. Tingling, "you get along in that net and Bob here will let you down." "Oh, yeah?" said Eddie. "I won't let you stay under longer than eighteen seconds, Eddie. Honest!" And then Eddie saw that the net was heavily weighted. "This is going to be good, he said to himself. But he climbed in the net with the marine actors. And down he went plumb to the bottom. The scene and his competition with the fish was being photographed with a gyroscopic camera through a glass-bottomed boat. "Well, I guess they got to arguing about something up there and forgot all about me," said Eddie. "It was the longest eighteen seconds I ever counted. But just as I decided my lungs were going to get even with me for playing them such a trick they brought me up, but not out. A wave filled me up before I could take a good breath. I bobbed up again and tried to shout to them. My mouth opened—and in came another wave! 'Swell, Eddie, you're doing fine!' yelled Jim. This is where I stay down for keeps if another wave gets me, I thought. I was almost water logged. But I made one more mighty effort and I guess the look on my face did the rest. The crew hauled me out!"

Eddie starts his next all-talking picture, "Thru Different Eyes" today. Mary Duncan and Warner Baxter are in the cast and Jack Blystone will direct.

All of you Lila Lee fans will have a chance to see this winsome, wistful little actress again soon. She is playing the ingenue lead in "Honky Tonk" with Sophie Tucker, an all-talking Warner picture. Lila met Sophie Tucker in London a few years ago at the Kit Kat Club and they have been friends ever since, though it is the first time they have played together.

In the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theatre there are many life-size statues that have fooled visitors into thinking them to be real people. They are made by Mme. Stubergh and her daughter who are said to be the only ones in the world who know this particular process, which permits them to put hair on the heads of their models as though it were actually growing. Well, it was thought that a model of Corinne Griffith would be interesting placed in the lobby of the Carthay Circle Theatre where "The Divine Lady" is playing.

So Corinne was laid out on a couch and the ingredients smeared all over her, including her face. When Mme. Stubergh came to her mouth she asked Corinne to close it. "But," objected Corinne, "it won't be like me. I always have my lips slightly apart. Can't you do it that way?" "Well, we can try it," said Madame. When the stuff starts to dry the victim can't move a muscle so imagine Corinne's state of mind when, with the taste of the stuff on her tongue, a friend, who was watching, said, "What inviting-looking stuff that is, it looks like whipped cream!" "Yes," said Madame, "that's what my little dog thought. He ate a whole bowl-full. It killed him instantly!"

When Geraldine Farrar gave her concert here Los Angeles turned out to bid her welcome and make her a box-office success. I am sorry to say Hollywood was not so well represented. There were a few however. Edna May Cooper, whose first picture was one in which Geraldine was the star, was there in a box with Helen Ludlum, SCREENLAND'S Location Lady. Reginald Barker and his wife were in another box; also Raymond Hatton and Mrs. Hatton and Norma Talmadge, Laura Hope Crews, who is out here to teach Norma the art of speaking for the screen, and Gilbert Roland. They all went back to speak to 'Jerry' afterwards and the fight they had to get through the mob of curious 'Jerry' fans was something to set one thinking.

The lovely youngest daughter of Richard Bennett is in Hollywood under contract to Samuel Goldwyn. Her name is Joan. Her first role will probably be opposite Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond." Joan is the
youngest sister of Constance Bennett, who made a great hit on the screen but retired to marry the young Manhattan millionaire, Philip Plant.

How false rumors get started is the mystery of the world, but it is rumored on the very best authority that what was said to be a break between Max Reinhardt and Joseph M. Schenck is not a break at all. Inharmony never existed between the celebrated German producer and the motion picture magnate. Herr Reinhardt and Lillian Gish are now at Palm Springs working on their first film story, which will be "The Miracle Woman."

Several interesting romances in Hollywood this month. The most exciting, I suppose, is between Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. Ben has long been spoken of as one of the nicest boys in Hollywood and Bebe as one of the most popular girls, but most people had given Ben up in despair as a confirmed bachelor. No date is set for the wedding but it is bound to be soon. They went to the Equity Ball together and from their expression I don't think it mattered much where they were, just so they were together.

It is rumored that Phyllis Haver is contemplating matrimony, too. With William Seaman, a New York businessman and close friend of Mayor Jimmy Walker's.

It has been proved that there can't be any secrets on a sound stage. A visiting lady was taken to the monitor's box as a special mark of favor. Her husband was telling two friends a naughty story down on the stage. She heard every word of it though she couldn't see him. But heavy was the rolling pin that lady held over her husband for the rest of the day.

Over Universal way Reginald Denny and Eddie Cline, his director, were puzzled about a sound the monitor was picking up that couldn't be accounted for. All was perfectly quiet on the stage; people hardly breathed. Yet the noise in the monitor's box continued. "It must be the garlic on this set," said Eddie Cline at last.

The mysterious "pick-up" sounded something like this: "Gubbley-blup, gubbley-blup," with a rising inflection in the middle. "What in time is it?" everyone wanted to know, while the little sound went cheerfully on—gubbley-blup, gubbley-blup, gubbley-blup—until strong men began tearing their hair at the wasted minutes. Well, it finally developed that at the far corner of the hundred-foot sound stage in a little boxed-in space two property men were brewing their midnight coffee!

Charlie Farrell is so excited about getting his new house ready in time for his mother's arrival that he can hardly wait to get out of the studio. It has taken months to build and more months to grow things on the place. The Cape Coddish atmosphere is what Charlie is most proud of.

And speaking of Charlie one naturally thinks of Virginia Valli. I wonder why? Virginia has at last had a well-deserved break. I am told that she has been handed the much-coveted leading role opposite John Gilbert in "Redemption," directed by Fred Niblo. Renee Adorée will play the luscious part of the gypsy girl. It will be an all-talking picture, and there will be gypsy songs and dances.

Estelle Taylor, who is playing the part of the wicked enchantress in the new Lon Chaney picture, "East is East," was looking more than usually beautiful the other day in a jade charmuse gown which fit every nook and cranny of her lovely figure. Her eyes had the most wicked slant to them and I afterwards found that the 'slant' was held in place by bandages hidden beneath her hair. If you want to know whether they were comfortable or not, you might try them out at your next masquerade ball. After the third day Estelle's forehead was blistered and the fourth day she was in considerable pain. But one must suffer for one's art once in awhile!

Lupe Velez is in it, too, and the girls are great friends. They had not met until they started to work together in Chaney's film.

© Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills at home. "The Barker" and his beautiful wife, Doris Kenyon, are playing together again in the new Sills picture.
The Stage Coach

Reviews of the Current Broadway Plays

By Morrie Ryskind

Street Scene

Get out the cymbals and the drums, and see what the boys in the back room will have. Here’s a great American play, and let’s not say, when our children ask us about it, that we failed to recognize it.

And when we say, a great American play, don’t misunderstand us. This is no saga of the winning of the West; this is no epic of the World War, in which a U. S. Marine, single-handed, captures three divisions of the German army. It’s a tale of the mean streets of New York, of a tenement where the Kaplans live next door to the Fiorentinos, right below the Maurrants, and right above the Mr. Olsen, who is the janitor.

Here is the raw material of the comic strip, of “Abie’s Irish Rose,” of “The Cohens and the Kellys.” It is different from them not in its externals, but in its internals, in its more vital regions. The difference is the difference, say, only between Elmer Rice as an artist and Anne Nichols as one.

And oh, as Mr. Wordsworth said, the difference to me! You see, we know that tenement very well; we lived in it. And so did, obviously, Mr. Rice. So that to him, too, the house was not inhabited by cartoon strips, but by people. Life and love, birth and death, comedy and tragedy, he knew, entered via the hallway just as they were escorted into other houses by uniformed hallboys.

The result is a vivid panorama of life as it is still lived by the majority of New Yorkers. Bromidic, futile, hopeless and hopeful, it is all here, painted by a sympathetic hand. And the result is something rather thrilling—far more thrilling than the story of gangsters and gunmen, or of the love nest on Park Avenue. Here are—no, not ladies—but women and men, stupid and wise, cruel and kind. And they’re worth taking a look at.

Mr. Rice directed the play with excellent results. We commend William Brady for letting him alone on it. Jo Mischiner’s setting is a strikingly effective one. And the cast is amazingly good. Erin O’Brien-Moore, Beulah Bondi, Bulgakov, Eleanor Wesselhoft, Hilda Bruce—but there, we can’t mention them all, good as they are. To get the full list, buy a seat, and the usher will give you a program.

House Unguarded

“House Unguarded” is an idea much better in its con-
exception, unfortunately, than in its execution. Nevertheless, it has its moments.

Col. James Thorne, of the U. S. Army, is found dead in his quarters in the Panama Canal Zone. His revolver is in his hand. It looks like suicide. But not to Anderson, a New York correspondent, shrewdly played by Jerome Daley. He has his own theory, and that theory is played for you in a cut-back. But Elliott, the reporter for the local sheet, offers various objections to Daley's yarn. And so Elliott's version is played for you. That leaves the third act for the true facts to be portrayed.

Lester Lonergan as the actor who goes to his death three times nightly, is good. Unfortunately, the rest of the cast is not quite up to him. And the authors leave the story hanging in the air at their curtain.

**Ned Wayburn's Gambols**

In the last issue of Screenland, in commenting on 'One Way Street'—and commenting favorably on it—we spoke of the fact that a critic applies different yardsticks when reviewing a show. Little did we think we would have to use that argument again.

But you see, 'Gambols' concerns us. We did the lyrics—or most of them. So that when Mr. Wayburn announces that he has a revue at three dollars top, we think it silly to point out that it is not 'This Year of Grace.' At six-sixty plus the broker's charge.

It is then a three-dollar show—and if you'll pardon us for saying so, a darned good one for the money. It has some Wayburn dances and dancers—notably Shirley Richards, who swiped the notices, and Olive McClure. It has Libby Holman, who is so much better than her songs that she fools you into thinking her songs are good. It has Charlie Irwin as master of ceremonies. It has Ann Pritchard for more fine dancing, and Fuzzy Knight with his eccentric piano. It has Lew Hearn and Roger Gray, two comics who are far from unknown to you. It has John Byam, who sings a song so you can hear the lyrics. From vaudeville it has recruited Parker and Butler.

**The Age of Innocence**

We're going to start this review with a frank confession: in the first place, we are just a boob for Edith Wharton. And in the second place, we are just clay in the hands of Katharine Cornell. So if this show gets a favorable write-up, don't be surprised.

When the 'Age of Innocence' appeared as a novel, we were among those who ran to the nearest bookstore and bought copies thereof. And what a grand story it was! Margaret Ayer Barnes has turned it into a vehicle for Miss Cornell, and with excellent results.

All of the flavor of the '70s is there, when Twenty-Third Street was away uptown, when Boss Tweed ruled New York, when divorce was a thing almost unknown, when neither Doctor Freud nor sex had been discovered, and when women revealed nothing of their attractions save their unbobbed crowning glory.

It starts a little like that. You say to yourself, "Rate! This is going to be dreadfully quaint and no little boring."

And for the first few moments it is. And then Katharine Cornell comes in and the old picture album comes to vivid life. People begin to stir and feel as Countess Olenska, in love with life and doomed to be cheated by it, weaves her way among them.

Her code—and their code—the code of the '70s—is different from ours. But you are conscious of their loyalty to it. And, in spite of the baffling futility that their conduct leads to, you sympathize with it, you understand it. False gods, maybe, those old gods of conventionality and outward respectability, but you don't despise them in this play. After all, they were gods, and they rank the tribute of a fallen foe.

An excellent performance by Miss Cornell. And by lots of the surrounding company, too. And with due obeisances and genuflexions to everybody, including Miss Barnes who wrote it, Mr. McClintic who staged it, and Mr. Miller who produced it, it is still a tribute to Edith Wharton.

**The Red Robe**

We have hinted before in these columns that operettas are not absolutely imperative matters in our young life. Yet, in spite of the fact that we prefer them only to operas, nobody takes the hint. Producers still continue doing them and audiences liking 'em.

At that "The Red Robe" is far, far above the average of its kind. In addition to perhaps the most personable of the singing heroes, Walter Woolf, it has Jose Ruben in an important role. A troupier like Ruben can lend something of reality to what must otherwise be an artificial play. It would otherwise have been a little difficult for us to believe that the Chester Hale girls really did a ballet in Cardinal Richelieu's salon.

Mr. Ruben also revised and restaged the piece, so that you can have a nice evening at the Shubert Theatre, even if it is an operetta. The piece is gaudily but neatly mounted, there is some decent comedy, sword-play and the other essentials. Mr. Woolf sings well, and every time he comes out, the women of the audience utter a delighted "Oh-hi!" Miss Helen Gilliland adds the love interest. If you must have romantic operettas, you can't go wrong by seeing "The Red Robe." This Miss Gilliland, by the way, is a gift from England.
Ask Me By Miss Vee Dee

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. Please be patient if you do not see your question answered in these columns immediately. Remember there may be many others before you. Every letter must await its turn. If you wish a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

The most popular girl of the month with Miss Vee Dee’s readers is Laura La Plante. Here's Laura catching up with her fan mail.

SUE of Ole Kentucky. Will I come to your aid. I'd come to your pink tea if you asked me. You can write to Nick Stuart at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Nick was born in Roumania and had his first chance as an extra when 15 years of age at the Fox Studios. Playing with William Boyd in “Dress Parade” were Bessie Love, Hugh Allan, Walter Tennyson, Maurice Ryan, Louis Natheaux and Clarence Geldert. Directed by Donald Crisp.

Patricia from Omagh, Ireland. I love the Irish. All other countries stand by and participate in this sudden outburst of static. Grand Withers was born in 1904 in Kentucky, U. S. A. He is 5 feet 2 inches tall, and weighs 180 pounds. He is under contract to Warner Brothers now. Charles Delaney has been working at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal., in “The Air Circus.” In that film you’ll see delightful Sue Carol, charming David Rollins, ingratiating Arthur Lake and irresistible Charlie Delaney. I am no mean name snipper; attest my previous efforts.

I thank you.

A Reader from Kansas City, Mo. If you had given your name and address, you would have had the following information long ago. Awfully sorry, for your concise and right-to-the-point-letter deserved attention. Thanks for your kindly interest in SCREENLAND. Cary Cooper was born May 7, 1901, at Helena, Montana. He has dark blue eyes, brown hair, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. His smile takes in the whole world and his serious screen moments have caused many a femme heart to lose a beat or two. His screen activities are confined to Paramount Studios, 1491 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.; though he has been loaned to other companies where his services are in demand. He is to play opposite Lupe Velez in “Wolf Song” for which Lupe was “borrowed” by Paramount from United Artists.

Dick D. of Chicago. Am I afraid of work? I'm fairly reckless when it comes to work—just let a fresh bunch of work stare me in the face and I'm off—way off. No one has taken Rudolph Valentino’s place on the screens. He made a place for himself that would be hard to fill. Among the new names and faces are, Walter Byron, John Loder, James Ford, Robert Castle, Eddie Nugent and Eddie Quinn.

Elzie Lee of Memphis, Tenn. My greatest pleasure in life is accepting the thank you’s for my department and keeping in touch with the stars, that I may be able to pass on the information to you fans. Ralph Forbes’ latest films were made for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. He was born in London, England, about 25 years ago. He has blue eyes, blond hair is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. His first screen work was in England in a small part with Clive Brook as the star. He is married to Ruth Chatterton.

Rosalie Z. of N. Y. City. So you think I’m a mere man. I’ll give you three more guesses but I warn you, they’ll all be wrong. A candidate for the flickers, are you? With your black hair, green eyes, 5 feet 5 inches and 125 pounds, you should go far—and don’t let me stop you. A screen test is my suggestion—and an optimistic outlook. You might send your photograph to various studios but I can promise you nothing in return. Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.; Universal Studios, Universal Studios, Universal Studios, Universal Studios, Burbank, Cal., are a few that might give your photo the once-over. I said ‘might.’

I. S. of Toronto. It keeps us busy these days counting calories, hearing the latest pictures, to say nothing of seeing them. Life is just one grand round of spinach, lamb-chops, and apples. Get thin or get the gate. Dorothy Gulliver has had the lead in “The Collegians” with George Lewis. She played with Arthur Lake in “Sweet Sixteen” comedies. Dorothy was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, September 6, 1908. Her hair and eyes are dark brown, and she is 5 feet 8 inches tall. She is the wife of C. W. DeVito, a director. Alberta Vaughn appears with Belle Bennett and Joe E. Brown in “Molly and Me,” a Tiffany-Stahl release.

Jean and Joan of Waterbury, Conn. How time does fly in Waterbury with two such sprightly misses; all wound up and no place to go but the movies, thank your stars. William Haines was discovered ‘way back in 1921. He is the son of a broker, and a business career had been his plan but the movies got him and that doesn’t make us mad, does it, fellow-fans? His birth-date is given elsewhere in this depart- ment. He is still a happy bachelor, at the ripe old age of 28. Sally O’Neil is 20 years old and Molly O’Day is a younger sister. No one denies the loveliness of Joan Crawford. I’m quite lost in admiration of her myself. Try and find me.

The Montreal Girl. When all others fail, consult me. I’m a regular panic. Gilbert Roland was born in Mexico about 24 years ago. He has black hair and dark brown eyes. His latest film is “The Woman Disputed” with Norma Talmadge. He is not married and I’m not in his confidence as to his heart troubles. The late Rudolph Valentino’s brother Albert plays with Leatrice Joy in “Tropic Madness,” a recently finished PBO picture. It will be Albert Valentino’s first screen appearance, as far as I know.

One Movie-Mad from Prague. This gentle art of ‘kidding’ that is practiced now and then doesn’t mean we haven’t a heart of gold or whatever hearts are made of. This is the time of the year we go into pictures. He played the part of the prize-fighter in the stage version of “It Sall So?” for one year in New York and for
nine months in London. He gets his fan
mail at the Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
He is married to Ethel Kent, who has been
on the stage but has retired. William Boyd
and his wife, Elmar Fair, live in Holly-
wood and are under contract to Pathé, Cul-
ver City, Cal. Lionel Barrymore is mar-
ried to Irene Fenwick and they live in
Beverly Hills. His picture career began in
1909 when he played with Mary Pickford in "Friends," a D. W. Griffith film "The
Copperhead," "Boomerang," "The Devil's
Garden," and "Jim the Penman" are some
of the best-known pictures of his earlier
film career.

Dorothy of Tampa, Fla. Cheer up and
wring those tears from your eyes. You've
had me wringing my hands since I read
your appealing letter. Of course Gary
Cooper isn't going to leave the screen.
Who started that rumor, anyway? Gary
plays with Fay Wray in "The First Kiss.
Among his older films were "Antonia
Bound," "Children of Divorce," and "The
Last Outlaw." Bebe Daniels and Clara Bow
are not married; neither is Gary Cooper.
Bebe Daniels will have a new leading man
for her next picture, Robert Castle, the
handsome Viennese actor recently signed
by Paramount, will be the lucky guy, I hear.
Step lively, girls, and get in for the first
show.

Lloyd I., of Grand Rapids, Mich. The
home of the free and the brave. You fur-
nish the girl, we furnish the home. Greater
courage hath no man than that. "The Fall
of Babylon" was made in 1919 but I
haven't the cast. Thelma Hill was Rose
in "The Fair Co-Ed." We do not give
personal addresses but your letter to King
Vidor, the director, will receive the same
attention when sent to the studio. You can
address him at MGM Studios, Culver City,
Cal.

A Fan from Hilo, Hawaii. You're sure
I've seen all the great motion picture pro-
ductions since films were first shown—I
can't remember that far back but "The
Birth of a Nation" started things for me.
The cast of "The Barrier" is as follows:
Norman Kerry, Henry B. Walthall, Lionel

Barrymore, Marceline Day, Bert Woodruff,
George Cooper, Pat Harmon and Eleanor
Lawson. Johnny Hines was born July 25,
1897, at Golden, Colorado. He was on
the stage 8 years before going into pictures.
A list of his films would take too much
space but before he made "The Live Wire"
and "The Early Bird" he appeared in
Torchy Comedies, "Sure Fire Flint," "Burn
Em Up Barnes," and "Luck."

T. S. of Monson, Mass. You want to
know anything about the stars that I can
tell you—that's a big order. Thelma, and
it would take many issues of SCREENLAND
to do that, but keep your bright eyes on
these pages and you'll see unfold many
choice bits of information. I don't find
a Lane Hallett in the cast of "The Branded
Somboreso," with Buck Jones as star. Buck
was Starr Hallett, Stanton Heck was Honest
John Hallett and Leo Kelly was Hallett.
Just one darned Hallett after another.
Eugenia Gilbert was born in East Orange,
N. J., but I don't know her birth-date.
Jean Arthur was born in Plattsburg, N.
Y., but she doesn't give her age. I believe
Jean has been married but isn't now. She
is under contract to Paramount.

Billy the Kid from Panama. You may
be sure I'll keep your secret about Pris-
cilla Dean, the latest queen of hearts.
Yes, I'm somewhat of a joker, myself. Pris-
cilla was born and educated in New York
City. She has brown hair and eyes, is
5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighs 135 pounds.
She was on the stage in stock and vaude-
ville before going into pictures. One of
her last releases, "Birds of Prey," was with
Sessue Hayakawa and Allon. Some of her older films were
"The Conflict," "Wild Honey," "Under
Two Flags," "The Flame of Life," and
"Drifting." Priscilla is the wife of Leslie
P. Arnold, a round-the-world aviator.

Evelyn S. of Hull, Quebec. I'm not a
bit high-hat. I've risked life and limb to
get close-ups of the screen stars for you.
Great God! Ben Lyon in "Hell's Angels." Martha Sleeper and Antonio Moreno are in the cast with Ben
in "The Air Legion." Pauline Garon
dashes about from one studio to another
and I haven't her permanent address.
She played in "Riley of the Rainbow Division"
with Creighton Hale, and in "Must We
Marry?" with Vivian Rich and Lorraine
Eason. Mae Murray is on the stage and
has not announced any screen plans for the
immediate future. Jacqueline Logan is
playing in "Nothing to Wear" at Columbia
Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Holly-
wood, Cal.

Red Top from Bictlo, Cal. How would
you go about getting a little boy into 'Our
Gang?' I'll bite, how would I? We'll now
go on with our setting-up exercises. Bob
Mckewan is the main star of 'Our Gang'
and can be addressed at Hal Roach Stu-
dios, Culver City, Cal. Richard Dix is 34
years old. He makes his pictures at Para-
mount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Holly-
wood, Cal. A former extra girl, Gladys
Belmont of Pueblo, Colo., is Richard's lead-
ing lady in his new picture, "Redskin."

Eugenia D., from Sydney. Another mes-
sage from Australia. You want me to
convey to your favorite screen stars, tidings of good will, congratulations
upon their past, present and future success.
I'll see that your favorite players get all
that's coming to them. Since filming "Sharp
Shooters," George O'Brien has made
"Honor Bound," "Noah's Ark," and

C. E. E, from Augusta, Kans. I may
be a promising young lady but that doesn't
(Continued on page 96)
Home-Life — a la Hollywood

William deMille, the Director, and Clara Beranger, the Scenario Writer, are Mister and Missus.

They Live in the Hollywood Hills — in Companionate Houses. Here They Are.

She is one of the most successful of all motion picture scenario writers. She carved out her own career and continues as Clara Beranger.

She is — besides Cecil's brother — a fine director in his own right. He is doing talking pictures now, from Miss Beranger's scenarios.

Below: the home of William C. deMille, where Clara Beranger deMille presides from tea-time till breakfast.

Here is Clara Beranger's studio-home across the hill from her husband's, where she spends her days at work.
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In his Studio work, under the blazing "Kleig" lights, Max Factor discovered the secret of perfect make-up. Cosmetics must be in perfect color harmony, otherwise odd, grotesque effects result...and beauty is marred. So today, in all the motion picture productions, faultless beauty is insured by Max Factor's Make-Up.

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May McAvoy, Warner Bros. star, featured in "The Terror" as she appeared at the opening of the Vitaphone Production at Warner Bros. Theatre...one of Hollywood's colorful social events.

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FREE-COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

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


[Table: Free-Complexion Analysis, with columns for Complexion, Color of Eyes, Hair, Complexion Chart, etc.]

Name
Address
City
State
Zip Code
Date

M. Factor's Society Make-Up
"Cosmetics of the Stars"
and his plate on the floor. "Oh, yes," answered Ben gayly, "or anybody else's?"

"I don't know how Rosabelle manages to look so fresh in all this crush!" exclaimed Patsy, as we entered the big living room of the Midtown Laemmle, President of Universal, and beheld the bride, daughter of Mr. Laemmle, receiving on a sort of raised dais, with the wall behind her a backdrop of flowers. She looked very sweet in her wonderful lace gown, and though she must have been standing for an hour or two, since the great house was full of guests, she looked as fresh as a daisy. Her husband is Stanley Bergerman, a Los Angeles business man, and he was aiding Carl, Jr. to receive at the door.

We met Glenn Fryon and his wife, and Glenn pretended to be in a very prissy social mood, delivering comic bromides at every turn.

Then she just saw Carl Laemmle," remarked Glenn solemnly.

"I bet he was crying at losing his daughter," remarked Patsy.

"Yes, it was," said Glenn, "but I told him he was not losing a daughter, but was gaining a son!"

Then she smiled brightly, as though he had made the original remark in the world.

"I want to see the gifts," said Patsy. "Oh, I was in there," answered Glenn. "I thought there was quite a full house of guests, but I found they were all detectives!"

Patsy decided that if a whole host of detectives had been engaged to guard the presents she simply couldn't miss seeing the things acontevant.

We found a whole room full of the most beautiful things,—silver, cloisonne, enamels, handsome dinner sets of costly materials, paints, and so on—clocks—all the sort of things that a bride would adore.

Flowers were everywhere in the great house, of course, and down in the den, where we had dinner, there were two tables covered with fruits and flowers and bearing huge bridal cakes topped with tiny figures of bride and groom.

We encircled the turntable, Glenn, Lewis and his sweet wife, Mary Lou, and George laughingly told us that there were so many cars outside that he had "parked his car away down at Santa Monica and walked up." We met Laura LaPlante and Bill Seiter, her husband, the director, and Laura said that the presents made her quite green with envy.

Down there in the Indian den, which is below the living room, the vibrations of the music and dancers from above or something being a handsome Indian statue fall from its shelf and break. Carl, Jr., must have felt badly about its loss, but he merely smiled and remarked that "the Indian is more natural now;—most Indians are back anyhow!"

Sitting ourselves on a stone bench which curves into a corner of the room behind a flowery bower, we caught glimpses of the guests.

Reginald Denny and his bride came in, and Mrs. Denny,—who such a short time ago was seen at a dainty tea with a player, you know,—said that, but for the wedding, they too would still be honeymooning up in Denny's cabin in the San Bernardino mountains, where the two go fishing and hunting, and where little Bubbles is learning to cast a fly at a trout.

Rod LaRoque came in for a little while, but didn't stay long, as his wife, Vilma Banky, was working that evening, and he had shortly to call for her. Mrs. Denny, too, has a charming man, we found; and Ruth and Ben Bard were there, together of course.

"It did seem as though Ruth's engagement ring would be all worn out before ever she and Ben got married, but now
New Ventilated girdle reduces waist and hips ~two to four inches in TEN DAYS

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Don't confuse Perfolastic with the old style, heavy rubber garments that were so uncomfortable. Perfolastic is a featherweight, ventilated girdle that comes in models that weigh as little as just nine and a half ounces (garters included), and is full of tiny holes to let the skin breathe and the pores function, as they should. It is so cool, so comfortable that you hardly know you have it on.

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"leap" with "lap?" "vait" with "vation?" "deem" with "cheer?" Do you sound the
"th" as "sht"? Pronounce "elm" as though it were "helm"? Pronounce common French phrases
such as "table d'hote," "faux pas," and "Notre Dame?"

Now, no matter how

UNFAIR as it may seem, the world judges
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mark of our culture and breeding, our edu-
cation and social standing. Errors in speech
quite definitely point a finger at our own lack
of care in self-training, or at least standards
in our associates whose speech we unconsciously
imitate, whether at home, in
society, or in business. They
imply, whether justified or not,
a lower social status.

And yet we may be mak-
ing glaring errors in speech
without even being aware of
them! It is almost im-
possible for us to catch
our own mistakes—let alone cor-
rect them! We hear words
pronounced so many different
ways that we are often
coljoined.

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can speak the English lan-
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correctness. In society the
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Name ____________________________
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mean I'm engaged. Mere words! Phyllis Haver is 29 years old and her real name is Phyllis O'Haver. Mary Brian is 20. Olive Borden is 26 years of age and uses her own name in pictures. Mary Brian's next film is "Someone to Love" opposite Buddy Rogers.

R. T. Q. from Winnipeg. You have the right idea—when in haste wire your letters. All cables, telegrams, and radio messages must be taken care of downtown. Owen Moore is the husband of Kathry Perry and Tom Moore is one of Owen's brothers. Tom plays with Seena Olsen in "His Last Will," produced by FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Both the Moore boys take a flyer on the stage now and then. Owen played with Alice Joyce in "The Marriage Bed," in its Los Angeles and San Francisco runs. Alice, by the way, is now making a talker: "The Squall."

Guennie from Brooklyn, Mass. You think you should get a lot of information from me—you can't always tell me about; I have to watch my sub-titles like the dickens. Colleen Moore is one of First National's best Brownie girls born in Port Huron, Ohio, August 8, 1902. She has straight brown hair, blue eyes and brown body, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. Colleen's latest release is "Synthetic Sin" with Tony Moreno as her handsome leading man. Her next is "Early To Bed."

Rex Lease Admires from N. Y. Just because ASK ME is in the back of the book is no reason we're behind—far from it. Truth is, I'm feeling veryucky about it. Cock-a-doodle-doo! And have you noticed our snappy new dress? Your favorite, Rex Lease, was born February 11, 1903, at Central City, Ky. He has brown hair, green eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He is married but separated from his wife. He has been in pictures since 1924.

A Curious Finn from Baltimore. Sounds faky to me but as far as I can remember, I've never had a star walk right up to me and say, "I'm from Finland." But get me right on this: I'll be happy to announce and introduce any players that hail from the Republic of Finland. Hurrah!

Waiting Lou of Milwaukee. Just give me a little time to find out how old your favorites are—I really can't kid the stars into telling me their ages but Malcolm McGregor was awfully nice about telling me everything he knew. He was born in New York City, October 13, 1896. He is married and has a young daughter, Joan. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. He plays in "The Girl of the Barge," with Sally O'Neil and Jean Hersholt.

Artist from Houston, Texas. Your question has kept your Aunt Vee Dee awake many nights but I've run the darned thing down at last. Away back 3 years ago, Roll Armstrong made a cover for SNECKLAND's "Swanson. To be exact, Gloria appeared on the November issue of 1923. Paul Hesse made the cover design of Gloria on the November 1925 issue.

Lucy of Montreal, Que. Why do we go "down cellar" to raise the roof? Just a little American custom and for no good reason. You can address Arthur Lake at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., where he is playing the part of "Young Man." You will see and hear him in "The Air Circus" with Sue Carol, Louise Dresser and David Rollins. John Mack Brown plays in "Annapolis" with Jeannette Loit and Hugh Allan.

Olive and Boots from Portsmouth, O. They tell me I'm one of the amusing desks on this magazine but can I prove it? Raymond Keane and Pat O'Malley played with Laura La Plante in "The Midnight Sun." William Collier, Jr., did not play in "West Point." William Haines did. Neither William is married. Collier can be reached at Warner Bros. Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., where he will be for some time filming 'talkies.' Olive Borden plays in "Stool Pigeons" produced by Columbia Pictures, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Write to Ronald Colman at Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro and William Haines can be found at Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

M. S. and M. E. S. of Anna, Ill. Do I have to work long hours? No, just for the fun of it. Tim McCoy was born in Saginaw, Mich. He is about 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is married and has three children. When not working at the studio, he spends his time with his family on his Wyoming ranch. Ramon Novarro is not married but William Boyd is to Elinor Fair.

Claudette Mars from Pittsburgh. You want good advice on just how to get on the stage or in the movies. Why ask me? If I knew how, I'd be a bowing success myself, now that the 'talkies' are with us. Kenneth Thomson was born in your city. He has black hair, brown eyes, and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. Kenneth Novarro was born Oct. 9, 1895, in Vienna, Austria. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He played in first pictures as an actor. Larry Kent was born Sept. 15, 1900. His real name is Henri Trumbell.

Deb's, Upper Montclair, N. J., Dorothy Davenport, the wife of the late Wallace Reid, is well-known in Hollywood and I believe if you address her, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Hollywood, Cal., she will get your letter. She was born in Boston, Mass. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Gilbert Roland is opposite Nora Talma in "Camille."

Lya of Brooklyn. I'm glad to lend the helping hand: I'm not so good on foot work. Ben Lyon is not married. He has been working for some time at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. He is a member of the Legion of Marion Davies is 30 years old. She has golden hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. She has a long hair subject-"The Gentleman." At the present time she is at the Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Look and listen! She expects to make a talking picture and is training her voice to that end. Her first talkie will probably be "The Five O'Clock Girl."

Billie and Madge of Ky. Who's related
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SCREENLAND'S BOOK DEPT.

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The Latest Novels Which Have Been Pictureized

See Page 106
Of This Issue

to whom? Well, the V. D. family is not related even remotely to the BVD's. Mary Brian and Jean Arthur are not sisters, though there is a resemblance, isn't there? I played with Richard Dix in "Warming Up," a Paramount film. Betty Bronson is not married. She is in "The Singing Fool" with Al Jolson. Carmel Myers was the "Demi-Bride." starring Norma Shearer. Lloyd Hughes was born Oct. 21, 1897, in Bisbee, Arizona. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has brown gray eyes. Died Feb. 6, 1901, in Atlanta, Ga. He has dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Jacky "Chaplin" has an oval face, gray eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her latest picture is "Charge of the Gauchos" with Francis X. Bushman from FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gustave M. of Detroit. You can take off your hat to me any old time. Just see if I care. Your sincere letters do me much good. At least it is much appreciated and proves our magazine is a ray of sunshine in many dark days. Mary Pickford can be reached at Mary Pickford Co., Aved Hollywood, Cal. Lilian Gish has been in Europe. Her latest American-made films were "The Enemy" with Ralph Forbes, and "The Wind" with Lars Hanson. Lilian was born in Springfield, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1896. She has light brown hair, blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Miss Gish is now in Hollywood making her first United Artists picture under the direction of Max Reinhardt. Pola Negri has gone to Europe to make her future pictures, I hear.

N. D. of Indianapolis. I'm sorry, wrong number; excuse it, please. Does Richard Dix know how many telephone operators are busy about him? Oh, phew, and other high explosive remarks, they've cut us off again! Your favorites, Bill Boyd, Richard Dix, and Ramon Novarro, are this month's best bets in my fan mail. Ruth Lee Taylor is 21 years old. She was in "Just Married" with James Hall. Ruth's next offering will be "Domestic Love." Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman are not married again.

Marion A., of Honolulu. Greetings! It must be wonderful to be as far off as you are. You ask is Ronald Colman going to marry Vilma Banky? Where in Hawaii been not to know that Vilma is the happy wife of Rod La Rocque? John Gilbert has a little daughter but I do not know her age. I believe Janet Gaynor lives with her mother in Hollywood but you can address her at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. You will find many addresses of the stars in my department but I'll be glad to furnish you with more if you'll write me.

Miss Annabelle Lee, Mich. Am I funny? I hadn't noticed it but most of us hide a grin when we look at each other. Virginia Lee Corbin was born in Prescott, Arizona, Dec. 21, 1910. She has light brown hair and blue eyes. I haven't a record of any recent screen activity of this pretty blonde but when she bobs up again, I'll let you know. Does Ramon Novarro answer his fan mail very soon? As soon as can be expected with a steady diet of over 4,000 letters a month. You can address him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
The Most Misunderstood Woman
(Continued from page 55)
well as beautiful thing, she shopped for it herself. Some things she had made. Her living room, though not too large, gives an appearance of vastness because of a very high ceiling. Everything in the room is caparisoned in size, yet graceful and lovely. A particularly interesting thing is a wing chair whose back is about two feet higher than the ordinary chair. It is upholstered in old ivory brocaded satin and edged with American beauty chenille. It is easily the most dominating thing in the room yet it blends into the rest of the furniture so that it is not too conspicuous. Seated upon it, with a massive silver tea service before her, with her sleek dark head, sloe eyes and mysterious smile, she made a very lovely picture.

"I think we must get a screen for that fire, Elizabeth," she said to her comely and capable Finnish maid. "That last wood we brought is behaving very badly. It has an adventurous spirit and pops over here to see what we are doing at the most unexpected moments!"

She was rather concerned about the cake, a rich pastry that she had directed the making of that afternoon after an old recipe of her mother's. It was very rich, with several layers and different kinds of preserve between each layer.

Jetta speaks with the most extraordinary accent I have ever heard. It is as fascinating as her appearance. It is as though she had spoken French as a child and learned English in England, not America. But there is a peculiar guttural quality to certain of her words that I have come to associate with a patrician type of English-speaking German and that I couldn't account for in Jetta. Then I remembered that her father was Dutch. The other two accents I decided came from her mother who was a French woman, and the year of her childhood in which Jetta lived in a province of India settled by the English. So I finally got her straightened out in my mind.

From what I know of Jetta Goudt I think she is misunderstood when she is called temperamental. She has a decided opinion about the characters she plays and it does not always conform to the idea the director has of the part. This has been held against her.

"But after all," she said, "I am the one who has to play the part and how can I make it convincing unless it is clear in my own mind? It is the privilege of the studio to engage an actress who does see the character their way but if they engage me they will have to let me play it as I feel it." A perfectly sane ultimatum!

Mrs. Alfred E. Hassen, of 760 - 14th Street, San Francisco, California, submitted the cleverest answer to the Laura La Plante Contest offered in the January issue of SCREENLAND, and wins the award—a Corona Portable Typewriter. Laura says she is sorry she had only one typewriter to give away—she had a hard time picking the winner, all the letters were so good!

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P ROFESSIONALS in the art of make-up, such as Miss Phyllis Haver, agree that the delicate task of darkening eyelashes is one which should be intrusted to no preparation other than genuine Maybelline, for improperly-accentuated eyes cannot be risked. Genuine Maybelline instantly makes lashes appear dark, long, silken, and luxurious—but not unnaturally so. It gives the exact desired results—and very easily.

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The Modern Maid

(Continued from page 47)

The possibilities are really exciting.

Being naturally built with the grace of a Greek Goddess, line registers when it is put on her. She is rhythm personified. She makes movement interesting, a thing of beauty. She has not yet become unconscious of her movements when she has acquired that art she will be even more striking.

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If you get less than a pound of weight reduction per week, you are a special, unusual, or asthmatic case. Fayro will help all others. Fayro will reduce your weight, or your money will be refunded—guaranteed.
by continuity of effort. You can't take care of your face one night and neglect it for a week of nights and still expect to start a flaming Civil War among your male acquaintances. Before you can become an acknowledged beauty, you must indulge in a little cosmetic charity. You must join the largest feminite organization in the world, the Order of the Little Sisters of the Pwes.

"In my Paris and London salons, I have cared for the beauty of Empresses and Queens, of Princesses and Duchesses. One of the loveliest of these was the late Empress of Austria, who was assassinated some years ago in Switzerland. She used to come in-cognito and spend several weeks each year with me in Paris. There I received no more than four clients at a time. Each client received the exclusive attention of some six attendants. I loved this work. But I am sincere in saying that I am more interested in helping a great number of average women to be attractive than in assisting the exceptional few. To me, it is more wonderful to assist human beings to be beautiful than it is to paint a marvellous picture or carve a lovely statue. For pictures and statues can't walk and breathe, love and be happy. And, do you want to make your money go as far as possible. This treatment will satisfy what I term the 'housecleaning' needs of the average skin of this kind. I know it, because I have it on my own. I am of that type myself.

"Now girls, let's take another deep breath and go into the question of the red-head and the blonde. It's all a question of Gretas and Claras. Your problem is harder. For your skin is like a delicate piece of chiffon, fine in texture, sensitive; and when cared for, inexpressibly lovely. Yes, I'll have to admit it, the loveliest in the world. However, and here's where we brunettes score over you, its loveliness is more perishable and must be guarded against weather and time.

"To preserve this fresh type of beauty, you must follow the same directions given to brunettes. You must wash your face two or three times a week. But instead of a cream, you must use a cream. These grains will remove all whiteheads, blackheads and dead cuticle. And you must follow the treatment with a cream. But a different cream than the brunettes used.

"The following morning you need the same treatment given the brunettes but using a different cream, the same as you used at night.

"After several weeks of faithful work, you will begin to see your blackheads and whiteheads and dead cuticle disappear. But you must keep these treatments up. For, they are like the general housecleaning that you give your home every Monday and Friday, we will say.

"But what would happen if you only cleaned house one Monday and Friday, and didn't dust or oil floors or put fresh flowers in the vases every day? The house would become dirty, unattractive and un-

"There are three steps to beauty which must be followed by every exquisite woman every day. To carry them out one day and forget two or three will achieve nothing towards your personal loveliness.
Beauty, as I have said before, is only gained by continuity of effort. Therefore, every day, summer and winter, spring and autumn, you must take the three steps to beauty must be undertaken by the Billie, the Gretas, and the Claras alike:
1. The skin must be cleansed.
2. The face must be fed.
3. The skin must be brisked and toned.

Different creams must be utilized by moist skins and dry skins. And advice will be sent upon request.

"These three steps to beauty can be carried out in five minutes daily. Less than thirty hours a year to achieve the beauty that is key to wealth, fame, society, popularity and happiness,"

"Gentlewoman" says in 'The Technique of the Love Affair.' Who would not get it gladly?

"These directions complete the care of the average skin. But, alas, there are many of us suffering from special defects. Perhaps your eyes have been troubling you and you have frowned constantly, causing those two wrinkles to form between the eyes. Again you are of a happy disposition, and are looking joyfully, and your drowsy, little laugh wrinkles forming around your eyes. Or you may be turning twenty-five and feel you would like some space of time off the thick, relaxed look around the throat which visit every woman when she glides from the late twenties into the early thirties. Or you may have a mild case of acne, pimples, or even a severe attack of this beauty-destroying malady. Or, it may be only a little sallowness or a bad case of freckles which keeps you from realizing the ideal of beauty.

"These can be corrected and eliminated. And I shall be very happy to help you work out these problems. All that is required is time, persistence, and sound advice.

"Gone is the painted lady of yesterday who attracted attention not to the loveliness of her face but to the garishness of her make-up. In her place is the sophisticated young woman, skilled in the subtle art of accentuating her beauty.

"She satisfies herself as to the proper kind of foundation cream—that is, cream to put on your face as to act as a foundation for your make-up, not to be confused with a cleansing cream—we are ready for the finishing touches.

"If you face is oval, apply your rouge in a triangle from temple towards nose and then to ear.

"A round face can be made to seem longer if rouge is placed high upon the cheek bones, just beneath the eyes and close to nose.

"A long face will look rounder or more charmingly oval with rouge applied low on the cheeks and covering a large surface.

"Your eyes—be they large and bright, rouge brilliantly. A soft touch of color may be applied directly below the eyebrows.

"If the eyes are small, soft and serene, less rouge is needed.

"If the nose is a trifle too long, a hint of rouge beneath the tip will make it appear rounder.

"The long upper lip can be shortened in effect by ever so faintly rouging the little ridge extending from the nose to the mouth. And precisely rouging the chin, shortens the very long face and the merest touch of pink to the lobes of the ears will narrow the apparent width of the face too broad to be called beautiful, that is, according to the standard of the Occident.

"Now that you are rouged, I suggest that you enhance the beauty of your eyes with just a very little, just a soupçon, as they say in Paris, of eye-shadow. Rub this deftly over the eyes, add the faintest trace of mascara to the lashes, and conclude by a single, subtle smear of crayon on the brows. You will find your eyes seem twice as large, twice as bright and infinitely more alluring than ever before. But here, beware! Nothing so coarsens a woman as a clumsy make-up of the eyes. Unless you are or can learn to be an artist in this respect, it is better to leave your eyes alone.

"Did you ever consider why we use lip-stick?

"Lip-stick is used to give character to the entire face by enriching the natural color of the lips and by softly accenting their natural curves. A good lip-stick does more. It actually nourishes and softens and protects the delicate texture of the lips which are apt to chap and blister on occasions.

"In applying the lip-stick, do not pucker the mouth. Keep the lips apart and apply the lip-stick from the centre outward. For in the evening use a pink lipstick which will help you to conserve the day's makeup.

"If your lips are large, rouge well in the centre, blending faintly towards the corners which a little powder may be dusted.

"Thin lips require a more vivid lip-stick and should be rouged well into the corners, leaving the deep rosebud effect clearly defined in the centre.

"Everybody has a different way of applying powder, so I shall give but one hint. Pat the powder into the face. Do not rub.

"Because each separate type of beauty demands a different colored rouge and lip-stick, a different shade of powder and eye pencil. I am going to make a beauty chart. Pick out which type you are and I can then advise you the proper shades you should use to enhance your natural loveliness.

**Nordic Blonde:** Fair hair, blue eyes, fair skin.

**Anglo-Blonde:** Ash-blonde hair, brown eyes, creamy skin.

**Celtic Blonde:** Medium-brown hair, hazel or gray eyes, ivory skin.

**Tuscan Blonde:** Auburn hair, brown eyes, white skin.

**Anglo-Brunette:** Brown hair, brown eyes, fair skin.

**Celtic Brunette:** Black hair, blue eyes, fair skin.

**Mayflower Brunette:** Brown hair, hazel, blue or gray eyes, ivory skin.

**Latin Brunette:** Black hair, dark eyes, olive skin.

Now that you have indulged yourself in a little cosmetic charity and have joined the Order of the Little Sisters of the Pores, there is one last and most important point to remember.

Why is Billie Dove such an outstanding success? Why is it that girls and women are more and more beautiful as color washes over pictures?

The answer is simple. It is because when you see her portraying a good and exquisitely woman, she not only looks the part of the heroine but she actually makes you feel in the bottom of your heart that she is as pure and lovely as the rôle she portrays.

Not all the regular features in the world, no matter how carefully and faithfully codified with cosmetics, will endow a woman with beauty unless there is a radiance in her soul that shines out clearly through the windows of her eyes.

And so it remains with you. You can make over your face. You can make over your mind. You can make over your life. This is the century when every woman has a chance.
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New On Location With Dolores Del Rio

Continued from page 43

bones in his foot a few days ago. His brother, Finis Fox, who writes all his screen stories, met me at breakfast and took me with him to John Harvey's. It is amazing how illusion appears as fact in the movies. You would have sworn that the little village had been standing there for twenty years. The technical chief, did a fine job of that set. It cost $60,000 but it looks real. Luck was with him too; because over the thatched roofs, in the pigeon houses, nestling against a sunny corner, the tiny statues of the Virgin and the saints that stood above some of the doors, the village at FBO. He had just finished shooting all the scenes and a heavy rain had blended the newness into a mellow appearance of age. The plaza belfry, I realized, was the newspaper of these times. Fast in the bell told death and birth, marriage and sacrament.

It called the people together when important news arrived. Finis Fox had tried to get the gatekeeper of Carmel's beautiful 17-Mile Drive to play the belfry man but the old chap was too canny. "E-golly," he said, "I've been on this job for eighteen years, and I'm not going to ruin my chances by playing in your pinckies!"

Mr. Carewe was seated near the cameras with his foot propped on a cushioned chair. He didn't have a word of praise or blame for the old chap but he thought a lot about the handicap it was to his work. "When I knew I was going to do 'Evangeline,'" he said, "I had a terrific amount of fun directing. But when I thought I would need my brother Wallace with me. He has often been my assistant but for the last year or two he has been directing at FBO. He had just finished 'Come and Get It' when I asked him to take a tuck in his career as a director, become my production chief and help me out with 'Evangeline.' I knew that's the kind of a brother he is. And can you imagine my state of mind if he hadn't, with this broken foot? I can leave a good many scenes to him, but when I think they will be done as I would do them." Wallace is Edwin Carewe's youngest brother. Dolores appeared dressed in her costume of fawn color, the bodice of muslin and apron. There is an aliveness about Dolores, an eager look in her eyes that gives a very spiritual light to her face. It is because of and her understanding of the struggle in every human heart between the spiritual and material that makes her director choose for her such parts as Ramona and Evangeline.

A good example have been antagonistic toward the thought of Dolores Del Rio, a Mexican girl, playing Evangeline. To some extent I shared that feeling, until I saw Dolores the day before yesterday and talked with her and her co-workers. After all, they selected Renée Adoree, a French girl, to play a Chinese heroine when Anna May Wong, as an American, was not available. And we did it there is on the screen, was unavailable. And we have had American girls playing Orientals and Latin types, so it does seem a little incongruent to consider the thought of a Mexican girl playing a French Canadian. According to Longfellow, Evangeline's hair and eyes were dark, and I don't think hers have been much lighter than that of Dolores. And after all, it is the understanding of the part that matters most and the player's ability and training as an actress. And Dolores Del Rio is a real artist. She could never play the part had we remained in Hollywood." Dolores told me. "I need to be in an atmosphere in harmony with the picture I am doing. In Hollywood there is too much going on. Too many telephone calls and papers to sign. One cannot work with such interruptions. Up here it is full of peace and beauty. There is silence too, I can conform to my work. That is it. If I can catch the thoughts of Evangeline I can make her live. And that is what I have tried so hard to do."

Look at many people think of Evangeline as a meek little flower blooming and dying by the wayside because Life was unkind. That is not the sort of girl I see. Could the mushyawy girl be what Evangeline did? The courage of her love was tremendous. Unashamed she sought her lover for years and when fate denied her reunion with him his fame and droop? I guess not! She kept her love alive to give it to the world, and into the shelter of her great understanding the hungry and the needy and the earth. She had terrific restlessness but because her nature was pure and strong she turned it to great account.

You need a lot of straw sticking from the shoes of the peasants. It looked as though they had supplied their ankles with muffins, I thought it was to register the fact that they had been at the paddy field but Mr. Carewe put me right. "Tell those girls and boys to give their shoes a shake, Wally," he called. They look as though they were upside down!" He had just finished jumping jorgie Bonner, the young script clerk Mr. Carewe thinks has a future. They had been swapping coins. Roland took heads and
Donald tells and Albert couldn’t understand why he didn’t win.

"Here’s another one, Albert,“ Roland called. He held in his hand two fifty-cent pieces.

“I have three fifty-cent pieces,” he told Albert solemnly. Albert, looking straight at the two fifty-cent pieces, said that two was all he held.

“I have three. Will you give me fifty cents if I’m wrong?”

"I have a theory in some places but I’ll bite," said Albert. “Yes, I’ll give you fifty cents if you’re wrong.”

“Right, hand it over,” said Roland. “I am wrong. They are only twenty-five cents.”

Albert took his defeat like a gentleman.

“It was worth fifty cents to learn the trick. I’ll make plenty more. Say, Empress,” he called to Jean Spencer who cut the picture—but no one calls her Jean. She has a sort of regal look too, so the nickname was natural. Albert went over the plot with her. But when he came to the part, “Will you give me fifty cents if I’m wrong?” Jean said firmly, “No, I won’t; because I know darn well you’re wrong!”

When a system falls the bottom drops out of everything. Again Albert took a loss standing up. But from the number of coins that jingled in his pocket later that day I suppose he made up for it.

“What day is this?” someone asked.

“Is this an intelligence test?” Roland Drew laughed. “You’ll be asking me the date next. No one ever knows what day it is on location.”

Lunch was called and we all piled into cars and made for the Inn. The soldiers and dames had chairs from box lunches on the set. An interesting thing was the way they handle the wardrobe for so many people. A wardrobe master really has a general’s job. The extras march two abreast to the wardrobe tent. There they are given a hanger to put their street clothes on while they are working. Then from another department they are given costumes, from another shoes, and another stockings. At the end of the day they pass out in the same order giving up the hanger last.

The location was rented from a Mr. Allan, who is worth several million dollars, but who leads a simple life. Near his modest home is a wide gate that admitted us to the grounds. His daughter opened it and to us visitors whom she takes an admission fee of fifty cents a car. One Sunday Mr. Allan swelled his bank account by $1700, in this clever way.

He and his family know that they could travel around the earth and find nothing more beautiful than the view from their own estate; so they are content to let others wander, and his daughter seemed to be enjoying her job as gate-keeper enormously.

There was great excitement at lunch because Dolores’ little dog, Cocotte, was missing. Later she told me that Cocotte had been found halfway to the set, taking a walk with a very large and strange dog. “What do you think of her living up to her name like that?” Mrs. Lessing, a friend, laughed.

In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Asun- solo, Dolores’ parents, walked out to the set. There were many visitors that day and I am certain we all fell in a crowd, so I backed out and went for a walk over the point with Finis Fox and LeRoy Johnston. From somewhere or other Mr. Allan was telling a riddle—probably it had beached during a storm—and he had put the skeleton together and there it was with a fence to protect it from the curious, but not in time to keep a few from carving

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I AM going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE, more than $5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of an 8-cylinder Studebaker Sedan, a Beverly Pet Sedan, two Phonograph records, a phonograph player, a Bicycle, Silverware and many other high grade articles of merchandise—besides hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. It is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years’ standing.

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$550.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes—besides hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give $550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive $550.00 in cash or the Studebaker Sedan and $250.00 in cash. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter “C,” fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

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their initials on its jaws. It was fun to watch the seals play about in the water, quite unconscious of our presence.

Finis Fox told me the story of the film "Evangeline" as he adapted it. It must have been a difficult job to make a Bash and blood story from a poem. If the picture is anything like the yarn Finis told me, it should be, and I know it will be, a dramatic, colorful romance. The last scene is one of the most beautiful and heartbreaking things I have ever heard, and it is handled in a very interesting and novel way.

Alec B. Francis plays Father Felician. I remarked that he had a lot of travelling to do. "Yes, all over America," he replied with a twinkle in his eye. "But it's worth the trip if it warms the heart. All I want is to go places. I'd never have a cent if it weren't for my wife. I turn all my money over to her and have not the slightest idea or interest how much I have."

Mr. Francis loves pictures and I think one feels that. He makes every character he plays live. Rather as though he crawled inside the mind of the man he is playing and acted through him!

Paul McAllister plays Benedict, and James Marcus, who played the heart-breaker in "Revenge," is Gabriel's father, Basil the blacksmith.

I never saw a more congenial outfit or a host who tried to make things comfier for his company and guests as did Edwin Carewe. His foot was hurting him so that he could not eat but went to the foyer, the recreation hall for the company, and waited until we joined him for games. Dolores and Roland Drew played ping pong. Donald Reed, Finis Fox, Mr. Assinsolo and Mrs. Lessing played a rousing game of parchesi that became so heated that Mrs. Lessing, who was winning, told Dolores that if her last man was sent home someone would have to carry her out.

Mrs. Assinsolo, Margorie Bonner, Mr. Francis and LeRoy Johnston played checkers and I told Mr. Carewe of his fortune by numerology, and later I told Dolores' numbers and several others.

The next day a 'dolly' was rigged up to let the camera travel along with the crowd. A 'dolly' is a platform on wheels that runs along a little wooden track built for the occasion. Bob Kurri, head cameraman, and Al Greene, second cameraman, lifted their cameras upon it and an assistant placed Mr. Carewe's chair there with another for his foot. Then they all had fine ride up and down while the soldiers marched and the villagers scattered hither and yon. I was glad to note that the 'dolly' had rubber tires.

While we were waiting for another set-up the orchestra played "Moonlight and You," and "The Flower That Lost It's Bloom," two songs Mr. Carewe composed many years ago. It also played "Evangeline," written by Al Jolson for the picture. It will be released soon and you must get it because it is charming.

Al was returning from Europe with his bride on the Leviathan and Mr. Carewe got on at Cherbourg. He told Al that he was going to make "Evangeline" and outlined some of the scenes for him.

"I want you to write a song for it, Al. Will you?"

"It's already done, Eddie! I want to work it out a little better and will sing it for you tomorrow, but the theme came to me while you were talking."

Mr. Carewe told me an interesting thing about Dolores. "When you travel with people you get to know them better," he
said it was great—all but one thing. "What's that?" he demanded with battle in his eye. "Why, those two men over there by the Blacksmith shop are wearing their hair a little too long—that's bad. It will ruin the whole of the play." "He certainly gave me one long, hard look, and then burst out laughing." It was then I saw a company that kept normal working hours, Mr. Carewe has the belief, now almost obsolete in Hollywood, that it is money lost to work players after they have nothing to look fattiged. All freshness and spirit goes out of the scene and out of the photography. These actors didn't have to get up at the shriek of dawn and their evenings were free for recreation.

In spite of histhrobbing foot and the advice and desire of everyone who thought bed was the place for him, Mr. Carewe made spaghetti for an eleven-thirty snack.

Donald Reed helped him to cut up the filet mignon for the sauce and prepare the other ingredients. Dolores grated the cheese, Roland Drew made the coffee. Albert Benham set the table and when everything was ready Dolores called, "Come and get it." Out came her mother and one or two others. And what we didn't do to that spaghetti! It's a lot of fun having a whole hotel kitchen turned over to you. Quarts of rich cream—stacks of fruit—limes of bright and shining unbulbs. We laughed and joked and had a swell time.

The next day it rained, to my bitter disappointment, and although it cleared bravely in the afternoon there was no work because of the flooded street on the set. Dolores, Mr. Carewe, Finis Fox and Albert Benham worked in the studio. Roland Drew and Donald Reed played golf and I caught up on my notes and packed. Later we took the 17 Mile Drive which has become an institution in California and then I boarded the train for Hollywood, regretting very much to leave such an hospitable, charming company.

See "Evangelize." I think it will surprise you. After all it is a picture made with so much good will and with such harmony of purpose will have something fine to offer. And what a grand love story it is!

**The Old Young Nick — Continued from page 56**

complexion. No matter when you see Nick, early morning, midday or late evening, he looks as if he had just stepped out of a tub.

He's been just about everything a man can be in or about a studio. Office boy, property boy, assistant director, script electrician, assistant cameraman, reader—he knows the ropes. He made his own job in the Fox studio. He took a parcel to Tovey. He told the messenger man the parcel had to be delivered in person to Mix. That got him inside. His boyish smile won him a job when he sneaked into an office and asked for it. Even busy directors are not immune to a pleasant grin such as Nick possesses.

Ever since the office boy job he has worked as an assistant director. When an opportunity came to play a part in a two-reel comedy, he quit his steady paying job as an assistant director. His parents said he was too young to be away from the vacuumed position and then told Nick he'd never get it back.

Young Stuart only smiled and learned how to put on grease paint. He knew he'd make good. You've seen that sort of fellow, haven't you? Ask him if he can do this or that and he says: "Sure." Then does it. Nick knew he could act. He felt no qualms about giving up the assistant director's job. Incidentally, it is interesting to note here that the assistant who took Nick's job is still an assistant and is working on Stuart's new picture. Nick's salary is just nine times that of the assistant.

I've traveled about town with Nick for years. I have a guarantee. He can't stand the sight of an old woman or man begging on a street corner. Would you call that a weakness? Anyway, whenever we pass we regard him. Nick contributes his change. Then he always says: "Gosh, it must be terrible to be old and poor. Nothing makes me sadder than the sight of the helpless that I want to help." This isn't put on, either. Nick has been donating to old beggars ever since I have known him. On the other hand, I have heard him say to a sturdy young beggar: "You're in good health; go to work. If you're hungry, almost any restaurant will give you a meal if you'll wash dishes."

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First-class Saxophonists make big money and the way Nick and Dolores make it is simple and pleasant. You might become a great record-maker and the one to sell to Mr. H. J. Doerr, whose picture is shown with his saxophone. Hollywood is not unusual for good musicians to earn, and Nick and Dolores have a lot of fun and earn extra money by playing their saxophones.

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My heart beat fast! In 15 minutes I was going to face a vast audience! In 15 minutes I was going to speak in Carnegie Hall, New York—the most famous lecture platform in America! One of the largest crowds that had ever assembled in that great hall was waiting for me.

Why did my heart beat fast? Why did I hesitate to face my vast audience? I was a seasoned speaker. I had lectured for years. I had spoken before thousands of people in the greatest auditoriums in the United States. Why should I feel afraid?

The answer was simple. That very afternoon I had received a critical letter from one of my followers. Here’s what the letter said:

"Are you not fat?" my critic wrote. "You—David V. Bush—America’s greatest authority on right living. You tell others how to live—what to eat—how to care for themselves mentally and physically. And yet you do nothing about your own stoutness."

This letter stung me like a lash! My methods of right living had proved wonderfully beneficial to thousands of men and women. They had proved beneficial in my own case. Yet there was one thing I had been unable to conquer—my stoutness.

Vain Efforts to Reduce

For years I had tried to reduce. I had tried fasting, dieting, exercises, and mechanical appliances—everything I could think of. Nothing seemed to help. I remained as stout as ever.

I wouldn’t figure out the cause of my stoutness. I was not a heavy eater, but to look at my rotund figure, anyone would think I ate too much. Such was not the case. I ate moderately—lived temperately and took a normal amount of exercise.

A Startling Discovery

That night after the lecture a comforting thought came to me. It was this: All the reducing methods which I had tried were other people’s inventions. I had never tackled the problem myself. I had never tried to invent a reducing method of my own.

For weeks I pondered. For weeks I tried to find the secret. Finally I came to the conclusion that there was only one logical way to get rid of fat. Then I began to experiment on myself.

Amazing was the astonishment! Imagine my delight! In 24 hours I lost 2 pounds! During the next 24 hours I lost 3 pounds more! Day after day I continued my new method of reducing. Day after day I continued to watch my weight and continued to lose excess pounds.

I felt better than I had felt in years. I felt vigorous—overflowing with energy. I slept soundly. My appetite increased. I lost that sluggish feeling that fat brings. My mind grew crystal clear. I was able to go through a long, hard day without the slightest fatigue. Needless to say, I continued my amazing reducing treatment. In three weeks I was back to normal weight! To say that I was pleased would be putting it mildly. I was overjoyed.

Nature’s Method of Reducing. It Works or It Costs Nothing!

I want to tell you all about this amazing method of reducing which I have discovered. It is simply wonderful. I am delighted with it. My friends are delighted with it. Everyone who hears about it becomes enthusiastic.

I don’t care how stout you are, you don’t care how many times you have tried to reduce and failed. My amazing new method will make your excess fat melt away like magic—give you a normal, youthful figure. It makes you slim, buoyant, and energetic. There is no need to worry that the treatment won’t cost you a single penny! No starving—no exercising, no drugs—no external agencies—no mechanical appliances. You simply follow my instructions for a few weeks until your excess pounds disappear—until the scales tell you that you weigh exactly what you should.

This method is so simple that anyone, even a child, can understand how it works and why it works. It is so simple that you can tell the method yourself. Whenever you hear about it you will know instantly that it works.

Send No Money

Mereley send me your name and address. When the postman brings me your complete instructions, "How to Reduce," simply pay him the special, low price of only 25¢. For a few cents postage, if at the end of two weeks you are not completely satisfied—if you do not lose weight rapidly and easily—then simply tell me so and your money will be instantly refunded. You will receive my book, "WALLINGFORD'S "HOW TO REDUCE," with your instructions, postpaid.

David V. Bush.


(Continued from page 27)

Why Must Motion Pictures Be Made in Hollywood?

listing and registering animals, acrobats, sailors, cowboys and experts of all kinds, to say nothing of the thousands and thousands of extras ready to report upon a telephone call. Could the casting director of a Chicago picture company round up fifty one-legged men within an hour? Could Omaha provide a thousand French and a thousand British and a thousand Chinese soldiers by tomorrow morning? It has taken years to perfect such registrations, such a workforce! Louis director suddenly one night four sturdy leopards, the automobile license plates for American vehicles of all ages and types, F. M. clocks, time-tables, foreign newspapers and telegraph blanks, utensils—in fact, everything!

Fifth, locations. It is all right to have locations, but where are they? Where may the director find a New England street with picket fences and a little white church? Where can he sift an exterior of a fashionable French home? Where is the Dutch windmill? Where Japanese fishermen? In fifteen years the location hunters have registered every garden, home, house, tree and fence-post that has picture possibilities.

There are other reasons why it is cheaper to make pictures in Hollywood—lighting, equipment, laboratories and trained craftsmen for every department, but I feel that I have told you enough to warn you against the Wallingfords who are touring the country. If, however, you still insist upon being bunked, come out here and let us sell you a studio site. True, the glass stage may be completely under water at high tide, but it will be last to break. They’ll come to Hollywood and you will have had the thrill of being nearly a motion picture producer.

These Hollywood girls! What won’t they do to get rich! Suppose Arthur invented a vanity bracelet which makes it easy for her to powder her pretty nose on the slightest provocation.
things are completely out in the properly designed modern interior.

In many Chinese shops it is possible to buy, very cheaply, either gold or silver paper. When crumpled in the hand, then applied smoothly, with its creases showing, it furnishes a fine background for our ultramodern furniture.

The woodwork should be simplified as much as possible, the moldings and so forth, and either stained very dark or painted in appropriate colors. The single panel doors which are being used in a great many houses are quite modern in feeling, and it is always possible to decorate these with lines or geometrical designs. The essential in furniture today is that it be simple and direct in line. Elaborate pieces have passed to oblivion by their very nature—just as the old time horse and buggy has been replaced by the more comfortable motor car.

First today wants to be a chair, and frankly so. The more it looks like anything that we would call modern in it is, in our conversation, we today use as few and as direct words as possible, where long ago we used to use the most decorative of phrases and terminology for the old, dark, wood furniture. The modern home wants comfort, and I know of no more comfortable furniture than the frank, direct furniture modern.

Women in themselves are sufficiently complicated to supply in any plan and simple interior the necessary decorative note in color or flavor or design that sets off the entire background.

In refitting the home the householder will, however, find that modern furniture can be used with good period furniture, but it should be grouped so that they form a modern corner of the room. I think that anyone buying two or three pieces of modern furniture and living with it a while, will, with his own inventiveness, see how the other pieces, properly finished and simplified if necessary, will be very acceptable.

So, in furnishing my advice to the householder is to go slowly and not get excited. One can't achieve modernity at one fell swoop by painting all the old furniture.

It is rather hard to give specific directions for fitting up a bungalow or an apartment. So much depends on the design of the bungalow, on the number of the family, and the age of the members of the family.

Children involve one problem; old persons another. The guiding rule, as pointed out before, must always be comfort and livability.

Modern lighting, with its indirect fixtures and scientifically designed details, are a great boon.

The soft diffused light of modern fixtures make people look younger. I think they take about five years off any woman past thirty. They are easier to see by—again the modern note of efficiency. So to sum up, the keynote of the modern home is efficiency, comfort, and direct lines, easy on the eye. Plain furniture, which is original, plain furniture, which proclaims itself to be frankly what it is, rather than the gingerbread and elaborate effects of an age now past: these are the guiding principles in fitting and decorating the modern home.

In other words—see that all the rooms are as efficient as the kitchen and bathroom!

Taste is such a thing that no general rules can be laid down. It is sufficient to say that 'what looks good to me is good for me.' If Mr. Smith wants the Morris chair that his wife gave him on some anniversary, let him have it, until he finds that Mr. Jones has the more modern and more comfortable one. After all, we must consider primarily our own nature, our own individualities, in making our homes fit us.

First we must have a color scheme, simple and unobtrusive, that will lend itself to any mood or atmosphere we wish to reflect. Then we must eliminate all ornamentation, fancy wall paper, or gaudy knick-knacks.

The rugs should all be of a single tone and simple of design. There must be no more competition of color between walls and rugs. They must serve as a background for the furniture design.

The modern room should be a setting for furnishing people. It should be artistic, perhaps a trifle exotic. But it should be restful, warm and balanced in tone and design. The lighting should be diffused as much as possible. Any central lighting plan that throws down a hard glare is bad. No one looks well under garish light. It not only is very harmful to the eyes but it detracts greatly from the appearance of the room and occupants.

Diffused lights from wall brackets are splendid. Reflected light also is very fine, especially for the dining room where it brings out the lustrous sheen of linens and makes the silver and glassware sparkle.

Modern furniture fundamentally must be given a structural design. It is simple in form; it has no particular ornamentation. The best furniture is low. For that reason the modern furniture is more comfortable than the restful, restful for another period. It is completely relaxing and places the full weight upon its own strength and not upon the occupant's feet which only lightly touch it and hold it.

Color schemes in simple tones add to the restfulness of the modern room. Anything that tends to clash with the color scheme should be eliminated. A single jarring note, such as a design on a rug, will destroy the desired effect. Harmonious and simple color tones give a restfulness that cannot be obtained in a room of contrasting tones or design.

In the old homes the decorative scheme generally has been one of contrasts. Green wallpaper called for red rugs. This was very disturbing and lacking in all individuality of expression. It added to the 'junky' aspect of the overdecorated rooms of the generations past.

The modern home should get away from this habit of filling rooms with all kinds of furniture and decorations. It should be as simple as the modern house, with as little decoration as possible. It should be made up a part of one's self and be an expression of one's own personality.
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John Gilbert—Now

(Continued from page 29)

what may. He lived every minute of it. And loved it.

Off the screen, Gilbert is an enigmatic personality. He is either high on the crest of a wave of good spirits or is down in a chasm of gloom so deep it would take a rescue party to find him. He is impulsive. And very sensitive. Likes and dislikes have no intermediate boundaries to him. Don't ever slam him on the back without first asking into his face and watch the logs blaze in the fireplace. But he does.

Jack always seems restless. He paces up and down constantly whether he is waiting to go into a scene or holding a conversation. Doesn't appear to be the kind of chap who would sit down calmly.

When Jack walks he walks with long strides from the hips down. His head and torso are ever stiffly erect. This comes from the old days when he considered himself too small. He was playing cowboy roles in those days. In fact, Jack weighed only 110 pounds when he landed his first screen job out at Inceville with William S. Hart. Exercise, regular meals and good living has built him back.

Jack doesn't consider himself handsome. Says his nose is too long. His popularity amazes him. Considers it just one of those odd things that happen every now and then. Feels like a little boy who has stolen a pot of jam and wonders how soon he'll be caught.

Gilbert's private life is not at all what one might imagine it to be. He does very little entertaining and has almost shut the world outside of the home he built high on the hills opposite the expansive estate owned by Rudolph Valentino before he died.

Jack has been in love three times.

The first ended in a tragic death. The second girl he married—and found himself wed to a stranger when the honeymoon was over. The third girl was Beatrice Joy. Their troubles were ninety-nine and ten-tenths of his fault. He admits it.

Greta Garbo? No story of John Gilbert could be complete without mention of her name.

Much has been said and written of Greta Garbo. Their names have been linked together on the screen and in private life for several years.

You hear that their romantic association was built up only to add commercial value to their pictures. It is also said that they really were in love but have gotten over it. Again it is whispered—and printed—that they did not speak when they made their last picture together but that this was a ruse to disguise the renewal of their romance.

The best guess—and not so very much of a guess at that—is that John Gilbert and Greta Garbo have been, and are, very much in love with each other. Whenever they are seen in public they are seen together.

Perhaps, when he signed his new contract, that is why Jack said he felt so happy.

For Greta had just signed a new one too!

Didn't you enjoy reading this revealing story about John Gilbert? Make sure you tell your friends what you feel, for you really know the man, aren't you? That's what Screenland aims to do—put you on first-name terms with the movie stars; tell you intimate things about them that you wouldn't read anywhere else.
S C R E E N L A N D

What They Do With Their Money
Continued from page 23

there was a copy of "Sister Carrie." To his delight it was a first edition, and in twine it was wrapped and placed in his pocket for the sum of fifty cents. He has since been offered $100 for it. He has a complete set of the plays of Eugene O'Neill authored by the young star. Although Jean Hersholt's library is still in the investment stage, it is an investment. Lloyds of London have put a $3,000 guarantee on it, and insurance is always a given conservative estimate it is probable that this property would bring more than twice that amount at a sale. At present he has no desire to part with his library and will not have until it is complete, and then it might interest him to promote financial interest in it. I understand that Mr. Hersholt has a very fine stamp collection too, but this I did not know when I talked with him and so have nothing to report. I do know, however, that he is an artist and holds a B.A. degree. If the time ever comes when he wants to give up pictures, for pictures would never give up an actor of his versatility, I know he will be able to make a good living on the sketches he does of current events.

A many-sided artist!

Reginald Denny seems to have been born on a lucky day, for everything he touches prosper. His first big investment was in five aeroplanes, three of which were Sopwith 'snipes.' These he had formed an affection for during the war and his duties in the flying corps. He rented all five to motion picture companies, although he asked that his favorite plane be used by only one pilot because he didn't like too many people handling it! But Denny soon gave up flying because he is so busy in pictures and thinks it unwise to fly only occasionally. For safety's sake one must keep in practice. He heartily disapproves a system which will grant a license to a pilot who knows nothing of aviation. It is perfectly simple when things are running smoothly to manage a plane, he says, and it is also simple to overcome difficulties if known. When flying inside the thing is, as a usual thing. When trouble comes a pilot ought to know what he is up against. Another thing Reggie thinks a pilot should do is to take care of his own plane. The best fliers do this: Lindy, the three Sea Hawks, the three Musketeers and countless others less celebrated.

From his aeroplane rentals Mr. Denny made a fine profit. All, or most of them, were used in "Hell's Angels." They were badly damaged in crack-ups but Reggie's loss was covered by insurance. The other two he had gone through the war, he gave to museums. He now has a large amount of money in a gold mine, having a third interest, in the Sonora, which was formerly called Experimental Gulch. William LeBaron, now vice-president of RKO pictures, and Fred Newmeyer, the director, are his two partners. The mine is not a spectacular one with colossal nuggets to be found one day and nothing more for a year, but yields a steady income of gold sands to its three owners.

Years ago Mr. Denny bought several acres near the beach. He did this because he loves sand and planned to build a house here, but owing to the fact that this land that overlooked the ocean. But look what happened! The boom swept his way. The estates on either side of him were bought by millionaires; the land in front of him was taken for the city's botanical garden. Retaining walls and roads have been built all around him, so even his property is taxed, but the taxes. The place is worth many times what he paid for it, but the house will never be built there. It is on a hill top, many miles from Hollywood, and he hopes there will never be a boom to intrude on his seclusion.

Rex Lease had saved a good portion of his money, and always in the back of his mind was the hope that he would find something good to invest it in. Stocks and bonds would not touch for he knew nothing of them, and he had seen too many fortunes swept away because of ill-advised buying.

One afternoon he was crossing the street when someone hailed him. It was Fred Penney and Janice—two friends he had not seen for years. He invited them for lunch and soon developed that they were going into the lamp-shade business. Rex was interested and took some lessons in drawing and designing from Fred. Now Rex and Fred and Jack and Rex owns a third interest in their lamp-shade business. It is called the Penney Lamp Shade Company, 425 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles. Beginning in a small way they now employ thirty-five girls and ship to wholesale houses all over California, Idaho, the southern states, Chicago and even to Australia. The light you are reading by may even now be mellowed by a shade owned by your hero of the screen, Rex Lease! There are silk shades, goat-skin shades, parchment shades, embossed, painted and—in fact, every kind of shade that is beautiful and original.

Rex says it gives one a very comfortable feeling to have a thriving business on the side when a manager is trying to persuade you to take a cut for no good reason. You can say no, and walk out not caring whether you ever hear about the operator again or not. There is always another part and sometimes it is a better one.

Talmadge owns and operates an apartment in Los Angeles called the Talmadge Apartments, besides any amount of other real estate holdings and stocks.

When pictures were a little dull Hedda Hopper walked into the offices of Frank Meline, Inc., one of the largest real estate agents out here. She told them who she was and said she would like to sell real estate and knew she could, because in half an hour during the war, she, with two other actresses, had sold $30,000 for Liberty bonds. This impressed Mr. Meline and he decided to take her on.

"When do you want to start?" he inquired. "I can start right away," said Hedda brightly, and walked out that afternoon and sold a $35,000 house. She has made a lot of money and has put it back into the bank, scientifically enough to yield her a splendid income for the rest of her life through her hobby."

William Russell, the actor, and William Bonime, the producer, have an auto home on Vine Street near Hollywood Boulevard which is known as the 'Pal.' If you are a member you pay a certain amount each month and have use of this car as many washes as your car needs. They do a thriving business.

Phil de Merse, a local sportman, inter-

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205 West 51st St., New York, N. Y.
duced Noah Beery in some property at Big Rock Creek about 90 miles from Hollywood. It has an elevation of 5200 feet and offers summer and winter sports. There, at a ranch house, was started the famous Paradise Trout Club and Resorts, whose 225 acres are owned and operated jointly by Noah Beery and Phil de Merse. In addition to the ranch house, there are many little cabins all completely and comfortably furnished with modern improvements. They boast that the beds are the finest to be had and their trout dinners are unequalled. There is trout fly fishing in the year, and they hold a license to domesticate these fish. The club is about a year old and has 1000 members. Some are in the picture business and some are big business men and social lights of Los Angeles and Pasadena. Norma Talmadge, Evelyn Brent, Monte Blue, Richard Dix, Buster Keaton, Nicholas Schenck and William Powell are some of the names you will recognize on the membership list. So Noah is sitting pretty! Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are financially interested in many things, but one among them is the large and beautiful Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood. It has become the place for luncheons, teas, dances and special parties because there is plenty of space, the food is good and the service excellent. With Mary and Doug are associated Joe Schenck and Mike Levey. Milton Sills is on the board of the Bank of Italy, Wilcox Branch, with his name on the door and everything.

DeMille has his finger in all sorts of pies. He has a heavy interest in the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, a woolen mill, and the Grand Central Garage, one of the largest in the world. He and Jesse Lasky and Thomas Ince own an epsom salts mine in Death Valley which they have not yet started to operate. Director De Mille has also a string of other interests. Clara Bow and Vilma Bánky put their spare cash in a trust fund. Clara, I believe, puts two-thirds of her salary—at any rate, it is a regular amount every week. She and her father are in business—and "Robert Bow's Chop House" is now a thriving restaurant.

There is a popular country place in Hollywood known as "Henry's." Henry you have seen in many pictures with Charlie Chaplin—remember the big man with the frightening eyebrows? That's Henry. He manages the restaurant that bears his name and Charlie Chaplin owns it. Henry's is particularly popular after the theater. At that hour, and until the small ones of the coming you will see players who have not got a sixty-three call, directors, writers and producers all hobnobbing. You will see tourists, lingering over their food in the hope that one more familiar screen face will appear before they go.

Young Master Jackie Coogan owns and operates the Rolls Royce garage in Los Angeles, if you please! In addition Jackie owns literally blocks of real estate in the business section of the city.

Robert Armstrong has a share in the operation of an oil well. Russell Gleason, the young son of Jimmy Gleason, the playwright, is planning to put a large part of the salary he receives from Pathé in conservative common stocks.

Priscilla Dean has a string of auto laundries. Mary Pickford has a heavy interest in a Canadian paper factory. Kathleen Clifford had a string of flower stands which I hear she recently sold at a handsome profit. Pauline Garon did the same thing with her clothing establishments.

Wallace Beery, among other things, has a great deal of money in a commercial air line. Hoag Gibson also owns a cattle ranch in Arizona. Ben Lyon buys common stocks in general utilities.

Dale Fuller, the character actress, has an orange and lemon grove near Duarte which will net her $1000 an acre this season. She has a manager for it but takes an active interest in fruit-growing herself and spends much of her time at the ranch.

Betty Compson has several office buildings in Beverly Hills which have stores on the ground floor. It is said that Tom Mix has a great interest in the Potomac Motel, the smart eating place of Cinemaland.

Of course they all have real estate. Lilian Tashman and Edmund Lowe have acres in Beverly Hills and Santa Barbara. Agnes Moorehead and Ruth Roland have made a mint of money on real estate, as have Harold Lloyd and a dozen others. I hear that Agnes is a particularly clever business woman. Nine years ago she was drawing a small salary as a staff player for Paramount. She bought a lot on time payments and now owns the corporation house for her on the property. She and her mother lived there until they were given an opportunity to rent the place. Agnes then bought another lot and rented that. Then there was a lot of talk about developing Laurel Canyon. Agnes listened to it and saw the writing on the wall. She bought property at the mouth of the canyon and the building and land put up an apartment house for her. From then on Agnes lost all control of herself in the matter of getting rich. She didn't care how much money she made. Smart.

Of course everyone knows by this time that Ruth Roland is the wealthiest woman on the coast. She was an old story—but a pleasant one to contemplate.

There are some unwisely—Hollywood—tragedies—who have collapsed because the ordinary business man would not term a small fortune in their weekly pay checks, and then have let it all slip through their fingers either in prodigal spending or unprincipled giving. These people, both men and women, live to face poverty when their little day of glory is over.

But on the whole the stars know what to do with their hard-earned money. They may be beautiful—but they are decidedly not so dumb!
“MY STARS!”

They are the bright lights of the screen, these merry Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars. Be sure that your favorite theatre has booked M-G-M pictures. Then you will know that you have happy days ahead with the Biggest Stars in the Biggest Pictures—

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This change has come largely in the past few years. Not by starvation, not by abnormal exercise. A great factor in it is a scientific discovery, now largely employed by physicians. It combats a major cause of obesity. This factor has come into very wide use in late years. All you who suffer excess fat should know the facts about it.

Science Fights Fat

Through an important gland

People used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

Then medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

Fat people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

Then experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

Then thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

Next came Marmola

Then a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called the Marmola prescription.

Marmola was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous way—millions of boxes of it. Users told others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.

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This is to people whose excess fat robs them of beauty, youth, health and vitality. Reduce that fat—combat the cause—in this scientific way. Do what so many people, for 21 years, have found amazingly effective.

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