

# MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

AUGUST

25¢



Overtime Acting

Robbing the Cradle

Do Women Rule the Movies?

Dolores del Rio on Divorce

Don  
Reed

Marceline Day



# Some women know



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*Richard  
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with  
*Maria Alba  
Warren Burke  
Lionel Barrymore  
Julia Swayne Gordon*



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Some time soon a great motion picture is coming to your town, Erich von Stroheim's "The Wedding March"—a throbbing story of love-mad, reckless Vienna into which von Stroheim as author, director and principal player has poured all his great genius.

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with  
**FAY WRAY**  
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MOTION PICTURE  
**CLASSIC**

Vol. XXVII

AUGUST, 1928

No. 6

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*Cover portrait of Marceline Day by Don Reed from a photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise*

**LAURENCE REID, Editor**

Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director

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# LETTERS from CLASSIC Readers

## \$15.00 LETTER

### Heroines, Be Yourself

DEAR EDITOR:

WE confess to an intensely human capacity for coining thrills from TNT modes of screen love-making. What puzzles us, however, is why hero, desperado or whatnot continually handles the heroine.

We swallow jungle or mystery play, hair, hide and tallow. Wrong, right or rhythm. Whole or minor detail. But why (despairingly) cannot perfectly good American women get over ground, through haunted habitat, or experience strong emotion without conquering hero, affectionate cousin or sympathetic detective always on the job to fondle her?

Possessing perfectly good "understandings," s' he'p us, Hanner! if ever we're caught in a jungle-jam or intimate juxtaposition with murdered or improvised spooks we'll use 'em. In such situations we'd require legs pure and simple. If gallant male desires to aid, let him lift us bodily and—RUN! not tenderly retard.

Today's good sport retains her senses in a crush—no need of apron strings. With ability under her "permanent" to manage the average male, she'd stand up to any mere spook.

We glory in improbable situations—crave dilemma and romance a-plenty. But desire no vacillating heroine to be propped by a hero who, goodness knows, has ado to handle the situation. All we ask is a heroine to, in present parlance, "be herself."

Elsie R. Glover,  
Johnson City, Tenn.

## \$10.00 LETTER

### On "The Street of Sin"

DEAR EDITOR:

"THE STREET OF SIN," which has as its locale the tawdry slums of London, impressed me more than any of the pictures I have seen for a long time. This may in a way be due to the fact that I consider Emil Jannings the greatest character star of the screen.

You will also agree with me that Jannings is the genius of the screen if you will take into consideration some of his previous accomplishments — "Faust," "Variety," "The Last Laugh" and "The Way of All Flesh."

You can't help liking him and admiring his excellent portrayal of the rôle of *Bill* in "The Street of Sin," even though he is a brutal ex-prize-

fighter who bullies everybody in the ugly district with his strength.

You limit me to two hundred words, but before using up my allotted number, I am going to take advantage of this opportunity to give due praise to two female members of the cast of "The Street of Sin." First to Fay Wray, who plays the leading female rôle of a Salvation Army lass who is the cause of *Bill's* reform, and to Olga Baklanova, who plays the part of *Annie*, a girl of the streets. All excellent portrayals.

F. A. N.

## \$5.00 LETTER

### Consider the Boy Friend

DEAR EDITOR:

WHAT price the boy friend? Though he toil and spin to buy us movie tickets, he is not arrayed—emotionally—like one of these—meaning the movie hero.

We feed upon sentimental goulash served *à la* the silver screen and when our boy friend fails to come up to our trained expectations, we feel he is just too ordinary. We feel cheated, and perhaps we are, psychologically. Through years of movie tutoring we set our standard, and the decent young chaps who court us and marry us never swoon back while they gaze rapturously into our eyes for so long a time that the flies would be apt to settle on our sweet expression. They don't do it that way at all. Not any of them. Ask any girl, married or single. Men have neither instinct nor talent to look soulful.

As much as I enjoy the movies, I feel

they are in this respect setting a false standard. I would suggest that there be less wasted effort in providing extravagant exotic settings and spectacular emotional fluddub; what the movies need is to park their orchid negligées and soulful trances and reflect life as we live it.

Yours very truly,  
Eva L. Dunbar, Oakland, Cal.

## \$1.00 LETTER

### They're Not Related

DEAR EDITOR:

I AM wondering why pictures bear no relation to the stories from which they are taken. "Love," with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, is one of the finest movies I've seen in a long time, and the acting was perfect, but I went to the show with the story of "Anna Karenina" flashing through my mind, actually living through the parts I admired most, and I must admit I never would have recognized it as the same, but for the names of the characters.

If this picture had been advertised simply as "Love," I would have stretched a point to see it just the same, because the title is attractive, and the players can not be criticized, but I feel sure you can realize how keenly my disappointment was when the difference was so great.

The American public is hard to please, and demands full measure of everything, so let us hope in the future pictures run true to the stories from which they are taken.

Mrs. Max Barnett, New Orleans, La.

## \$1.00 LETTER

### Anent Gloria's "Sadie"

LAST January, CLASSIC let me "tell the world" how I was most terribly perturbed about the rumors that "Rain" was to be filmed without the good old fighting minister sinner. Since seeing the finished picture, I have had the desire to say something laudable, but the "whips" of the gods seemed to thrash me nigh insensible when I strove to place my thoughts in proper words. It is so easy to "pan."

I want to say that I appreciated Gloria Swanson more in this picture than I have in any that she has ever appeared. Lionel Barrymore as the reformer fully satisfied my anxieties. With courage and brains she made a picture of which she can well be proud.

Yours truly,  
J. H. Engbeck,

## We Want to Know

What you think of the movies and the stars. This page is devoted to CLASSIC's readers, who are invited to write about their impressions of the pictures and players. Be as brief as possible, as letters must not exceed 200 words. We also suggest that you be entirely fair in your views. In other words, CLASSIC would like to receive constructive criticism or arguments about the productions and performances.

Fifteen dollars will be paid each month for the best letter, ten dollars for the second, and five dollars for the third. Besides these three prizes, we will also pay one dollar for any other letters printed. If one or more letters are found of equal merit, the full prize will go to each writer.

Anonymous letters will not be considered. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. This is your department. We want you to take advantage of it. Letters must be addressed: The Letter Box, CLASSIC, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York.



# "KALIMA, SHE POSITIVELY DANCES TODAY!"

"Step right up, folks!"

"See the little lady do her famous dance that has made her notorious throughout the civilized world" . . .

Swirling color, blare of sound, gaping crowds . . . Carnival!

"Step right inside" . . . Then a few steps more—and you're back behind the tinsel to the strange, secret lives of these merchants of mirth—to the part of the carnival you couldn't pay to see.

To the rowdy, twisted, reckless ways of gyps and grifters, con men and hula dancers, and The Barker—scarred, savage, double-crossing terror of the outfit . . . smooth as marble and twice as hard—but just one soft spot—his boy . . .

Back to the strange drama of one woman who hired another to win the love of the man she feared! . . .

"Step right up folks. It's a great show!"

"The Barker" is one of the 18 BIG BROADWAY STAGE-HITS which First National will bring to you in film form this coming year.

*MS*

COLONEL GOWDY'S  
BIG CITY  
SHOWS

*The*  
**"BARKER"**  
with MILTON SILLS  
DOROTHY MACKAILL  
and BETTY COMPSON  
a  
**GEORGE FITZMAURICE**  
PRODUCTION

Presented by Richard A. Rowland. From the play by Kenyon Nicholson. Stage production by Charles L. Wagner. Adaptation by Benjamin Glazer.



**A First National Picture**

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"





# Last Minute News

**NIGHTSTICK**, adapted from the stage success of the same title, will be directed by Roland West for United Artists. It is an underworld story in which the point of view of the police instead of the criminal will be stressed.

THE next co-starring vehicle with Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle will be "The Single Man," by Hubert Henry Davies, which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has just purchased. Anita Page has a featured rôle in this picture.

**BACLANOVA**, who has just signed a long-term contract with Paramount, will be Emil Jannings' leading woman in "Sins of the Fathers." This is her first actual lead opposite Jannings, although she played in his "The Street of Sin," in which Fay Wray had the leading rôle.

**ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE**, the story of the noted crook, will be William Haines' next starring vehicle for Metro-Goldwyn.

**HIS WIFE'S AFFAIR** is the new title for Billie Dove's starring picture now in production. It is based on the stage success of a few years ago, "In the Night Watch."

**LIONEL BARRYMORE** has been signed to a long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn, and in all probability will be seen and heard in Metro's first talking picture.

**THE SCARLET WOMAN**, a drama of Russian life starring Lya de Putti, is Alan Crosland's first production for Columbia. This means that Miss de Putti is again playing the vivid characterizations which first brought her into prominence.

**CAPTAIN SWAGGER**, a Hector Turnbull production, is Rod La Rocque's next Pathé vehicle. Sue Carol will be Rod's leading lady.

**PHYLLIS HAVER** will play a wastrel of the wharves and Alan Hale the rôle of a rough sea captain in Phyllis' next picture, "Singapore Sal."

**RUTH ELDER**, the trans-Atlantic flight heroine, will be leading woman to Richard Dix in "Moran of the Marines," glorifying the American leatherneck.

**MARSHALL NEILAN** will direct the first of the Douglas MacLean Paramount-

Christie feature productions, which will be a light comedy from the story by Alfred A. Cohn, "The Carnation Kid."

**PARAMOUNT** has assigned Florence Ryerson, scenario writer, to adapt the mystery story, "The Canary Murder Case," for the screen. The detective rôle of *Philo Vance* will be played by William Powell, his first starring picture.

**JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT** has been selected to play the rôle of *Gaylord Ravenal* in "Show Boat," the moving picture version of Edna Ferber's novel.

borrowed from Universal to play opposite him. Victor Seastrom will direct.

WHEN Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg were vacationing in Europe, they met Eva Von Berne, an eighteen-year-old Viennese society girl, and recommended her as good screen material. Miss Von Berne's recent arrival in New York with a Metro-Goldwyn contract is the result.

**PAUL FEJOS**, the director famous for his shoestring production, "The Last Moment," will direct "The Charlatan," in which Conrad Veidt will be starred.



Here they are, all aboard the *City of Honolulu* and all bound for Hawaii. From left to right they are James Cooley, Norma Talmadge's uncle, Norma herself, her mother, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, and Gilbert Roland

P. & A.

THE latest rumor on Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat" is that Metro-Goldwyn has acquired the screen rights to it and that Greta Garbo may get the rôle of *Iris March*.

**JANET GAYNOR** is due to begin work on "Kitty," the picturization of Warwick Deeping's novel.

**DOROTHY SEBASTIAN** will have the leading feminine rôle opposite Tim McCoy in his next picture, "Morgan's Last Raid."

**JEANIE MCPHERSON** is working on the scenario "The Fall of Rome" and, from the looks of things, it will be Cecil B. De Mille's next personally directed picture.

**UNIVERSAL** assigned a leading rôle to

Kathleen Collins in "The Ridin' Demon," which stars Ted Wells.

THE Tiffany-Stahl picture, "The Naughty Duchess," will have Eve Southern as the star and H. B. Warner, Gertrude Astor and Martha Mattox in the cast.

THE film version of Owen Davis' play, "The Haunted House," is now in production at the First National studios.

**BUCK JONES** is producing his own pictures now. He will make "The Big Hop," by B. J. Mack, as the first vehicle under this new arrangement.

**JAMES MURRAY** has been loaned to Universal by Metro-Goldwyn to play the lead in William Wyler's "The Shake-down." A story of the prize ring and back stage. He will have Barbara Kent and Mary Nolan in the principal feminine rôles opposite him.

THE Hungarian director, Alexander Korda, has been assigned to direct "The Squall" for First National.

"THE RIVER WOMAN," a story of the Mississippi levees, will have Jacqueline Logan and Lionel Barrymore in the leading rôles. It is a Gotham production.

**ROY D'ARCY** has been signed to play the heavy in "The Last Warning," Universal's picture starring Laura La Plante.

HER contract with First National having expired recently, Mary Astor signed a three-year agreement with Fox. Her first picture under her new contract will be "Dry Martini," directed by Henry d'Arrast. Matt Moore, Sally Eilers and Jocelyn Lee are in the cast.

PRODUCTION has just started on "The Devil's Mask," John Gilbert's next for Metro-Goldwyn. Mary Nolan has been



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# Pathe

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THE season of 1928-29 will find Pathe taking the lead on the screen with the greatest output of pictures in its history. The famous rooster trademark, known to every picture fan in the world, will be your guide for the best in entertainment—the finest authors, the most popular stars, the most colorful and intriguing stories.

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## WILLIAM BOYD IN "THE COP"

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Screen Play by Tay Garnett from the story  
by Elliott Clawson

Ralph Block, Associate Producer DeMille Studio Production

A big, human drama built around the exciting adventures of a "rookie" cop on his beat in a great city. Bill Boyd as the guardian of the law who gets his man. You must see the picture to find out whether he gets "the girl."

A thrilling melodrama set in a section of New York's West Side where there are too often guns on hip pockets, and yet where there are many hearts of gold. Remember the screen team that made "Chicago" a sensation—Haver and Varconi? Here they are in another story of romance in the underworld.

## "TENTH AVENUE" WITH PHYLLIS HAVER

VICTOR VARCONI and JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

A WILLIAM C. deMILLE  
production

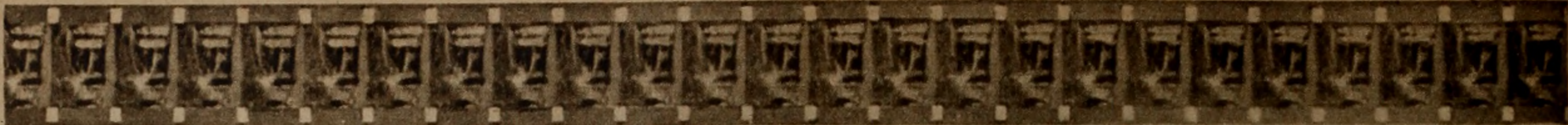
From the stage play by John McGowan & Lloyd Griscom  
Continuity by Douglas Doty  
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# Pathe

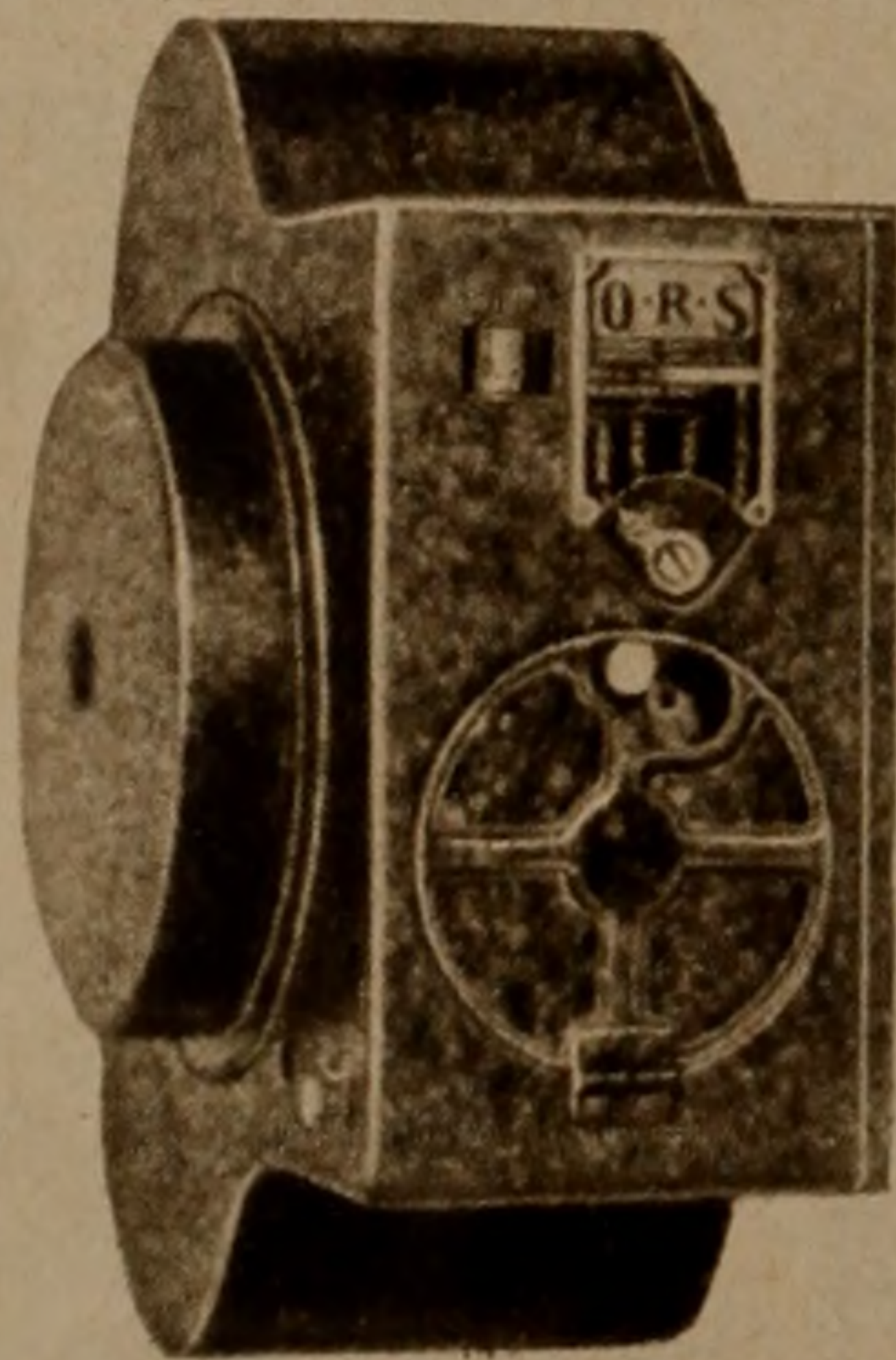
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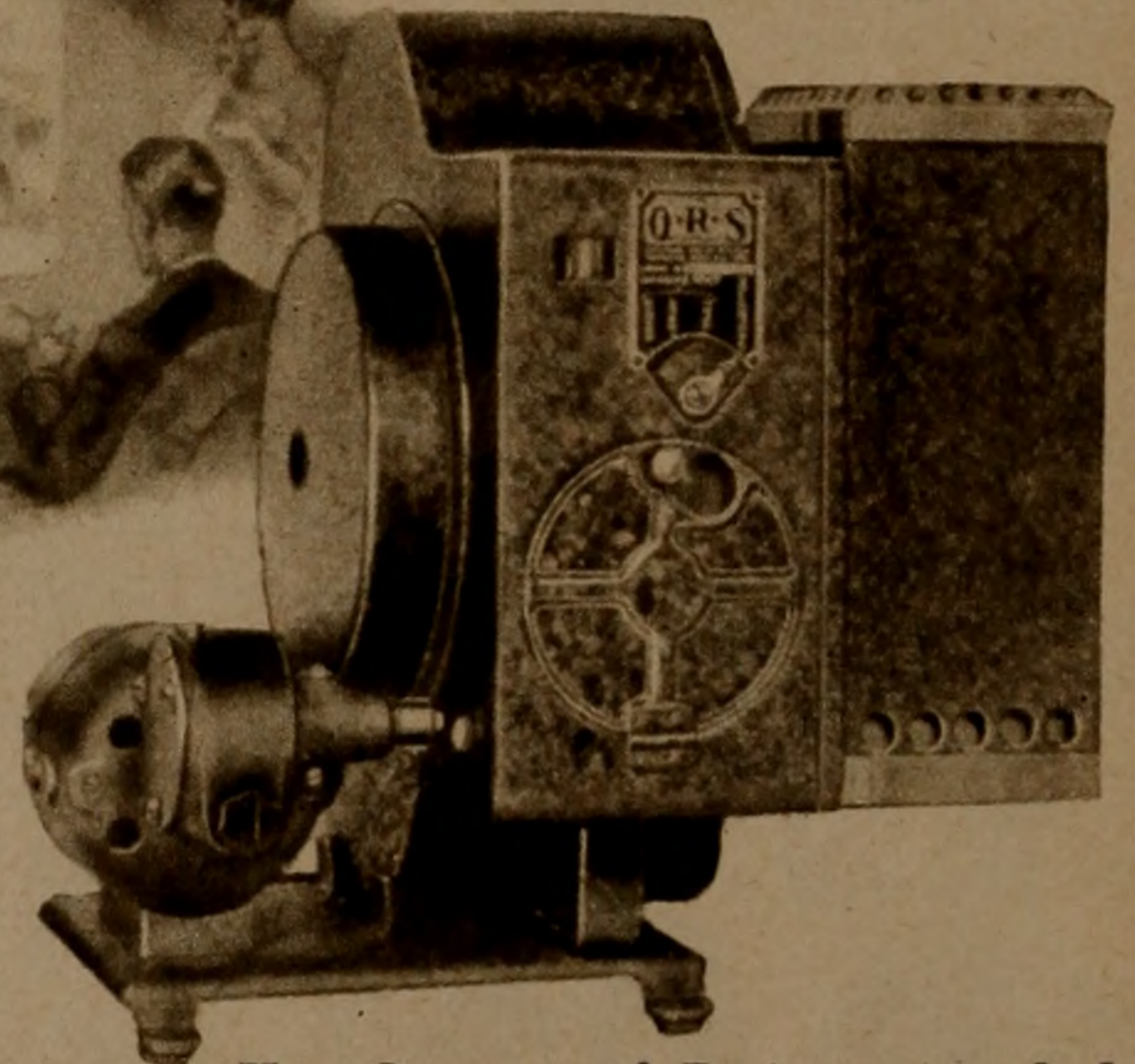
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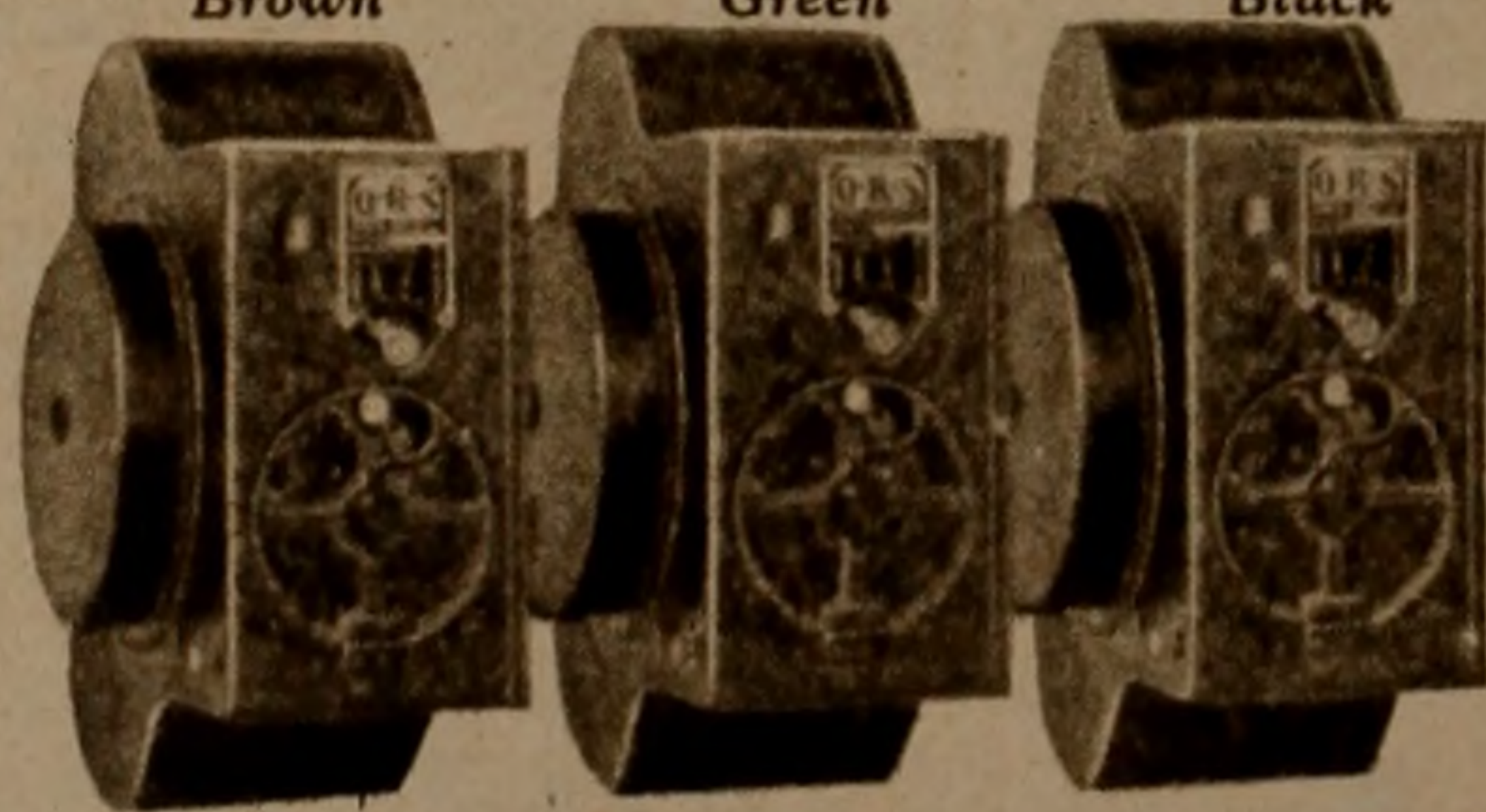


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the Movies



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Russell Ball



## Laura La Plante

Coals to Newcastle ceases to stand supreme as a symbol of superfluity. For someone has gone and chosen, for Laura's next screen story, a thriller





Photos by Spurr

## Blanche Sweet

New to her is Blanche Sweet's coiffure in the larger picture and the outcome perhaps of her intention to put on "The Green Hat." And now, because the color wasn't becoming, or something, she's going to appear next instead in "A Woman in White"








R. H. Louise

## Leatrice Joy

In "The Bellamy Trial." We wish first to charge her formally with wilfully and knowingly making jury duty a pleasure. And then—forthwith and from the evidence here manifest, to declare her guilty

Sergis Alberts





# Overtime

How the Screen's Peerage  
Scenes for

By Marquis Busby

They are, beginning at the top, Jetta Goudal, Corinne Griffith, Leatrice Joy, Madge Bellamy, Pola Negri, Eve Southern, and Charles Chaplin

**W**HEN the camera stops grinding, does the leading lady stop acting?  
She does not.

These lovely stars of the screen firmament, whose tears course down their cheeks in gentle streams while the orchestra plays "Hearts and Flowers," do not confine their histrionics to the studio.

Some of their best dramatic work is done while an interviewer is present. For some reason, the stars, particularly the feminine of the species, have always insisted upon looking on interviewers as gullible innocents.

They set the stage for an interview as carefully as Flo Ziegfeld builds up Marilyn Miller's first entrance in a musical show.

Clara Bow, for instance, is pretty good at that sort of thing. Poor Clara, usually so frank, has had some sad experiences with interviewers. She would be just herself and then when the interview appeared there would be some uncomplimentary things said about her.

So, of late, Clara has been posing just a little bit for the writers. The last time I saw her she insisted that Papini's "Life of Christ" simply *thrilled her beyond words*.

Just to make a thoroughly good job of it, this flaming youth told me very earnestly that she hadn't been inside of a café for more than a year—that she would far rather take a ride in an open car with just the "lovely stars overhead."

If anyone but Mary Pickford had said this, I would have considered it a good piece of acting and probably burst into applause, but Mary has the reputation of being the soul of sincerity.

The conversation had drifted to death and the life hereafter. It was one of those cold, drizzling winter days, so the topic was more or less in keeping with the elements.

### Mary as a Cloud

**W**HY should people dread death?" Mary asked. "It must be a beautiful experience. I hope that in the Hereafter I will not be hampered with a body. I would like to be a fleecy cloud, or just a rose-colored light."

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis have a big house in Los Angeles, but plans are afoot for a very grand castle on a hilltop. It is to be staggeringly expensive and as huge as a state capitol building.

So mammoth is everything to be that Harold and Mildred are beginning to be worried, for they are essentially home folks. Mildred expressed her fears somewhat naively not long ago.

"Now I think forty-seven rooms and twelve baths is a little too large for a home, don't you?"

Then she affirmed positively that she wouldn't mind



# Acting

Stages Elaborate  
Interviewers



a six-room cottage and doing her own work.

Quite likely there have been more adjectives used to describe Pola Negri than any other woman in Hollywood. She has been called the cleverest woman in pictures, the most dramatic, the most colorful, the most tempestuous, and a whole lot of other mosts. It may be that all these things are true, but, above everything else she is a great actress. Her whole life is a long play, and Pola loves it, especially the handkerchief scenes. And Pola from Poland is always good for a "heart interest" story.

"Ah, no one has had more tragedies in life than I," she sighed. She was telling of the first meeting with Prince Serge Mdivani, who later became her husband.

"It was one of those moments when life seemed darkest—when every hand seemed turned against me. I was a lost ship on a great sea. Now it means so much not to be alone. I used to return from the studio to my lonely house. It was empty, just like my life."

## Doug Is So Playful

**D**OU**G** FAIRBANKS never tired of creating the impression of being ever the athlete. You will get him ensconced safely in a chair for an interview. By the time you are around to the first question Doug, in all likelihood, will be chinning himself on the chandelier, or playing leap-frog with the furniture.

Eve Southern, the madonna-like young lady who created such a favorable impression in "The Gaucho," is just tremendously mystic. She has convinced herself,

From left to right:  
Mary Pickford and  
Douglas Fairbanks,  
Clara Bow, Greta  
Garbo, Elinor  
Glyn, John Gil-  
bert; and above  
him: Harold Lloyd  
and Joan Crawford

and expends considerable energy in trying to convince others, that she is the reincarnation of Mary, Queen of Scots. She will interrupt any conversation to receive thought waves from the lady who had such a messy death back in the Middle Ages. Perhaps Eve got the idea from Theda Bara. Theda, at one time, was the high mystic of Hollywood, the reincarnation of Cleopatra.

Corinne Griffith once staged a very pretty little prologue to an interview.

After being permitted to sit for the correct few moments in her lovely, if a bit stiff drawing-room (Corinne is a collector of antiques), I was treated to the spectacle of that luscious lady strolling in from her garden, hat in hand, in lovely unconsciousness of an on-looker. It was a charming picture as she paused at the French doors—just long enough for the effect to register properly.

(Continued on page 79)





# Robbing

If They're Big Enough,  
Hollywood's Love

By Dorothy Spensley

**G**OODNESS knows, I'm broad-minded. I've seen "The Captive" and can still look a violet in the face without turning neurotic. Or even blushing. And tolerant. My dear, I simply love to go around and shake hands with the grips and props and electricians, like the best of the stars. After all, I am of the people. Lowly and all.

And when it comes to understanding, I am just *ne plus ultra*. Whatever that means.

But there's one thing that I can't fathom. And neither could you. And you. And you. And you. And you.

It's this awful epidemic of cradle-snatching that has struck Hollywood like a plague. It's pernicious. Positively.

As I was telling Aunt Sophronia the other day, "It's pernicious," I said, just like that.

And Aunt Sophronia answered, "Is it?"

She's awfully intelligent. I mean, she thinks in a big way. She used to design tents for circuses.

Aunt Sophronia is the one who said, "My, Hollywood must be a nice clean town. I see by the advertisements that all the girls use soap." And that, in its way, is rather immortal.

Aunt Sophronia is always giving us verbal surprises. Like the other day she came in from her day's work at the foundry, she's designing manhole covers now, just as Uncle Orlando was about to kill a spider.

"Don't, Orlando!" said Aunt Sophronia. "It might be Lon Chaney."

**Laugh? I Thought I'd Die!**

**Y**ou know, original little bon mots like that. We laugh every time we think of that one. So you can see that Aunt Sophronia really has what you might call a scintillant wit.

But this acute attack of robbing the cradle.

I had thought of going to the Chamber of Commerce, but their statistics are mostly on oranges and how two can live as cheaply as four. What I wanted to know was who signs the check when a stylish stout takes a sophomore to tea. Or a thrillingly thin thirty goes a 'Varsity dragging with a Hollywood High School junior.

I might have gone to Will Hays's office in the Guaranty Building, but I've been afraid of elevators ever since that one fell at the World's Fair in Chicago, and there I was, planning to take a ride in it the very next day. I mean, isn't Fate the most curious thing?

And then, too, I want to know what's to be done about it. If Claire Windsor keeps going out with "Buddy" Rogers, what are little girls like Mary Brian



# the Cradle

## They're Old Enough Pirates Claim

Illustrations By Eldon Kelley

and Fay Wray going to do? And no wonder poor little Sue Carol has to go dancing with a grey-top like Charlie Chaplin. There are no young boys left to step out with by the time eight-thirty comes and Ona Brown and Virginia Valli and Claire are all dated, and Gilbert Roland has taken Norma Talmadge to the concert.

It's got me worried. I can't sleep nights, thinking about it. I'm going to start taking yeast tomorrow.

Of course, you will argue that it's an old French custom. And so many Frenchmen couldn't be wrong. I know all about young Voltaire. I should say I do. When he was only in breeches he used to sally around at Ninon de L'Enclos' salons. And Ninon was no youngster. No, siree. But she knew her *pâté de foies gras* and her consonants. Not to mention her vowels. And that'll help a woman anywhere. Vowels, those pesky little rascals. How many times they've been useful to me. Have you ever tried hanging pictures on them? Or stewing them with white sauce?

But, no! You're going to bring out Josephine. She who later turned out to be Empress of France. When Napoleon was running around Sicily in short panties, Josie was curling her bangs into beau-catchers. So you might as well take off that black mustache, I recognize you. You, too have been reading Emil Ludwig.

I'll be generous and long-suffering and forgiving. I'll even help you. What about Helen of Troy? I'll ask you. Wasn't Paris green and young? And Helen certainly was no spring dryad. You can't fool me. I've seen the film.

### The Widow of Windsor

DON'T you dare say it's all Greek to you. I couldn't stand that. After all, haven't I suffered enough trying to figure out that if Buddy Rogers is twenty-two and Charlie Farrell is twenty-three—that makes forty-five; and why is Claire Windsor so radiantly beautiful in that new delirious shade of orchid-plum? And isn't it nice for little Billie, that's Claire's ten-year-old son? My, how the years do skitter by. While Buddy's waiting to take Claire to the latest hop, Billie and he can play at top-spinning or stage a kiddy car race. Or whatever it is that boys of that age dote on playing.

These gay, gay enchantresses. Consider Ona Wilson Brown. It's got me absolutely dizzy keeping track of her. Luncheon at Montmartre with one plus-foured youth, or maybe two; tea at Coconut Grove with another. Dinner at the Hotel Roosevelt with a third. No wonder I'm dizzy. Pain in the back, spots before

(Continued on page 78)





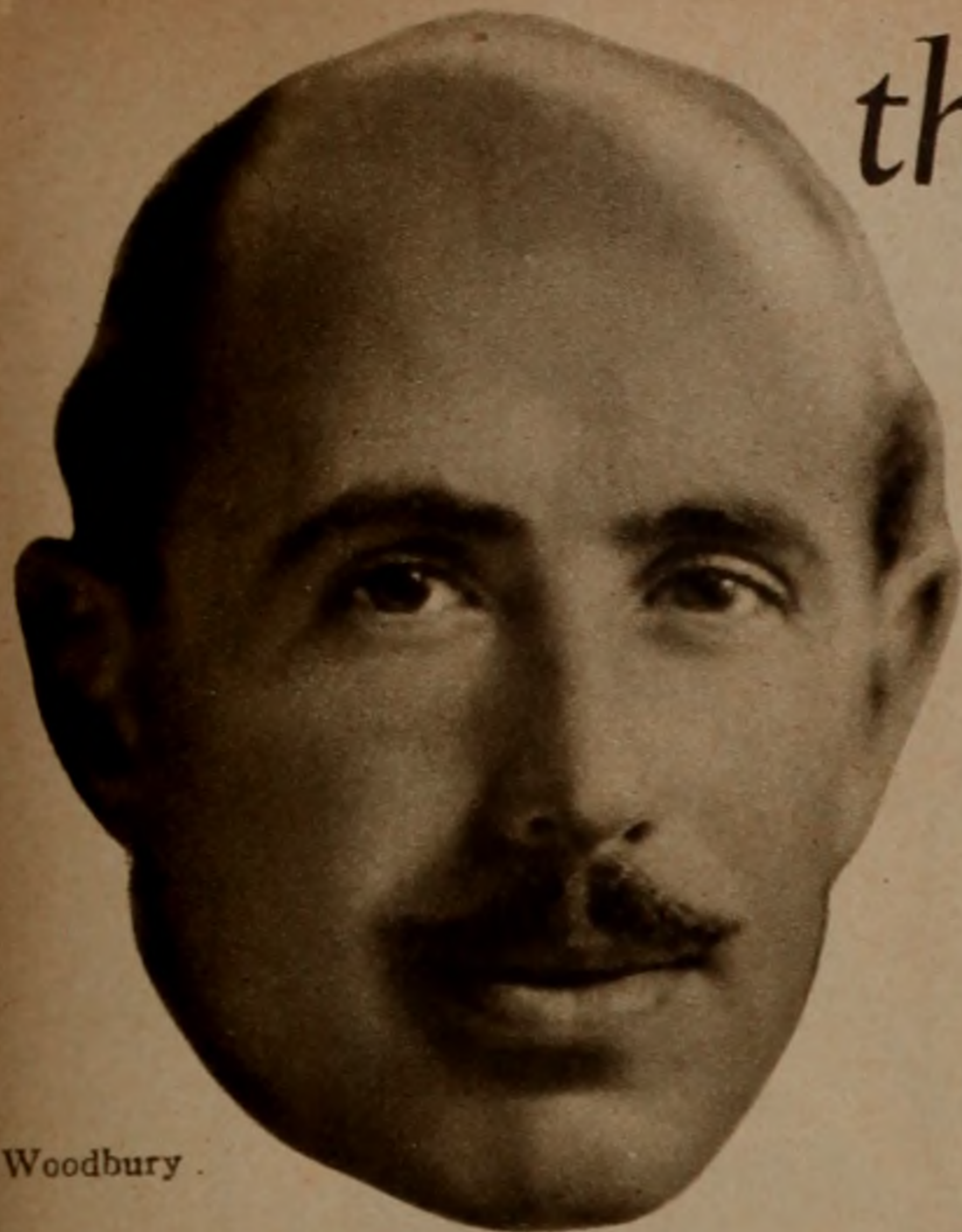


E. B. Hesser

# Trying Out The Clutch

The beginning of a beautiful Frenchship—on the screen. Lili Damita, from Paris (need we say not Paris, Kentucky?), and Ronald Colman essay a practise start in preparation for forthcoming love scenes





Woodbury

Jaime del Rio, Dolores' divorced husband

# the Lowdown on Divorce

## Dolores del Rio Endorses an Old American Custom

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK



Edwin Carewe, her discoverer and director

TWO years ago Dolores del Rio, her husband's arm about her, said with very genuine dismay, "I think the mos' horrible thing in American life is divorce. I don' understan'! How can people do it?"

But even as she spoke, divorce was beginning its insidious work. Dolores could hardly speak English then. Yet already she was acutely aware of divorce. It was one of the first English words she learned. And the germ had been planted in her protesting mind.

Jaime del Rio warmly echoed her sentiments—or rather, she echoed his. For in those days Dolores was a docile wife who thought what she was told. And so they were very happy.

It took just a little over two years for the germ to develop.

The other day Dolores, vivid, buoyant, and immensely articulate, cried, "I have just gotten a divorce, and I have never been so happy!"

A continent lay between her and her husband.

She stood in the sun, in the brilliant, careless costume of a gypsy. As she talked, her rich coloring and lively expression reflected the lightness of her heart.

She forgot that she was just as happy two years ago—but for different reasons. That was before she knew anything about emancipated women. Before she had known the intoxication of celebrity and adulation. Before unsettling triumphs had encouraged her ego. Then she was content to be what she had been since the age of fifteen—the beautiful and obedient wife of a Latin husband.

This delightful state of things continued for some time after Edwin Carewe brought her to Hollywood as his pet and particular discovery. Jaimie was then absorbed in the career that was in store for his wife. He left his work and came to Hollywood with her. He hovered about her, interpreted her thoughts (which were his thoughts), extolled her charms. He would talk for hours of the way she photo-

graphed, the special quality of her skin, the types she would like to play, all the details of her screen life. He was all interest and solicitude. And he talked lightly of divorce, as something he regarded with disfavor, but which was so far outside the sphere of his own life that it could be looked upon tolerantly.



Russell Ball

### Scrambled Families

DOLORES observed it with more horror. "Why," she insisted, "everyone in America has been divorced two or three times! Their children have several different fathers. They are all mixed up! I want to know how the women feel when they meet the men they were married to. How they feel toward the women their husbands marry. And how the children feel toward all their different parents. I jost cannot *imagine* doing such a thing!"

She was determined to sift the matter to the bottom, and had already begun to make extensive research among the divorcées she had met. What appalled her sensitive Latin soul most of all was that no one seemed to mind in the least being questioned on this delicate topic. In fact, they rather insisted on discussing it.

When I talked with her the other day, she didn't wait to be questioned, but poured out the story of her own divorce in a torrent of eager words.

"How changed I am! I am a different person entirely. I have given up all my old-fashioned ideas and have become just like an American woman!" She clutched her stomach. "Not only myself, but even my stomach has changed completely. When I first came I couldn't eat American food. It seemed tasteless, and didn't satisfy me. But I learned to love it. And now when I go to a Mexican restaurant, the food—my own food!—makes me terribly sick!"

(Continued on page 72)





# Hollywood HORRORS

JOHN GILBERT  
OVERHEARS HIM-  
SELF MISTAKEN  
FOR JIM TULLY



# Nize Baby

## End De Baby Stozz

Witt Blonde Hair de  
Mettresses Are Stuffed in  
Hollywood, end de Vemps  
Get Ahead by Decrees

As told by MILT GROSS  
to DOROTHY DONNELL



**D**O I like Hollywoot? Dunt esk! I guess you didn't hoid I got my wife end keeds end sisters from the law witt me! I should tell how I like Hollywoot with them maybe reading it by the peppers. Trouble a man dunt esk for, ain't it? Alretty it could come to me plenty trouble. Yasterday when I come off de stodio my wife sees by my coat a lonk blonde hair, God forbid! "In Hollywoot" I tell her "even de hair mettresses got made from blonde hair."

Womans is queer. I bet you der prehysterical womans raised a holler when der cave mans come inside from de house witt their club all covered from hairs, and yalled at him if he had been beating up some odder hussy instead of his lawful wife!

Somebody nidds it should be spoiling me de treep bringing de femly alonk, dot their fare by de tren de stodio was paying end de itting en de dining car, end de slipping en de boits. It ent costing by me a cent. I should lost all that free itting for my wife end keeds end sisters from the law, even if they got noivous indigesture itting so fast as sixty miles from de hour.

It stends here like this. De stodio likes better a writer dunt come to Hollywoot by himself and maybe forget what he was here for. Soch a tings what it heppens! Some writers from New Yoik think they should draw their selleries for drinking highballs all night end knocking tennis balls all day. Nachally if their femlies they bring witt them they dunt have a goot time, God forbid! They dunt go



onto Hollywoot parties by de ectors end ectresses' houses. End maybe they will write a movink peetcher.

Soch a soft snep these writers got in de moofies, beleef me! Already I been here fife days end I dunt do any woik yet, end tomorrow is a haliday. De oily boid gets treated like a woim in Hollywoot, so de writers from scenarios dunt stick in from de office door de head till noon, end then they got to go right out to lunch, ain't it? Bot I got by me lots of grend ideas for peechers. One is about a he-blooded man from the Gret Open Spaces that his wife got incompatability of temper by him end run away witt a doity villain. De name from da peecher is called "Ginsberg Gets His Man," or maybe "Feitelbaum of the Royal Mounted."

### Tarrible Ivan

**M**AYBE you didn't hoid yet I should be an ector myself? Yesterday I met up witt a broducer end he said, "My God, what a face you got for the comedies, oxcuse me! We should broduce a peecher called  
(Continued on page 90)





# They Also Starve

## The Hardships of Extras' Lives Boost the California Suicide Rate

*Editor's Note: Mr. Cruikshank, second row, extreme left, was one of a group of newspaper writers who acted for eight days as extras in "The Bellamy Trial." He gathered these strange tales from the real movie extras with whom he worked. They constitute the unsung sagas of the Little People of the movies.*

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

SOMETIMES figures lie. But various sets of statistics seem to agree that during the past ten years approximately twenty-eight of every hundred thousand persons in California "did the Dutch"—more elegantly—committed suicide.

This is more than twice the amount of self-destruction chalked up against the entire nation over the same weary stretch of time. And even Chicago, that Mecca of casual labor, must yield to Los Angeles—City of the Angels—first place as a winter harborer of down-and-outers.

What percentage of catastrophe may be ascribed to that odd mass of humanity grouped under the studio term atmosphere is problematical. But if an endless routine of sheer discouragement wearies one of life, it is safe to say that the names of countless extras are inscribed on the one-way door.

Inquiry at the Central Casting Office regarding the number of extra people registered met the ruling that an O. K. from the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America—the Sunday name of the Hays organization—is a prerequisite to the divulging of any information. Even in the *dolce far niente* of sin-kissed Hollywood, time flies too fast for flapdoodle. Hence the following figures are without benefit of clergy.

With more or less inaccuracy, there are some fifteen thousand so-called souls who have left names, addresses, phone numbers and photographs with these arbiters of destiny. Of this number an average of under a thousand work each day. The rest wait. And the waiting is attended by macabre circumstances which would delight the morbid mind of Poe or mad De Maupassant.

They tell the tale of the fat woman who lived for weeks on the promise of a character bit and the churlish charity of a landlady who hoped to collect an overdue board bill.

In desperation the wheezy creature dragged her elephantine weight to the producer's office, and as a gentle leader toward the request for an advance of salary asked when she would be needed to add her touch of comedy to the fun-making film. Then she learned that it had been decided that a skinny woman would get more laughs from the great god Movie Fan. And a human skeleton had been called for the rôle promised to Marie the Human Mountain. So our *Boule de Suif*, brave, heart broken, insured her life in favor of her creditors, and took her final funny fall through the portals of Eternity.

### French Leave, Indeed

THEY tell the tale of the little French couple who had drifted to Hollywood from Normandy via Montreal. Both were "extra talent." Some days they earned as much as fifteen dollars. Some days. Some weeks. Some months. But whether fifteen for a bit, or five in a mob scene, a little went for cabbage soup and sour, nourishing loaves disowned by the Jews and now called "Russian" rye. The rest went into the proverbial stocking against the time when there should be sufficient to pay passage back to *la belle France*. And one day there was enough. The tickets were purchased. And the day before the departure, the French boy, who had won a *Croix de Guerre* in Flanders, was killed in a war picture. But the travel agent was very nice. He returned most of the passage money. Enough to pay for the funeral. And the little widow still answers extra calls.

They tell the tale of the one-time star who hurtled downward as falling stars do. She couldn't bring herself to mingle with the *hoi-polloi* that sweat and swear for bread at casting-office windows. She had a little money, and invested in a project which boasted big film names. Then set out to make poverty genteel. But there was a scandal and an investigation. Of course, this didn't help her any. Investigations butter no parsnips. But she found a way to live. And now she answers fan mail in a fine, legible hand. And the name she signs is that of an

(Continued on page 82)





Autrey

# Ruffled and Ready

Madge Bellamy is all set to hop down from her perch for one of the dances incident to her part in "Mother Knows Best." And speaking of that, it must not go unsaid that if the choice of Madge's costume in this instance is an example of maternal judgment, mother does





Dyar



Hommel



Dyar

At the bottom, with half-opened book, is Clara Bow and so are all the others

# How To Tell

Except to Themselves  
The Bow and the Carol

By ANN CUMMINGS

THE fans write that they often get 'em mixed up, and what shall they do about it?

Some of the girl fans don't quite know whether they're wearing a Carol haircut or a Bow bob. Some of the boy fans are confused as to whether it's Clara they've fallen so violently in love with or Sue. Imagine their embarrassment!

The critics, writing about Sue Carol, find it saves them a lot of brain fag just to say, "She reminds one of Clara Bow," or to cry, "Another Bow!" and let it go at that. The girls themselves express great admiration for each other, but admit that they can't see the slightest resemblance. They may both be flappers, but they have entirely different ways of flapping.

A humorist once wrote a treatise on *How to Tell the Birds From the Wild Flowers*. This article is written in the hope of helping puzzled fans to tell Clara from Sue. The first suggestions we would make is for the fan to read the announcement over the front of the motion picture theater carefully before going in. If the electric lights spell "CLARA BOW IN LADIES OF THE MOB," it is practically certain that the girl in the picture will be Clara Bow. So far as we know, Sue Carol has never doubled for Clara. If, however, the sign announces, "SUE CAROL IN WALKING BACK," there is almost no chance that one will see Clara playing a bit in the same picture.

If the girl fan in search of a movie haircut takes a picture of her favorite star to a barber shop and asks for a bob exactly like the one in the photograph and the barber exclaims violently, "It just can't be done, lady. There ain't any such bob," she may safely conclude that it is a picture of Clara Bow's amazing crop. If, on the other hand, the barber gives her a boyish bob with all sorts of cute little tendrils cropping out around the face and a great shock of hair atop of her head, it's undoubtedly a picture of Sue.





Russell Ball



Van Rossem & Lang

# Clara From Sue

And Hollywood  
Seem Indistinguishable

## Sue Assaults the Soul

IF the boy fans who sit down to write a letter to their movie sweetheart find themselves talking in a soulful strain about "ideals of womanly modesty" and "putting her on a pedestal" they are probably Carol fans; if, however, they talk about "great big hugs" and "a million kisses" and tell her that if she'll just wait till they get through prep school and college and law school, they are coming to Hollywood and marry her, the chances are that they are Bow fans.

Just exactly why anyone should get these two screen personalities mixed up, it is hard for a Hollywooder to understand. When you meet them at the Montmartre, you see that they don't look in the least alike, except that they are both young, peppy, intensely modern, and about the same height and size. Clara, sauntering in (hands thrust into coat pockets, except when they are waving to some one of her thousand best friends or numerous ex-fiancés), beret pulled jauntily over her flaming red hair, is the Jazz-Baby in the flesh. Sue, sport hat not concealing her black hair and dark eyes, is the college co-ed, or society débutante.

Clara is dynamic, mischievous, provocative. Sue is cute and coquettish. Clara's eyes are as slumbrous and smouldering at times as the Garbo's, and at other times sparkling with *gamine* impudence. Sue flirts rather than tempts.

Having pretty little figures, they are both given the chance to show them in some of their pictures. In "Hula" and "Red Hair" Clara undressed; in "Soft Cushions" Sue wore only a few strings of summer-weight beads, and in "Walking Back" she appeared in negligée. They may be sisters in their skins, but whereas Clara's fans have no objection to seeing their idol in next to nothing, Sue's raise a great outcry when she begins to take 'em off.

(Continued on page 73)



Ball



Van Rossem & Lang

No trouble here distinguishing between the two distinguished youngsters; they're all Sue Carol



# Do Women

Mothers and Wives Make or

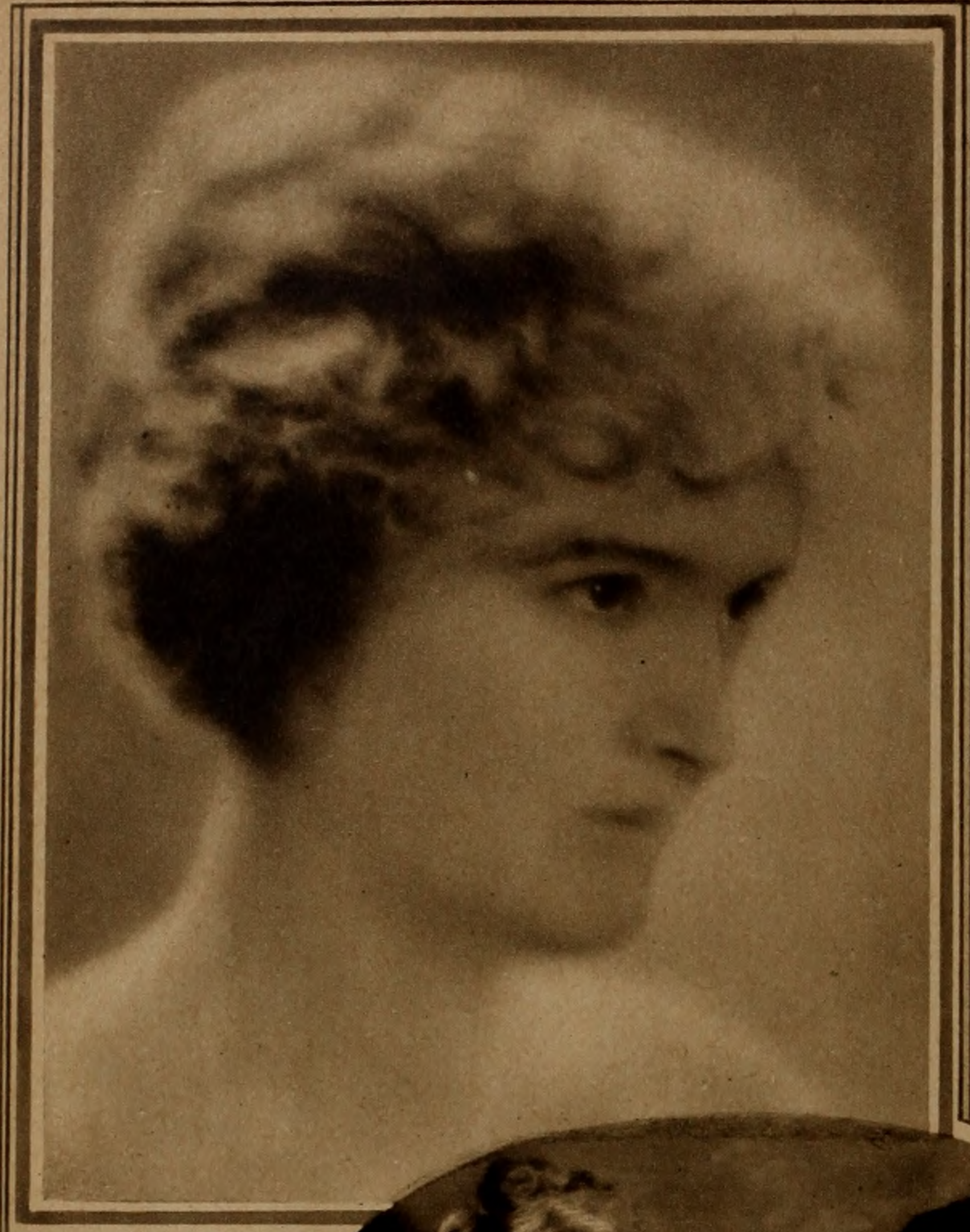
BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

WHO makes the movies move? If you should ask the producers whether it is the women, they would laugh at you, but there would be—I'm certain—an uneasy note to their laughter, and some of them—I feel sure—would glance over their shoulders to make sure they were not overheard!

On public occasions the Male of the Movies struts his stuff in open front suit, looking very dominant and successful, and tells admiring after-dinner listeners how *he* produces pictures, *he* chooses stars and *he* decides on the policies of the fourth-biggest industry. And as he pounds forcefully upon the table while the lights scatter sparks from his diamond studs, some woman (perhaps she sits at the speaker's table, perhaps in some insignificant corner) looks demurely down at her demi-tasse to conceal the laughter in her eyes. For she knows who really *does* decide on pictures, stars and policies!

The public in its innocence may think that Hollywood is ruled by business conferences with all the executives gathered around a mahogany table; the studio knows cynically that some of the most important decisions of the movies are made quite suddenly in producers' private offices with temperamental lady stars throwing inkwells. Many an attack of hysterics has made Hollywood history. Pouts and curls, tears and dimples, all play their part in movie making.

The film magnates may get the credit for running the picture business, but sometimes they suspect dimly that it is the movie mothers who have the real power. There is rejoicing in the seats of the mighty when an orphan star is signed! Students of natural science would find an interesting situation in Hollywood: while almost all the picture stars have mothers, *there is no visible sign of fathers* in most cases. The strain of keeping up with their famous offspring seems to have been too much for male parents. And so the producers, instead of dealing with their own sex when it comes to talking contracts, find themselves confronted with middle-aged ladies whose natural maternal pride has been magnified into the conviction that they have the most talented and beautiful children in the world. Chivalry forbidding the shaking of fists and waving of hands, the producers are rendered speechless, while the ladies have the final unanswerable argument of tears. No one who sees an important movie executive staggering feebly out of his office after a conference with one of the stars' mothers would have any doubt as to who really runs the industry! Rather would he encounter a ravenous tiger than combat a woman bent on furthering a daughter's professional interests.



Albin



Spurr



Archer  
From top to bottom: Mrs. Mary Gish, mother of Lillian and Dorothy; Leatrice Joy and her mother; Jeanie MacPherson; Madge Bellamy and mother; and Mary Miles Minter and mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby

P. & A



# Rule the Movies?

## Break Destinies in Hollywood

### Mother-Mad America

THE American public has a mother complex. The case of Mary Miles Minter proved that to the producers. Overnight, her company lost a fortune when the stock of Dimples-and-Curls went down after a newspaper quarrel with her mother. Thereafter, movie mothers were treated cautiously, and the real reign of petticoat politics began in Hollywood.

"When the history of the motion pictures comes to be written," one of the biggest producers admitted not long ago, "the most important figure in the industry will be found to be Charlotte Pickford. She guided her own daughter's astonishing career with a firm hand, and in so doing established precedents that made careers for hundreds of other girls. If there had been no Charlotte Pickford, there might have been no great screen stars."

At a time when the movies did not feature players' names, and big salaries were unheard of, this little Toronto widow stood firm against the most powerful men of the industry. The salary she named as the price of her daughter's signature on a contract blank made them purple with rage. They argued, stormed, threatened—and she stood firm.

"It's all right," she told them calmly, "Mary and the rest of us will get along somehow, even if she doesn't make any more pictures for you. We've always managed. Anyway, she's been working pretty hard—a vacation will do her good."

In the end, of course, they capitulated. They knew, even then, that Mary Pickford was worth whatever they had to pay to get her. With her signature on the first high-salaried screen contract, Charlotte Pickford bequeathed stardom and fortune to hundreds of future picture actresses. To the end of her life she was Mary's adviser and business manager and no deal involving the daughter was ever put through without the mother's consent.

The influence of another uncrowned ruler of Hollywood's Matriarchy, "Peg" Talmadge, the witty Irishwoman who is the mother of Norma, Natalie and Constance, can hardly be overestimated. The Gish girls' pictures—representing millions of dollars—have always been secondary to the health of their frail mother.

"We didn't want to be movie stars," Marceline Day confessed to me once, "Alice and I wanted to finish high school, but mother insisted on our trying the pictures first. She has done it all."

The mothers of Betty Bronson, Virginia Lee Corbin, Lupe Velez, Gloria Swanson, Madge Bellamy, Jacqueline Logan, Leatrice Joy and many others have probably had more to do with their careers than any other person. But mothers are not the only feminine rulers of Holly-

(Continued on page 88)



P. & A.



Top to bottom:  
The late Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary and Jack; Lupe Velez with her mother; Constance Talmadge and mother, "Peg" Talmadge; Betty Bronson with her mother, and Adolphe Menjou with his former wife





E. B. Hesser

Although she has never written a book on the subject, Alberta Vaughn has consented to present a fair outline of the proper form in wearing lace shawls. They may, as we see, be draped either on or off the shoulder



# Vaughn and Off



# a Bill in a China Shop

Mr. Seiter Cut Loose Early  
From the Cut-Glass Profes-  
sion and Stampeded to  
Hollywood

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

**B**UT for the grace of God and a roving disposition William A. Seiter might have rounded out his career and his figure as a big glass and crockery man. Had he followed in the parental footsteps, he in turn would have become a pillar of Westchester County society, president of the Siwanoy Golf Club, an officer of the Twelfth, a gentleman, a good judge of Bourbon and the pride of Mount Vernon, N. Y.

For little Willie was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. Or, if not precisely that, at least his earliest clamorings for food and drink were stilled from a genuine cut-glass bottle taken right out of stock. In these decadent days when the youth of the land set up house-keeping with a corkscrew and a can-opener, many of the ancient graces have departed. And a generation that spears its delicatessen food from paper plates has no need or memory of the old and stately house of Higgins and Seiter which for a generation beautified the banquet halls of culture with the fragile beauty of rare china.

The Seiter end of this once renowned firm was Bill's pa. And but for the aforementioned roving disposition and a sense of humor Bill would have remained where he started—in the respectability of business. They do tell that the famous bow-legged floor-walker who requested the lady customer to "Walk this way, Madam," was an employee of the firm. And

Confidence? Bill Seiter has it, and to spare. He is neither confounded by nor jealous of his wife's success. He's often referred to himself as Mr. La Plante. But no one else ever has.



Seeley Photos

it seems that Bill was fooling around the shop when the historical episode occurred. In any event, a snicker lost a sale. And a sense of humor has no place in the cut-glass industry.

Thus it occurred that Bill passed up the prospect of a five-thousand-dollar-a-year job in the revered capacity of buyer, and wandered Westward on the much-vaunted tide of empire. The Pacific stemmed the tide so far as William was concerned, and he paused among the vacant lots which were to be Hollywood.

Of his career at the time Bill tells many tales. Some of which are doubtless based on fact. Others of which are good stories anyway. But after fooling around hither and yon, mooching meals, and sleeping where the sunset found him, his broad shoulders jostled Opportunity. A mealy-mouthed, flat-breasted, uninviting Goddess she was. But a few crumbs are better than a whole loaf, and as Bill had been loafing for some time, he welcomed the chance to ride into a new career as a Christie cowboy. His first day as an actor almost proved his last. For the merry mustang astride of which Bill rode to the rescue,

(Continued on page 80)







The one is a four-legged professional, a Dalmatian with a complexion as spotted as a bootlegger's past. The other is his master, Milton Sills, who, in the screen production of "The Barker," will play the title rôle



# Two Kinds of Barkers





## SECRET HISTORY OF THE MONTH

### What We Hear From the Hollywood Press Agents

Commentary on the lamentable state of Terpsichore in the open space regions of California, from the philosophic Sam Jacobson of Universal City:

"With a dummy for dancing partner, Hoot Gibson, screen cowboy, carried off the first prize in a dancing contest at a masquerade ball while his company was on location at Bishop, California. The wooden effigy was



dressed in feminine attire and Gibson's skilful maneuvering of his 'partner' on the side of the hall opposite the judges fooled them into awarding him the cup."

#### What We Artists Have to Put Up With

"Norma Talmadge is breaking in a new pair of boots. They're real boots—rough leather, uncomfortable and not very dainty—and they hurt her feet. But, oh, how she enjoys rushing to a bootjack and changing to comfortable slippers the minute she gets away from the cameras."

Zoological data showing the almost human emotional reactions of the Baby Star, *genus* United Artists, in its native habitat; from the studio's trained observers:

"Among the Easter gifts sent to Lupe Velez was an Easter egg amazingly like the fiery little lady of 'The Gaucho.' A red rose and a mantilla of lace completed the illusion and caused Lupe to emit delighted cries of approval."

Remarkable array of testimony marshaled by the United Artists publicity guild, demonstrating the versatile genius of his Eminence, D. W. Griffith, in such uncharted realms as catering:

"D. W. Griffith serves ice cream and coffee to his players in 'The Battle of the Sexes' every evening at



five. It is a custom he started while filming 'The Birth of a Nation.'"

#### —statistics—

"It is highly conceivable, declares D. W. Griffith, that the price of flowers may have something to do with the high cost of motion pictures. During the four weeks of filming 'The Battle of the Sexes' an average of twenty-two dollars a day was expended for fresh flowers used in the scenes."

#### —rodent psychology—

"It needed something more realistic than a stuffed mouse on strings to make Phyllis Haver simulate the fright that the script of 'The Battles of the Sexes' called for, so D. W. Griffith brought the mice on the set. An extra one was provided to circumvent possible fatalities due to stray cats or mousy temperament. Mice are not bad actors, Griffith contends."

#### —and, with it all, scorn of profiting by his talents—

"Griffith could never have achieved his place in film history if his interest in it had been merely casual, or if it had been the interest of the self-seeker with a fortune in mind."



State of mind produced by acting in the movies from the age of nine until practically unconscious, related by the Paramount Press Gang:

"In her search for something to ward off the accident curse that seems to have followed her during the greater part of her career, Bebe Daniels is offering a prize. Under the terms of the search, letters describing the certain luck-bringers are asked. Then from these descriptions Miss Daniels will select ten charms that appeal to her most. She will then send a personal letter to the owners, asking that they mail them to Hollywood. She will try them out on ten successive days. The one that brings her the most luck will win either a dress or a ring."

Touching tribute to studio realism, from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer:

"Jim Tully turned actor when he sat among the newspaper reporters in the court scene in 'The Bellamy Trial.' Seeing reporters he used to work with there, he just couldn't resist the temptation, he said."

(Continued on page 71)





At the left, the kid himself—as portrayed by Ivan Mosjukine—looks about for a lady; at the right he has discovered one in Rina de Liguoro; and above, the ladies of Venice discover him



There is a royal road to learning some subjects, for here is Catherine II of Russia receiving instructions in thrills from Casanova, possessor of a master's degree in erotic engineering

# A Professor of Passion



# the Divine Lady Herself

Corinne Griffith Is an Orchid  
That Flowered Only When  
Hardship Came

By FRANCES CARPEN

"A H, that deceit should steal such gentle shades!"

Corinne Griffith didn't say that in so many words. Shakespeare did. But she might have said it, than which one can praise a lady's mentality no more highly. Especially such a lovely lady. "The Divine Lady" (in her forthcoming First National production). A lady who has been compared to an orchid under Venetian glass, a sybarite, an exquisite, the Blessed Damosel and others. One whose beauty has been choired by the tongues, mirrored in the enchanted eyes of all mankind. A lady to whom poets have written odes and lyrics, and to whom women, ever practical, have written for advice.

A lady who, by every right of fair allotment, should need no brains. Brains are not considered necessary in Hollywood. So many young folks seem to get along without them. Quite, quite nicely.

The other day, on the air, I heard a gentleman discussing the moot matter of personality. He was trying, poor brave soul, to define it. He said that it functions on three planes. The physical. The mental. The spiritual.

If it functions only on the physical, you have nothing but flesh, momentarily attracting, corruptible and soon forgotten. I thought of Hollywood. Highly seasoned little atoms with the sense taken out of sensuality.

If it functions on the mental plane, you have a *voice behind the mask*. I thought of Corinne.

## First the Aristocrat

CORINNE who is, somehow, *in* Hollywood but not *of* it. Corinne who has achieved a dignity without snobbery. A detachment, an aloofness with no loss of gentle humanity. She has gone down into the heat of the arena and has come up out of it without the garment of illusion,



Spurr

a little saddened, her beauty stabbed with that poignancy that means dreams gone down to defeat. The subtle defeat that is not always a matter of dollars and cents and billing. A poem that has been roughly handled and wrongly read but still retains its intrinsic beauty, its hint of immortality.

Carsey Corinne has a voice behind that incomparable mask.

Some years ago the child Corinne was born in a small town in Texas. A pretty, thoughtful little girl, one of a happy, pleasantly prosperous family of four. The mother, father, Corinne and an elder sister. An average family with rather more than average means. No connection with the world of the theater. The faint, future echoes of the screen reaching them only as potential audience.

Her father was the Big Man of the town. He started down-and-out young men in business out of his own pocket. He backed discouraged men who needed backing. He belonged to clubs and lodges. He gave the glad hand, advice, time and money with liberality. His family

(Continued on page 89)



# A Courtly

John Gilbert's  
Constitute a



C. S. Bull Photos

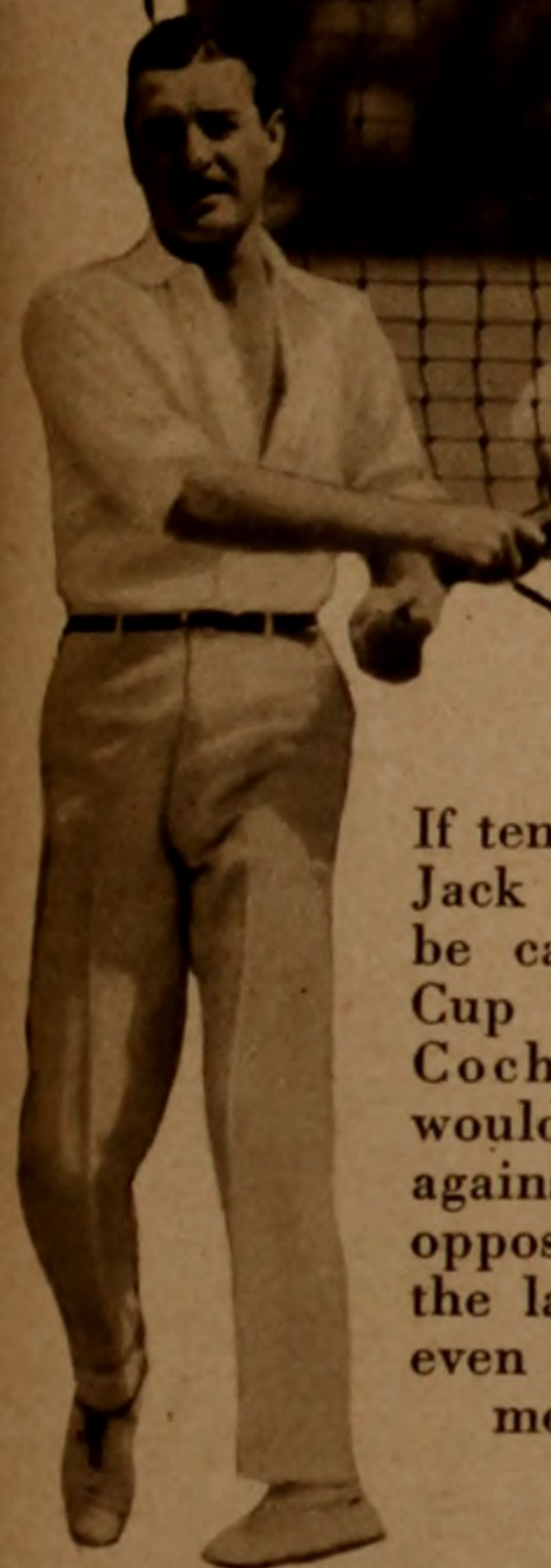
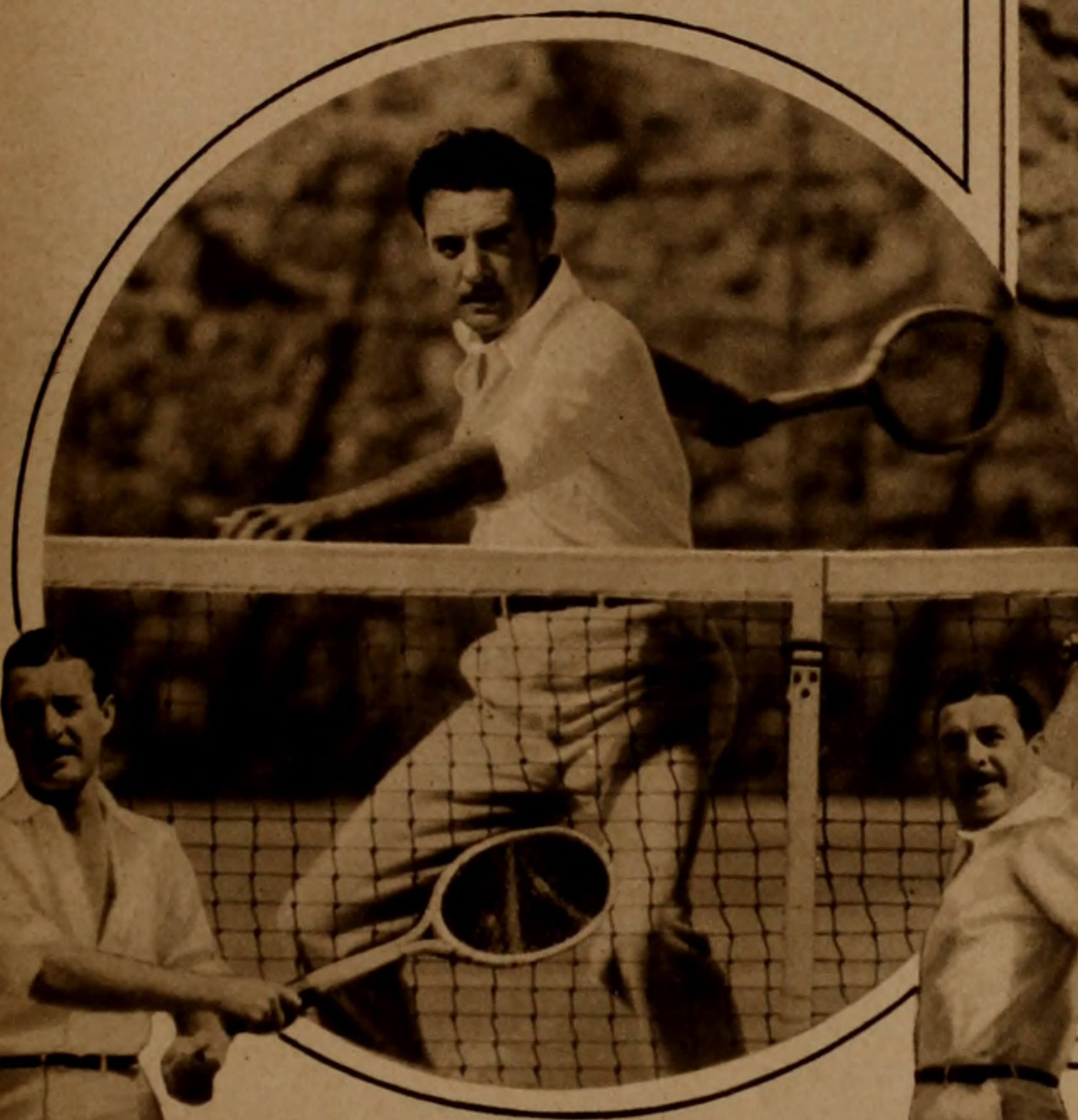


More gratifying to the Gilbertian ear even than volleys of applause are applause of his volleys, and those he's making here are deserving of it. At the top, John demonstrates his eagerness to take a plunge, so long as it isn't matrimonial



# Gentleman

Net Profits  
Neat Figure



If tennis balls were hearts, Jack undoubtedly would be captain of the Davis Cup team — and neither Cochet nor La Coste would stand a chance against him. Indeed—if opposed to Mr. Gilbert—the ladies would say that even fifty million Frenchmen must be wrong







# *the* \$97 Masterpiece

Its Producer, Robert Florey, Says That  
With Another \$500 He Could Make  
Norma Talmadge Famous

BY EDITH TARRENT

**H**OLLYWOOD has something and someone new to talk about. The something is a one-reel picture titled "The Blues—A Rhapsody of Hollywood."

The someone is a young man named Robert Florey, who made said picture for ninety-seven dollars.

I'm not going to say that "The Blues" is a good picture, nor a picture at all for that matter, though a special musical score is being written for it. It is riding haughtily into the United Artists Theater in Los Angeles as a glorified short subject, and Charlie Chaplin himself titled it. But I will say that any Hollywood youth who can do anything at all with ninety-seven dollars, besides tip a waiter or so at the Montmartre, deserves mention.

Mr. Florey ran "The Blues" off for me in a United Artists projection-room. I'll confess to being very grateful that he was there and so could explain the picture as we went along. He says it's the story of a boy who comes to Hollywood with ambitions to become an actor.

A casting director marks him down—or rather marks him up—as No. 9413. The boy dreams of fame and glory, wearing during this period a series of peculiar masks. (Let Eugene O'Neill sue on this if he wishes.) Fame passes him by, so the youth commits suicide by lying down on a couch and rapidly opening and shutting his mouth five times. Then he goes to heaven on a hand-car.

### From Extra to Angel

**B**ETWEEN close-ups of our hero, during his transition from extra to angel, there are many peculiar shots which tend to confuse an ordinary person like myself.

There are cubist railroad tracks zig-zagging skyward, with enormous wheels whirling upon them. These, says Mr. Florey, are symbols of the mechanical age in which we are luckless enough to live.

There are shots of a tall white building spinning like a pinwheel. When I respectfully asked Mr. Florey what that symbolized, he patiently explained that that's the way you see things if you're famous. The spirit is uplifted, dizzied. Obscurity has its compensations, I reflected comfortably. It would be so annoying to look out the window and see the neighbors' houses upside down or chasing each other around the block.

The picture fades out on a shiny heaven, in which our hero sails round and round on a pair of wings. If you are inclined to criticize this scene, because the angel is a cardboard figure attached to a piece of wire, and heaven itself a grouping of cylindrical tin cans, carefully lighted for effect, remember that you can't expect too much art for ninety-seven dollars. Given a hundred dollars to work with, Mr. Florey might have knocked us cold.

### A One-Man Cast

**A**s to Mr. Florey's cast, it is composed of just one actor, and he doesn't do any acting, so must come in for minor consideration. This really is too bad, for Mr. Florey tells me that Jules Raucourt, who plays the solo rôle, was formerly one of the greatest actors in France.

(Continued on page 86)



As the words to the song had it: "What she's got, she's got a lot." Mary Duncan, whose stage performance in "The Shanghai Gesture" violated the fire laws, enacts here a scene or two with Charles Morton for "The 4 Devils." They do say the studio officials who watched her rushes were all badly sunburned



Autrey

# Incendiary Mary





R. H. Louise

# Bonenalabahmah

and Johnny Mack Brown Forward.  
Passed From Stock-Shots  
to Stardom

By CAROLYN DAWSON

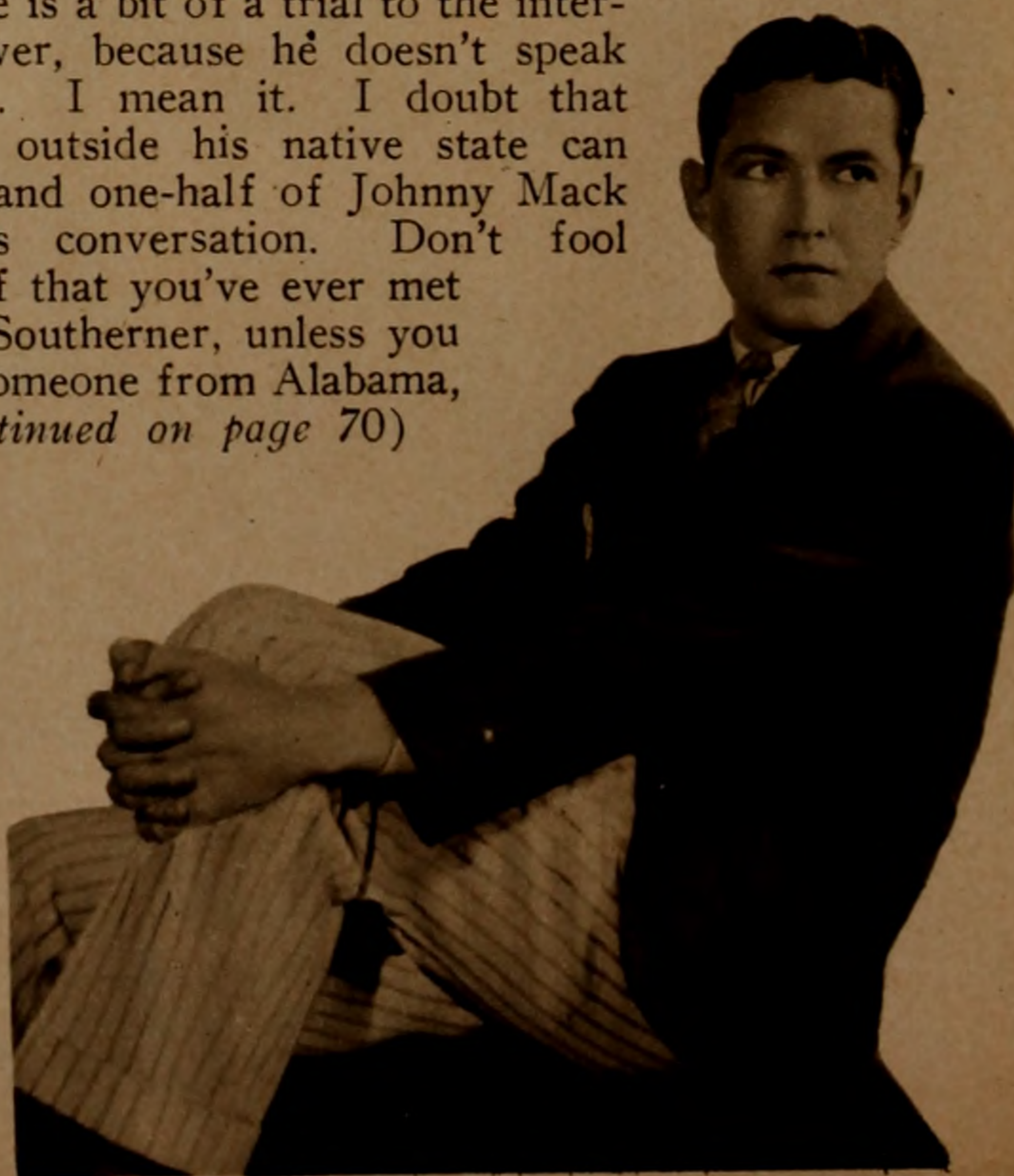
Back home in Dothan, Alabama, several months later, Johnny strolled into a movie show to view the art of Lloyd Hughes in "Forever After." What was his surprise, during the football sequence in this picture, to see himself dashing madly up and down the field, saving the day for Whoosis College? A stock-shot of the Pasadena game had been inserted into "Forever After" and the Southern lad who had brought thousands to their feet, cheering madly, now saw himself providing thrills aplenty for a movie audience. But without credit, for Hughes was supposed to be the hero of the screen opus.

The following year Johnny came back with his team to play Stanford. On the advice of George Fawcett and other players, who met him on the football field, he stayed.

Being stalwart, handsome, and all sorts of nice things like that, the boy had no difficulty in getting a contract with M-G-M. Though I have seen him in just one picture, "The Fair Co-Ed," with Marion Davies, he appears to have all the talent required of a leading man. His rise from stock-shots to stellar prominence has not been difficult.

## Alabam', Alabam', Alabam'

BUT he is a bit of a trial to the interviewer, because he doesn't speak English. I mean it. I doubt that anyone outside his native state can understand one-half of Johnny Mack Brown's conversation. Don't fool yourself that you've ever met a real Southerner, unless you know someone from Alabama,  
(Continued on page 70)



**F**UNNY, how the movies picked up Johnny Mack Brown.

They photographed him when he didn't know a camera was trained in his direction. They doubled him for Lloyd Hughes, when he had never met Mr. Hughes nor anyone else connected with motion pictures. He provided movie audiences with some darned good thrills without the least idea that he was doing so.

For Johnny Mack Brown was a stock-shot star in those amiable days before he knew what a stick of grease-paint looked like. That we may better explain his peculiar entry into pictures, it may be well to give a definition of the stock-shot.

A stock-shot is any newsreel shot which is inserted into a dramatic motion picture. Fires, storms, parades, automobile and horse races lend themselves frequently to this purpose. The Hollywood hero, via this good old standby, may fight his way through a tornado which occurred six months before and three thousand miles away. The heroine may, from a balcony on the studio lot, cheer a parade which took place in Paris in 1918.

But the most popular stock-shot of all, especially since the influx of college pictures, is that of football games, and right here is where Johnny Mack Brown steps in.

Johnny was the football idol of the University of Alabama. Two years ago he came West with his team to play the University of Washington at the Pasadena Rose Bowl. Newsreel men covered the famous New Year's game very thoroughly, focusing particularly on Johnny Mack Brown, who won the game for dear old Alabam'.





It seems hard to believe that Josephine Dunn could be suited to the title rôle in "Excess Baggage." But she is. And so our life work is pretty definitely determined. We're going to be either a porter or a station master. And there'll be no extra charge for toting Josephine around

Capable and clear-headed, the pictures on the left and right, make out Josephine to be. For they demonstrate that she knows the ropes of her profession and also that her skirt may be ruffled, but never her presence of mind



R. H. Louise

Oh, For the Life of a Porter!





## *Classic's Family Album*

This is the way he looked back in the days when "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" was the ragtime rage. It's a picture of him taken when he was eighteen, after he had joined the Navy to see the world and so far had cruised over most of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. His record in the service is good, but on the screen he's been caught in many a dastardly act.

Who is he? Noah Beery? No. Lon Chaney? No. Yes, that's right—George Bancroft



# Our News Camera



This might be the first girl to swim the channel with her fingers crossed. But it's not: it's Billie Dove, paddling about at Coronado



Give anyone enough rope, they say— But not necessarily. Mary Astor is the exception, for she's taken it and had a swing made



Pray for a shipwreck, for Lili Damita, below and just imported from Paris, is going to be the leading woman in "The Rescue"

Fashion can never catch Anna Q. Nilsson napping. Whether gowns be sleeved or sleeveless, she is as à la mode as a piece of pie



An organic weakness that is a pleasure— Dolores Costello's passion for music. She has just been giving the instrument at the new Warner theater in Los Angeles its first lesson in the scales



Nickolas Muray



# CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO



Mushroom and bored: Mae McAvoy, at the left, seems to have started out to play polo and ended up playing solo. Can it be that the rest of the team has been so ungracious as to chukker off it?



Whose hoofs? Not Alice White's, when you look closely. But it does come close to illustrating the one about when is a lady not a lady? When she's a little hoarse



The lion's share in the instance below seems to be larger than himself. Leo, Jr., is giving Flash a ride, just to show that a dog's life is not always a dog's life

Maid in Germany: Lya Mara, at the left, Ben Lyon's leading woman in "Dancing Vienna," a picture fabricated in the Fatherland. If this is what they dance in there, we'd like to see their bathing suits



Worse than a tempest in a teapot—a Baby Cyclone in a loving-cup. The doglet between Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody plays the title rôle of "The Baby Cyclone." This picture was taken at the Peke of his career



Trying to stick up for himself: Johnny Mack Brown engages in a mumblety-peg contest with Polly Ann Young. He has reached the step known as Spanking the Baby. But from the glint in Polly Ann's eyes, Johnny himself is going to be next in line for a licking



Let Loy be unrefined—if she feels like it—seems to be Myrna's motto. And Agnes Franey's as well. They not only eat hot dogs in broad daylight, but they growl while they do it



# COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

Chairity begins on the beach. Observe Lois Wilson ensconced comfortably and displaying the reasons why she was inevitably the choice for the leading character in "Sally's Shoulder"



The diabolical character of Hollywood's denizens is confirmed. Above are "The Four Devils," and all are celebrated screen players. From the left they are Janet Gaynor, Nancy Drexel, Barry Norton and Charles Morton

As a last desperate safeguard against the incursions of the intrepid sex into his privacy, Richard Dix—below—sees to it always that he is accompanied by his police dog, the Prince of Beverly



Stagg

Rail and farewell. Phyllis Haver, sitting on the one and waving the other, as the *Hamburg*—its stacks tilted especially proudly—steams off to Europe with her friend, Camilla Horn



P. & A.

Mad-money is no longer used in Hollywood. As a means of saving a girl's shoes and self-respect when automobile rides go wrong, it has been displaced by the pocket bicycle. Here is Josephine Dunn practising before a doubtful date



The news photographer at last is photographed. Nick Stuart, as he witnesses things in "The News Parade" through the all-seeing glass eye of the camera



The lid is off in the film colony. Rookie, Lew Cody's bulldog, getting the last drop of milk that's been bootlegged to him in a teapot. This diet, they say, is one of Rookie's beauty secrets. It keeps his tail in perfect curl





# Hot Hearts

By HENRY W. HANEMANN

and the Indian sign of an imported order of warm honey vamping her victim. Any cracks about dumb-bells are wholly gratuitous.

But musical accompaniment has gone far beyond the casual experiment of this pioneer director (movie actor, actress). In all likelihood, the pioneer himself (herself) would refuse to recognize the time when he or she was content to unleash priceless talent to the *Washington Post March* played on whatever the fifth assistant electrician happened to have in his hip pocket. These days it is an itchy little star of no magnitude to speak of, that hasn't a personal orchestra along with a French maid, a Japanese valet, five Russian chauffeurs, a pet puma and elephantiasis of the ego. What happens when a chamber trio of harp, basset-horn and *viola d'amore* is slated to play opposite a sextette of musical saws, I don't know. I have my own troubles. Whatever does happen can't be any worse than what happened recently. A certain foreign star took one look at the assorted private orchestras and decided that not one wheel would she turn unless goaded on by the modulations of her native *pljouskja*.

## The Great Pljouskja Famine

SAXOPHONES, triangles, zithers, spinets or bassoons were of no avail, it was either a *pljouskja* or nothing—and the nothing was on the company's time. Forthwith an assistant director was dispatched to comb Hollywood for a *pljouskja*. Days went by and disclosed Hollywood singularly unafflicted with *pljouskjas*. Not a *pljouskja* in a carload. At last with infinite trouble and no little expense a man was found with a *pljouskja* and he was haled in triumph to the studio. It turned out to be only a b flat soprano *pljouskja* and not a c melody one, but the star graciously decided to waive the difference. "You will play," said she to the man, "*Oich 'Ina Pradjnavosc* (Cherries are ripe, Heigh-ho, my Little Scallop)."

"What—on this?" asked the man, indicating the *pljouskja*.

"Yess, now, right away, queek!" said the star, and her eyes flashed and she stamped her foot.

"Why," said the man, "I never played one of these —"

These days it is an itchy little star of no magnitude to speak of, that hasn't a personal orchestra along with a French maid, a Japanese valet, five Russian chauffeurs, a pet puma and elephantiasis of the ego

ANY good press agent will tell you that it was So-and-So (insert name), of the company for which the press agent happens to be working, who first thought of making movies to music. Probably a hang-over from the days when "hands-on-hips-place-feet-apart-spread-sidewise-bend-to-the-left-begin-one . . . two . . ." was rendered more tolerable by Miss Minz's execution of the *Kittens' Frolic Polka* on the gymnasium piano, this famous director (motion picture actor, motion picture actress) found that there was a relation between heaving chests and heaving chestweights, between Indian clubs





# and flowers

Drawings by Eldon Kelley

— things in my life! I was just holding it for a friend.”

Well, that's how it goes. *Pljouskjas* or bull fiddles, the stars must have their music to work to and the necessity permits every nuance of individual variation. Not only do the darlings hold out for their own kinds of instruments, but they have personal ideas of what constitutes a torrid tune. For a Negri, for instance, carries on to the seductively broken two-four rhythm of *Y Como La Va* and Clara Bow takes off to the provocative whine of *Aloha Oe* or *Pua Carnation* (from contented Waikikis). Reverse this, and what have you? Lon Chaney making his 1025th face while the woodwinds softly breathe *Let the Rest of the World Go By* and Jetta Goudal breaking down completely to the strains (or from the strain) of *La Marseillaise*. Nobody knows just why Miss Goudal breaks down to *La Marseillaise*, least of all Miss G., but rumor has it that Jetta is under a fixed impression that she is listening to *Pop! Goes the Weasel*. Corinne Griffith holds out for operas. One plangent phrase of *Le Roi D'Ys* (Lalo) and Corinne has simply shredded her corsage of jumbo orchids to bits. Lights! Camera! Hark—the lilting melody of *Among My Souvenirs*. John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are burning each other up. Variety is the spice of life, and there's Mike outside with two pineapples!

## Thursday Is Not Keyhole Night

OFF the lot, things are even more complicated. Though the stars generally stick to one tune to bring any emotion—joy, sorrow, anger, avarice, gluttony or luxury—into instantaneous response, once work is over, the orchestra is placed on a trailer hitched to the back of the star's car, and as the car bowls along, the orchestra dispenses popular or serious airs, dance music and request numbers. This keeps on during dinner and through the evening and finally, as the orchestra retires discreetly behind a clump of bougainvillea and breaks softly into *The Song of India* (Rimsky-Korsakof), let us peep into the star's boudoir. Wait a minute—this is Thursday night, if I am not mistaken. On second consideration we'd better not. George! Take your eye out of that keyhole!

## Even Pljouskja Famines Cannot Deprive Stars of Tunes that Tap the Tear-Ducts

So cluttered up has Hollywood become with these private orchestras that there is now a movement to record the favorite tunes of the stars and run the entire racket with phonographs, turning the musicians loose to shift for themselves. However, it would hardly look well for large bands of starving musicians to be roaming the streets of Hollywood, and for all I know they might constitute a serious menace and bite somebody. The problem of the Hollywood unemployed is already unwieldy. Still, if the stars take to getting their inspiration by phonograph, it is either that or a lot of those overgrown bo-hunks—particularly the ones whose lot it is to throttle those portable organs which have the appearance and æsthetic value of a household tool cabinet—will have to shave, put on a clean shirt and go out looking for work.

As a matter of fact, under present conditions music appears to be indispensable to the industry. Movies are canned to music and released to music. Whenever possible they are sold to exhibitors along with a musical accompaniment. No properly appointed projection-room is without its piano. Well I remember the bitter attitude of no less a person than William Fox when the projection-room piano-player failed wretchedly to improvise a special score for Theda Bara in “Cleopatra.” True, it was long after hours, but the master decided that he had to have a look at his wonder-picture and the ninth vice-wastepaper basket emptier was hurled into the breach. Poor fool, he *said* he could play the piano. True also, the *mommser* would play *Sadie Salome*, *Go Home* as Theda lay dying, *Egypt dying*, and *Valse Bleu* through all the excitement of the battle of Actium. He was fittingly blasted by Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox's wrath was Olympic. It was not only Olympic but Homeric, Titanic, Majestic, and Adriatic, and it had the over-all impressiveness of the Leviathan. As the stories say, that wastepaper basket emptier may now be George Gershwin, but I doubt it.

All in all, whether in studio, projection-room or cinema cathedral, movies without music are like Park bereft of Tilford, Trade without brother Mark, Hans minus Fritz, love without hope, ginger ale without gin, men without women, bread without butter, Mutt without Jeff and touch the floor without bending your knees.

*Which, when you stop and look the fact smack, bang in the face, is one heluva comment on the Silent Drama, is it not?*





Photos Wm. Mortensen

Believing, we should say, in a short skirt and a gay one: Lois Moran. And dissipated! Aside from the appurtenances of vice visible above the table, it's not improbable that underneath it she has concealed a piece of chewing gum. In Lois's behalf, though, it should be pointed out that she is only playing a part. So don't hold her simulation of wickedness against her. There's no reason why she should be a Montmartyr to her art

So This Is LOIS!



# Don't Call Him Buddy

A Close-Up of  
Charles Rogers

By CAROL JOHNSTON

Caricature by Armando

OLD Song:

"Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my buddy"—altogether, now—"to me, to me!"

But it's no use. Buddy might just as well be lying over the ocean, for all you are going to hear of him from now on. Because Buddy Rogers is all wet. He is Charles Rogers now.

Yes, the boy has grown older. Two years ago he was just a fresh—though not too fresh—kid from Olathe, Kansas, where his dad ran "the" newspaper. He was "graduating" from the Paramount picture school, and the world was his big, red apple. He was the kind of boy who would polish it and hand it right over to teacher. He had ideals—you could see it to look at him. When you saw him at a party, he was always a model young man. Once in a great while he would fling discretion to the winds and take over the trombone from the trombone player in the orchestra and make it cry like everything. Outside of that, he attended strictly to business. Buddy was in earnest. He had his mind on his work. And like all good boys in fiction, and one or two in fact, he had his reward. His bosses sent him to California and patted him on the head and gave him a big, juicy part in "Wings."

Buddy began to soar. He was picked out of all the eligible juveniles in Hollywood to play opposite Queen Mary in "My Best Girl." On his home lot he was instructed to make love to Clara Bow. And then he was handed a prize plum—the rôle of *Abie*—the kid himself—in "Abie's Irish Rose." And that, my dears, was his finish.

## 17,000 Fan Letters a Month

ONE day somebody or other took the trouble to count the number of letters young Mr. Rogers had received from his fans in one month. They totalled exactly 17,862. That nice, shy boy, in his quiet, retiring way, was burning 'em up! He was calling forth the hottest collection of adjectives and exclamation points



ever inspired by any actor. Only the flaming-haired Miss Bow could top him, with her 18,000. Here was Rogers, after only three or four outstanding pictures to his credit, apparently eclipsing in public interest stars of several years' standing. Something had to be done.

Paramount looked him over. Young Mr. Rogers stood the o. o. without flinching. Hollywood had done her worst to him—and the worst she could do was to give him a good, healthy coat of tan. When he was back in New York, he was always too white. He thought so himself. Now, after two years in California, he was brown and husky. He had been living with a college pal of his and the pal's mother—the Baldwins, in their home. He had his meals there with the family; he also dropped in often at his fraternity chapter house, the Phi Kappa Psi. He swam and rode and played tennis. He even had a dog. In short, he was everything a juvenile picture actor should be.

Paramount said: "My boy, you're a star—on one condition."

Young Mr. Rogers still did not flinch. "Yes, sir?"

"You'll have to drop that 'Buddy.' It won't do for a star. Make it Charles Rogers, my boy."

## Buddy Goes By the Board

WHEREUPON Mr. Rogers turned a couple of hand-springs and cart-wheels. Nothing would please him more than to give Buddy Rogers a good, hard kick. He had had about enough of Buddy. He was, after all,  
(Continued on page 85)



LAURENCE REID

REVIEWS

THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

# The Celluloid



The newest film to approach it is "The Drag Net," and it does sing a song of the underworld—and sings it pretty well. But it lacks the punch of the other picture, even though the same man, Sternberg, directed it and Bancroft is featured. The director hammers home his melodrama so that scenes which would be effective are spoiled through too much repetition.

It also lacks the realities of "Underworld." But it tells a good crime story of a hard-boiled detective who gets his men after being framed for murder. The effort to bump him off calls for plentiful thrills and action. And since it boasts a cast that knows what it's all about, the suspense is carried on all the way.

I chalk up a good mark opposite George Bancroft—and a couple more opposite Evelyn Brent and William Powell. All three can drink *here's to crime*.



At the top are Ernest Torrence and Buster Keaton hanging on the rope. As the skipper and the crew of "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," they inject joy into the picture. At the left is Alexis Davor, a Russian actor, in "The End of St. Petersburg." Below are Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen, who make "Fazil" an erotic picture.

THEY'RE not making them bigger and better for Emil Jannings, but they are making them sufficiently colorful to pass muster with moviegoers who demand and expect unusual pictures from the screen's most dramatic actor. The new number, "The Street of Sin," is not another "Way of all Flesh," nor does it carry the emotional tug of "The Last Command." But it should prove satisfactory, seeing that Jannings cannot be expected to decorate one masterpiece after another.

Here I find him in something reminiscent of Thomas Burke's Limehouse stories, since his characterization is a bouncer of the London slums. He makes his study completely fascinating, yet it isn't one which lingers in the mind, principally because it lacks dramatic quality. The hulking figure of *Basher Bill*, with the leering face, is found living with a girl of easy virtue. In the course of events he runs across an appealing Salvation Army worker and straightway gets religion. After he is shot in a police raid he advises the blonde (the girl of his erstwhile love life) to join the Army. And so he checks out permanently.

It is atmospheric enough to color the characters and it is played with good feeling by the star, Fay Wray and Olga Baclanova. Whatever its shortcomings as a story, there is no doubt about Jannings making it hum with life.

## Here's to Crime

EVER since "Underworld" came through with flying colors, most every producer, including its particular sponsor, has been trying to duplicate it. The results have been fair.





# Critic

## THIS MONTH

The End of St. Petersburg  
Fazil                      The Drag Net  
Steamboat Bill, Jr.                      Tempest  
The Street of Sin

### Boating With Buster

TAKE it or leave it lay, but this Keaton man has a real comedy in "Steamboat Bill, Jr." The stony-faced one likes to play around in the Southland. Having piloted an engine in Dixie, he now takes to piloting a steamboat on that ol' man river. And around the conflict between Buster's dad, played with fine humor and feeling by Ernest Torrence (his gift of comedy is as rich as his gift of emotion), who owns one of the boats, and a business rival who owns the other, the piece is up to something every minute.

For romantic purposes the heroine is the daughter of the rival and it is Buster's job to win her and end the feud. It is all told with good restraint yet moves merrily from one

At the top are Camilla Horn and John Barrymore, the former making her American debut in supporting the other in "Tempest." At the right is George Bancroft, who plays a go-get-'em detective in a crime melodrama, "The Drag Net." Below are Emil Jannings and Fay Wray enacting an emotional scene in "The Street of Sin"



Miehle



bright scene to another. To indicate that it doesn't depend entirely upon comedy, you can stir up much suspense over the effort of the elder Steamboat Bill to thwart his rival. His boat has been condemned and in a rage the skipper turns on his enemy and is jailed. So along comes Buster hiding a young hardware store of tools in a loaf of bread in his effort to effect the old man's freedom. That's one of the highlights in a picture saturated with them. It travels high and shoots forth peals of laughter. It's one of the best Keaton has ever shown.

### A Good One From Russia

THOSE very serious Russians are at it again demonstrating anew an adaptability for screen technique. They are not bound up with things commercially, rather are they intent upon making movie art for art's sake. So "The End of St. Petersburg" cannot be expected to have a general appeal. But it should be seen, if for no other reason than to follow the Russian style of production.

The picture is interesting, not only for its vivid account of the early days of the Russian Revolution, but also for its dramatic strength, furnishing as it does some real excitement. The idea is simple enough as all ideas must be which contain drama and movement. No one can possibly read propaganda into it.

But those looking for a message will be disappointed toward the concluding scenes. It does let down considerably, at the end. Had it finished the way it started, it would have created a real sensation. As it is, one will find a film that

(Continued on page 88)







The  
Sub-  
Divided  
Skirt

Rain, rain, don't go away, for here is Dolores Costello correctly turned out as the original yachtswoman in the year of the Flood. She is dressed as she is for her part in "Noah's Ark"; and while some might take her to task, we ourselves have Noah cause for complaint

Russell Ball



# Don't Be Yourself

Jean Hersholt Believes Lasting Favor Goes Only to Those Who Keep Being Somebody Else

By HAL HALL

IF Jean Hersholt had taken the advice that is usually handed out to actors, he would probably still be over in Copenhagen, Denmark, painting portraits. "Be yourself," is what they all tell you. But Hersholt says that is the surest way to lose out in pictures, so far as the men are concerned.

"Be yourself and fade off the screen in three or four years," says Jean.

"Be something else and you can go on forever, or at least until you are too old to put on the grease paint."

Hersholt ought to know. His publicity man declares that he has played one thousand and one character rôles on the screen. But publicity men are prone to stretch things, so we looked them over and did find to our own satisfaction that this character actor has actually appeared on the screen in more than one hundred absolutely different characterizations, or types—and it would take a keen eye to figure out that the same man played all the rôles.

Today Hersholt, after twelve years in pictures, is one of the most sought after character actors in Hollywood, and apparently his work and skill in make-up is improving, for while playing the leading Jewish rôle in "Abie's Irish Rose," he did such a good job of it that the trustees of the Jewish Cemeteries of Hollywood sent him a special invitation as one of "Hollywood's leading Jewish residents" to purchase a burial plot in the cemetery and have his bones laid to rest there when he has completed his span of years.

From top to bottom: Jean Hersholt as himself, and as he appeared in "It Must Be Love," "Don Q," "Elverhoj" (a stage play), "A Woman's Faith," "Jazzmania," and "Abie's Irish Rose"



And the best part of this invitation is the fact that a Jewish Rabbi, himself one of the trustees, was present on the set as an adviser during all the time Hersholt was working, and never once realized that Hersholt is a Dane, born in Copenhagen, raised there, educated there, trained there on the stage, and was unable to speak a word of English, or Jewish, when he first stepped foot on American soil in 1915.

## His Head Still the Same Size

ONE gets a pretty fair idea of the type of man Hersholt is by his reaction to this very unintentional compliment. Unlike so many actors, his head did not swell. Instead, he feels very sorry that these good people made a mistake and hesitates to inform them of it.

"It is really a shame," he said, "that they should have been so fooled. I certainly appreciate the compliment they have paid me, but I don't know how I am going to explain without hurting their feelings."

Hersholt has a rare combination of  
(Continued on page 84)



# Backbones of

A straight line may be—in fact, is—the shortest distance between two points. But when there are such curves to follow as Doris Dawson's, who wants to hurry?



E. R. Richee

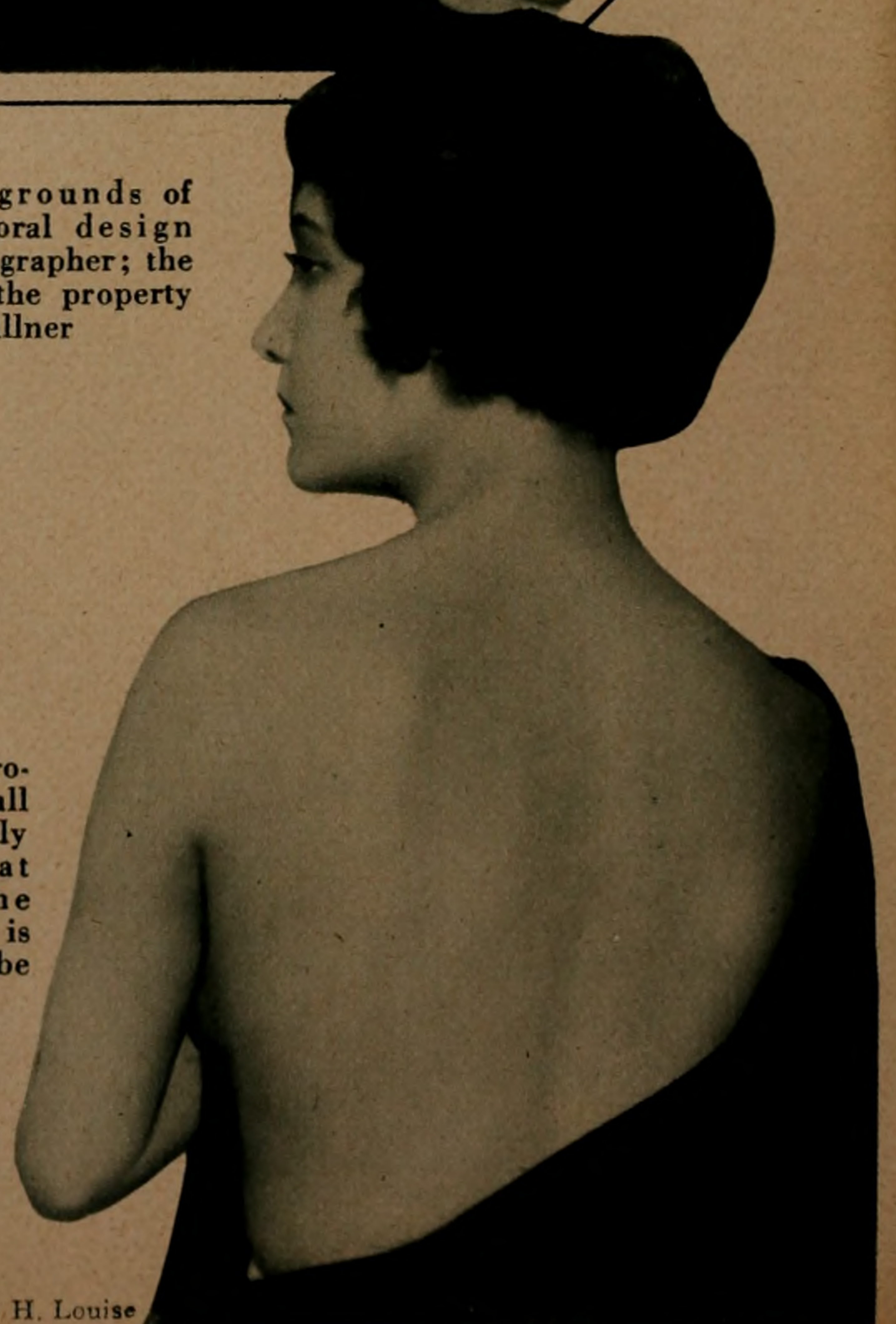
Laced up to the neck is this costume for midsummer wear, adopted by Anita Barnes. Yet it is comfortable and permits of an easy freedom of movement

Above are two backgrounds of beauty—the one a floral design provided by the photographer; the other a natural one, the property of Marietta Millner



A side of Dorothy Sebastian all too infrequently revealed is that shown at the right. And it is hardly one to be ashamed of

R. H. Louise





# the Industry

Can it be that Sylvia Beecher, at the left, is revertebraing to type? If so, we can only hope that the change back will be permanent



Autrey

Turning a shoulder, but not a cold one: Sally Phipps, silhouetted at the left against a white fan, smiles in the face of pneumonia

R. H. Louise

Next to sables, Jane Laurell—who's been reading advertisements she shouldn't—says she likes herself best. And proceeds to show what she means by it



Carsey

In one way, it's tough on the suitors who sue for Sue Carol's hand that she turns her back to their proposals. But the gesture is not entirely without its compensations





# As Nice As She Looks

Collegians and Cowboys Think  
Caryl Lincoln Is The Berries—  
And She Is

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

## • Bathroom Ballads

SHE is a nice sort of girl to have about the house. Waiting for the "big break" that she hasn't had yet, she never doubts it is coming. Her climb up the first rungs of the ladder has only whetted her natural zest for life and living. Her brown eyes sparkle with it. The angle of her hat and the fit of her dress are full of it. She undoubtedly sings in her bath. She is not the type to flaunt a synthetic personality for the benefit of the world and proclaim herself full of weird complexes against black cats and thirteen in a bed. She stands or falls by her face. It is the face of a darned nice girl, and Caryl is a darned nice girl.

Delving into her history, one discovers that she was born in Oakland, and that her father was reading a book about a girl named Caryl at the moment when they rushed in and shouted: "Mr. Lincoln, it's a girl!" This got him so excited that he hurled the book into the air and swore that her name should be Caryl.

The oddly named offspring grew into a comely looking girl, with the inevitable result that when the Lincolns came to live in Hollywood, she felt the urge of the  
(Continued on page 86)



Autrey

I'M afraid we Hollywood wiseacres have to admit that there are plenty of nice, innocent-looking dames facing the cameras who do anything but live up to the day-dreams woven around them by their stripling fans in the schools and colleges. In Hollywood the female face is worn as a mask.

Caryl Lincoln adds to her other old-fashioned virtues that of wearing her face as a face. Perhaps it is this innovation (for Hollywood) that is moving Caryl so quickly up to the top of her profession. She is acquiring a staggering volume of fan-mail from youthful admirers, after only two years in pictures. From colleges and other institutions for the sons of gentlemen, letters pour in upon Caryl, assuring her that she is the embodiment of every shining ideal of womanhood. She has correspondents who declare that they write to her every Sunday and mail the letter with the weekly one to mother. This is very touching—and Caryl is touched.

She lives in a tiny bungalow at the back of a court on a Hollywood side-street. After showing you round, she produces her two prize exhibits—a stack of Christmas greeting-cards from her unseen correspondents, which to her are the most touching of all their affectionate manifestations; and her husband. He is a tall and strapping publicity man, answering to the name of Brown. They have been married less than six months, and their marriage, according to Caryl, is "great fun."





A young gentleman to whom feminine fans are drawn as irresistibly as filings to his metallic namesake. Bob Steele is a new player in stories set in the West, Southwest and South-Southwest and other areas where adventure and daring grow wild



Bachrack

# Magnetic Steele





Alexander

This youngster's name, Maurice Murphy, is, let us hope, in the nature of a tentative title. For it hardly suggests his very earnest ability—which he proves in "Heart to Heart"



Bachrach

Just what atrocity "The Perfect Crime" includes, we are not as yet aware of. But there can be no question but that the element of perfection is contributed by the presence of Gladys McConnell

# Looking Them Over

## Close-Ups From the West Coast

LILI DAMITA said Peggy Hopkins Joyce was jealous of her. Peggy said she wasn't. Why, she hadn't even heard of Lili. "Who is she?" she drawled to New York newspaper reporters. Lili tried to refreshen her memory with headlines. "She get jealous of me in Paris because her admirer say pretty things to Lili," explained the French lady who is going to take Vilma Banky's place opposite Ronald Colman. The fun raged merrily for a couple of days and then, just to show that there was no more hard feelings between their press-agents, the girls got together and posed for a picture arm in arm.

Lili does not speak English so "goot." She has not been long in "thees cawntry." But when Lili does speak—it's publicity! She and mamma coyly crowded all the visiting celebrities from Hollywood off of the metropolitan dailies. If Lili attended a musical comedy with Charles Schwab, it was carefully and conspicuously recorded. If Will Hays taught Lili a few slang phrases like "O. K.," this also found its way into print.

Maybe, it's Sam Goldwyn's influence. Sam has always been the best press-agent in the business. The Lili-Peggy Joyce bout was the best newspaper skirmish we've had since Pola Negri wanted to put Gloria Swanson's cats off the Lasky lot. All of which, in the present instance, makes for a good time being had by all. Lili and Peggy like the publicity, the newspapers like the copy and their readers like to consume it.



A good closed job: Greta Granstedt as the younger Ford Sister in "Excess Baggage"

### Double-Crossing Divorce

VIOLA DANA has made up with "Lefty" Flynn and the two are living together happily in New York. Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan are on the verge of patching up their old difficulties, and Josef von Sternberg and Riza Royce fooled their lawyers by tearing up their divorce decree.

It just goes to show that Hollywood doesn't need divorce. A little absent treatment will turn the trick.

Speaking of Viola, she has gone into vaudeville, and the rumor is that she may land on Broadway in a new play this fall.

### Peckuliar Tactics

THEY say that Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, young San Francisco millionaire, are engaged. Which reminds me of a little story concerning Janet and Lydell

when they first met.

It was a case of love at first sight with Lydell. He met Janet one night at the home of the William K. Howards, and the next morning he started bombarding her with flowers, candy, and what-have-you. That went on for about a week. He saw Janet every night but she never mentioned the flowers or the books or said "Thank you" or anything. Lydell was a little puzzled. He figured that she must like him or she wouldn't bother to see him in the evenings—then why didn't she say something about his little gifts?

Finally he asked her if she had been receiving them?





Another Ziegfeld beauty has flown from Flo. Agnes Franey, now with Warner's, is the most recent sweet Follies-girl graduate to be enticed by the films



A new Sennetter from California: Matty Kemp. And despite the fact that he's been cast for an important rôle opposite Sally Eilers, he is democratic

# Out Hollywood Way

By DOROTHY MANNERS

"Oh, are all these lovely flowers from you?" gasped Janet. "Look!" She reached in a desk drawer and pulled out five or six cards that had come in the flowers. The name engraved was that of Lydell's best friend, who had thought he would have a little joke by slipping his own card into the presents.

Just a quaint old Hollywood custom.

## Betty Unadorned

BETTY BAKER felt that some near-nude pictures taken of her and used by Harold Dean Carsey, photographer, on his personal greeting cards at Christmas, should never have been exhibited. She felt so badly about it that she sued for \$100,000, just for the humiliation of the thing.

Carsey entered a counter-suit. He said that he photographed only stars and that his business had suffered about \$100,000 because he had photographed Betty—and Betty was no star. Both Carsey and Betty took plenty of nude pictures down to court and showed them to the jury. It was a right smart little session. The jury took one look at the pictures and decided in Carsey's favor. They felt there was nothing for Betty to feel humiliated about.

## Girls Still Be Girls

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN says that some girls in pictures are actresses and some are still girls. The right answer to that is "What's a still girl?" Then Dorothy comes back with:



Putting the ladies on a pedestal will forever be a practise so long as there are such as Sally Phipps

"A contracted player who moves in all the stills and is still in all the movies."

## Tough Breaks

IT'S been a tough month on the insurance companies.

Anna Q. Nilsson was thrown from her horse, like Bebe Daniels and the Prince of Wales, and broke her ankle.

George K. Arthur sprained his playing leap-frog. Karl Dane dislocated his shoulder.

Richard Dix is just recovering from an operation.

Lya de Putti burned her hand.

Lina Basquette broke a couple of ribs during the filming of "The Godless Girl."

## Goodness Sex Alive

THE Universal Company can go to the head of the class for the snappiest title of the month. One of their new movies is going to be called "Sex Appeal."

Wonder how Elinor Glyn happened to miss that one?

## Spuds in Clover

IN a recent picture Norma Talmadge had a scene where she had to hoe potatoes all afternoon. By the time the day's work was over Norma had done a good farmhand's quota of toil.

"If you think I am going to let all this labor go for  
(Continued on page 87)





# The Home Stretch

Mrs. Rod La Rocque, known in some instances as Vilma Banky, presents her interpretation of an incident symbolizing the name of her next photoplay, "The Awakening." The sunlight indicates that this action does not follow immediately a Came the Dawn subtitle. But Vilma seems undisturbed by her tardiness; her motto being, we presume, bedder late than never

at  
them?



# Eddie Props Up

Young Mr. Nugent Achieves  
An Actor's Estate

By GRACE KINGSLEY

"DID you take any of the pretty picture actresses out in those days?"

"I should say not! A property boy's salary doesn't run him into any danger of burning up Broadway!"

Eddie Nugent placed a big upholstered chair for me on the set, down at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

"It isn't the first time I've moved a chair, you know," he grinned.

Eddie isn't a property boy any more. He is that type of flaming youth known as a juvenile lead.

"But even now if somebody yelled 'Props' behind me," he smiled, "I'd probably start moving something!"

Eddie is svelt and trim and slim, with a sensitive, expressive face and a tremendously engaging smile—not a bit like the beefy vaudeville ideal of a piano mover. I don't think a person like Eddie ever would get away from being a property boy, if he had the least bit of an inferiority complex.

"I didn't, you see," he explained cryptically, "let anybody upstage me! If you don't pay any attention to them, you can't notice it, now can you? If you are ordered out of a house and you are going anyhow, it doesn't matter, does it?"

So it wasn't big-head, but a sense of humor that kept Eddie afloat through the tough prop days, one read between the lines—that and an entirely level-headed faith in himself.

"Even property boy jobs aren't so easy to get," he went on. "I hopped the studio fence to get my job as props—and it was a barbed wire fence, too!"

"Didn't you fall in love with all those lovely stars you propped for?" I asked.

"Surely! 'Course I did! Used to fall in love with them all—from picture to picture! I used to wonder what it would be like to take those marvelous girls out. But I find I don't care much for the night life, after all. Funny, isn't it?"

"Well, I suppose you paid them a lot of individual attention? And were they nice to you?"

"Oh, yes; they were dandy! As for individual attention, you don't have much time for that when you are moving pianos and building bonfires and sticking feathers in Indians' hair!"

I thought, as I looked at Eddie's engaging smile, which is like Gardner James', exactly, that, even with a bit of dirt on his nose, with grimy hands and clad in overalls, he must have been attractive, with his well-bred ways and nice personality.

I hadn't been able to think, for several minutes, whose back widdle's was like—puzzled over it.



"Probably Lillian Walker's," Eddie grinned engagingly. "She had dimples, too, you know!"

Just where is the difference between being a property man and being an actor playing leading juveniles? How does a beautiful star treat the juvenile in her picture who once rustled props for her and set her chair where she wanted it? Eddie can tell you. But you'll be surprised.

## The Lowest Form of Studio Life

A PICTURE property man is supposed by the public to be the lowest form of animal life with the exception of an extra. It is supposed that a director, sitting high on his throne, would just as soon feed a prop boy as a chunk of meat to a lion; that even a cameraman crushes the life out of a property man same as he would kill an ant.

But there's just something we've all overlooked. That's the essential humanness of film folk, a happy-go-lucky good-heartedness, a spirit of taking everything as it comes, and most of all, of recognizing merit wherever it may be found, and there are many clever property boys.

But there's balance, too, now that Eddie has risen.

"If I ever started getting the big-head," remarked Eddie, "there are a lot of my old pals, the property boys and electricians, to take it out of me."

"But there must be a difference in the way you are  
(Continued on page 90)





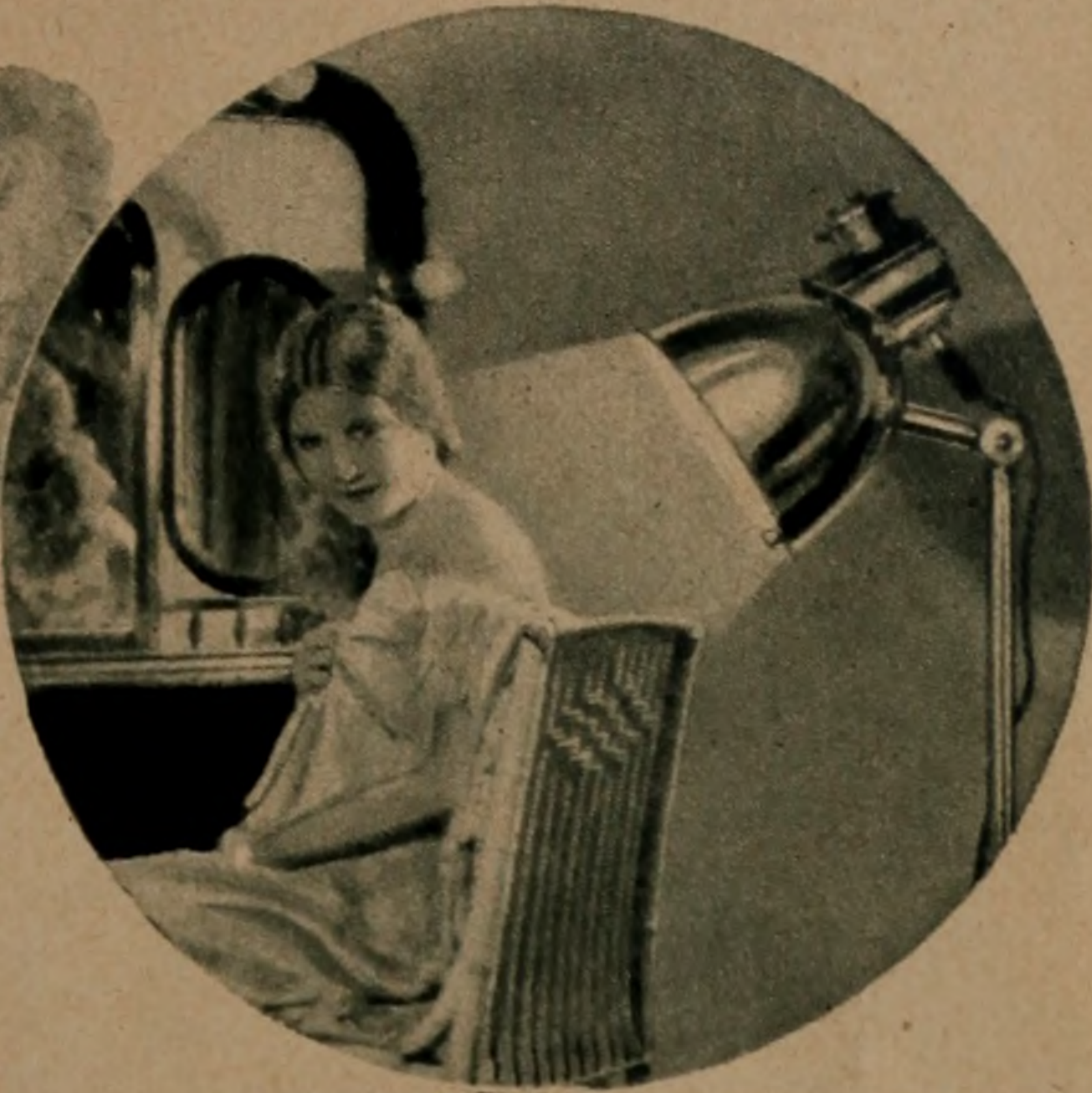
Julian Aucker

There are girls whose charm places them only on the fringe of beauty, but Audrey Ferris is not among them. In fact, if our eyes are to be credited, the fringe of beauty is upon her. Her loveliness has, in a remarkably short time, brought her to prominence, although not without many a discouragement and more than one instance of hardship, which evidently doesn't matter now to Audrey. She shows that she knows that shawl's well that ends well





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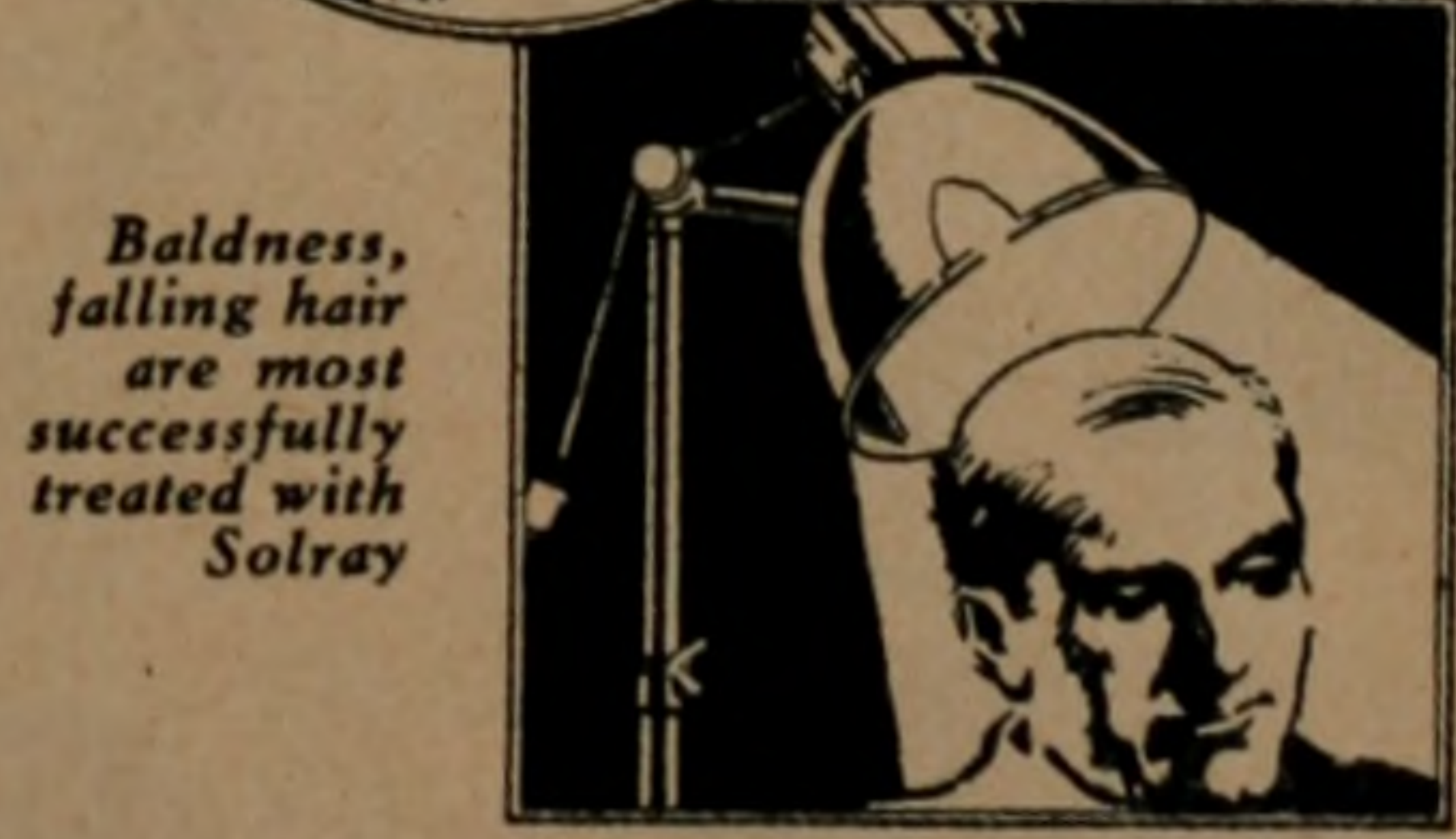
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Maria Corda  
Independent



Vera Reynolds  
Independent



Mvna Loy  
Warner Brothers



Lillian Rich  
Independent



Ruth Taylor  
Paramount



Fay Wray  
Paramount



Jobyna Ralston  
Independent



Patsy Ruth Miller  
Independent



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R. H. Louise

Joan Crawford's arms are a good fit around Johnny Mack Brown's neck in this scene from "Our Dancing Daughters"

## Bonenalabahmah

(Continued from page 42)

### Ladies and Gentlemen—

for believe me, brother, you're all wrong.

Across a studio luncheon table, Mr. Brown indicated that the interview was now under way, by announcing politely, "Ah wuz bonen DothanAlabama-ma'am."

"Thank you," I replied, embarrassed, "but I really prefer a fruit salad."

This didn't seem the correct answer, for Mr. Brown looked vastly troubled. Presently he ventured, "Ah sayed Ah wuz bone. Bone, ma'am."

Came dawn, bringing with it the announcement that Johnny Mack Brown was born. There seemed no logical reason to dispute this, so I suggested that he order some alphabet soup and spell Dothan. I rather hoped he would cut out the "Ma'am," which makes one feel a bespectacled forty, but it's no use being too fussy.

He then related, as I already have, his advent into motion picture circles. Referring to the Alabama-Washington game, he said, "Ah wuz glade we won that game, ma'am. Wash'n'ton had a fine team and the folks hahdly expected ouah Southahn team to make a good showin' against it. But we felt theah sympathy was with us, anyway, and we wuz proud to win." Incidentally, Johnny's team tied our Stanford boys. Alabama could play football all right, with Johnny Mack Brown along.

"Hollywood seems a silly place for you," I remarked. And it does. "Do you feel at home here, with grease-paint on your face?"

"Ah don't mind," he replied serenely. "Theah's nice folks heah. But Hollywood does seem less pe'manent than Dothan, wheah ev'body knows ev'body else. Down South, families stay in the town wheah they wuz raised, but the folks in Hollywood have come from everywheah. Ah've not met anyone who was bone heah."

I promised to introduce him to Thomasina Mix and Gloria Lloyd, the "grand old ladies" of the film capital.

**F**EARING that what he had said might be construed as criticism of the grease-paint village, the polite Mr. Brown added, "Theah ah gentlemen an' ladies heah, just as theah ah in Dothan. Down home Ah always went to see the pictuahs that Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky made. They took such gentlemanly and lady-like pahts."

I'm not fooling you. That's just what he said.

"Mistah Bahthelness is a gentleman, too," he continued. "Ah have the pleasuah of his acquaintance."

"What do you think of the Hollywood girls, or is there a girl back home?"

"Thea's a girl back home," said Johnny Mack Brown, and paused, evidently turning some problem over in his mind. Then with firm honesty, "Ah married her, ma'am."

His wife will never grace the screen because, as he explained, "Down home we believe that a wife's place is in the home."

On further prodding from the "ma'am," Alabama's former football hero related that he had been educated for a business career. No thought of stage or screen ever entered his handsome head until Hollywood literally reached out and grabbed him. Now that he is here, he likes picture work and hopes to be a "stah," known in the vernacular as "star."

And stardom may come to him. He is doing very well as leading man for such celebrities as Marion Davies, Madge Bellamy and, at present, Joan Crawford. The camera is very kind to him. In a casual meeting he leaves the impression of being a big, slow-spoken, mild young man, but on the screen as on the football field, he radiates pep and the good old sex appeal. His vitality is switched on and off, like an electric light.



## Secret History of the Month

(Continued from page 35)

**Hideous thought suggested by First National's publicity experts:**

"More than fifty thousand title cards have been used in titling First National Pictures during the past year. Laid edge-to-edge in a thirty-foot roadway, they would pave it for a distance of more than two miles."

**Gastronomic note from FBO shedding new light on the stuff of which the female Prowling Columnist—and presumably her column—is made:**

"Louella Parsons, nationally popular motion picture columnist, and Jimmie deTarr paused to stock up on hamburgers at the FBO studio lunch stand before calling on Lance Heath, newly appointed publicity director."

**Touching faith in Ultimate Good as exhibited by Mary Aiken Carewe, divorced wife of Edwin Carewe, the well-known director of Dolores del Rio; from persevering Nancy Smith:**

"Mary Aiken Carewe has turned editor of a beautifully compiled magazine, 'California Review.' 'I want to write and create beautiful things,' she says. 'My magazine will send the beauties of California, and the true story of motion picture making into the world. So much has been written of the sensational, that I want to tell of the good that exists in Hollywood picture life.'"

**Making history at Universal City, as reported by Sam Jacobson of that celluloid burg:**

"Ansel Friedberger, Universal director, could relate a tale of hardships equal to the best. It took him two years to get inside the studio and two years more to get his first film job."

**Demoralizing effect of movie actresses on otherwise respectable Washington executives:**

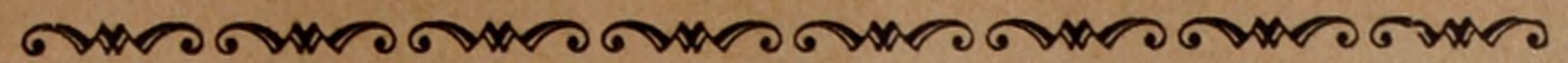
"Marion Templeton, at present playing in 'The Woman Disputed,' was the late President Harding's mascot. The night he was elected, little Marion was at the Harding home with her mother, and when the news came over the wire that Mr. Harding had been elected, he gathered the girl and kittens with which she had whiled away the waiting hours, into his arms, and announced that she was to be his mascot."

**This month's contribution to grammar (from Mr. Fox's publicity workshops):**

"No celebrity who has come to Hollywood has received such attention . . . than Harry Collins, famous arbiter of fashion."

**Proclamation from the proud House of Tiffany**

"Alice White has a head that has lots in it. When she read the script of 'Lingerie' and found herself a French girl, she called on her pal, Barbara Leonard, who, by the way, was educated in France, to come on over and give her a few lessons on how to speak her titles in French. Alice is now 'we we we we weing' all over the set, and George Melford is delighted with the idea and the convincing touch it will give the picture."



# This NEW BEAUTY BATH IS ASTONISHING TO FASTIDIOUS WOMEN



**EVERY** woman wants a soft, smooth skin with the glorious feel of rare velvet—

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit (the scientific starch discovery sold by grocers) in your bath—then enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath—and feel your skin. It is like rare velvet.

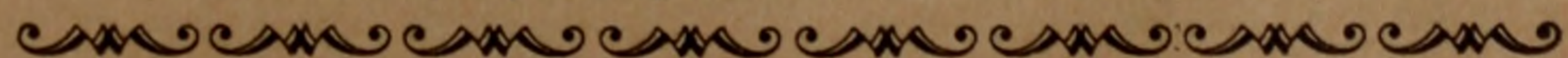
After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking, eliminates "shine" on body, hands and face, prevents chafing and affords protection against wind and sun.

*Harmless and Refreshing*

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and, being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most delicate skin. White is the natural color of Linit—it is not disguised by color or odor.

**LINIT is sold by GROCERS**

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Gentlemen: Having tried many forms of eyelash beautifiers, I unhesitatingly recommend "Maybelline" as the best. It is harmless, easy to apply, looks natural and its instantaneous beautifying effect is truly remarkable.  
Sincerely, Mary Eaton.

## Maybelline

makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The improvement will delight you. Maybelline may now be had in either solid form or waterproof liquid form. Both forms are absolutely harmless, being used regularly by beautiful women in all parts of the world. Either form may be had in Black or Brown. 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, post-paid. Accept only genuine "Maybelline" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear this out now as a reminder.  
MAYBELLINE CO., 4750 Sheridan Rd., CHICAGO



The price of pride: Jaime del Rio didn't want to be known as Dolores's husband. So now he's her former husband

# FRECKLES



## OTHINE Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

## The Lowdown on Divorce

(Continued from page 23)

She laughed and went on, "All my life is like that. I cannot go back to the old Mexican ideas that I used to believe in. I used to think divorce was terrible. Now I can see it is absolutely necessary in the life of an American woman."

Then Dolores gave voice to a sentiment that I'm afraid you're going to recognize as something you've heard before. She looked up with her fearless, glowing eyes and said, "I adore my career. I would give up not only love, but everything, for it. And my divorce has made me free to dedicate my life to my work."

But she spoke with all the fine sincerity of *Merton* when he prayed, "Please, God, make me a good movie actor!"

She hurried on to explain, "Before, I was unhappy in my work, because there were so many things I couldn't do. I knew Jaime would not like them, and I was afraid all the time. But now I feel sure of myself; I can give myself completely to my work and I am happy."

### Jaime's Jealousy

I REMINDED her of Jaime's great interest in her career two years ago. "Yes," she agreed, "at first Jaime was very much interested. That was when I was just beginning and was not at all important. But as soon as I had my first triumph, his attitude changed. He resented my success. He was a typical Latin husband and had always known me as the submissive Latin wife. He couldn't bear my success, and he hated being known as 'the husband

of Dolores del Rio.' Latins are not accustomed to this. They are brought up to think they are master, and they will not be anything else. Their wives are only children. Why, the first thing a Mexican man does when he marries is to take all his wife's money away from her! What American would dare do this to his wife!"

She looked up with a challenging glance, then rushed on, "When I first came here, I had been like a baby for so many years, I couldn't even make a cheque. Jaime had to take care of all my money. Now I do everything myself. I won't have any help. I love being like a man and managing my own money: I take a big kick from making cheques, you know!"

She seemed to find something extremely bracing and invigorating in the state of being divorced. She glowed and breathed a little faster with the sheer joy of being free.

"Then Jaime thought he would do some work of his own that would bring him a success equal to mine. He started to write, and I was so glad because I thought he wouldn't be jealous any more and we would be happy again. But he wrote script after script and didn't sell them, and he blamed me for his failure. He said if he could only get away from this awful place, where he would not be known as Dolores del Rio's husband, he knew he could succeed."

She paused, and I knew this was going to be L'envoi.

"So he went to New York," she said finally. "And I hope now he is going to



make a name for himself. But we realized it could never be different for us and agreed to a divorce. I love Jaime and he loves me, but we cannot be happy together. We are good friends—but I can never be a Latin wife again, and he is too much a man to be a movie star's husband."

We paced up and down in the sun. In a few minutes Dolores went on thoughtfully, "I understand how he felt. He was right. And I was right, too. It was no one's fault. A woman cannot do two things successfully, of that I am sure. One, yes, but not two. And my one is my career."

"There may be exceptions to this rule. But the exception would have to be an American man who would understand better and allow his wife her share of importance and freedom."

"As a matter of fact," I remarked, "it isn't a question of nationality at all. The Latin husband and the American husband are exactly the same, when their dignity and supremacy are threatened. I think the exception would have to be a man who was just as important as his wife, in some equally distinguished way."

"Yes," she agreed eagerly, "someone so sure of his own success that he would have no reason to be jealous."

The irony of it all is that Dolores is turning back to the very thing from which she has been at such pains to escape—the domination of a man. That is, if there is any truth in Hollywood's favorite rumor that she will marry Edwin Carewe. For he is the man who discovered her, who made her and who, it is said, completely dominates her life.

## How to Tell Clara from Sue

(Continued from page 29)

Under the insignia of college fraternities, or the heading of prep schools and high schools, Sue's fans write, reproaching her for "spoiling their ideal of her" and "disappointing (with varying numbers of s's and p's) her admirers by posing for cheap and commonplace pictures." "As soon as a girl allows herself to be pictured in a bathtub or an abbreviated negligée," reproves "George" from a famous military school, "she is dumped into the 'movie broad' class." "You are too sweet and nice for such vulgar poses," cries "Bill" of a Middle Western State University; and "Please write and promise me," begs "John" of the Phi Delta Theta, "that you will stop posing for these obscene photographs so that you will continue to represent to the young men of the nation all that is pure and modest." Middle-aged men and old ladies write Sue long letters of advice, warning her against the pitfalls of wicked Hollywood.

Clara's fan mail bears out the often repeated statement that she possesses a great deal of "It." Much of it is love letters and mash notes. But whenever the Bow makes a picture with an unhappy ending, a storm of protest arises. "We don't want to see you suffer," her fans complain, "you stand for happiness to us. Please don't die in your next picture. Keep on laughing and dancing."

If people are the result of their upbringing and environment, no two girls could be more different than Clara Bow, child of the Brooklyn public schools, and Sue Carol, product of expensive finishing schools and Chicago society. While Clara was growing up in poverty, hopelessly yearning for new dresses and the pretty things other girls had, Sue was traveling in Europe, making her début, and living

(Continued on page 83)

# The charm of LOVELY ARMS AND HANDS this way

Begin now to give your arms and hands the care they deserve. Beautiful women—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars—women who realize the value of lovely skin—write us that they have used only Ingram's Milkweed Cream for ten—twenty years or more. It gives your skin exactly what it needs.

You can begin now to do what these women do. At night before going to bed bathe your arms and hands with water and a good soap, using a wash cloth that is rough in texture. On your elbows and the ends of your fingers use a nail brush. Scrub these parts gently with the nail brush so as to get them thoroughly clean without irritating them. Now apply a thin coating of

Ingram's Milkweed Cream and leave it on all night. Your skin will absorb it while you sleep. Do this regularly and you should notice steady improvement.

Learn how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream. With each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream come full instructions. Women write us daily telling how they improved their skins by following these instructions. So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—\$1 size more economical—Theatrical size \$1.75. Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 338 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.



Let us send you FREE purse-size package of Ingram's new American Blush Rouge and interesting booklet on *The Art of Rouging.*

## Ingram's Milkweed Cream

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This clear, colorless liquid restores youthful shade in a way no crude dye could possibly do. No mess. No risk to hair. Nothing to wash off. Takes only a few minutes.

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Please print your name and address



**BOB**—Robert Frazer was born in Worcester, Mass. Don't believe Bob ever lived in Greenville, Ala. Stage experience in "Ben-Hur," "The Wanderer," "Thy Name is Woman," etc. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, dark-brown hair, brown eyes. You bet, we have a list of the stars with addresses and their latest pictures, which appears every month in our Motion Picture Magazine under the department "In the Starry Kingdom." Ivan Mosjukine, the foreign player, is appearing in "The Loves of Casanova," a French-made film released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

**A JAZZY BRUNETTE**—All the way from Texas. Bebe Daniels, James Hall, Florence Vidor, Corinne Griffith, Jacqueline Logan, Bessie Love and a score of others also hail from your state. Nils Asther was born in Sweden about twenty-seven years ago, he is six feet tall, weighs 170 lbs., dark hair and eyes. His latest picture is "Dancing Daughters." Your letter will reach him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1889. Write him also at Metro-Goldwyn Studio.

**M. E. I.**—Better wait a while before considering that movie career. Rod La Rocque can be reached at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. His latest picture is "Love Over Night." John Gilbert at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. "Four Walls" is his latest and Joan Crawford plays opposite. Richard Dix "Warming Up." Write Richard at the Paramount-Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood Cal. Gloria Swanson was born March 27, 1897. Mary Brian, February 17, 1908. Tom Mix, January 6, 1879; Mary Pickford, April 8, 1893. Lia Tora can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**ANXIOUS FROM L. A.**—Rex Lease was born in Central City, Va. He's five feet ten inches tall, married to Charlotte Merriam. Write Charles Morton at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Fred Humes is five feet ten inches tall, write him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. The first male idol of the screen in this country was Arthur Johnson of the old Biograph Company. Monte Blue is married to Tove Jansen. She doesn't play in pictures, but her mother, Bodil Rosing, does. She's appearing in Pola Negri's next picture, "The Lady from Moscow."

**BRIGHT EYES**—Hoot Gibson was born July 21, 1892, at Tekamah, Neb. Too bad but he's married to Helen Johnson, they have a daughter Lois. Write Hoot at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde. Tom's having a fine time in vaudeville right now. Write Larry Kent at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Send me twenty-five cents each for photos of Larry and Rin-

**Tin-Tin.** Antonio Moreno is playing in "The Midnight Taxi." Write him at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**ANNIE**—Glad to hear from you again. Leila Hyams was born in N. Y. C., May 1, 1905. She is the daughter of John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, well-known vaudeville and stage stars. When a child, she played with her parents in "The Girl of My Dreams," a vaudeville sketch, for four years. Leila is five feet five inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, and is the lucky owner of golden hair and grey eyes. Write her at the Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**OLD FAITHFUL**—Who me? James Hall was born in Texas, October 22, 1900. He's five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 156 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes. Send your note to the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Ruth Taylor is playing opposite James in "Just Married." Write me in regard to photos of your favorites.

**BROWNE**—There are several thousand actors and actresses in Hollywood, but however, you can reach the following at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.: Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes, Corinne Griffith and Mary Astor. Richard Dix and Clara Bow at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. May McAvoy, Myrna Loy and Dolores Costello, Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**JUST BILLIE**—Lon Chaney has been playing in pictures about eleven years, one of his first pictures was "Fires of Rebellion," released by Bluebird Pictures in July, 1917. Dorothy Phillips and Belle Bennett played opposite. Thomas Meighan's latest picture is "The Racket" and Marie Prevost plays opposite. George and Eugene O'Brien are not related. Eugene is touring in vaudeville right now. William Haines was born in Virginia, January 1, 1901.

**D. B. F. K. R.**—That's only half of your initials, couldn't print the rest. Richard Barthelmess was born in N. Y. C., May 6, 1895. He is married to Jessica Sargent, latest picture is "Wheel of Chance." You bet he's popular. The average moving picture theater shows about 175 feature pictures in a year. Drop in again.

**RITA O'DONAL**—A jaywalker should be seen and not hurried. Yes, I've seen the new Fords, they look great. Loretta Young is fifteen years old, she played opposite Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." Philippe de Lacey is ten years old, his latest picture is "4 Devils," and you may write him at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Gary Cooper and Fay Wray have the leads in "The First Kiss."

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## Overtime Acting

(Continued from page 17)

When John Gilbert was interviewed shortly after his divorce from Leatrice Joy, he states that Leatrice acted all the time. It must have been terrible, their married life, with two people acting at the studios all day, and then coming home and acting around the house all evening. Oh, yes, John is a great actor, too, with his perpetually buoyant, zestful pose. They say he is buoyant and zestful even about the grapefruit in the morning.

Hollywood has its own social set of film stars, and there are inner circles, as in the four hundred, if such an archaic thing really exists nowadays. Whenever a list of names is printed in the society columns of Hollywood, Billie Dove's name usually appears. If there have been several parties that week, Billie's name appears several times. In fact, she comes near being the local Mrs. Astor. Yet, the other day, Billie said in an interview, that, while working on a picture she always went to bed very early. There are a lot of people in Hollywood who will be surprised to know that Billie even has a bed.

Elinor Glyn's ability to stage an interview is nothing short of miraculous. Of course, Madam Glyn is not a star, but there are plenty of people in Hollywood that believe she could give some valuable advice to the most accomplished actress.

When Madam Glyn was living at the Ambassador in Los Angeles, she had an apartment furnished for all the world like the boudoir of the exotic tiger lady in "Three Weeks." There was no tiger skin, but there were low divans upholstered in lavender and green and an abundance of stagy lacquered furniture. Madam sat herself on the lavender couch and rested her elaborately coiffed auburn head against a green cushion. A stunning color scheme.

Madam Glyn has always been a clever showwoman, and the writers regard her as "good copy." Sometimes, however, she carries the grand dame manner too far.

A young woman writer, a famous interviewer on a Los Angeles newspaper, once told me of meeting her. As the interview ended, Madam Glyn rose majestically from the same lavender divan, extended a cool hand, and murmured encouragingly:

"Do not be discouraged. Remember, that even a working girl can become a duchess."

Charlie Chaplin's off-screen big moments are the most insidious of all. He is such an adroit and knowing actor. Charlie knows just what pose to adopt for each and every interviewer. He can be sardonic, tragic, a business man, a man of the world, the dreamy genius, all in his repertoire, and they can be called forth without a second's rehearsal.

So it goes. The women are invariably worse than the men when it comes to overtime acting, except in the case of very young leading men. The youngsters are usually not quite sure of themselves and adopt a mask of world-weariness and sophistication. Greta Garbo likes to walk by the "misty sea" and vows she isn't temperamental. Jetta Goudal is such a consummate actress that one can't tell when the actress ceases and Jetta begins. Madge Bellamy engages her interviewers in long-winded and weighty discussions of high-brow literature. Irene Rich has been ultrasophisticated ever since "Lady Windermere's Fan." Joan Crawford says that "most people lose their illusions when they come to Hollywood, but I haven't."

# FAMOUS FEET



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## A Bill in a China Shop

(Continued from page 33)

ran all the way to Santa Monica beach without even giving the cowboy a chance to tighten his strangle-hold on the nag's neck. William may be absolved of any ulterior motive in this mad dash, for the bathing beauties who have made California what it is to-day had not yet been glorified.

### Soup and Fish and Shoulders

BUT Bill's wide smile, the laughter-flecked pupils of his eyes, the Dempsey-like shoulders and a pair of strong, straight legs helped him up the ladder. And, of course, there was the dress suit, too. It was the real thing, tailored "in the New York manner," and Bill worked in every society "drammer" of the early days on Gower Street. Then he chiseled his way into Selig Studios as the first assistant cameraman. The duties of this situation were vested chiefly in the toting of the camera.

Believe it or not, Bill did such a good job of camera carrying, that he finally became a leading man opposite Loretta Blake in a David Wark Griffith photoplay. This was about the time that Norma Talmadge left Erasmus Hall High School and the Vitagraph Company to cross Brooklyn Bridge en route for Hollywood. And in her first film for the National Film Corporation, young Seiter, dress suit and all, played the juvenile lead, and doubled as assistant director.

By now Bill had determined on the directing end of the business for his future activity. There was too darned much competition in the acting lines. He made a deal with Carter De Haven and actually megaphoned a series of comedies, and through these he won his directorial spurs on the Thomas H. Ince lot.

As time went on, Seiter hooked-up with Reginald Denny. Together they turned out close to a dozen pictures that set the world a-chuckling. But despite the early and late exactions of the picture business, Bill found the Star of his destiny—found time to woo her—found time to win her—found time to change her name to Mrs. Seiter and his to Mr. Laura La Plante.

Laugh if you like, but the man who marries a movie-star has a task ahead in the maintenance of his individuality. The right to "call his name his own" is one held by might alone in the case of a film favorite's hubby. Thus it is something of a tribute to "Big Bill's" virility of personality that he can jokingly call himself "Mr. La Plante" without fear of being seriously tagged as the unnecessary half of the family.

Seiter is the type of chap who would be annoyed on Piccadilly or the Bois by the gamins of those streets accosting him to buy a "New York Herald." In his manner and in his appearance there is that indefinable something which radiates Broadway and the Avenue.

### All Shades of Stories

HIS conversation is rather sparkling, and pepped up with a gentle sarcasm that carries a laugh, though denuded of barbs. He hasn't a great deal of what passes for "artistic temperament." At least, not apparently. He would be rather ashamed to become openly enthusiastic in the Gallic manner. Yet, if he can corner you, he'll respond readily enough to slight encouragement and relate in frightful detail either the story of his "hole in one" or the yarn which he next plans for a picture.

His wife understands him. She knows by his eyes just what degree of naughtiness the next anecdote will attain. And she guides his stories according to her guests. For Bill himself has little in sympathy with the Kansas-minded gentry, and what makes Manhattan smile may wreath Dubuque in blushes.

The Seiter apartment home, as might be expected, is thoroughly reminiscent of Gotham. There are hundreds like it along Park Avenue and on those exclusive side streets which lie opulently in midtown. One imagines that Bill would dress for dinner unless he were specifically instructed not to. Not that he'd like it, but just as a matter of habit—or perhaps a reversion to the days when the evening regalia was donned for the day's work.

Another impress left in the more youthful days is an appreciation of fine glass. Were Bill a bit less athletic, he might collect as a hobby. He may yet. And if he does he'll have connoisseurs waiting on his doorstep. At least once in his career he shared with the late Mark Twain a horror, real or simulated, of being branded with the mark of comedy. Mark insisted that his profoundest utterances would be greeted with giggles. Bill couldn't get anyone to take him seriously. That is to permit him a serious photodrama. They seemed to think he'd use a slap-stick on the heroine in the big assault sequence, or have the boys in blue ride in the wrong direction when the rescue scene was filmed. But from the days of the Greek theater comedy sense has been accompanied by intuitive dramatic appreciation. So it remained for Colleen Moore, also shivering with apprehension for fear an ineradicable mark of comedy would be branded on her brow, to select Seiter, maker of funny pictures, to direct her in a dramatic story. And now the Seiter genius seems definitely committed to deeper waters.

### Actors Are People



AT work, "Big Bill" is the same seemingly lethargic giant who lolls in an easy chair to feast affectionately on Laura's blonde and dimpled beauty. Not much excitement. Not much jumping around. Not much "hollering" or theatrics. He has it all thoroughly well in mind, and proceeds in a workmanlike manner to transfer his conception of the story to the celluloid in the camera. He acts as though the players were human beings. A well done bit receives a word of smiling praise whether it be contributed by star or extra.

Seiter believes that fresh contacts are essential to fresh ideas. He is frank in saying that he and Denny sort of petered out of inspiration after the first hundred years, or so, of association. Then there must be the gift of story telling. For the director is not too far removed from the ancient troubadour or minstrel who strolled the earth regaling those who would heed with glamorous tales of brave men and lovely ladies. Given these elements, "Big Bill" doesn't see any particular trick in picture building.

Like all men who accomplish things, "Mr. La Plante" has his modicum of ambition stowed away in a cavernous chest. He has his own idea for a "big" picture, and one of these days he's going to make it. Until then, "Big Bill" will saunter along improving his golf game, loving his wife, doing that directorial job which comes next to hand, and smilingly kidding the pleasant world in which he dwells. But never for an instant kidding himself.




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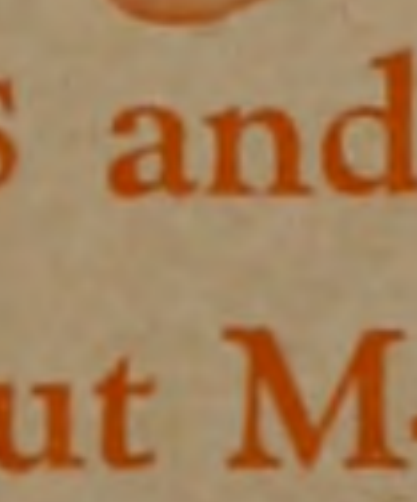
in "Gold Braid" and one more; **NORMA SHEARER** in

 "Ballyhoo" and three other productions, and **LILLIAN GISH** 


in "The Wind".  **BUSTER KEATON** appears in "The Camera Man" and in

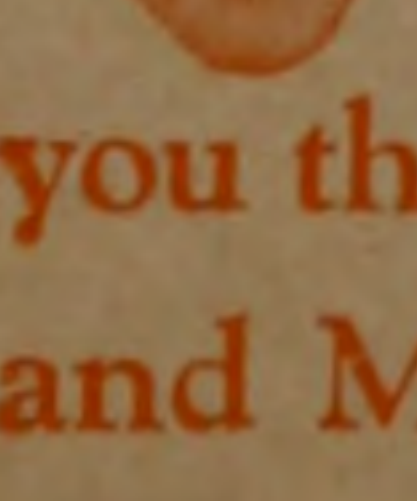
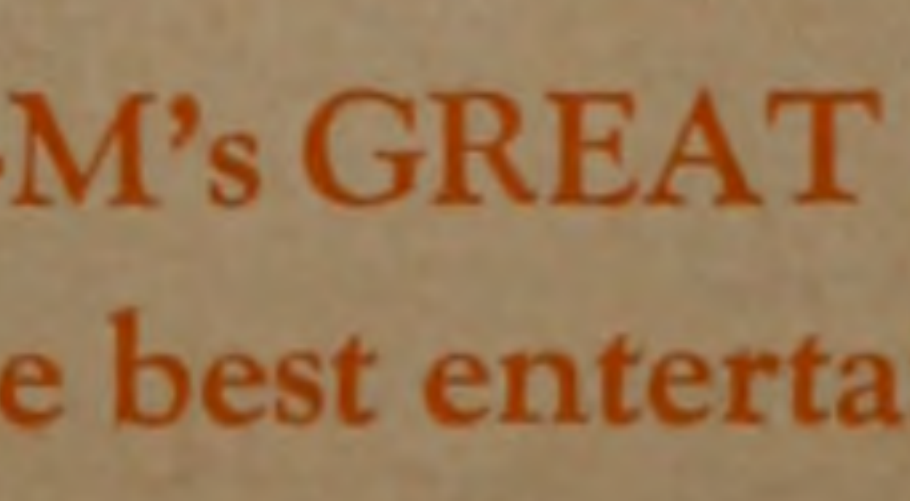
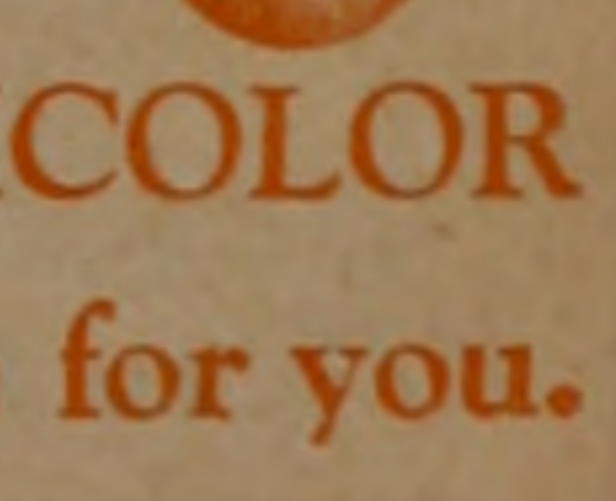
another comedy.  **DANE and ARTHUR'S**

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two more pictures. **TIM McCOY**  has six adventure pictures. That amazing dog, **FLASH**, has

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# They're Alive

Regardless of precedents and press-agents, motion picture celebrities are alive.

They're not stuffed dummies or just names spelled out in electric lights.

They're human. They get tired and they get cross and they get hungry and they get fed and they get more cheery.

They're unusual people, it's true. But you can't really appreciate their unusualness without being aware as well of their usualness. One thing is as important as the other. You can't know what the stars are like unless you know both how they're like the people next door and how they're unlike them.

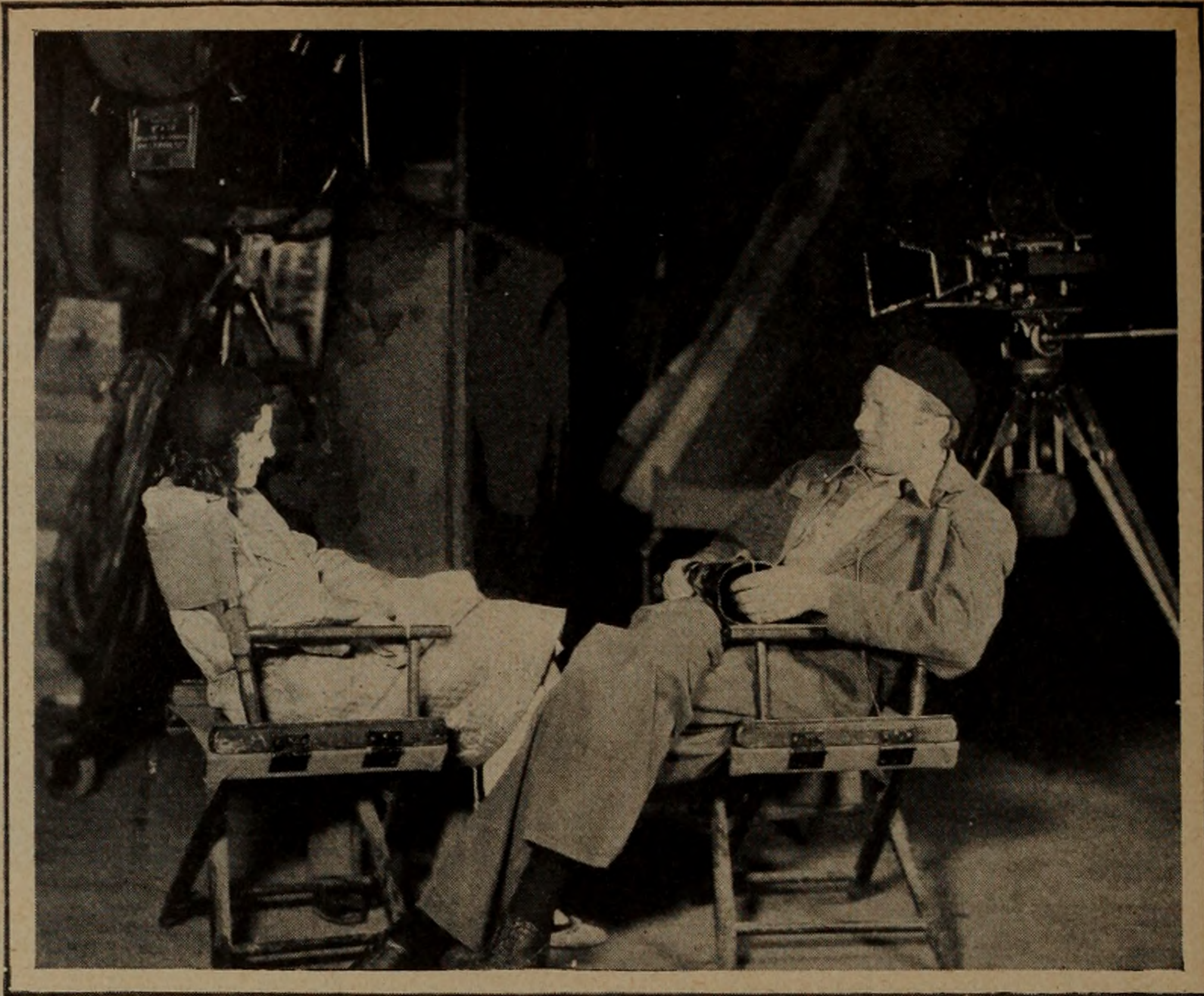
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## It's the Magazine with the Personality

The next—the September issue will  
be on the newsstands August 12th



When Director Murnau isn't busy directing Janet Gaynor, he is busy sharing cookies made by Janet's mother

## They Also Starve

(Continued from page 26)

upstart star who litters her richly upholstered chariot with peanut-shells and crumbs from onion sandwiches.

They tell the tale of the girl who besieged a casting-office and wouldn't take no for an answer. Finally the director told some one to "put her down for the sister part," and she was instructed regarding wardrobe. What money she had was spent in making purchases. When she reported for work, it turned out that there was no "sister part" in the picture. They had to get rid of her some way. They did. She went to the beach that night. And somehow forgot to stop walking. So the gentle waters of the Pacific cradled her last sleep.

There's at least one shabby-carpeted hotel in Hollywood that merits the title "Suicide Hall." Those who dwell there with the degree of permanency that indicates the possession of rent receipts, seldom inquire for those who are missing the day after the fatal board bills are presented. Some just move along when they find their keyholes plugged. Some are carried out in those cute little straw baskets affected by the best morticians.

But, if we're speaking of shorn sheep, let's to our muttons. The tragedies of those who seek work in vain are scarcely more poignant than those of the more fortunate ones selected to play parts. The other day a couple of dozen were carried unconscious from the blazing sun, where a mob of extras enacted a pagan holiday. "Make an adjustment," ordered the director, and each received two-fifty more at the pay window in return for incipient sunstroke.

Extra work on a set in which there is plenty of action is far preferable to the indescribable tedium of sitting, sitting, sitting, day after day, merely to form background for the acting of the stars. A recent drama takes place almost entirely in a court-room. Naturally, all interest centers on the accused, the witnesses, the important people in the *dramatis personae*.

Nevertheless, the room must be peopled. So for two weeks several hundred extras simply sat. The only time they arose was to take the few steps necessary to film an indication of court recess or adjournment.

Some gossiped with their neighbors. Many knit or embroidered. A very few read. The great majority simply sat with blank expressions waiting for quitting time. There is no dignity to their labor. No purpose is accomplished. They haven't the consciousness of a task well done. And the hope of reward is as far distant and as intangible as the hope of heaven. Of the fifteen thousand extras, it is an odds-on bet, that not fifteen ever receive a large enough bit to get screen credit in a picture.

YET these thousands of creatures who must be classified as human beings, come day after day to the torture of idleness which would surely mark an active brain for insanity, or addle an imaginative soul to the point where the sting of Death would be a kiss. It is perhaps possible to account for the young ones. Particularly the girls. Perhaps they have the right to hope that their fresh beauty may sky-rocket them to the affluence of stardom. The tough part is that this very thing happens just often enough to make it not impossible. It seems almost like a come-on. For after your dollars are squandered on some catch-penny gamble, isn't it always so that some one draws the "lucky number" and wins the talking doll? And you throw another dollar after the good one which is gone. But the boys. It's hard to figure the angle that will keep young strapping fellows confined to such puerility. Most of them seem un-American. But perhaps under the John Gilbert—Gilbert Roland side-burns, the patent-leather hair, and the other sheik equipment, there are honest boys named Jones and Brown and Smith. However, they impress as a shifty-eyed lot quite capable of helping along a crime wave.



## How to Tell Clara from Sue

(Continued from page 73)

the sheltered life of the only daughter of a millionaire.

To Clara Bow, her chance to work in the pictures, won as the result of a beauty contest, meant miraculous release from drabness and debt, and the possibility of everything of which she had hopelessly dreamed. To Sue Carol, wintering with society friends in California, the suggestion of a movie director that she take a screen test meant only a new and amusing experience, another thrill. In her first picture Clara burst into a storm of agonized tears because the director criticized her in a scene. In Sue's first picture she reduced the entire company to a condition of speechless awe when she replied to the director's announcement that they would have to work all night, "Oh, I'm so sorry. But I can't possibly come this evening. I have an engagement."

Yet, with all the difference in their backgrounds, and motives for working, their attitude toward their careers is alike. Clara's passionate determination to keep the amazing success which she has won in five years on the screen is matched by Sue's determination to make good and build up the name she has made in her one year in the films. "It is my life," says Clara. "It's the first time," confesses Sue, "that I ever was contented to stay in one place and do one thing longer than three months at a stretch."

Clara is probably the most popular star on the screen. She gets more than a thousand fan letters a day. She is just as popular in her own home town of Hollywood. At openings and other gatherings the performance has to be held up while Clara greets her friends. The secret of her popularity on the screen and off is the fact that she is the very essence of feminine lure. She is magnetic, jazzing for sheer vitality, with moods as changing as the wind, one moment teasing, arch, the next wistful, and again provocative and passionate.

### Bows Aplenty

NATURALLY, Clara has her imitators. One little aspirant to Bow fame dyed her hair the same fiery shade, and spent hours when she was not playing a bit for Paramount standing on Clara's set, watching every gesture and expression. Every "cutie" who is signed up by a studio is hailed as "another Bow." But Sue Carol is the only newcomer who has shown signs of duplicating Clara's fame.

Sue, after only a year on the screen, gets a fourth as many fan letters as Clara. In Chicago her pictures are heralded as "Our Own Star," and all the society people in the city join the crowds who fill the theaters. Her wonderful strides in popularity in a single year are due, like Clara's, to her personality, but it is a very different personality from the Bow's. Sue is quieter, more demure, the modern girl expensively finished, traveled, sophisticated, chaperoned.

And speaking of chaperons, both Clara and Sue have them in private life. The girls live in charming little California houses—Clara's is Spanish, and expresses the Bow temperament in gay jazz awnings, while Sue's is an English cottage.

After all, what does it matter which one adores and imitates—Clara of the flaming hair and round cheeked, saucy beauty; or Sue, whose dark boyish bob frames her pretty oval face? Sue and Clara—two little moderns to the tips of their polished Chinese finger nails, girls to dream about, girls to worship. What does it matter, Clara or Sue?

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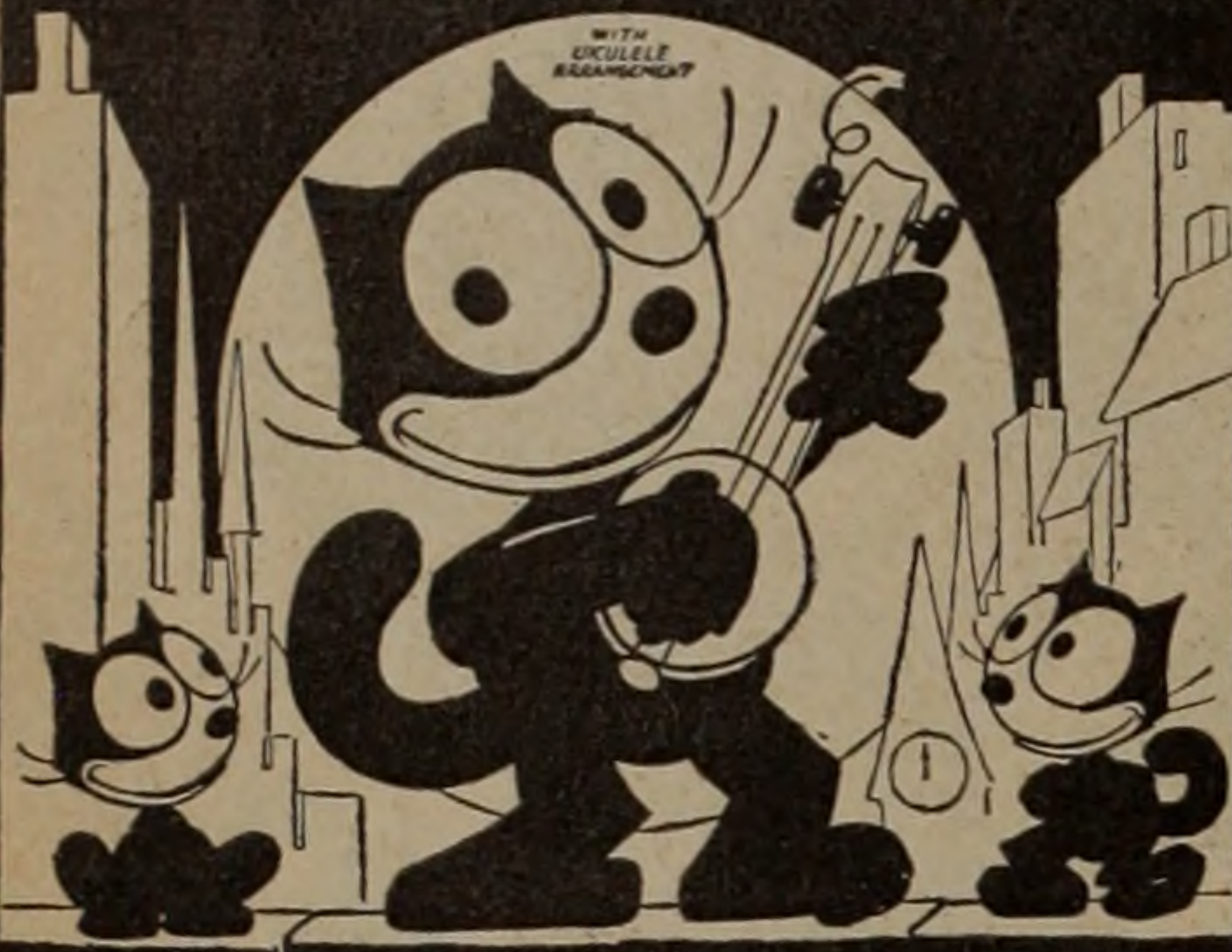
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Music by  
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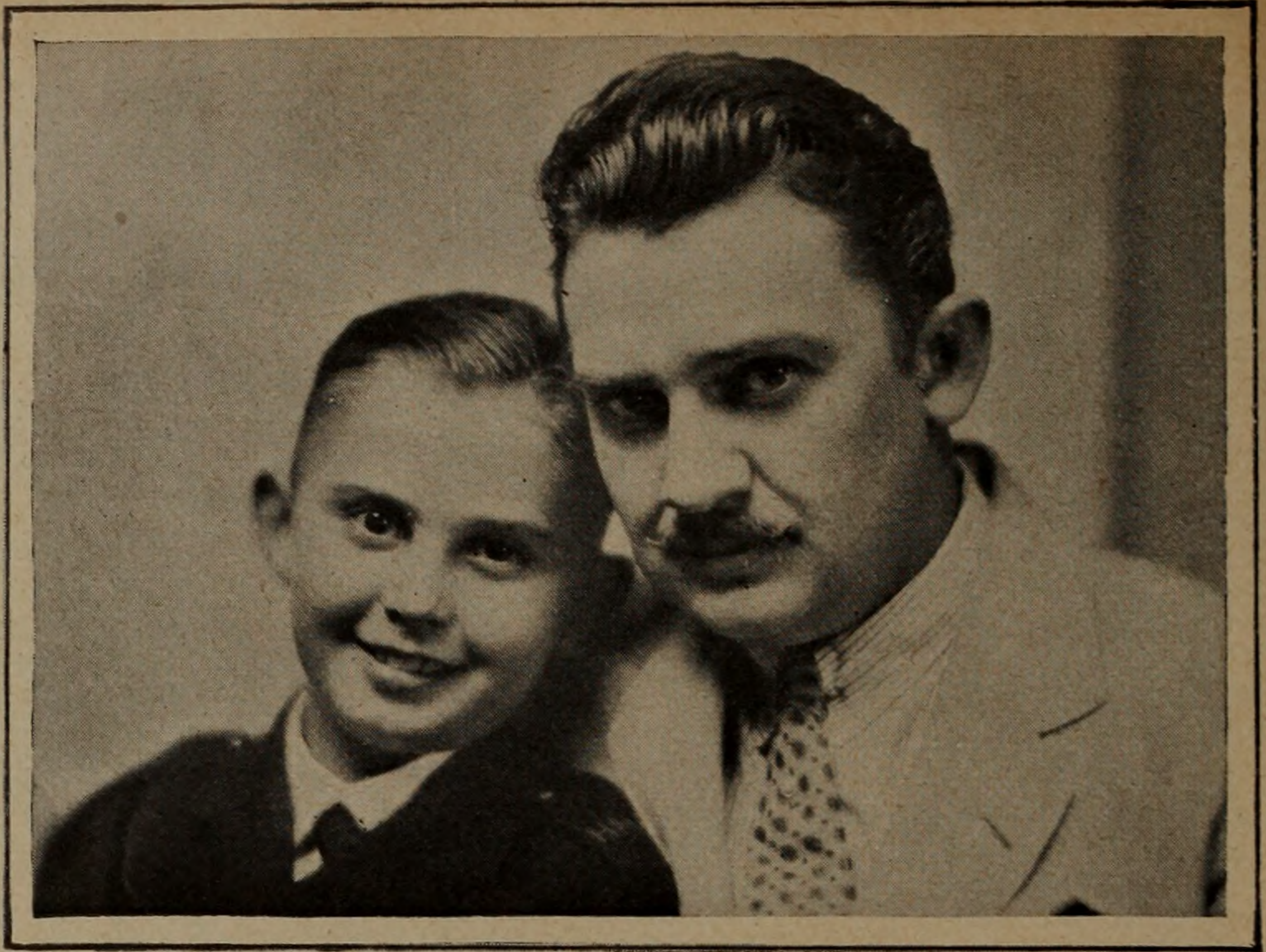
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The pride of Jean Hersholt's son in his distinguished father is superlative; it is equaled only by Jean's pride in his son Freulich

## Don't Be Yourself

(Continued from page 55)

seriousness and geniality. He bubbles over with laughter and fun, and when he enters a room, his laughter is soon filling it. A big man, a trifle fat, but a good fellow. However, look into his eye and you will see there a seriousness that belies the continuous laughter. He takes pictures seriously, but refuses to take himself seriously. He believes that pictures are greater than the individuals in them.

"So many of us," said Hersholt, "take ourselves so seriously that we are laughable. Why should we? There have always been good actors; there always will be. Why should any of us think that we stand out so prominently? Some people in this business take themselves so seriously that they positively ruin themselves. As soon as you get thinking that you are better and bigger than the business, you had better start packing the trunk, for the door will open for you shortly and you will have a ticket marked 'out.'

"That is why I like playing character rôles. You lose your own self and you have no chance to get swelled up. Many a fine actor has gone by the boards because he refused to put his own self in the background. That is one of the tragedies of the screen. And that is where the man who plays character rôles has all the advantage. The present-day methods of pushing a particular star is ruining the stars by the score. A man with a particular type of personality comes along and scores a hit. At once he is starred and the producers play him in identical rôles until the public has tired of him. Then what happens? He is dropped, and in a few years people wonder where he is. He is probably selling automobiles or real estate. All because either he or the producers would not make a change in his type.

"Type acting is one of the curses of the industry. Outside of Chaplin and Lloyd and perhaps a few others, we grow tired of the same faces and the same mannerisms of the stars. We want versatility. If you haven't got it, you won't last long. You will be a success for a time, and then you either start to grow old and can't do the parts, or the public tires of you and

you find yourself drifting along and half starving. None of that for me. I do not care if anyone ever sees my own face or not. I'll cover it with whiskers any day in the week and go in there and play any rôle rather than be a type and have my vanity tickled by showing my own face all the time. There is nothing particularly outstanding about my face, but my characters do stand out—and that is what counts.

"I was a bit frightened right after I broke into pictures, for I was cast as Christ in seven pictures. Seven more of them and that would have been the only rôle any producer would ever have been able to see me in. But I stood on my own feet and demanded other rôles. I did not want straight rôles. Just character parts, but I wanted them changed. At last I insisted that I never play two similar rôles in successive pictures. If I played an Italian in one picture today, I refused to play an Italian next week in another picture. Submerge yourself in every picture and you can go rolling along indefinitely—of course, if you have the ability to act.

"I try whenever possible to play in a comedy. Then follow this with a villainous rôle, then maybe a little tragedy, then maybe the rôle of a good old drunk as in 'The Old Soak,' and in this way you are always giving your public something different. What of it if they don't recognize you behind the make-up? It is the picture we must think about. None of us has a personality strong enough to keep the public wanting us as ourselves forever."

That is Jean Hersholt—modest—thinking of his art. But his work stands out. He will long be remembered for his work in "Greed." In "Don Q" critics are still arguing over whether he or Fairbanks, the star, carried the picture. As the meat packer in "So Big," he walked away with honors whenever he appeared.

"It makes it nice, too," he said, "for I can walk along the street without being recognized and pointed out by curious people who think that just because we are on the screen we should be pointed at like prize cattle. After all, we are only human like the rest of the world."



# Don't Call Him Buddy

(Continued from page 51)

twenty-three years old—a man, with a man's responsibilities. Nobody but his mother could ever call him Buddy again—and get away with it.

"It isn't dignified," said Mr. Rogers, the other day. "Most of the letters I get are addressed to Buddy, but I guess they'll get used to the Charles. I hope they'll like me just as well.

"Gosh, I've been lucky, haven't I!" he beamed. "Things have always seemed to come my way. When I was in college, I earned from forty to fifty dollars a week playing in the orchestra. I went to Europe with it, too. And now I've been lucky in pictures. I hope it will last.

"It's pretty fine to be a star. Of course, Richard Dix told me he'd rather play in a big picture, like 'Wings' for instance, than be a star, any day. But I don't know. I've never been a star, and it's a big thing.

"It seems funny to be recognized and asked for my autograph. I can't get over it. When I was in New York, people stared at me on the street sometimes. At first I thought it must be my Hollywood clothes. And then they'd ask me for my signature, and I'd get a big kick out of it. There was the luncheon Miss Nichols gave in honor of 'Abie's Irish Rose'—and the opening on Broadway. Say—it's the second time I've had two pictures running on Broadway at once. 'My Best Girl' and 'Wings'—and now 'Wings' and 'Abie.' More luck!"

## It's All Christmas Eve to Him

"My mother came on to New York for the opening—and my sister, too. When we stopped off at Olathe, there were four or five hundred folks down at the station. Gosh—it's all been great!"

There's something nice about an enthusiasm like that. Maybe when he's an old man—say twenty-six, or seven—he may take such things as picture premieres and publicity luncheons as a matter of course. But now—it's still Christmas Eve and there are more presents under the tree that he hasn't unwrapped yet.

"My kid brother," he said paternally, "he's seventeen. He wants to come out to Hollywood. He's crazy to try pictures. But I tell him to wait two years. I want him to have at least two years in college—I had three; sometimes I wish I had finished and then I think, well, things turned out all right. So he is going to stick it out and do everything just like I did—go to Europe in the summer, and all. Then if he still wants to, I'll help him. Pictures are great. I'd do just the same if I had to do it over again."

The kid from Kansas is going to be a college boy again—in his first starring picture, tentatively titled "Yale." If you still cherish your illusions about cinema college boys, you are in for an awful blow. Once you could count on your college boy to do the right thing. He'd be a regular cut-up on the campus, go to a road-house with a party of chorus-cuties on the eve of the Big Game, put on paper hats and have a high old time. But young Mr. Rogers will change all that. He is going to play his kind of college boy. He will take the stew out of student, showing him in his true colors as sober, self-respecting and occasionally studious. Don't laugh. He'll make you like it.



# Marvelous New Discovery Makes Hair Beautifully Wavy

The Spanish Beggar's  
Priceless Gift

A story by Winifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. I was ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious, I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me, and I felt that they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

## Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm.

"'Hija mia,' he said. 'You have been very kind to an old man. Digemelo (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires.'

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'

"'Oigame, *Senorita*,' he said—'Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the *droguero*. He brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"'Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him; go to him and tell your wish.'

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he vanished into his store, returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In a short time, the transformation which you have noted had taken place.

"Come, Winifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

When I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke I hardly dared look in my mirror, fearing it had all been a dream. But it was gloriously true. My hair was beautifully curly.

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For a limited time ONLY, we are offering a full size bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Waving Fluid) and a set of our superb Wave Modellers at a price which covers merely the cost of compounding, making, advertising and selling, which we have figured down to \$2.30. (Please remember we cannot fill more than one order for each family at this price.) If you are not perfectly delighted with results after using "Wave-Sta" for 5 days, simply return the unused portion and your money will be refunded. Under the terms of special trial offer you need not send any money in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings this remarkable beauty aid, just pay him \$2.30, plus a few cents postage, and your hair worries are ended forever.

This offer may not be repeated. Remember, we take all the risk. If with "Wave-Sta" and the Wave Modellers you are not able to make your hair beautifully wavy, give it new life, new lustre, new silky sheen, all you have to do is notify us and your money will be returned in full. Have you ever heard of a fairer offer?



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M. P. 31

Chicago, Ill.

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Name.....

Address.....

NOTE: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose \$2.40 and "Wave-Sta" will be sent to you postpaid.



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## As Nice as She Looks

(Continued from page 58)

celluloid. With the dawn she applied for and got extra work at Fox studio. Two days later the director picked her for a bit, and shortly afterward the eagle-eyed Mr. Al Christie got a look at her and signed her for some comedies. Back again at Fox several months later, she won her first leading rôle in "Wolf Fangs" and proceeded to parts opposite Tom Mix and Rex Bell, and in "A Girl in Every Port."

The first appearance on the screen of her legs was in "Seventh Heaven," when she stood on a street grating and was observed from beneath by Charlie Farrell. The other pair of legs in the scene belonged to Sally Eilers. Caryl's legs got a pretty good break, too, in many Christie and Fox comedies. Nice to have about the house.

### A Pulchritudinous Pan

CARYL'S pleasant map, flashed on the screen in all parts of the world and elsewhere in the handful of pictures she has played in, produced letters bursting with admiration, esteem and regard from country bumpkins, poets, idealistic college boys and jail-birds. Number 4815, writing from Utah State Prison, remarked that she was a great help and encouragement to "those in here, who, although now paying the penalty for their sins, are working and planning for the future when they will be released to begin life anew." A group of collegiates in Philadelphia stated collectively and individually that, gee, she sure was the berries. From the Mississippi, where legend tells us that darkies all go dippy, one who described himself as a Southern Gentleman delivered himself of the opinion that the most inspiring thing about Caryl was her eyes, but that her mouth also gave him to ponder on the liberality of the Creator, and her hair also called for applause. In a broad, painstaking hand, on a page torn from a diary which smelt slightly of hay, there came all the way from Nebraska, line upon line in prayer form as if Caryl were some pagan goddess of the yokels. Caryl, you may be sure, takes them with all the seriousness their writers would ask of her.

Recently she went on a location trip to Prescott, Arizona, to make scenes for "Hello, Cheyenne," in which she played opposite Tom Mix. Two days after she arrived, the boys of merry Prescott had discovered the number of her room in the hotel, and every evening they would troop up in a steady stream, standing dazedly in the corridor gazing in at Caryl in a sort of stupefied wonder. There is no need to start imagining her embarrassment. The way they stood and stared at her was just touching to Caryl. She stared back. When she left Prescott she took with her a face that had launched a thousand young Prescott dreams. All the boys in town started writing highly poetic letters to her. Probably for the first and last time in the history of the Arizona burg its inhabitants began versifying, and the one question of the moment was what rhymes best with Caryl.

The extent to which Caryl undermined youthful Prescott morale may be gathered from the last letter she received from there.

"I am not an old man," it ran, "nor a middle-aged man, but merely a twelve-year-old high school student and I only saw you when you were taking pictures here. I saw a picture of you that the newsboy Barney Davis had, and would give just anything to get one. I suppose you think I am foolish and all of that, but I swear that I would cherish one as much as Barney, and he most certainly does cherish it. Won't you please write With love to Henry from Caryl on it? From just one of your admirers."

Problem in etiquette, number MNX. What should A do? Caryl must either risk a marital rupture by sending Henry a compromising photograph, or else produce a situation away in Prescott between Henry and Barney Davis (the newsboy who cherishes his picture) which nothing but pistols for two and coffee for one will set right. Barney will undoubtedly guard his photo of Caryl with his life. Henry cannot live without a photo.

The answer will probably be contained in the obituary columns of the Prescott newspapers.

## The \$97 Masterpiece

(Continued from page 40)

Unfortunately, the limited space of the "producer's" apartment, in which the entire picture was filmed, allowed of no camera range, so only Mr. Raucourt's head photographs. A detached head can't do much acting, especially when the brow is plastered across with Arabic numerals. Then, too, Mr. Raucourt fools you with those masks, which seems hardly fair, even for art's sake.

Now you may well wonder why Mr. Florey and his "Rhapsody" are being taken seriously by the United Artists people. I didn't consult them about it, but I really believe that Chaplin and Schenck have been won to this young man because he is so serious about this work, so confident that he is going to make a success.

They are taking into consideration the fact that "The Blues" was filmed entirely in the living-room of Florey's apartment. All the equipment he had was a little "home camera" and a good sized electric light bulb. His "sets" were made of cigar boxes and tin cans. One of these cigar box sets

looks so exactly like skyscrapers illuminated at night, I confess it had me fooled. And the tin cans gleam with a misty glow that lends a touch of phantasy to the heaven scenes, in spite of the cardboard angel.

As to the cubist railroad tracks and wheels, they were made of tin foil saved from cigarette packages, and the heaven-bound hand-car was cut from cardboard.

By using such scraps, odds and ends, in the manner he did, the ambitious young producer proves that he has an inventive and original mind.

Florey came to Hollywood several years ago from Paris, where he had directed comedies starring the late Max Linder. His arrival was unheralded, for at that time enthusiasm over foreign artists had not yet been aroused. He had his ups and downs, but has always been busy doing something; writing for foreign film publications, acting as interpreter, technical director, assistant director and what not.

At present he is assistant for Henry King.



## Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way

(Continued from page 61)

nothing, you're mistaken," said Norma and loaded up her fawn-colored Rolls-Royce with new potatoes.

Eric von Stroheim went to New York, and in addition to shocking the lady reporters to death with his comments on sex and other topics of general interest, dickered with Dennis King for the leading rôle in Gloria Swanson's next picture. Von is going to direct Gloria in a picture called "Swamp," his own idea. If he isn't careful, he'll be down in the gutter yet. I mean, making movies.

Getting back to Dennis King, he is the young singer who has been giving the New York flappers the same kind of thrill Jack Gilbert does for the movie breed. Dennis is the star in Ziegfeld's "Three Musketeers."

### Standing Up a Star

YOUNG Hollywood men become so blasé. For instance:

A handsome scenario writer who was visiting in New York was invited to meet Marilyn Miller. As Marilyn is the darling of Broadway, this was no slight honor. The scenarist said he would be delighted to meet Miss Miller, and an appointment was made.

The day of the meeting arrived. So did the hour. But no scenarist. The Miller party waited quite some time, and then one of the men went out and called the hotel of the tardy guest. "Where the devil have you been?" demanded the irate young man. "We've been waiting here hours to take you over to the theater to meet Marilyn."

"Oh, yes," replied the young Hollywood, "Terribly sorry, old boy, I've been shopping and completely forgot it. Couldn't I met her some other time?"

All that was heard from the other end was the sound of a falling body.

As I said before, one gets too blasé in Hollywood with Alice White and Joan Crawford and Clara Bow around all the time.

### Tempering Temperament

AFTER being featured in several full-length pictures, Arthur Lake is being cast again in the two-reelers by Universal. A lot of people seem to think that this is a form of punishment to Arthur for having been temperamental about a few things on the lot. Arthur doesn't strike me as an unreasonably temperamental kid, but then you never know.

Wonder what would happen if the movies started dealing with their temperamental people in the same way the Actor's Equity handles the stage stars? They recently banned Jeanne Eagels from working for a whole year. What do you suppose they would do with Greta Garbo?

### The Graceless Gesture

AFTER rating a lot of publicity by announcing her engagement to Dick Grace, young stunt flyer, Alice White now comes out with the suggestion that perhaps she will not marry after all. As Alice says, "A girl with a career to bother with should think twice about marriage."

That may be all right for Alice, but it makes it tough on her publicity-fiancé. I understand he was really in love with the gal.

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Still another took off twenty-nine pounds in six weeks. Equally successful results were had in reducing fat waists, arms, legs, and big hips. So safe is Viaderma, as it is called, that it has the approval of chemists and physicians who oppose all other methods of quick fat reduction.

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# What's become of all the homely women?

WOMEN simply aren't homely any more. You meet plain women, yes . . . but their smart, trim air is the envy of many who are only beautiful.

In the old days, when a girl gave promise of becoming "hopelessly plain," she was frankly informed of the fact to save her from hurt pride in later years. She remained frumpy and tried to convince herself that she didn't care!

Not today!

Advertising has played a remarkable part in making every woman attractive.

It has taught her to use the beauty and charm that are her heritage, regardless of the shape of her features. Her teeth, her hair, her hands, her complexion, her clothes, and even her erect, athletic figure have been "brought out" by methods constantly before her in advertising.

The great beauty and style specialists of the country have been her consultants, as they are yours, if you are taking fullest advantage of the opportunities before you, in the advertising pages of this magazine.



*Read the advertisements. They hold secrets of beauty and style that were denied the women of yesterday*

## Do Women Rule the Movies?

(Continued from page 31)

wood. Just how much influence is wielded by the wives of handsome heroes is hard to estimate, except by some husbands who know what some wives can do! But Natacha Rambova was undoubtedly the power behind the throne of Valentino for several years.

### The Girl Behind Gilbert

MENJOU was another screen star whose career was managed for years by his wife. And they say that Jack Gilbert, easy-going and humble about his own possibilities, might still be playing unimportant rôles in obscure pictures except for Leatrice Joy's fierce ambition for him.

Spanish women live in a world run for men. When the Del Rios came to Hollywood from Mexico City, Dolores was the clinging, adoring wife who obeyed every wish of her Jaime. They were happy—until the petticoat policies of a city that worships woman and woman's beauty dethroned Jaime from his post as Master in the House.

The feminine stars of the screen have exerted a far greater influence upon the movies than their masculine peers, as any harassed director will testify. Mae Murray, it is whispered, even resorted to stronger measures than tears when a wretched male displeased her! Greta Garbo royally refused to be coerced by studio executives and kept a great picture company on tenter-hooks.

Producers might hire bespectacled lawyers to put threatening clauses into her contracts, but the lovely and helpless Corinne Griffith ignored them. Pola

Negri, Gloria Swanson, Jetta Goudal, Maria Corda—these gorgeous ladies alone can tell just how far they have ruled the movies by a tyranny of tears.

Perhaps the most powerful of all the feminine stars of Hollywood is Marion Davies, but Marion reigns not by temperament but by her position as unofficial Hostess of Hollywood. Other women whose social prestige makes them powers in moviedom are Florence Vidor, Aileen Pringle, the delight of novelists; and Mary Pickford.

### June Mathis and Valentino

THEN there was June Mathis, who bestowed the boon of her great influence right royally. On the wall of her office hung a framed photograph signed in dashing hand, "To June, the only one to whom I owe my success. Rudolph Valentino."

Perhaps the most spectacular wielder of influence in Hollywood was Madame Elinor Glyn, who for a time had only to look at a blushing young man between narrowed eyelids and murmur, "You have it," to make him at least a leading man.

For years Jeanie MacPherson has stood at the elbow of Cecil B. De Mille, self-effacing, quiet, prim. Amid the chorus of yes-men, flatterers and disciples she alone has dared to disagree. "Don't you think, Chief—" she murmurs, and C. B. listens, and more often than not takes her advice.

Behind most of the great men of the movies stands some woman, inspiring his effort.

## The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 53)

is worked over with painstaking effort, one which is neatly photographed and acted with a fine grasp upon the emotions.

### Sizzling Romance

THE ancient barrier of East and West bobs up to provide a red-hot theme of desert love in "Fazil," and while it tells nothing new, it manages to sizzle with the element known as passion. It will surprise all of Charles Farrell's public to discover him giving up temporarily at least the simple boy-and-girl romance such as "Seventh Heaven" and emulating Valentino and Gilbert. He sure is there with the erotic impulses. And his lady friend, Greta Nissen, goads him on with the quality known as S. A.

"Fazil" is a torrid yarn, so torrid in fact that the celluloid fairly crackles with the heat. One sees a Parisienne married to an Arab chief. And when the monotony of the atmosphere begins to pall upon her, she leaves him. Jealousy inspires her to return. And her rescuers wound him fatally. Before he expires he sees to it that she accompanies him by giving her poison.

The tragic ending tones it up and saves it from becoming one of those *ga-ga* romances. Yet even with a sugar-coated finish, the feverish love scenes preceding it would have made it compelling. Charles Farrell plays the sheik with good vehemence of expression and succeeds in ringing up a more realistic portrayal than some of the boys who have dashed over

the white hot sands. Greta Nissen is alluring—and then some.

### Russia Via Hollywood

NO complaint should be registered over "Tempest," which speaks out romantically about army life in Russia. Though made in Hollywood, it suggests a faithful picture of what transpires in any army anywhere when an officer is stripped of his rank. For his effrontery in "crashing" aristocratic circles this peasant is made to feel the utmost humiliation.

The picture introduces Camilla Horn in her first American-made rôle, and she indicates that she'll give the Garbo and likewise the Banky quite a run for their money. It is her job to express anger, scorn, *coquetry* and a few other emotions when she becomes interested in the peasant who has been elevated in rank.

The picture takes the spectators through the overthrow of the monarchy by the Reds and effectively points the conflict of class hatred. And it moves with dramatic sweep, touching a deal of interesting incident in its journey across the screen.

Barrymore has had stronger rôles, those which gave him greater scope of emotion, but he will not lose any of his following here. His romantic moods are in order—and when he has moments of despair, these are attended to with good understanding. Camilla Horn has a definite screen personality and plays her part with excellent shading. George Fawcett, *than whom there is no whomer* among character actors, does his work well, as usual.



## The Divine Lady Herself

(Continued from page 37)

were comfortable and secure and had pretty nearly everything. Good times. Then the father died. He left them penniless as do so many men whose hearts are bigger than their insurance policies.

What happened? Well, people who had eaten from their larder cut them.

### By Way of a Contest

CORINNE, on the sill of leaving childhood, watched this sorry play of human events and in her tender, shocked young mind there formed the bitter conviction that friends are of one species only—fair-weather. That power and position are omnipotent assets. That you spend and the world spends with you. Be poor and you are poor by yourself.

Corinne's mother broke up what remained of the desolated home and came to Hollywood on a slight business enterprise. The girls stopped school and got jobs here and there. One night there was a dance and a beauty contest was staged. Corinne won the honors. A well-known director was there and they talked together. He invited her to drop around. She did, and the rest is history.

In Corinne's beautiful Beverly Hills home we sat at luncheon and reviewed the past. Cast a speculative eye into the future.

We spoke of "The Divine Lady," which on the First National lot, she was to begin the following week. She said that she had not been so interested in any picture for many moons. She was amused because it had been argued that a great deal of footage would have, perforce, to be given the character of *Nelson*. Which will mean fewer close-ups for *Lady Hamilton*. "As if that matters," said Corinne. "I want a story."

I murmured, irrelevantly perhaps, "Most of 'em *crave* close-ups."

"So many of us on the screen 'crave' the wrong things. Get the wrong things."

"Such as—?"

"Parasites. Egotism. Notoriety. The three great evils. I know I haven't the first of them. I never have had. I trust I haven't the second and hope I shall never have the third. Publicity of the right sort is indispensable. It is the air in our lungs. But between publicity and notoriety there yawns a dangerous gulf.

"Perhaps my childhood, the things I saw happen after my father's death, have made me unusually wary.

### Marriage Has Changed Her

"PERHAPS my years on the screen, my experiences, have given me just this for a philosophy—to expect nothing of anybody.

"And I have learned to be happy. I think being Mrs. Walter Morosco has done that for me. Walter frequently says to me that I am, today, totally unlike the shrinking, timid girl he married. Afraid of my own shadow. He has taught me happiness by the infallible medium of example.

"To expect nothing, to work, to be independent, to find happiness in things close at hand. I suppose that is my philosophy."

We drove to my home about five o'clock. Corinne has always to be home at five-thirty when not working. "Walter likes to find me there," she said.

We sat under white fur lined with mauve velvet in a motor that purrs like silk. I thought of the little girl watching the door of her home close behind her. Out of those childish blocks that bruised her heart, she has built "The Divine Lady" of today.

# Please, John Lose 20 lbs. as I Did

Why should not men as well as women keep their figures, their health, their vitality? Excess fat blights both alike. And normal conditions are as easy for one sex as the other.

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# The Second Christ Weighs Hollywood

What would an ascetic prophet think of Hollywood?

What would a man whose life had been devoted to things spiritual, who had dedicated his existence to the study of the profundities of the soul, to an inquiry into the eternal verities, think of it?

How would strike him its glamour, its lavish richness, its power, its display?

These questions have often been asked.

But never, until now, answered.

For in Hollywood today there is such a man: a profound and sincere and world-famed prophet.

The man who is regarded by the great theosophist, Mrs. Annie Besant, and by countless other followers of this religion, as the Second Christ.

## Krishnamurti

He is in Hollywood now; and for the first time he has consented to an account of his views upon Hollywood; its people, its purpose, its power for good and for evil.

Krishnamurti's estimate of Hollywood, his trial of the capital and its people, his conclusions concerning what it possesses and what it lacks, are contained in an exclusive interview reported in the next, the September, issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

This interview, entitled "The Second Christ Weighs Hollywood," is probably the most significant and sensational appraisal of Hollywood ever made public.

MOTION PICTURE, the September number, will be on sale July 28th. Watch for the date and for the magazine on the newsstands. You can't afford to miss THE SECOND CHRIST WEIGHS HOLLYWOOD—or any other of the up-to-the-minute and fresh features in—

September  
MOTION PICTURE  
It's a Magazine  
of Authority

## Nize Baby End De Baby Stozz

(Continued from page 25)

'Ivan the Tarrible,' he says, laffing himself seek, "and have Lon Chaney for Ivan and you'd be Tarrible."

Dese Hollywoot broducers are nize fellers. They talk English so goot as if from Park Avenue or the Bronix they dunt come. They started life from pressing pents end chauffering pushcarts end woiked up to having a wallet to press off them the pents, end a chauffer to drive them around in Rolls-Roysez.

You esk what I think about Hollywoot? Ho, boy! It is feeled opp Hollywoot from fleppers from a gudgeous nature! Witt ectors, witt directors, witt geg men, witt moofie—stozz—oy oy. In Hollywoot a man can enoin himself without it should cost him a cent, standing from the outside of the restaurant witt de nem from Montmartre watching the stozz gung inside. Soch dollink baby stozz! Soch cowboys with diamond belts, soch sheeks!

You esk what I think about the moofies? I only been here fife days already and maybe I didn't loined efferyting yet, but it came gredually the idea to me that what the moofies need is bigger and better Jewish peetchers, peetchers where the charectors is foist real pipple like the pipple which stend on your toes in the subway end stick from you the elbows in the elevators, real human beans foist end Jewish charectors efterwards. Soch a tings what it heppens when they make Jewish peetchers! Soch a way they make them talk by the subtitles! It could come de woist foolishness. Jewish pipple dunt all talk Bronix. Some from them speak soch goot English as me. It comes over me the feeling to yall "Benena Hoil!" when I see some these Jewish peetchers.

### Offices Are All Esh Trays

AND anodder thing Hollywoot needs is esh trays for de offices. Maybe you dunt hoid the story about de pessenger what go down from off of the tren in Arizona end went inside from de station house. "Where is it yet the bathroom?" he esked the stations mester.

The stations mester pointed out from de weendow where was a gret deal of nottings at all axcept two, t'ree tousand acres of flet land. "It's all bathroom," he says.

De offices from de stodio is all esh trays.

An epon minded poison could think he was in the Bronix when he stends in a Hollywoot flet house, end listens at de pipple over him end under him talking.

Across from the airshaft what they call it the "patty-o" in Hollywoot Mrs. Abrams what plays bits end Mrs. Baumberg what plays extras exchanges the latest inflammation about the femmous moofie stozz.

"Was it offle lest night, I esk you, Mrs. Baumberg? Soch a hollerink! Soch a coisink! Every time it comes a party next door I get failure from the heart the ceilings should shaking so! So it comes from living beside a heavy."

"End did you see the vemp from the lower flet gung out, Mrs. Abrams! Soch cheeks she got! Maybe it should be healthy color, but she is healthier from one side oder the other, God forbid! They say she's getting off her husband a divorce. Maybe that's what they say 'getting ahead by decrees' is, no?"

Do I like Hollywoot? Dunt esk! Ony it ent any place for a femly man!

## Eddie Props Up

(Continued from page 63)

treated now?" I goaded him mercilessly. "Well, of course, I have my favorites," admitted Eddie. "I propped for Pauline Starke and Joan Crawford and Billie Haines and Johnny Mack Brown and Lillian Gish and Aileen Pringle and lots of others."

"And played in their pictures afterward?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, the very first picture I played in was 'Our Dancing Daughters,' with Joan Crawford, Dorothy Sebastian, Johnny Mack Brown and Nils Asther.

"When I walked onto the stage, they all welcomed me! Oh, it was heart-warming.

"Most studio people have been very nice to me always—props or leading juvenile, it seemed to make no difference.

### The Unkindest Set of All

"It was mostly people outside the profession who were different to me before and after I became an actor—mostly tradespeople and society people. They couldn't see me at all when I was a props. Now I can even owe them rent and they still will look up to me!

"People in the studio seemed to want to help me. Billie Haines, Aileen Pringle, and Ramon Novarro were perhaps the very nicest among the players. But, of course, it was Byron Morgan who gave me my start.

"I met Byron Morgan the day I was given the script to prop 'Rookies,' and that's the day I gave him a gag or two.

My first gag? Well, there was a hard-boiled soldier who came into a room and spat into a cuspidor. I suggested that when that happened it rocked the spittoon. That would show how tough he was. It got over fine.

"I got hurt rustling some extra heavy props and was lying around in bed at home, just about discouraged and fed up with the work, when Morgan sent for me. He gave me 'The Smart Set' to gag. It was tough work, but I got by.

"It was Billie Haines who first thought of me as an actor, I guess. He and Harry Rapf went to see a picture I had gagged one night, and Billie annoyed Rapf all through the picture telling him I should act."

"Was there any jealousy among the property boys?" I inquired. "I mean about your promotion?"

"Oh, no, they were all tickled to death—thought that if I could get out of it, maybe they can. They come to me and say, 'Do you think I could do so-and-so?' And what a lot of talented boys there are in the props department."

But maybe they haven't all Eddie's background. His family were all theatrical and circus people. His grandfather and grandmother were acrobats, his father a theatrical manager. He himself was stunt man with Vitagraph, and he was also assistant director once on Poverty Row—which, in picture parlance, means down on a certain corner in Hollywood where the cheap independents produce.





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*Florenz Ziegfeld*

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