

LEATRICE JOY BACK IN COMEDY

Main Street Battles Paris for Honors in New Play of Movieland



Leatrice Joy

By A. H. FREDERICK
(NEA Service Writer)

HOLLYWOOD, May 23.—With the war's end came the song: "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paris?"

The song was tantalizing. It opened imaginative vistas of infinite comedy, yet failed to explore them.

The void is filled by Paul Bern, directing for Lasky, in his recently completed Paramount production, "The Dressmaker From Paris." He has not failed to probe the potential comedy of the situation to the limit.

But the picture is not all comedy. Skillfully interwoven into this warp is the woof of pathos, dramatic suspense and a dual love story. Added to this is an elaborate fashion show, so well blended into the theme of the picture that it does not stop action.

To hark the menfolk, though it gives the ladies ample opportunity to study the latest Parisian creations. It is in these scenes that the World Beauty Court is used, 14 girls selected after an international search of months.

Leatrice Joy, returning to the screen after about a year's absence, is the most featured of a feature cast containing such names as Ernest Torrence, Allen Forest and Mildred Harris.

A semi-prodigious opening shows Paris in war days with an incident involving a woman who is captured by a German soldier and taken to a prison camp.

With the war's end, Brent returns to Paris, Ill., a town where nothing happens but dawn and dusk.

Brent becomes the junior partner in a dry goods "emporium," the senior member being stings, unprop-

gressive and puritanical Angus McGregor (Ernest Torrence).

By patriarchal with Brent has become engaged to his partner's daughter, Joan (Mildred Harris). Thus all is well until Brent, taking advantage of McGregor's absence, decides to put Parisian methods into the emporium and stage the "Dressmaker From Paris" gown revue, then the sensation of Chicago.

Paul Bern and his cast of players romp merrily in this broad field of comedy. Nor does Bern fail to develop a bit the theme of Main Street hypocrisy.

Gradually working into the comedy of Main Street vs. Paris, comes the more sinister note of small-town intolerance. A growing crescendo demands the expulsion of "these foreign women."

The part of Fifi, title role of the picture, gives Miss Joy a wide range, transitions gradual and sudden from subtle comedy to comedy not so subtle; and from comedy to pathos.

All this she does with the charm and acting ability, which have carried her to her high rating and popularity.

Ernest Torrence continues his unbroken record of splendid characterization. This is the first pretentious production made by Bern, recently graduated from the scenario department.

Lasky has pronounced him "one of the directorial sensations of the new year." The reason is apparent. Bern has brought a sobriety of touch to "The Dressmaker," pleasant surprise in the closing acts of the show. I hear Madame Glyn saying to the actresses as they walk to their boxes: "Perfume should waft from the soul. But always remember, dears, to use the scent which is part of you, never one that does not harmonize with your personality."

LITTLE THEATER HOLDS TOURNEY

Augustus Thomas Says Movement Is "Our Real National Theater"—800 of Them in Country

BY THE NEA PLAY JURY

NEW YORK, May 23.—"Our real national theater" is the way Augustus Thomas describes the "little theaters" which have just been counted here in the one-act play tournament.

There are 800 such amateur groups scattered over the country, Thomas pointed out on the opening night of the contest, and in them he sees the native source of the American acting and playwrighting professions of the future.

Certain it is that the groups represented have an enthusiasm and industry from which results of almost any magnitude might be expected. Some of the plays given in the competition were astonishingly good.

Some should encourage any amateur to think he might do as well. Of the 10 little plays presented, 17 were by American authors and several were by members of the very companies which acted them.

The tournament started two years ago when the management of Walter Haring with the prize, a cup offered by David Belasco. The first year it was almost entirely a local affair, with the most distant competitor coming only from Bridgeport, Conn. Last year the competition took on something of a national aspect, with the Little Theater of Dallas, Tex., coming 1800 miles and spending \$1200 in expense money to win the prize.

This year's competitors came from Dallas, Tex.; Cranford, N. J.; Charleston, W. Va.; Albion, Mich.; Columbus, O.; State College, Pa., and Seattle, N. Y., as well as from the immediate vicinity. Some were college dramatic clubs, but most were without any backing or ties except interest in the stage.

Most gripping of all the performances was that of the Lighthouse Players of Manhattan. Each of the three girls, Mary Rizzuto, Lillian Hillman and Ruth Ashenau, in either a mad, they entered the competit-

tion without asking any questions, but they gave a smooth and most brilliant performance.

The Dallas group is one of the most prominent and successful amateur theaters in the United States. It boasts that it never has asked for contributions, yet it employs a professional director, Oliver Hunsell, and last year in addition to expenses of its trip to New York it cleared some \$1000 on its season.

This year it gave an all-star performance of "Outward Bound," bringing in guest actors from little theaters in Chicago, Buffalo, New Orleans, Kansas City, Birmingham, Pasadena and Chapel Hill, N. C.

On the Broadway professional stage there are little theaters of one operator, in contrast from the "little theater" movement.

"Houserside," the second pro-

duction of the Stagers and the second season revival of the season seems to do much to raise the popularity of "The Wild Duck." This is not due to an inferior production but to the play, which contains too much argument and too little action to hold the general interest.

Rebecca West does not seem today to be the shining figure of an amateur actress, but she was when the play was written in 1898, and the discussions and doubts of Johannes Rosmer, the clergyman, smack too much of a religious thesis to be profoundly moving.

Margaret Wycherly never makes Rebecca the magnetic woman she should be, though she rises to dramatic heights in the last two acts.

The most clear-cut, convincing acting is done by Arthur Hughes who is cast as Peter Mortensgaard.

Plays are closing at this season of the year faster than new ones can be brought in to take their places.

Among those just now going out are "Dancing Mothers," Lionel Barrymore's "Taps," "My Son," "Mrs. Partridge Presents," "Music Box Revue," "Husks" and "Topsy and Eva."

Several others are being copyrighted, but it is not definitely established that they are to be withdrawn.

Stage Success Filmed
Given a lavish setting in the world of modern social life, "Cheaper to Marry," Samuel Shipman's big New York stage success, was filmed by

Emerson Hough Drama to be Offered



Lois Wilson and Jack Holt in Emerson Hough's "North of 36," an Irvin Willat production which will be the Monday and Tuesday attraction at the Rex.

Robert Z. Leonard and the result, regarded by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials as one of the most dramatic pictures of the year, will be seen at the Hollywood Theater soon.

Brilliant social events in the luxurious surroundings of New York hotels and clubs, intimate glimpses of an exclusive women's athletic club, and thrilling scenes in the stock exchange all go to make the film version of the play an unusual picture.

The newspapers have printed the last picture of Leatrice Joy and her baby if her boss has his way. Cecil B. DeMille, to whom Leatrice is under contract, has forbidden the actress to have any more pictures of herself taken with her baby. DeMille declared it would "hurt her popularity" with the chick-fans throughout the country, to be seen in the life-role of a mother.

It is now getting to be a common sight seeing actresses on the boulevard wearing the white wig, a fashion recently adopted from the aristocracy of London society.

Corrine Griffith, whose husband, Walter Morosoff, is in the gas-heater business, was seen wearing one of the wigs in a cafe.

Marshall Neilan, the director, has just quit working for the man, Louis B. Mayer, with whom he once had a "joke duel." Mayer and the director, had a quarrel about something and a few nights later, Neilan sprang this one.

"An empty cab drove up in front of the hotel and Louis B. Mayer stepped out."

However, everything is now lovely between the two. Neilan and Mayer have shaken hands and civilization on the Pacific coast is safe once more.

The film town has a regular schedule for each night of the week. Monday night is the opening of the new shows; Tuesday night Hollywood goes to the prize-fights at Vernon, a nearby suburb; Wednesday night the film crowd dines at the picturesque Plantation; Thursday night the cinema multitude wines, dines and dances in the jungle atmosphere of the Coconut Grove; Friday night they go skating at the Palais de Glace; Saturday night is dinner-dance night at the New Martre and on Sunday the filmfests get their beauty slumber, preparatory for the coming week of routine events—divertissement.

At a show premiere the audience is a myriad human-pattern. Opening nights at theaters invariably turn out to be a style show for the actors and actresses in the crowd.

There is Madame Elinor Glyn of "Three Weeks" notoriety, costumed in a slinky black gown which trails the cushioned floor in the foyer. Around her head is strapped a tight, Jacksonian band. Her hair is slicked down with some brand of movie stamach.

Mme. Glyn is talking to Renee Adoree, the French actress, during the intermission. She is saying that perfume should match one's personality. She advises the actress to use chypre and Black Narcissus to "tune with her vivaciousness."

Alma Rubens joins the duo. Mme. Glyn loses no time in suggesting that Miss Rubens should sprinkle the perfume of Ligeia on her shoulders "to vie with her ultra romantic instincts."

The orchestra in the theater starts up. Signal for the closing acts of the show. I hear Madame Glyn saying to the actresses as they walk to their boxes: "Perfume should waft from the soul. But always remember, dears, to use the scent which is part of you, never one that does not harmonize with your personality."

The high school flapper slipped the ashes from her Camel cigarette. "Say how do these movie stars get that way—rolling their own cigarettes. That's a lot better."

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The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC.

THE STORY SO FAR

GLORIA GORDON, beautiful and twenty, marries DICK GREGORY for the money she thinks he has. Her idea of marriage is plenty of fun and clothes . . . and no babies!

Dick borrows MAGGIE, his mother's maid, to teach Gloria to cook. But Gloria refuses to learn.

STANLEY WAYBURN, an actor whom Gloria once loved, comes to see her. Dick sees him leave the house. And Gloria tells her husband that Wayburn was only an interior decorator.

Dick is home ill for a few days. While he and MISS BURGESS, his secretary, are at work in his room, Gloria makes plans for a housewarming. She invites Wayburn. When Dick sees the actor he recognizes in him the man who had left his house a few days before. He is sure Gloria lied to him.

What Gloria sees Wayburn kissing MYRA GAIL, a married woman, she recklessly drinks too much. She faints away in the arms of DR. JOHN SEYMOUR, whose wife, MAY, is in love with JIM CAREWE, Dick carries her up to bed.

LOLA HUGHES spoils the party when she "kisses out" BILL, her husband, for making love to May Seymour.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

GLORIA listened to Lola and Dick go downstairs together.

Then, in a little while, she heard Bill's voice calling to her from the lower hall.

"Night-night, Gloria!" he bawled at the top of his lungs. "Sorry Lola crashed your party!"

"She didn't crash it . . . everybody ought to have a hot time at a housewarming, anyway!" she called. "Good night, old timer! . . . Good night, Lola!"

Then she heard the sound of Bill's wheezy old car backing out of the driveway. "Asthma," Bill called his car.

What a nice old thing Bill was in spite of his drinking and his card-playing!

After all, it was probably Lola's fault that he acted the way he did. . . . A pretty woman who knew how to "ramp" a man could make him do anything under the sun that she wanted him to do. . . . But Lola had lost all interest in "ramping" Bill or looking pretty for him. . . . So of course she had lost him.

No man wanted to sit around a house alone while his wife spent every minute bathing and feeding and reeking three children, either!

What a poor simp Lola was! Half asleep, Gloria went on thinking.

Stan Wayburn's good-looking face floated into her mind. She wondered if Stan had kissed Myra Gail to give her a "thrill" . . . or because he had wanted to kiss her. . . .

Myra wasn't so awfully stirring. But she had a way with her, at that! And she knew just about books, and plays and things. . . .

Gloria fell asleep. She was awakened by Dick's voice. "Gloria! Wake up!" he was saying. "Maggie's having a brain-storm down in the kitchen. . . . Says she's going back to Mother's house tonight. Have you said anything to hurt her feelings? . . . If you have for the love of Mike, go down and beg her pardon. . . . Gloria! Gloria!"

He shook her again. But Gloria was fairly drugged with sleep and alcohol.

Dick shook her again. She opened her heavy eyes. She looked at him. "What in the world are you screaming about? Leave me alone!" she said crossly.

Dick lifted her out of bed and set her on the rug in her bare feet.

"Put on your slippers and kimono and run down to Maggie," he said. "She's going home tonight, when she says if you want a man you'd better go and stop her."

Gloria went downstairs. In the kitchen Maggie was strapping a bulging suitcase. She had put on her hat. Her coat was thrown over a chair.

"Now where do you think you're going in the middle of the night?" Gloria asked.

Maggie glared at her. "That's my business!" she snapped. "But I can tell you one thing, Mrs. Gregory. . . . I'll not be stopping another night in a house like this! Women drinking and smoking and carrying on right in front of my eyes. . . . Look at yourself! Hardly able to stand!"

It was true that Gloria could hardly stand. She was still faint and dizzy. She leaned against the cold stove.

"I've always worked for decent people . . . and been decent myself!" Maggie went on. "I've kept myself to myself for forty-five years and no cheap actor is going to chuck me under the chin, my lady! Let me tell you that!"

"Who chucked you under the chin?" Gloria asked sweetly.

"Oh, that actor. . . . That Mr. Smart Alec, the one you call 'Stan'!" Maggie answered. She tossed her head.

"Oh, Maggie, it must have been accidental! I'm sure he didn't mean to do it!" Gloria said. She looked in spite of herself. The thought of Stan Wayburn chucking the elderly Maggie under her fat chin was too funny!

"Well, anyway, The going . . . and I'm going tonight!" Maggie declared. She began to put on her coat.

"Oh, Maggie, you wouldn't leave me to clean up this mess of a house all alone, would you?" Gloria was on the verge of tears.



"No, Mr. Dick," replied Maggie, "I will not stay in this house another night."

She knew her. Her mouth was like a scarlet flower against that warm white skin of hers.

She looked as pure as some old Italian master's picture of an angel.

How had she happened to ask that fellow Wayburn to the housewarming? Dick wondered for the hundredth time.

How well did she know him? . . . And was it really Wayburn whom Dick had seen leaving his house a few days ago? . . . Or had Gloria told the truth when she said that the man was an interior decorator?

These questions went round and round in Dick's tired brain like squirrels in a cage. . . .

He made up his mind to ask Gloria about Wayburn again in the morning. And this time he would not let her put him off!

No matter what the truth was, he would have it, by Jove!

When Gloria awoke in the morning the room was full of sunshine.

She stretched luxuriously like a cat. Then she got up on one elbow and looked around her.

Dick's bed was empty. The covers were flung over the foot of it to let it air.

She supposed Dick had left for the office without waking her to say good-bye. . . . He knew how she loved to sleep until noon.

She wondered where he had had his breakfast. . . . The thought of breakfast made Gloria realize how very hungry she was.

She got out of bed. She would bathe and go down-town to eat. And then she would go to the employment agency for a maid. . . . The mere thought of the disorder downstairs sickened Gloria.

What a horrible job housework was! . . . eternally making dirty things clean! Dirty dishes, dirty clothes, dirty floors and walls. . . .

While her bath was filling Gloria did her exercises.

She touched the floor a hundred times with her finger tips.

She got down on the rug to do her "bicycle" exercises.

She stood up and went through the head movements that keep the face young. . . . Her head ached terribly, but she did not falter.

This was the way to remain beautiful! To start young, and to work constantly to keep four times and color!

For if you lost them you were through! Absolutely. . . . Men had no use for women unless they were pretty. . . . What fools women were not to realize that!

Suddenly Gloria stopped exercising. She sniffed the air with her delicate nostrils.

There was a smell of fresh coffee in the house. . . . a delicious, appetizing smell!

Then Gloria heard footsteps on the stairs.

Had Maggie changed her mind and come back to work?

The door opened. In walked Dick, carrying a steaming tray!

(To be continued tomorrow)

STATE BOARD WILL MEET ON FINANCES

SALEM, Ore., May 23.—Some time early in June, Secretary of State Koser, expects to call a meeting of the state emergency board for the emergency appropriation of money for various purposes and necessitated by failure of the legislature to add appropriating clauses in several acts requiring the expenditure of money.

Chief of these will be the act requiring all owners of motor vehicles to file with the state department certificates of ownership relative to their vehicles, amounting, among other things for all items that may be held against the cars. This act, becoming effective July 1, will necessitate practically a new department in secretary of state's office, which a clerical force to mail out to the nearly 200,000 motor vehicle owners, the blanks that they must fill out, and to register and file the certificates when they are returned to the department.

136 OBTAIN WORK DURING PAST WEEK

A total of 136 men and women were given employment through the U. S. employment during the past week, according to F. L. Armitage, superintendent. Of this number 124 were men, and 12 were women. Agricultural work, such as spring work in hop yards, is drawing men now. It is said.

The classification is as follows: Men—farm hands 11, agricultural 22, carpenters 2, casual 14, common labor 15, cooks 3, dishwashers 3, logging camps 10, sawmill work 15, team work 4, laundry 1, waitress 2, nurses 3, track work 8, firemen 2, engineers 1, watchmen 2. Women—Housework 4, laundry 1, waitresses 2, nurse 1, bookkeeper 1, cooks 1, and casual 2.

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