

Here's Rudy as You Would, Saint or Devil

And in All His Posturing,
Moods, and Tenses.

"A SAINTED DEVIL"

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Joseph Henabery.
Presented at the Roosevelt Theater.

THE CAST:

Don Alonzo Castro.....Rudolph Valentino
Carlotta.....Nita Naldi
Julietta.....Helen D'Algy
Dona Florencia.....Dagmar Godowsky
Estrella.....Louise La Grange
El Tigre.....George Seigmann
Casimiro.....Jean Del Val
Don Luis.....Antonio D'Algy
Don Baltasar.....Roger Lytton
Dona Encarnacion.....Isabel West

By Mae Tinée.

Good Morning!

"A Sainted Devil" is a flowery plant with Mr. Valentino just blossoming all over it.

Never can the R. V. fans say he and his producers have not been generous with him in this picture. He is there constantly in all his moods and tenses, hating, loving, fighting, kidding, playing a guitar, drunk, sober, happy, hopeless, despairing, cynical, tangoing—left profile, right profile, straight about face—forward march—sombbrero-ed, top-hatted, bareheaded, well, wounded, in dress clothes, in Spanish regalla, in his shirt sleeves—O, name how you want him and that's the way you have him in "A Sainted Devil." But NOT, that I could see either a saint or a devil any of the time.

The only clew you have as to the why of the title is in a subtitle, where a man in a low dive says of him—or words to this effect:

"All women fall for him, but he doesn't care for any of them. Some call him a saint, some call him a devil—"

Certainly all the fair ones in the cast do have a yen for this son of a noble Spanish family. Dark, passionate, scorned Carlotta, who turns traitress and goes to the bow-wows for love of him; his bride of a few minutes, torn from his arms, still wearing her wedding gown, by outlaws into whose hands Carlotta has betrayed her; the pathetic Estrella, who dances to give men pleasure; the "lady of three suicides," who has been pursued until this dark gentleman turns up and

deals her a cool "Why-should-I-cry-over you?" once over!

All of them, wild, simply wild over him!

It seems to me that the description of the ladies given above, tells you about as much of the story as you should know before you see the picture. You will have gathered that Don Alonzo, cruelly deprived of his bride in piratical and unexpected fashion, starts after her and is foiled. He becomes a cynical woman hater—for a reason the film will unfold to you, and goes to the wicked city. Here he haunts water front cafés, doggedly bent on two things. He wants to drink himself to death—but before that he was to meet the son of Bellial, who has stolen his Julietta from him and made him what he is today.

The latter happens to him and the former almost. By the time it does, however, it's time for the happy ending, and so—Julietta, guaranteed pure as when she knelt at the altar, is almost miraculously restored to his arms.

Rex Beach wrote the story, and as a vehicle for Mr. Valentino it is horse, carriage, harness, and driver—apparently built for the express purpose of displaying the popular idol to the admiring populace. It's an improbable sort of yarn, but it has color and considerable action. Minor rôles are all well played.

Nita Naldi still ranks with the muscular, but she has reduced a lot. Helen D'Algy, the "extra girl picked by Mr. Valentino for this part," as the press agents state, bears a disturbing resemblance in many of the scenes to Aileen Pringle. The picture is well photographed, and, in the main, well directed.

And is it drawing crowds at the Roosevelt? It ARE!

See you tomorrow!

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