

VALENTINO OF YORE LIVES AGAIN IN "THE SAINTED DEVIL"

By MILDRED SPAIN.

Title: "A SAINTED DEVIL."

Type: DRAMA.

Directed by JOSEPH HENABERY

Produced by PARAMOUNT.

Presented in the MARK STRAND THEATRE.

Rudolph Valentino tangoing in a jasmine-scented patio with his Castilian bride.

Rudolph's slave taking fire from the white moon as he strums a guitar.

Rudolph riding over the pampas in billowing breeches and a silken blouse.

But why grow lyrical when the words Rudolph and Valentino cover the whole book of romance? In a "Sainted Devil" we have Rudolph as we like him, the dancer, hand-kisser, the heart-crusher, the woman-hater. He is in his element as Don Alonzo Castro, the son of a South American aristocrat, who hates all women after his one romance was frosted by a gesture.

He went through life hating them, these beautiful women. Some of them called him a saint because of the hurt look deep in his eyes. Others swore he was a devil and cursed him as such.

A sainted devil. Savvy?

But "A Sainted Devil" has more to recommend it than just the presence of Valentino. It is a thrilling, sometimes sordid tale, from "The Rope's End"

by Rex Beach. It has been cunningly directed, knowingly staged, and above all, well acted.

Helen d'Algy does startling good work as Julietta, the gentle convent girl who is stirred to dance for her stranger-husband the night of their marriage. She is a luminously beautiful girl with a rare grace. She has the charm of the mysterious.

And then there are Nita Naldi, Dagmar Godowsky and Louise La Grange

who shine brightly in their particular corners. Nita has one of her look-out-I'm-a-careless-woman roles in Carlotta, a servant girl.

Dagmar plays Dona Florencia, a lady of three suicides, whose delight it is always to be the unattainable—until she meets Senor Castro who teaches her the one-two-three of vamping.

Louise La Grange is cast as a dancing girl, Estrella, who gives up Alonzo even while she is on the brink of winning him for herself.

Pobre Alonzo! It is to weep. His wedding had been held in the family chapel. His bride, who came from Spain, was charmed at the first sight of him—but then she had heard of Alonzo since she was a baby.

After the fiesta Carlotta, who had once enjoyed the soft glances of Alonzo, opens wide the gates to the estate that El Tigre, the wild bandit of the pampas, might enter and loot the place for her gain—and that of her drunken father, a house servant. El Tigre looted, sacked, stabbed, burned, and laughingly carried away Julietta, the bride.

When the day had burned into dusk Alonzo and Casimiro went in search of El Tigre. They found his lair on the edge of a plain. Alonzo looked through the barred window—only to see one he thought to be his Julietta in the arms of El Tigre. But Julietta, after her veil and her comb were torn off by the jealous Carlotta escaped with Estrella, the camp follower.

In Buenos Aires Alonzo waited the coming of El Tigre and Julietta. He lived for the moment he should meet them. "A Sainted Devil?" what did he care what these women called him?

Valentino has one gorgeously acted scene. He has just discovered that his wife is dead, that his bitterness meant nothing except ashes in his mouth. And before him stands the fleshy Carlotta, Carlotta whom he had mistaken for his fragile bride. He laughs—a grewsome laugh, a horrible laugh, and incidentally a laugh that takes some very fine play-acting.



Helen d'Algy



Rudolph Valentino and Nita Naldi